

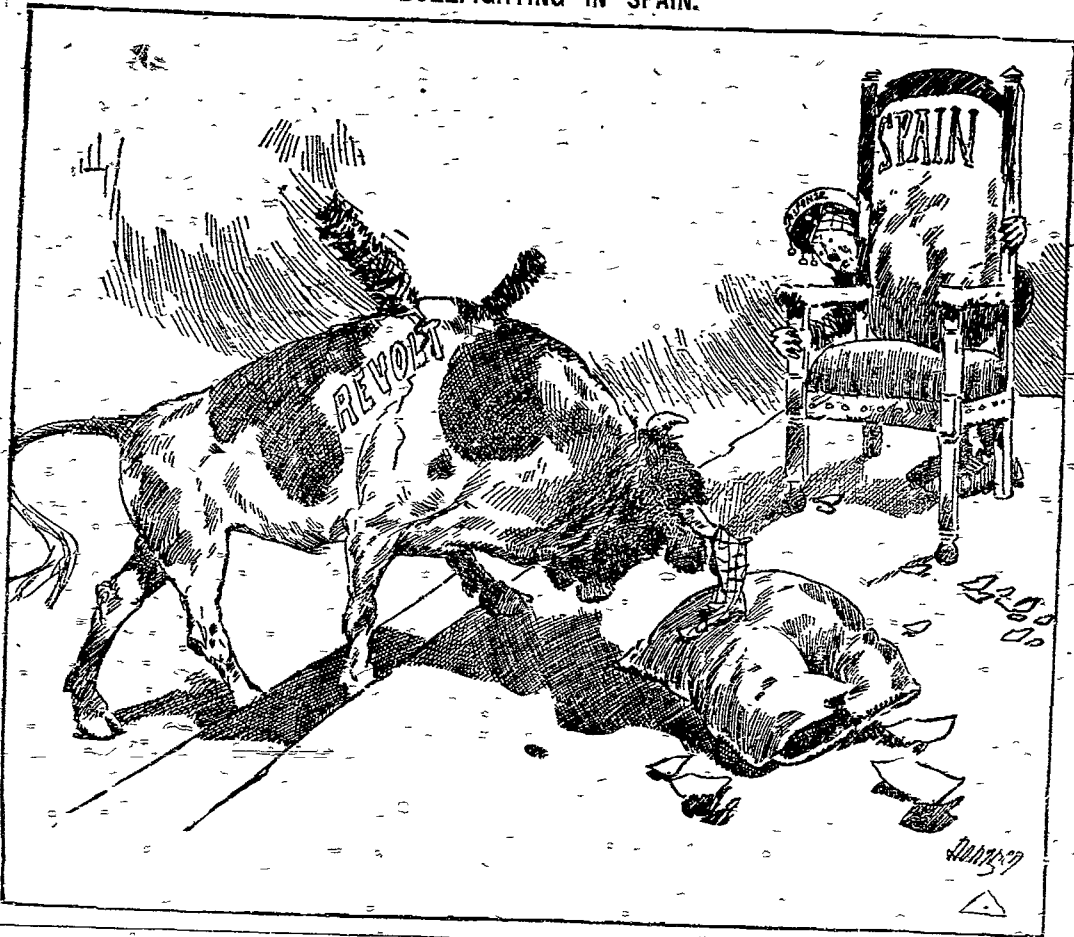
THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XL. No. 19.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1909.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

BULLFIGHTING IN SPAIN.



OLD WAR VETERAN PASSED AWAY

JAMES CALHOUN SUCCUMBS TO CANCER.

Funeral from House Wednesday, Buried at Walled Lake.

James Calhoun, who has been a great sufferer from cancer the past few months, passed away early Monday morning at his home on Cady street.

Deceased was born in New York City in 1839 and came to Michigan with his parents in 1855, settling on a farm near Wixom. When the war broke out, with two brothers, Walter and Thomas, he enlisted and remained for three years. He was in Andersonville, Salisbury and Millen prisons, serving ten months in all. After the war he returned to the farm and soon after was married to Mrs. Wm. Durkee, who died four months ago.

Mr. Calhoun was at one time Under Sheriff of Oakland county. He leaves three brothers and two sisters.

The funeral was held from the house Wednesday morning, Rev. N. E. Musser officiating and the remains were taken to Walled Lake for burial.

Notice to Subscribers.

Under the U. S. Postal laws no newspaper can be mailed to a subscriber after he or she is more than one year in arrears. About a dozen of our friends are now in that condition. Please look at the label on your paper this week and see if it reads '09.

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

Services at the usual hours Sunday.

Next Tuesday afternoon - the Ladies' Aid society will meet in Ambler's hall.

The monthly business and social meeting of the Epworth League Monday evening was largely attended.

"The King's Own" Bible class was most royally entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lyke Wednesday evening.

Mr. Neelands was a welcome attendant at church last Sunday. We rejoice in his recovery and in having him with us again.

W. I. Benscoter, who has recently traveled through the Mediterranean countries, gave a review of the journeys of Paul before the Sunday school Sunday.

The promotion exercises of the Junior League Sunday were interesting and successful notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. A class of ten was graduated into the Epworth League.

The pastor will give one of the famous Underwood Travelogues Wednesday evening of next week, on "Our Western Wonderland." The tour includes the Yellowstone and Yosemite regions, besides many other interesting points in the west, and will be illustrated by stereopticon views of all the places visited. Admission by ticket. No charge will be made for tickets, but a collection will be taken for expenses. Tickets may be had by calling at the Record office or the parsonage.

Piano Lessons.

Thorough method. For terms apply at my home, 52 Main street. 13tf

ABRUTUS M. WOLF.

DEATH OF MRS. LOVISA NORTON

Former Resident Here and Member of Baptist Church.

Mrs. Lovisa Norton, a former resident of Northville and sister of Hiram Holmes, passed away Saturday at the home of her daughter in Iowa.

In 1855 she united with the Baptist church here and was always loyal to her faith in that creed.

Deceased leaves a husband and seven children, one son being a medical missionary in Korea. There are also several brothers and sisters. The remains were brought here from Iowa and the funeral services held from the home of Hiram Holmes yesterday. Rev. N. E. Musser officiating. Interment in Rural Hill cemetery.

Baptist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The bible study topic for Thursday evening is "The Relation of Salvation to Life."

Services as usual Sunday. Theme for Sunday evening, "The Cost of a Christian Life."

The Sunday evening theme of the B. Y. P. U. is Pilgrims Progress series. This being the last meeting of this series Pastor Musser will go through the entire series showing large pictures and giving appropriate remarks on the pictures.

There was a good attendance at the B. Y. P. U. annual meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Clark Tuesday evening. Three new members were received. The following officers were elected: President, Roy Clark; vice pres., Roy Ottmer; sec., Mrs. Ethel Clark; treas., Lee Shipley; organist, Jennie Carson; chorister, Jas. VanDyne; chairman of Devotional committee, Darroll Dunham; chairman of Lookout committee, Eva Musser; chairman Social committee, Jennie Carson.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Beginning Friday, Dec. 10, I will be at the store of Carpenter & Huff and every Friday and Saturday up to, and including, Jan. 10, to receive taxes.

J. A. HUFF.

Township Treasurer.

Auction Sale.

E. Dingman, living one mile west of this village on the base line, will sell at public auction his stock and farm implements on Thursday, Dec. 16, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m. with lunch at noon. A. H. Phelps & Son, auctioneers.

Prof. Scott was in the city yesterday billing for his coming North Pole Dancing party New Years Eve. This will be a pantomimic party in which every one is a star actor and dancer. Dancing class next Wednesday evening.

CALENDAR PADS FOR 1910

The Record office has on sale a lot of 1910 calendar pads of all sizes and colors. Cheap. Come early.

Attridge-Sparrow

Dr. A. J. Attridge of Harbor Beach was married Monday to Miss Sparrow, one of the most popular ladies of that city, where the doctor has a large and lucrative practice.

High Freight Rates.

Shippers in the United States who are growing about freight rates may take comfort from the fact that a shipper in São Paulo, Brazil, has just paid freight amounting to \$197.40 on 150 sacks of potatoes or about \$1.32 a bag for a haul of 300 miles between the two principal cities of Brazil—a haul which corresponds to one from New York to Boston. This rate is not exceptional, though perhaps higher than on most national products.

Vision Needs Distance.

Objects which are usually the motives of our travels by land and sea are often overlooked and neglected if they lie under our eye.—Pliny the Younger

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. 14tf

FOR SALE—The house and lot on Main street, owned by the late Chas. D. Walmen, 92 ft. frontage on Main street, 211 ft. deep. The property has been ordered sold by Probate Court to close the estate Wm. H. Ambler, Executor. 36tf

LOST—A flat door key. Finder please leave at post office.

FOR SALE—3 good cows, all fresh this month. Frank D. Clark, Novi. Ind. 'phone 307. 15tf

CHRISTMAS PRESENT—Anyone wishing a useful Christmas present for a housekeeper call on G. W. Gills at Feed store, Northville. 19w2p

FOR SALE—Old papers in big bundles for 5 cents at the Record office. All nice and clean and just the thing for shelves or to put under carpets. 11

WANTED—Real bright boy or man. Steady job for all winter. Good position for right party. Carmel Benton. 19tf

FOR SALE—300 cords good stove wood. Price reasonable and wood delivered A. N. Wixom, Novi. Ind. 'phone 110 L5 14tf

FOR RENT—House on south Wing street, third door from Main. Home 'phone 312 2R. 17tf

FOR SALE—Victor cornet, good condition. Inquire R. J. Gibson, Northville, Home 'phone 130 R 18w2p

Registered Duroc hog for service U. A. Tibbitts Ind 'phone 301-7R, Northville. 18w2p

FOR RENT—The Covert house on Dunlap street. Inquire of R. R. McKahan. 18w2

FOR RENT—House south of Ladies' Library. Electric lights, furnace, every room heated, hot and cold water in bath room and kitchen. Large basement. Two large rooms in "annex" building. Inquire at house or of A. M. Randolph. 16tf

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

List of Northville property for sale: Two houses on Main street, several on Dunlap street, also in Beantown and several in Northside. Prices \$550 to \$3,500. Also farms and residences in Farmington, Wayne and Oakland (also western land.) Farm to exchange for good house and lot in Northville. O S HARGER. 15tf

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

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

DR. RODERICK B. WILSON, OSTEOPATHIC Physician of 212 Stevens Bldg. Detroit, Mich., will visit Northville Monday and Thursday of each week. Appointments can be made by 'phone or call. 'Phone Home 145-X. Office at W. P. Johnson's residence. Office hours—9:30 a. m. to 4:00 p. m. 40m3

We have a Few Pieces of

Graniteware

left in our west show window for 23c while they last **23c**

In our East Window your choice of

ANY ARTICLE FOR 8-CTS.

If in need of a Coal Stove or Heating Stove call and let us quote you prices.

CARPENTER & HUFF

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

They ALSEIUM

MOVING PICTURES

Opera House Bldg., Northville

Four Performances Weekly
THURSDAY, FRIDAY
and SATURDAY EVENINGS

Matinee
Saturday Afternoon at 3 p. m.

Admission, 5 Cents.

SPECIAL ATTENTION
TO LADIES AND CHILDREN.

EXTRA PERFORMANCE
SATURDAY EVENING. 10 Cents.
CHILDREN, 5 CENTS.

XMAS TIME
is a great time at this bank. It's an unusual rush in depositing and cashing of checks.

HOW ABOUT YOURSELF? HAVE YOU A BANK ACCOUNT?
If you have not get into line with your neighbor and follow his example and begin an account before 1910.

Your Neighbor
He Banks Here.
Northville State Savings Bank.

"Seaside Oyster Dishes"

This is the name of our new book which gives many shore receipts, unknown inland. Every housewife is welcome to a copy at our store.

We are handling only Sealshipt Oysters this year. We are registered agents of the Sealshipt Oyster System

Sealshipt Oysters

Straight from the Oyster Beds Under Seal.

C. E. RYDER

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

Send for Pamphlet and Literature. Literature sent in Plain Envelope.

DR. W. H. YARNALL. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

New English Walnuts

20c per lb

These are New California Nuts and every one good

Toasted Rice Flakes

This is a new Breakfast Food and only.....10c

Corn

3 Cans Red Bird Corn for.....25c

Mexican Blend Coffee 20c

Each package contains a certificate and five certificates gets a nice China Plate.

Soups

Campbell's Soup in 12 varieties..... 10c per can

Buckwheat Flour, 10 lb Sack for 30c

B. A. WHEELER

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

WHEN READING

You may notice that the words may seem dim and misty, blur and run together at times. It is not because you are sick, but because of eye strain, you need Glasses.

We fit your eyes perfectly and prevent serious eye trouble.

If needing Glasses get them here. We solicit your patronage.

G. W. & F. DOLPH

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

UTENBERG

Invented Printing,
and Since His Day

TYPE has done more for the world's advancement than any other thing. Our type will ADVANCE YOUR BUSINESS.

Let Us Do Your Printing

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

Fine Stationery

Engraved
Wedding Invitations
Calling Cards
Monograms.

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

The Record Printery

Opera House Bldg.
Northville, Michigan

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

Ladies! Ask your Druggists for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills to keep you healthy, happy, and beautiful. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Very bad element.
Willie—This paper says that people who pursue a high-handed course ought to be punished. What kind of course is that, pa?

"Pa—it's the system a man plays on when he won't bet on anything less than a royal flush or four of a kind. The paper is right, my son; it is just such lukewarm sports that are killing the great American game.—Puck.

Art of Life.
A wife leaves her husband and children and goes on the stage. She is called by the higher life of art. In a month she leaves the stage and returns to her husband and children. She is called by the higher art of life.—New York Evening Post.

It Quieted Mother.
The house was all paid for! Mother was exultant, jubilant, reiterative "Say, mother," burst out six-year-old Paul, eagerly, "print it on your cards mother, print it on your cards!"—The Delineator.

NEW RAILWAYS IN
CENTRAL CANADA

AMERICAN SETTLERS WELCOME
AND DOING WELL.

The Portland Oregonian, of Portland, Oregon, published a cartoon on the immigration of U. S. people to Canada, in its issue of October 5, 1909. The picture was accompanied by the following article:

"Losing American Citizens. The exodus of American farmers to Canada continues to be a phenomenon of the first importance. More of them are crossing the border this fall than ever before, and they are flocking from all parts of the country. Formerly it was the Middle West alone which thus lost the heart of its citizenship. Now all sections of the Union suffer alike. The regret which we cannot help feeling over the migration of many thousands of excellent citizens has an economic side which causes some concern. The 70,000 farmers who will go to Canada to live this fall will take with them some \$70,000,000 in cash and effects. This is by no means a negligible sum, and makes a very appreciable drain on our resources. But, of course, the most serious loss is the men themselves and their families, who have forsaken the land of the free and the home of the brave to dwell under the rule of a monarch.

Why do they go? Naturally the cheap and fertile land of Western Canada attracts them. Each emigrant goes with a reasonable expectation of bettering his fortune. Indeed, in a few years he may grow rich through the abundant crops he can raise and the increase of land values. But perhaps that is not the sole reason for the astonishing migration. There is a common notion abroad that in Canada life and property are appreciably safer than here. Murders are not so frequent, and are more speedily and surely punished. Mobs and the so-called 'unwritten law' are virtually unknown in Canada. Again the law is a vastly more ascertainable entity there. Canada does not permit its judges to veto acts of the legislative body. When a statute has been enacted it is known to be the law of the land until it is repealed. This naturally imparts to Canadian civilization a security and stability which we have not yet attained.

"We must remember, in the same connection, that the Canadian protective tariff is far less exorbitant than ours, and much less boldly arranged for the benefit of special favorites. Hence there is an impression, very widely diffused, that the Canadians are not so wickedly robbed by the trusts as we are in this country. Reasons like these sufficiently account for the exodus of a body of citizens, whom we can ill afford to lose, but they do not much assuage our regret that they cannot be retained in the United States."

Speaking of this, a Canadian Government representative says that the Americans who cross the border are most welcome. The splendid areas of virgin soil, a large quantity of which is given away as free homesteads, lie close to existing railways and to those under construction. The railway lines that are assisting in this development are the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific. The latter is built entirely on Canadian soil, and has opened up a wonderful stretch of land. Along this line during the year about closed thousands of American settlers have made their homes. They have built the towns, and immediately began as factors in the building up of the great Canadian West.

"Agents of the Government are located in various cities throughout the United States who will be pleased to give any information that may be desired to further the interest of the settler.

An Ever Ready Opening.
The editor suddenly became conscious that some one was standing behind him. Looking round, his glance fell upon a seedy looking individual with the eyes of a crank.

"I beg your pardon," said the newcomer, "but is there an opening here for a first-class intellectual writer?"

"Yes," grimly responded the editor. "An ingenious carpenter, foreseeing your visit, has provided an excellent opening. Turn the knob to the right, and do not slam the door as you go out."—The Sunday Magazine.

One Dye for All Goods.
Up to quite recently, wool, silk and cotton each required a separate dye. An enterprising chemist has now perfected Dyola Dyes which color all goods with one dye, producing same results. Ask your dealer. If he has not stocked them yet, send 10 cents to Dyola, Burlington, Vt., stating color desired and we will send same with color card and book of directions.

Sufficient Evidence.
"Father was evidently drinking again last night."
"What makes you think that?"
"He sassed the janitor when he came in."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One Thing That Will Live Forever.
PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, first sold in 1807, 100 years ago, sales increase yearly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Enthusiasm is something that causes a man to shout when the crowd is shouting, even if he doesn't know what it is about.

EXPOSURE TO COLD
and wet is the first step to Rheumatism. Take Perry Davis' Painkiller and the danger is averted. Unequalled for colds, sore throat, quinsy, etc., etc. and so on.

ARTHUR HILL DIES
OF LONG ILLNESS

MULTI-MILLIONAIRE LUMBERMAN
SUCCUMBS TO ATTACK OF
HEART TROUBLE.

CRAMTON DEFENDS LAW.

Co-Author of Warner-Cramton Law
Explains How Law is Constitutional
—Detroit Liquor Dealers to Test
Validity of Law.

Arthur Hill, millionaire lumberman and capitalist, died Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock at his residence in Saginaw as the direct result of a stroke of apoplexy suffered last Friday, although Mr. Hill has been in bad health for more than a year, and his death has been but a question of time.

Mr. Hill was one of the best known business men of Michigan and has been a tremendous force in the Saginaw valley. He was a candidate for the United States senate in the legislative session of 1907, but was defeated by Senator William Alden Smith. He took this defeat very hard.

Mr. Hill suffered a nervous breakdown last winter. He remained at home for a time and finally journeyed to Atlantic City in search of health. The seashore proving unavailing, he returned to Saginaw in the spring and later went to a sanitarium at Evanston, Ill. Mr. Hill was brought home two months ago, the doctors having given him up. Recently he had so far improved that he was able to be out driving, but it was but the flash before the end. Friday he was stricken and remained unconscious until he quietly passed away on Monday.

Mr. Hill was one of the group of men who wrested great fortunes from the Michigan forests. He was 58 years old and came of old American stock. His father took up a claim in St. Clair county after the War of 1812 and it was there that Mr. Hill was born. Later the elder Hill moved to Saginaw and established a small sawmill and Arthur grew up in that city.

CRAMTON SAYS LAW IS VALID.

Rep Louis C. Cramton, of Lapeer, leader of the "dry" forces in the house during the last session of the legislature, issued a statement in which he poked a number of holes in the proposition advanced by certain Detroit saloonkeepers who seem determined to find some way of breaking the Warner-Cramton liquor law.

Whoever is advising the Detroit liquor dealers has evidently lost sight of the major proposition upon which the whole new portion of the liquor law is based, viz, that the old liquor law provided for a tax system, while the present liquor law provides for a license, to secure which the saloon keeper must enter into an agreement to abide by certain provisions of the new law.

"The provision as to revocation of licenses on second conviction is certainly the most important change made by the new liquor law," says Rep. Cramton. "I am entirely confident of its validity, and an attack by the liquor dealers will only serve to make conspicuous their hostility to law enforcement. They should note Justice Sherwood's remarks in the case on which they rely, 'The talons of the criminal law are seldom found resting heavily upon the innocent.'"

Government After Lumbermen.

It is learned from an authoritative source that the government is making investigations which will involve a number of prominent lumbermen in such charges as fraudulent entries of homestead lands, and deliberately stealing off government and filed lands.

Instances are said to have been discovered where the proper filing has been made for homestead lands in Chippewa county, but the requirements thereafter were not lived up to. Some would live in other cities, visiting their land only occasionally. It is understood that some of these would be homesteaders fled with no intention of living there, but merely desired to strip it of its timber. Some deliberate steals without any claim whatever being filed have been discovered. Some homesteaders have gone to their lands after filing, only to find it robbed of its timber.

Twenty such cases are said to have been discovered in Chippewa county not naming several in Delta, Luce, Schoolcraft and Marquette counties. It is said the timber but recently stolen would alone in this county amount to 700,000 feet.

Gov. Warner Home From Yucatan.

Gov. Warner arrived at his home in Farmington after a six weeks' absence, mostly in the states of Old Mexico, including Yucatan. This is longer than he had been out of the state altogether in the preceding ten years. The particular business feature of his trip was to see about getting a supply of sisal to keep the binder twine plant at Jackson running, despite the knocks that prison contractors and the International Harvester is giving it. He was successful beyond his anticipations.

The board of education of Grand Rapids adopted the proposed amendment to the rules putting a ban on fraternities, sororities and similar secret organizations in the high school, and then in deference to a strongly-signed petition asking for a delay, postponed final action to a special meeting to be held in two weeks.

Saginaw county will head a movement in the next legislature for the enactment of a law prohibiting the use of narrow-tired wagons on the state award roads which have recently been completed there.

FOR OLD PEOPLE.

After reaching the age of forty the human system gradually declines. The accumulated poisons in the blood cause rheumatic pains in the joints, muscles and back. These warnings should be promptly relieved and serious illness avoided by using the following prescription which shows wonderful results even after the first few doses and it will eventually restore physical strength.

"One ounce compound syrup of Sarsaparilla; one ounce Toris compound; half pint of high grade whiskey. This to be mixed, and used in tablespoonful doses, before each meal and at bedtime. The bottle to be well shaken each time." Any druggist has these ingredients or can get them from his wholesale house.

HIS OFFER NOT APPRECIATED

Elderly Gentleman May Have Meant Well, But the Damsel Was Suspicious.

The plump waitress girl at the lunch counter, having nothing to do at the moment, was trying to reach with her fingernails a place on her back well up between the shoulders, but with her short and chubby arms she was unequal to the task. In vain she squirmed and struggled, and twisted her face. She failed to achieve the desired connection.

The elderly man on the outside of the counter, who had been fighting a piece of overdone steak, leaned forward and spoke to her in a low tone, but with intense earnestness.

"My dear young woman," he said, "pardon the freedom of a man who has grandchildren almost as old as you are, but if you will come a little closer I shall take pleasure in scratching that spot for you, as I see that you can't quite—"

"Mind your own business!" she snapped.

How seldom—O, how seldom—is a good deed or a generous impulse appreciated in this ungrateful world!

SKIN ROUGH AS BARK.

Baby Boy Had Intense Itching Humors
—Scratched Till Blood Ran.

Found a Cure in Cuticura.

"Our son, two years old, was afflicted with a rash. After he suffered with the trouble several weeks I took him to the doctor but it got worse. The rash ran together and made large blisters. The little fellow didn't want to do anything but scratch and we had to wrap his hands up to keep him from tearing the flesh open till the blood would run. The itching was intense. The skin on his back became hard and rough like the bark of a tree. He suffered intensely for about three months. But I found a remedy in Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. The result was almost magical. That was more than two years ago and there has not been the slightest symptom of it since he was cured. J. W. Lauck, Yukon, Okla., Aug. 28 and Sept. 17, 1908."

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

There Ail the Time.

It is told of Dr. Thorold that he was once asked to give away the prizes at a school belonging to the London school board.

In the course of his opening address he gravely asked the children, "Which was the largest island in the world before Australia was discovered?"

When the youngsters gave it up, he said in the same grave way, which made them laugh all the more, "Why, Australia, of course; it was there all the time!"

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNA & MARVIN.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Decoy.

The minister who had exchanged with Rev. Mr. Talcom was scandalized with seeing Deacon Snowball in the vestry, after service, deliberately taking a 50-cent piece out of the contribution-box and substituting a dime.

"Brer Snowball," he exclaimed, in horror and amazement, "that's plain dishonest doings!"

Fine Tonic Mixture.

A superior tonic, appetizer and stimulant for the exhausted overworked system is one-half pint good whiskey to which should be added one ounce compound fluid balmwort and one ounce compound syrup sarsaparilla. As an appetizer take a tablespoonful before meals. As a tonic take after meals and at bedtime.

Any druggist can mix it quickly.

All the Same to Her.

"I must warn you, dearest," he said, "that after we are married you will very likely find me inclined to be arbitrary and dictatorial in my manner."

"No matter," she replied, cheerfully, "I won't pay the slightest attention to what you say."

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Teething Disorders, Stomach Troubles and Destroy Worms; 30,000 testimonials of cures. All druggists, 25c Sample FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary.—Milton.

HAVE YOU A COUGH, OR COLD?
If so, take once Allen's Lung Balm and watch results. Simple, safe, effective. All dealers. Popular prices—25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

It is usually costly to follow cheap advice.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Taste of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER.

Pumpkin Seed—
Aloe—
Sulphur—
Glycerine—
Castor Oil—
Syrup—
Vanilla—
Sugar—
Water—

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of
Dr. H. H. Mitchell
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS—35 CENTS.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have
Always Bought

Bears the
Signature

of

In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Griswold House

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

European Plan

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

Dining Room and Cafe

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

POSTAL & MOREY, Proprietors

Keeps Heat "Just Right"
Both Day and Night

This "boss" of the heating plant looks after your comfort, stands guard over your coal bin and safeguards the family from colds due to uneven temperature in the home.

The Jewell Controller
with Time Clock attachment

is the only device that automatically provides for a higher temperature in the morning without losing thermostatic control through the night.

For example:
Suppose you want to reduce the temperature of the house to 60 degrees during the night, but would like to have it at 70 degrees by the time the family arises.

Before retiring, you set back the controller to 60 degrees. Then you set the time clock attachment to bring the temperature up to 70 at seven o'clock.

In spite of any sudden changes out-doors during the night, the Controller will maintain the temperature you wish, and the faithful clock will open the drafts in time to give you the desired warmth in the morning.

And then all day the Controller goes right on keeping your house warm and "just right."

It is adapted for use with steam, hot water or hot air. Why not unload your heating worries on the "Jewell" and save money too?

Investigate this wonderful device.

Shown and sold by

GEO. W. HOTALING, Bank Bldg., or RECORD OFFICE, Northville, Mich.

WINCHESTER

SMOKELESS POWDER SHOTGUN SHELLS

There are more "Leader" and "Repeater" loaded shells used than any other brand. Their superior shooting is the reason why. For pattern, penetration and uniformity they are unequalled. They hold all important records and trophies.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE RED W BRAND.



TRADE MARK REG. IN U. S. PAT. OFFICE.

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY
**MEREDITH
NICHOLSON**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry Donovan, sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suit. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook. Gillespie disappeared the following morning. A rough sailor appeared and was ordered away.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The place was, clearly the summer-home of a city man in search of quiet, and I was turning away, when suddenly a woman's voice rang out clear from the bank.

"Hallo, the houseboat!"

"Yes, I'm here!" answered the man below.

"Come on, father. I've been looking for you everywhere," called the voice again.

"Oh, it's too bad you've been waiting," he answered.

"Of course I've been waiting!" she flung back, and he jumped up and ran toward her. Then down the steps flashed Helen Holbrook in white. She paused at the gate an instant before continuing her descent to the creek, bending her head as she sought the remaining steps.

"Daddy, you dear old fraud, I thought you were coming to meet me on the ridge!"

I turned and groped my way along the darkening path. My heart was thumping wildly and my forehead was wet with perspiration.

Ijima stood on the bank lighting his lantern, and I flung myself into the launch and bade him run for home.

We were soon crossing the lake. I lay back on the cushions and gazed up at the bright roof of stars. Before I reached Glenarm's shock of finding Helen Holbrook in friendly communication with her father had passed, and I sat down to dinner at nine o'clock with a sound appetite.

CHAPTER V.

A Fight on a Houseboat.

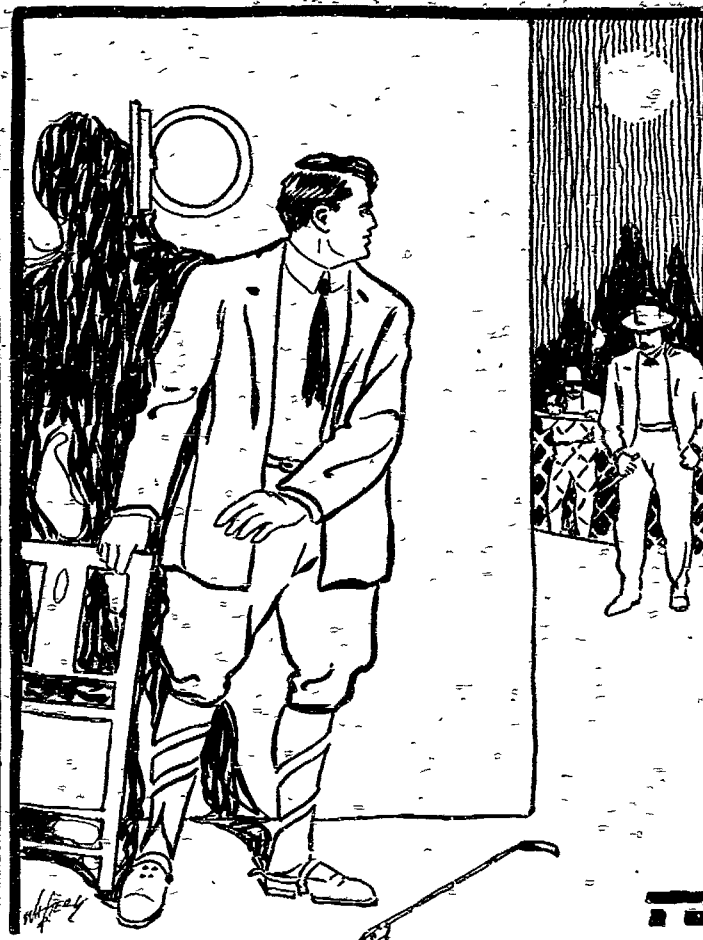
At ten o'clock I called for a horse and rode out into the night, turning into the country with the intention of following the lake road to the region I had explored in the launch a few hours before. All was dark at St. Agatha's as I passed. No doubt Helen Holbrook had returned in due course from her visit to her father and, after accounting plausibly to her aunt for her absence, was sleeping the sleep of the just. Now that I thought of the matter in all its bearings, I accused myself for not having gone directly to St. Agatha's from the lonely house on Tippecanoe creek and waited for her there, demanding an explanation of her perfidy. She was treating Miss Pat infamously; that was plain; and yet in my heart I was excusing and defending her. A family row about money was ugly at best; and an unfortunate—even criminal—father may still have some claim on his child.

Then, as against such reasoning, the vision of Miss Pat rose before me—and I felt whatever chivalry there is in me arouse with a rattle of spears. Paul Stoddard, in committing that dear old gentleman to my care, had not asked me to fall in love with her niece; so, impatient to be thus swayed between two inclinations, I chattered to the horse and galloped swiftly over the silent white road.

The whole region was very lonely, and now that the beat of hoofs no longer rang in my ears the quiet was oppressive. I struck through the wood and found the creek, and the path beside it. The little stream was still murmuring its own name musically, with perhaps a softer note in deference to the night; and following the path carefully I came in a few minutes to the steps that linked the cottage with the houseboat at the creek's edge. It was just there that I had seen Helen Holbrook, and I stood quite still recalling this, and making sure that she had come down those steps in that quiet out-of-the-way corner of the world, to keep trust with her father. The story-and-a-half cottage was covered with vines and close-wrapped in shrubbery. A semi-circle of taller pines within shut the cottage off completely from the highway. I crawled through the cedars and walked along slowly to the gate, near which a post supported a sign-board. I struck a match and read:

RED GATE.
R. HARTRIDGE,
Canoe-Maker,
Tippecanoe, Indiana.

This, then, was the home of the canoe-maker mentioned by Ijima. I found his name repeated on the rural delivery mail box affixed to the signpost. Henry Holbrook was probably a boarder at the house—it required no great deductive powers to fathom that. I stole back through the hedge and down to the houseboat. Several canoes, carefully covered with tarpaulins, lay about the deck, and chairs were drawn up close to the long, low house in shipshape fashion. If this houseboat was the canoe-maker's shop



It Flashed Over Me That He Was the Dark Sailor I Had Ordered from Glenarm.

he had chosen a secluded and picturesque spot for it.

As I leaned against the rail studying the lines of the house, I heard suddenly the creak of an oarlock in the stream behind, and then low voices talking. I drew back against the house, and waited. Possibly the canoe-maker had been abroad, or, more likely, Henry Holbrook had gone forth upon some mischief, and my mind flew at once to the two women at St. Agatha's, one of whom at least was still under my protection. The boat approached furtively, and I heard now very distinctly words spoken in Italian.

"Have a care; climb up with the rope and I'll follow."

Then the boat touched the platform lightly and a second later a man climbed nimbly up the side. His companion followed, and they tied their boat to the railing. They paused now to reconnoiter—so close to me that I could have touched them with my hands—and engaged in a colloquy. The taller man gave directions, the other replying in monosyllables to show that he understood.

"Go to the side porch of the cottage, and knock. When the man comes to the door tell him that you are the chauffeur from an automobile that has broken down in the road, and that you want help for a woman who has been hurt."

"Yes, sir."

"Then—you know the rest."

"The knife—it shall be done." I have made it the rule of my life, against much painful experience and the admonitions of many philosophers, to act first and reason afterwards. And here it was a case of two to one. The men began stealing across the deck toward the steps that led up to the cottage, and with rather more zeal than judgment I took a step after them, and clumsily kicked over a chair that fell clattering wildly. Both men leaped toward the rail at the sound, and I flattened myself against the house to await developments. The silence was again complete.

"A chair blew over," remarked one of the voices.

"There is no wind," replied the other, the one I recognized as belonging to the leader.

"See what you can find—and have a care!"

The speaker went to the rail and began fumbling with the rope. The other, I realized, was slipping quite noiselessly along the smooth planking toward me, his bent body faintly silhouetted in the moonlight. I knew that I could hardly be distinguishable from the long line of the house, and I had the additional advantage of knowing their strength, while I was still an unknown quantity to them. The men would assume that I was either Hart-ridge, the boatmaker, or Henry Holbrook, one of whom they had come to kill, and there is, as every one knows, little honor in being the victim of mistaken identity. I heard the man's hand scratching along the wall as he advanced cautiously; there was no doubt but that he would discover me in another moment; so I resolved to take the initiative and give battle.

My finger-tips touched the back of one of the folded camp chairs that rested against the house, and I slowly clasped it. I saw the leader still standing by the rail, the rope in his hand. His accomplice was so close

that I could hear his quick breathing, and something in his dimly outlined crouching figure was familiar. Then it flashed over me that he was the dark sailor I had ordered from Glenarm that afternoon. He was now within arm's length of me and I jumped out, swung the chair high and brought it down with a crash on his head. The force of the blow carried me forward and jerked the chair out of my grasp; and down we went with a mighty thump. I felt the Italian's body slip and twist lithely under me as I tried to clasp his arms. He struggled fiercely to free himself, and I felt the point of a knife prick my left wrist sharply as I sought to hold his right arm to the deck. His muscles were like iron, and I had no wish to let him clasp me in his short thick arms; nor did the idea of being struck with a knife cheer me greatly in that first moment of the fight.

My main business was to keep free of the knife. He was slowly lifting me on his knees, while I gripped his arm with both hands. The other man had dropped into the boat and was watching us across the rail.

"Make haste, Giuseppe!" he called impatiently, and I laughed a little, either at his confidence in the outcome or at his care for his own security; and my courage rose to find that I had only one to reckon with. I suddenly slipped my left hand down to where my right gripped his wrist and wrenched it sharply. His fingers relaxed, and when I repeated the twist the knife rattled on the deck.

I broke away and leaped for the rail with some idea of jumping into the creek and swimming for it; and then the man in the boat let go twice with a revolver, the echoing explosions roaring over the still creek with the sound of saluting battle-ships.

"Hold on to that man—hold him!" he shouted from below. I heard the Italian scraping about on the deck for his knife as I dodged round the house. I was satisfied to let things stand as they were, and leave Henry Holbrook and the canoe-maker to defend their own lives and property. Then, when I was about midway of the steps, a man plunged down from the garden and had me by the collar and on my back before I knew what had happened.

There was an instant's silence in which I heard angry voices from the houseboat. My new assailant listened, too, and I felt his grasp on me tighten, though I was well wadded and tame enough.

I heard the boat strike the platform sharply as the second man jumped into it; then for an instant silence again held the valley.

My captor seemed to dismiss the retreating boat, and poking a pistol into my ribs gave me his attention.

"Climb up these steps, and do as I tell you. If you run, I will shoot you like a dog."

"There's a mistake—" I began, chokingly, for the Italian had almost strangled me and my lungs were as empty as a spent bellows.

"That will do. Climb!" He stuck the revolver into my back and up I went and through the garden toward the cottage. A door opening on the veranda was slightly ajar, and I was thrust forward none too gently into a lighted room.

My captor and I studied each other attentively for half a minute. He was

beyond question the man whom Helen Holbrook had sought at the houseboat in the summer dusk. Who Hart-ridge was did not matter; it was evident that Holbrook was quite at home in the canoe-maker's house, and that he had no intention of calling any one else into our affairs. He had undoubtedly heard the revolver shots below and rushed from the cottage to investigate; and, meeting me in full flight, he had naturally taken it for granted that I was involved in some designs on himself. As he leaned against a table by the door his grave blue eyes scrutinized me, with mingled indignation and interest.

I seemed to puzzle him, and his gaze swept me from head to foot several times before he spoke. Then his eyes flashed angrily and he took a step toward me.

"Who in the devil are you and what do you want?"

"My name is Donovan, and I don't want anything except to get home."

"Where do you come from at this hour of the night?"

"I am spending the summer at Mr. Glenarm's place, near Annandale."

"That's rather unlikely; Mr. Glenarm is abroad. What were you doing down there on the creek?"

"I wasn't doing anything until two men came, along to kill you and I mixed up with them and got badly muddled for my trouble."

"He eyed me with a new interest."

"They came to kill me, did they? You tell a good story, Mr. Donovan."

"Quite so. I was standing on the deck of the houseboat, or whatever it is."

"Where you had no business to be."

"Granted. I had no business to be there; but I was there and came near getting killed for my impertinence, as I have told you. Those fellows rowed up from the direction of the lake. One of them told the other to call you to your door on the pretense of summoning aid for a broken motor car off there in the road. Then he was to stab you. The assassin was an Italian. His employer spoke to him in that tongue I happen to be acquainted with."

"You are a very accomplished person," he observed, dryly.

He walked up to me and felt my pockets.

"Who fired that pistol?"

"The man in charge of the expedition. The Italian was trying to knife me on the deck, and I broke away from him and ran. His employer had gone back to the boat for safety and he took a crack at me as I ran across the platform. It's not the fault of either that I'm not quite out of business."

An inner door back of me creaked slightly—my captor swung round at the sound.

"O'Rosalind! It's all right. A gentleman here lost his way and I'm giving him his bearings."

The door closed gently, and I heard the sound of steps retreating through the cottage. I noted the anxious look in Holbrook's face as he waited for the sounds to cease; then he addressed me again.

"Mr. Donovan, this is a quiet neighborhood, and I am a peaceable man, whose worldly goods could tempt no one. There were undoubtedly others besides yourself down there at the creek, for one man couldn't have made all that row; but as you are the one I caught I must deal with you. But you have protested too much; the idea of Italian bandits on Tippecanoe creek is creditable to your imagination, but it doesn't appeal to my common sense. I don't know about your being a guest at Glenarm house—even that is flimsy. A guest in the absence of the host is just a little too fanciful. I'm strongly disposed to take you to the calaboose at Tippecanoe village."

Having been in jail several times in different parts of the world I was not anxious to add to my experiences in that direction. Moreover, I had come to this lonely house on the Tippecanoe to gain information touching the movements of Henry Holbrook, and I did not relish the idea of being thrown into a country jail by him. I resolved to meet the situation boldly.

"You seem to accept my word reluctantly, even after I have saved you from being struck down at your own door. Now I will be frank with you. I had a purpose in coming here—"

He stepped back and folded his arms. "Yes, I thought so." He looked about uneasily, before his eyes met mine. His hands beat nervously on his sleeves as he waited, and I resolved to bring matters to an issue by speaking his name.

"I know who you are, Mr. Holbrook."

His hands went into his pockets again, and he stepped back and laughed.

"You are a remarkably bad guesser, Mr. Donovan. If you had visited me by daylight instead of coming like a thief at midnight, you would have saved yourself much trouble. My name is displayed over the outer gate. I am Robert Hartridge, the canoe-maker."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEEP-SEATED COUGH

CURED IN FIVE HOURS.
New Home-Made Syrup.
(Cut this Out.)

From Boston Post.

Progress in medical compounds never ceases, and now it is stated by a prominent medical man that any deep-seated cough or cold on the lungs can be actually cured in five hours by the clock. Opium or morphine have been resorted to in the past, as relief measures. But now it is learned that the system must be treated to rid it of inflammation and congestion. A tonic laxative cough syrup does the work so quickly and thoroughly as to be almost magical. What heretofore has taken weeks to cure can be accomplished in hours. Get this formula filled or mix it at home and always keep it on hand: One-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one-ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Shake the bottle and take twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then take one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times a day until the system is purified and toned up. Give children less according to age. One filling will usually cure a whole family, as the dose is small.

No Hobnobbing.

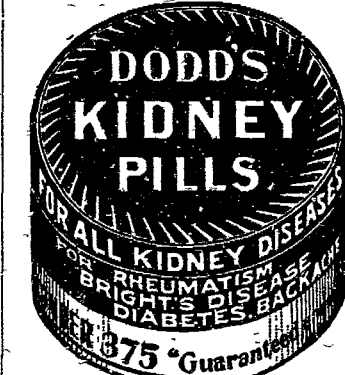
Mrs. Askit—When she's abroad does she hobnob with royalty?

Mrs. Nonaught—Mercy, no! Her behaviour is always extremely proper.—Smart Set.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

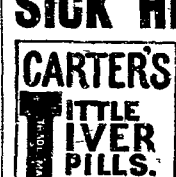
Don't believe everything you hear over a telephone wire.



BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

An absolutely harmless remedy for Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Coughs. Give immediate relief in Bronchitis and Lung Affections. Fifty years' reputation. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per box. Same sent on request. JOHN L. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE



They regulate the bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature.

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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

WESTERN CANADA

What J. J. Hill, the Great Railroad Magnate, Says About its Wheat-Producing Power.

"The greatest part of this country (United States) in another generation or two will be the production of wheat and the people and producing of wheat will be the days of our prominence as a wheat exporting country. Canada is to be the great wheat-producing nation. This country is taking advantage of the situation by extensive railway building to the wheat fields of Western Canada."

Upwards of 125 Million Bushels of Wheat.

were harvested in 1909. Average of the three provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will be upwards of 25 bushels per acre.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emptors of 160 acres (at \$3 per acre), are to be had in the choicest districts.

Schools, convents, climate excellent, soil the very best, railways, and a fine building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get, and water power abundant. Water easily procured, mixed farming a success.

For full and complete information, send for descriptive literature, or apply to the nearest Canadian Government Agent.

M. V. McNamee, 175 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, or C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

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Northville Record

J. S. NEAL, Publisher.

Published by J. S. Neal, at Northville, Michigan, and at the Northville Post-office as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription—One year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.00; three months, \$0.50. Single copies, 5c. Advertising—Notice known on publication. All advertising bills must be paid in advance. Reading notices and resolutions, 1c. per word. Obituary notices will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of thanks, 1c. per word. Inquiries in advance. Copy for change of advertisement should be received not later than Tuesday, 6 p. m.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., DEC. 10, 1909.

The state treasury had \$802,510 on hand Dec 7 and yet the treasurer is compelled to borrow a couple hundred thousand dollars to meet current expenses until the January tax money comes in. The extra money is trust funds and primary school money, which can be loaned out to various state banks at two per cent and then be re-borrowed back by the state at three per cent, but the state treasurer cannot borrow the money of itself. Funny law, isn't it?

Persons who believe in luck and signs will doubtless agree that it is unlucky to be struck by lightning on Monday, or take hold of a circular saw in motion on Tuesday, or tumble down stairs with a coal scuttle on Wednesday, or be hit by a cable car on Thursday, or have a brick wall fall on you Friday or marry a girl who swings ten pound dumb bells Saturday, or be one of the thirteen at dinner on Sunday when there is food for only ten.

More steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in that of sword. It is even said that the metal annually turned into pens, weighs more than all the metal used during a year in all the war implement factories of the world. Should this be true it emphasizes the saying, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

Often, just a word would turn many a dollar into the hands of our citizens, that now go away to enhance other interests than our own. In union there is strength, let us stand by one another, help one another and show a spirit of reciprocity.

Controls Electric Switches.
The largest electrically controlled switch tower in the world has just been put into service at Providence, R. I., on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad. The tower is equipped with 7 switch levers, providing 266 combinations. Elaborate precautions are furnished to prevent the giving of a wrong signal. The power used is taken from the feed wires of the railway, but, as a precaution, two other sources of power are provided, which may be drawn upon in case of emergency.

Poor Service Under State Control.
In Italy the results of the state railroad operation are thus far notoriously bad. The operation results, of course, in an annual deficit, and although the traffic constantly increases, the receipts constantly diminish. During a recent month's operation, out of 1,900 passenger trains 486 were an hour or more late, and there is constant and bitter complaint both from shippers and passengers as to the unsatisfactory character of the service.

Dukes.
A duke of England, Ireland, Scotland, or the United Kingdom, is referred to as "most noble" and styled "your grace" in formal address. He has a coronet bearing eight strawberry leaves. The title was first conferred in England in 1337 on Prince Edward, known as the Black Prince, and is now bestowed on royal princes as a qualification for sitting in the house of lords.

Vegetable Suspension Bridge.
A remarkable suspension bridge spans the River Apurimac in central Peru. The ropes of this bridge are composed of pliable roots and vines, while the planks are made of branches. In the humid climate of Peru it would be by no means extraordinary if this vegetable bridge were one day to start growing.—Wide World Magazine.

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.)

Miss Lottie White has returned from Ypsilanti.

Mrs. J. M. McVicar of Royal Oak is the guest of Mrs. Ida Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Seeley spent Sunday with friends in Pontiac.

Mrs. Quata of Saginaw is the guest of her friend, Mrs. Lydia Hubbard.

Louis Cook was home from the Detroit Business college over Sunday.

Dr. Will Carson of Washington, D. C., is the guest of his mother, Mrs. George Carson.

Guy Filkins was the guest of his friend, Harry Black, in Detroit one day this week.

Mrs. Jessie Power was the guest of her sister in Detroit from Sunday until Wednesday.

The Misses Helen Morse and Theo Mosher visited Northville from Friday until Monday.

Misses Anna and Jessie McKay returned from a few week's visit in Indianapolis this week.

Mrs. Monroe Smith and son, Floyd of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Miller Sunday.

Miss Williams, Kindergarten teacher in the Detroit schools, visited Mrs. Lillian Angler Sunday.

J. B. Nicholson of Toledo, Ohio, visited his old schoolmate, N. E. Bogart, Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Theo Mosher visited her aunt, Mrs. J. T. Coyne, of Detroit from Tuesday until Friday last week.

Mrs. Hinkley, Mrs. Rickel and Mrs. Hill visited the latter's sister, Mrs. Richardson, at Wixom Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. McCracken of Farmington were guests of Mrs. E. J. Trempier and daughter Sunday.

Eugene Power of Elk Rapids was the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. B. Cook Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. O. S. Harger and daughter, Mrs. Teagan, were guests of Detroit relatives the fore part of the week.

Harry Stiff and wife of Bannister are visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Stiff, of Walnut street.

Mrs. Balden, who has been visiting relatives in Dawaglac and Plainwell the past five weeks, returned home last week.

Misses Florence McDiarmid and Marjory Howlett of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Thornton.

Mrs. J. Toneray returned to her home in Brighton Wednesday after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Klumpp.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hutton and son, Charlie, of Pontiac were guests of relatives in town Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. Mary A. Hanna of Clifton Springs, N. Y., has been visiting her niece, Mrs. Wm. S. Jerome, during the past week.

Little Vera James of Walnut street entertained Anna and Minnie Groth of Salem Sunday in honor of her tenth birthday.

N. H. Powers of Detroit visited Thursday with Eugene Powers of Elk Rapids at the home of the latter's sister Mrs. J. B. Cook.

Mrs. A. S. Matteson was called to Groesse Isle Wednesday on account of the illness of her husband, who is acting as station agent at that place.

Edwin Ambuster of Buffalo N. Y., Rev. F. Lee of Flint, and Mrs. Seth Hughes of Owosso were all visitors of A. H. Kohler and family last week.

Mrs. Frank Shields of Jackson, and cousin, Mrs. Chas. Dunn, of Ogdensburg, N. Y. were guests of the former's sister, Mrs. James Savage, a couple of days this week.

Governor and Mrs. Warner visited Northville friends Saturday afternoon. The governor returned that day from a six weeks' trip through the south and west.

Mrs. Estella Harrington, Miss Margaret Van Valkenburg and Wilbur Harrington spent Sunday with the former's daughter, Mrs. Romani Gilbert, in Farmington.

Mrs. O. R. Bromley and daughter of Detroit and Mrs. R. G. Sigler and daughter of South Lyon were guests of their father, Frank Brown, from Friday until Sunday. Mr. Bromley spent Sunday here.

"My chud was burned terribly about the face, neck and chest. I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The pain ceased and the child sank into a restful sleep."—Mrs. Nancy M. Hanson, Hamburg, N. Y.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Will Benscotter, city editor of the Detroit Journal, and Mrs. Benscotter were guests at the home of F. S. Neal Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Benscotter has made several European trips, the last one being a wedding tour, a year ago last summer at which time they reached Messina two days after the terrible Messina earthquake. They also visited, among other points, Rome and the great St. Paul Cathedral; the burial place of the martyred saint from whom the great edifice takes its name. From Messina to Rome the young couple passed over the route taken by St. Paul in one of his journeys, and walked upon the huge flagstones which formed the race course road of the Charlots of those days and upon which St. Paul and his followers walked upon the third missionary journey. Mr. Benscotter addressed the Methodist Sunday school for a few moments Sunday and gave a very interesting talk.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

A smoky chimney obliged us to omit our evening service last Sunday.

A District C. E. convention will be held at Pontiac tomorrow afternoon and evening. Our society expects to be represented.

Mr. Hammond and Dr. McClure of Detroit gave us two excellent addresses on the Laymen's Missionary movement at the union meeting last Thursday night.

The sermon next Sunday evening on John Brown will be the first of a short series on Heroes of Christian History. The others will be on David Livingstone, the African explorer, and Wm. E. Gladstone, the Statesman.

Family Heirlooms at Maine Fairs.
The Maine town fairs are great places to see family heirlooms which have been handed down from generation to generation without suffering wear or change.

Among the curious old pieces shown at Green fair were a blue spread 150 years old, done by an ancestor of Mrs. Mehtable Mower; a towel woven by one of Burgoyne's soldiers while a captive in the revolution, a curious pitchpipe of wood used by Solomon Jackson while chorister in a Winthrop church in 1800, and old iron dishes shown by Mrs. Ann E. Fogg. Then there were Mrs. Fred B. Parker's "pumpkin hood," old fashioned straw bonnet, and home woven articles, and much pester were belonging to Aunt Polly Sawyer.

A bedspread, 125 years old, made by Mrs. Dorcas Dearborn was shown by Augusta Daggett, who also had a hand carved hatchet for combing flax.

Great State of Texas.

The 25 states which compose the home land of the German empire, including Alsace Lorraine, have an area of 208,270 square miles with a population of 60,641,278. Texas has an area of 267,780 square miles. After the German empire had been laid down upon Texas in the remainder space of 57,510 square miles it would be feasible to tuck in all of England and Wales with the exception of the tiny county of Rutland. Or if that arrangement should promise to impose too much work upon the Texas Rangers it would be possible to include the Netherlands, Belgium and Denmark and Switzerland. Still Texas could have room for a few stragglers.

Est Mispronunciations.

"Have you ever noticed," asked the teacher in English, "that a great many well educated people persistently pronounce at least one word incorrectly? I know a college man who for some mysterious reason always says 'timidity' for 'timidity,' and he drags this oddity into almost every sentence he speaks. Mrs. Smith's pet word is 'preduce,' while Mrs. Jones can't help saying 'gujantic.' Just listen to them, and you'll hear the same people repeating over and over such mistakes as 'predeliction,' 'circutious,' 'cupolo,' etc. Some one must have called their attention to it, I suppose, but they have grown attached to their way of pronouncing, and don't like to change."

Primitive Philosophy.

Animism is the name of a theory originally propounded by Stahl, about 1707. It asserts that the soul is the vital principle and only cause of life, and that the functions of plant and animal life depend upon this principle of vitality, and not mere mechanical and chemical action. As the word is now used, it denotes the general doctrine of spiritual beings. It is not itself a religion, but a sort of primitive philosophy.

Dying by Halves.

By falling from a cart, a Chinaman, whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt. There was some doubt as to his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company: "Hong Wang Lee half dead; like half money."—Tit-Bits.

One Letter Makes a Difference.
A single misprinted letter may produce astonishing results, and even the misreading of a capital letter as a small one may be disastrous. When John Payne Collier died, the London press correctly paragraph stating that he had buried in Bray churchyard, a number of friends present at the funeral. But a provincial paper, which presumably knew nothing of the notorious Shakespearean critic, gave the same paragraph concerning "John Payne, a collier," and to complete the thing, headed it "The Bray Colliery Disaster."—London Chronicle.

A Non-Subscriber.
A south Missouri editor refused to publish a death notice of a non-subscriber. "People who don't take the home paper," he said, "never were alive, and their passing away has no news value."—Kansas City Star.

Can't look well, eat well or feel well with impure blood feeding your body. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Bitters. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean and you will have long life.

Buy Your Christmas Presents AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Comfortables.....97c to \$3.00
Blankets, Something fine...\$1.00 to \$5.50
Lounge Robes.....\$1.25 and \$1.50
Towels.....5c to \$1.00
Lunch Cloths.....45c to \$1.50
Dresser Scarfs.....25c to \$1.00
Boilies to Embroider.....5c to 50c
Umbrellas.....50c, 75c, \$1.00 to \$2.50
Ladies' Hand Bags.....50c to \$2.25
Balance of our Ladies' Sweaters 1/4 Off
Handkerchiefs.....5c to 50c
Fancy Aprons.....25c to 50c
Outing Petticoats.....25c, 50c, 75c

EDWIN WHITE

Pictures Framed to Order. NORTHVILLE.

COME ON OVER TO

SCHRADER'S

COME ON!



Don't buy Christmas Presents or Return Gifts of any kind until you see our line of

Chairs, Settees
Rockers, Couches
Book Cases
Baby Cabs and Buggies

and such other articles as are always useful as well as ornamental. Come on Everybody.

IT'S JUST LIKE

FINDING MONEY

Yes it is for a fact, "Just like Finding Money" when you buy Furniture at Nelt's place. You just give us your order and we'll deliver the goods. We not only have the goods but our prices are way below Detroit's.



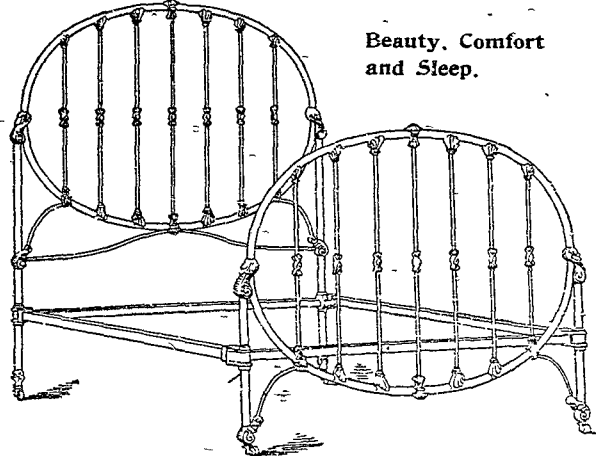
Just a Whisper

Almost forgot to tell you again about the fine line of FULL SIZE RUGS we have on hand for your inspection. Just want to whisper one fact in your ear and that is that we have as large a line as any Detroit store and at prices from 10 to 25 per cent lower.



Brass Beds

Nothing nicer than a Brass Bed for any time of the year and especially at Christmas time. Ostermoor Mattress to match. That combination will insure you beauty, comfort and sleep all next year and then some.



Beauty, Comfort and Sleep.

SCHRADER BROS

Furniture Dealers--Funeral Directors

Both Phones.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

GIFTS THAT WILL PLEASE

Valuable Advice to Buyers of Holiday Presents.

Without doubt the most popular form of holiday gift is an article of jewelry. It need not be any means expensive; but it should be dainty and in good taste. Few people, however, are judges of gems or jewelry, and the advice of an honest and experienced dealer is valuable. To all who are considering jewelry as presents, we can fully recommend the house of C. J. Thiry, 27 Monroe avenue, Detroit. Mr. Thiry is a veteran in the trade, and his stock comprises a full assortment of the latest and best in jewelry, silverware, watches, fancy clocks and general fancy articles. From these an appropriate and, highly pleasing gift can be selected for every member of the family and every friend. An inspection will show the care and experience with which these beautiful offerings have been selected. Any article purchased at "Thiry's" may be absolutely depended upon for value, and the prices throughout are moderate. A visit to this fine store will be a rare treat, and to such a visit our readers are cordially invited. The store is only a block from the City Hall, Detroit.

Campaign Against Illiteracy.

The State Federation of Woman's Clubs in Kentucky three years ago began a campaign against illiteracy. It formed 108 school improvement leagues in the 119 counties of the state and offered \$300 as a prize to the rural school that did the most to make itself a model public school. The prize has just been awarded to the Buckhorn school in Cwsley county.

TO CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS IN DETROIT

You will find at the new home of the Grainger-Hannan Company, the Largest and Most Complete Assortment of

DIAMONDS
JEWELRY
SILVERWARE
WATCHES and
CLOCKS
GLASS and
LEATHER GOODS
ETC.,

ever shown in Michigan. The range of prices will suit every purse and all are exceptionally low. We extend you a cordial invitation to inspect these beautiful holiday offerings. There will be no obligation to purchase, and visitors will receive every courtesy. A visit will repay you, whether you purchase or not.

Grainger-Hannan Company
(Successors to M. S. Smith & Co.)
238-240 Woodward Ave.,
DETROIT.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE—In the matter of the estate of HENRY M. WHITE 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 late residence of said deceased on Randolph street in the Village of Northville in said county on the fifth day of March A. D. 1910 and on the sixth day of April A. D. 1910 at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the sixth day of December A. D. 1909 were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated December 6, 1909.
C. C. YERKES,
LEWIS C. MEAD,
Commissioners.

Wm. H. Ambler, Administrator.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE—In the matter of the estate of LOUISA BARRETT deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Wm. H. Ambler in the Village of Northville, in said county, on the twenty-fourth day of January A. D. 1910 and on the twenty-fourth day of March 1910 at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the twenty-fourth day of November A. D. 1909 were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated November 24, 1909.
ORSON EVERITT,
WM. J. LANNING,
Commissioners.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE—In the matter of the estate of RICHARD M. JOHNSON, 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 residence of Mrs. R. M. Johnson, 112 N. Center St. in the Village of Northville in said county, on the 21st day of February A. D. 1910 and on the 21st day of May A. D. 1910 at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 22nd day of November A. D. 1909 were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated, November 22, 1909.
JAMES TAYLOR,
ABRAHAM PIPER,
Commissioners.

NOVI NEWS.

Miss Edin Dandison, who is attending school at Walled Lake spent last Saturday at home.

Mrs. George Dandison attended the silver medal contest at Walled Lake Saturday evening.

The Pennel brothers visited their grandmother, Mrs. J. Sanford, a part of last week and returned home Saturday.

The Silver Medal contest, which was held in the Baptist Church Friday evening, reflected much credit on both the contestants and teacher. Mrs. Burton Munro won the medal. Excellent music was furnished by Northville, Farmington and Detroit parties. The same contest was given at Walled Lake Saturday evening and Miss Via Munro carried off the honors. It will be repeated at Farmington tomorrow (Saturday) evening.

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."

At the North Pole.

Not the least wonder (to the imagination) of the north pole is the drawing together there of the great provinces of the world. Dwarfed, narrowed, dwindled, shrunk, as it were, creeping, a slender Asia, a minute Europe, a little stealthy America meet astonished. That foot of water in America, this European, that tiny block of ice in Asia. Nay, you may put a finger upon each, and send your thoughts in three directions southward—southward every way—along those small channels under your hand to the several countries, the separated races, the strange, the alien, the multi-colored nations.

NOVI NEWS.

Lyla Fuller was home from Northville over Sunday.

Ray Perry of Howell is visiting his brother, W. H. Perry.

Walter Wright visited Jackson relatives part of last week.

Wm. McLaren and family were over Sunday guests of Plymouth relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Burch went to Chicago Monday to attend the stock show and visit friends.

The Lady Macabees realized about \$105 from their bazaar and chicken pie supper last Wednesday.

Meadames Hinkley, Ricket and Hille of Northville spent Tuesday with Mrs. H. E. Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harmon and two children went to Shiawassee county Friday for a ten days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Perry returned from a month's visit in Grand Traverse county Saturday evening.

Mabel Wright is home from Jackson. She expects to accompany Mr. Field and family to Florida to spend the winter.

Miss Minnie Durham, who has spent the summer with Mr. and Mrs. James Gibson, has returned to Milford. She expects shortly to go to Charlotte, where she will be employed in a store.

FOR BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Remedies are exceedingly pleasant to take, and ideal for adult or child. They act directly on the nerves and muscles of the bowels. They do not purge or cause any annoyance whatever. We will refund the money paid us for them if they do not thoroughly relieve chronic or habitual constipation. Two sizes, 10c. and 25c.

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

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Alice Lardon has entered school.

John Teague of Groose Point spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. R. Northrop was the guest of Mrs. Roy Terrill at Salem last week.

A. Lardon has moved here from Livonia, and occupies A. Nacker's house.

Mrs. G. Green and Children of North Farmington spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fendt.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Mrs. Mark Batchelor, who has been ill, is improving.

R. G. Adams is building a greenhouse on his farm for early plants.

Mrs. John Lapham and son visited her parents at Southfield Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Lila Smith of Detroit was the guest of Miss Ola Webster from Friday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Aalstyne are entertaining the former's sister, Mrs. Dana and son, Bert and wife of Williamston.

Misses Mary Kennedy and Alice Cole and Mrs. Daye Woodruff took part in the program at the silver medal contest at Novi Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Gorsetz and little son of Detroit, returned to their home Saturday after a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. David Ross and other friends.

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulax. They operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

For Coughs—Take This

Do you know a remedy for coughs and colds nearly seventy years old? There is one—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Once in the family, it stays. It is not a doctor, does not take the place of a doctor. It is a doctor's aid. Made for the treatment of all throat and lung troubles. Ask your own doctor his opinion of it. Follow his advice. No alcohol in this cough medicine. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

You cannot recover promptly if your bowels are constipated. Ayer's Pills are gently laxative; act directly on the liver. Sold for nearly sixty years. Ask your doctor all about them.



FRED L. COOK & COMPANY
FARMINGTON, MICHIGAN.

It Pays to Advertise in the Record Want Column.

CROWLEY, MILNER & CO.

Formerly Partridge & Blackwell.

CROWLEY, MILNER & CO.

Out-of-Town People Are Especially Invited to Make The Crowley - Milner Store Their Headquarters While Doing Their Christmas Shopping

The Store is at your service. Use all of its facilities freely.—Use the splendid new Restaurant on the Fourth Floor, or, for a quick lunch, the basement lunch-room.—Use the Rest-rooms, with their free telephone service, and commodious Toilet Rooms—the finest in the city.—Use the balcony with its big leather chairs and settees.—Use the checking room for your packages and grips. Make yourself completely at home, and remember that the store extends its hospitality to you freely.

This Great Store Is Filled to the Roof With Merchandise for Christmas Gifts

In the Basement:

THE TOY STORE: A great "land of delight" for the little folks. A place filled with Flying Machines, Engines, Mechanical Toys, Dolls—Everything that their little hearts—bless 'em—could wish for.

THE CHINA STORE: Counter after counter filled with China of all sorts, suitable for Christmas gifts.

THE CUT GLASS STORE: A brilliantly lighted section devoted entirely to the display of cut glass. And you'd really be surprised to find how little the prices are on many pretty pieces.

THE SPORTSMEN'S STORE: Everything here, for the man or boy who loves sports. Guns, ammunition, gymnasium supplies, Cameras; a very complete showing, indeed.

On the First Floor:

THE LEATHER GOODS AND JEWELRY: A splendid display of the latest in Hand-bags, Purses, Leather Toilet Cases, and thousands of pretty and artistic pieces of Jewelry, at small prices.

THE TOILET GOODS AND STATIONERY: Many gifts will be chosen among these stocks. Toilet and Manicure Sets, Brushes and Combs, Perfumes, Toilet Waters, etc., etc. And don't forget a neat box of Stationery—always acceptable.

THE HANDKERCHIEFS: Thousands upon thousands of the little dainty, white squares, appropriate for a Christmas gift.

UMBRELLAS: Always an acceptable gift. In our umbrella stocks are hundreds of umbrellas for men and women with handles of every description. An unusually fine collection, at \$1 to \$2.

THE MEN'S STORE: Contains the gifts that men like. The Ties, the Scarfs, the Shirts, House Coats, Bath Robes, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders and other articles of Men's apparel. Tremendous stocks to choose from, at all prices.

THE FANCY WORK STORE: Containing all the pretty little art-things made by the needle, and great displays of fancy linens.

THE RIBBON STORE: Will be one of the popular sections of the whole building for the next few weeks, for everyone wants a bit of ribbon to beautify the gifts they make, and to tie the Christmas packages. All the widths, colors, qualities and prices possible to imagine.

On the Second Floor:

THE FUR STORE: A great place for those who wish to give a woman or miss a warm set of Furs. A large section in which are displayed all the Furs most popular this season. Crowley & Milner's Fur prices are generally conceded to be very low, and they are low.



On the Second Floor (Continued)

THE WOMAN'S APPAREL STORE: Where the Suits, Coats, Skirts, Waists, Negligees and Sweater Coats are shown; also the Misses' garments. Practical gift-makers choose things that woman can wear—a sensible idea, for no money is thrown away when put in such gifts.

The Third Floor:

THE APRONS, MUSLIN UNDERWEAR AND INFANTS' WEAR: Hundreds of gifts are being chosen among these stocks, for we show very broad assortments of Aprons and Muslin Underwear. And our Baby Store has a reputation for completeness.

THE MEN'S CLOTHING STORE: Occupies the balance of the third floor. Fine displays of Clothing at all prices. An Overcoat or a Suit would be gratefully received by any man, who would please his wife for her good judgment. And as for a boy, we all know how a new Suit pleases him.

The Fourth Floor:

LACE CURTAINS, DRAPERIES, RUGS AND CARPETS: Occupy the entire floor—one of the finest departments in the city of these home furnishings. Thousands of Rugs, small and large, and all sorts of Curtains and Portieres. Hard to give a woman who keeps house, anything more acceptable than something which will add to its beauty and comfort.

The Fifth Floor:

THE FURNITURE STORE: A whole block-long display of every kind of Furniture. We invite gift-seekers to visit this floor, for it is one of the sections of the Store that we are proudest of. A finer collection of Furniture for Christmas gifts could not be found by walking through all the Furniture Stores of the entire city. And we have made special arrangements to have extra fine selections of the sort of Furniture that makes the best presents.

Morris Chairs, Brass Beds, Cellarettes, Writing Desks, Dining Tables, Parlor Tables, Chairs of all Sorts, Buffets, China Cabinets.

The Sixth Floor:

THE PHOTOGRAPH STUDIO AND PICTURE GALLERIES: Those who will remember their friends with a photograph can get the finest work done here, at the most reasonable prices.

FRAMED PICTURES of all sorts, of a character suitable for gifts. A very fine display.

Formerly
Partridge & Blackwell

Crowley, Milner & Company DETROIT.

AN UMBRELLA.

Gift at "Lingemann's," the Detroit Makers.

One of "Lingemann's" has been in Michigan in connection with the sale of umbrellas for more than 20 years, having been established in making them the pioneer umbrella house of the West. Seekers of suitable articles for holiday gifts cannot do better in supplying their needs in this line than at the store of C. Lingemann & Co., 71 Madison avenue, (Breitmeyer Building), Detroit. The assortment of umbrellas, parasols and canes offers a very wide choice of selection and must be seen to be appreciated. They also make a specialty of repairing and recovering anything in umbrellas or parasols. Visitors will be courteously received, and the articles and prices will speak for themselves.

Peanut Cookies.

Cream two tablespoons of butter, add one-fourth of a cupful of sugar, one beaten egg, one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted with one-half cupful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half a teaspoonful of lemon juice and one-half cupful of chopped peanuts. Drop from a teaspoon on a baking sheet. This recipe makes 24 cookies.

Are Microbes

in Your Scalp?

It Has Been Proved that Microbes Cause Baldness.

Professor Inna of Hamburg, Germany, and Dr. Sabouraud, the leading French dermatologist, discovered that a microbe causes baldness. Their theory has time and again been amply verified through research experiments carried on under the observation of eminent scientists. This microbe lodges in the sebun, which is the natural hair oil, and when permitted to flourish it destroys the hair follicles and in time the pores entirely close, and the scalp gradually takes on a shiny appearance. When this happens there is no hope of the growth of hair being revived.

Dandruff is a contagious disease, which is largely due to a destructive microbe, which when left to pursue its course causes itching scalp, falling hair and baldness. Dandruff is caused by the microbe affecting the glands which produce the sebaceous matter, which latter then unnaturally dries up and scales off.

We have a remedy which will, we honestly believe, remove dandruff, exterminate the microbe, promote good circulation in the scalp and around the hair roots, tighten and revitalize the hair roots and overcome baldness, so long as there is any life left in the hair roots.

We back up this statement with our own personal guarantee that this remedy called Rexall "93" Hair Tonic will be supplied free of all cost to the user if it fails to do as we state.

It will frequently restore gray and faded hair to its original color, providing loss of color has been caused by disease, yet it is in no sense a dye. Rexall "93" Hair Tonic accomplishes these results by making every hair root, follicle and pigment gland strong and active, and by stimulating a natural flow of coloring pigment throughout the hair cells.

Rexall "93" Hair Tonic is entirely free from grease or sediment, is exceedingly pleasant to use and will not gum the hair or permanently soil the clothing or pillows.

We exact no obligations or promises. We simply ask you to give it a thorough trial and if not satisfied tell us and we will refund the money you paid us for it. Two sizes, prices 50 cents and \$1.00. Remember you can obtain it in Northville only at our store, The Rexall Store, A. E. Stanley & Co.

School Notes.

[By a Pupil]

Jay Stimpson of the Fifth grade is ill.

The B Eighth pupils are learning "The Bridge."

The Fourth grade pupils are studying quotations.

The A Sixth pupils are studying Longfellow's "Evangeline."

The Third grade has a picture of "The Women on the Camels" on the blackboard.

The Kindergarten pupils are making Eskimo dogs, sleds and harnesses of colored paper.

The Sixth grade has a Santa Claus calendar for December and the First grade has a star calendar.

The Fourth grade has letters made of gilt paper forming the words, Merry Xmas, hung on their wall.

Don't forget the Junior musical in the High school Tuesday evening, Dec. 14, at 7:30. Admission 15 cents.

The Third grade pupils who are

studying Proverbs have taken for their motto, "Still Waters Run Deepest."

The Youth's Companion, American Boy, Outlook, Everybody's, World's Work, Technical World and Success are on the High school reading table.

Two small phones will soon be installed from the superintendent's office to the grade building, filling a much needed want. The Bell phone will be one of the new pieces of office furniture this week.

Keep your eyes open for one of the best Senior annuals ever published, and order in advance as the number is limited. Parents who have children contributing to the magazine will give a friend or relative a fine Christmas remembrance by presenting them with a copy.

The Patrons' meeting last Thursday evening was very interesting. The question of "Lessening the Expenses of Graduation" was the principle topic. The unanimous opinion of the meeting was that the expense was too great for individuals, but there was a difference as to how to curtail this.

The attendance of High school boys at the Winter Night club is greatly increasing. The superintendent urges the parents to encourage their boys to attend this club as it will be of great benefit to them. President C. C. Chadwick writes that "Especially we wish to get our boys interested and at work."

The Freshman attempted morning exercises in the High school last Friday, which was a new feature for first year pupils, made a very good showing. Current Events by President Stage, a paper by Clyde Schoultz and story telling by Carroll Dubuay composed the program. The Seniors have charge of the exercises today.

The Junior class will give a musical in the High school rooms Tuesday evening at 7:30. The purpose of this is to raise money for class pins and we hope to have the support of the town in our second attempt. A fine program has been prepared which is well worth the price of admission, 15 cents. Tickets may be had of any of the Juniors at any time.

A school teacher having instructed a pupil to purchase a grammar, the next day received a note thus worded from the child's mother: "I do not desire for Lulu shall engage in grammar, as I prefer her useful studies and can learn her how to speak and write properly myself. I have went through two grammars and I can't say as they did me no good. I prefer her engage in german and drawing and vocal music on the piano."

The Banking System last Friday was a complete success every grade making a generous deposit. A total of eleven dollars and seventy-one cents was reached. Three accounts were started with the large banks, two of which are new. If the parents will encourage their boys and girls to save their pennies until Friday mornings the bank results will be much larger. Nothing but praise has been heard of this new feature of our school. The Sixth grade led in the deposits, the First grade following as a close second.

The High school led in the percentage of attendance last month, after which came the Second, Fifth, Sixth and Eighth grades. An average of 94.8 per cent of girls and 95.3 per cent of boys. The plan of offering a half holiday at the end of each month if the grade has no tardy marks, and the average of attendance is 96 per cent shows what is due to the wonders in keeping out tardy marks. If the parents will telephone the office when it is necessary for their boy or girl to be tardy, before school, they will be excused if they have a reasonable excuse.

The High school basketball boys' team was defeated last Friday evening by the Pontiac High school in that city. The Pontiac team depends almost entirely on the work of two six feet four men and every basket made by them was made over the guard of our boys or by bumping their limit. The Northville boys came in for a good share of the applause because of their fine work in guarding and fast plays. They will meet the Holly High school here this evening and hope to make a better showing than heretofore. The same night a girls' game will be played between the two girls' teams the first half, while in the second half, picked teams of girls and boys will play. Come.

Drive Out Rheumatism

with the remedy that has restored hundreds of rheumatic cripples to health and vigor. Let us send their testimony. Druggists everywhere recommend and sell

CROCKER'S Rheumatic Cure

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

A DEMONIAL MOMENT

By LOUISE JACKSON STRONG

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

John Blair, Sr., did not sing. He loved to listen to Helen's caroling, but it had not seemed a particularly desirable accomplishment in a man. That was before the advent of Junior, with his voice, and the duetting that had gradually absorbed Helen in an intimacy that had of late left little time for himself. He growled in an unaccustomed curse, as the sound of voices and piano drifted out to the veranda, where he sat, moodily smoking; then he rose and said through the thin, swaying curtains: "It's time we were off, Junior."

"Guess I won't go this afternoon, old fellow," the young man replied, with a meaning glance at his companion. Senior noted the look, and without a word strode off, mounted, and dashed away, caring little if the half-tamed brute fung him to his death down the precipice that skirted the road. Junior, but lately from college, knew little of the mine owned in common with, and hitherto managed by, his cousin, except that it was barely paying expenses. He had come to believe that they were working in the wrong direction; that the rich vein had only suspended in the old part which had been abandoned before they bought. Since his arrival he had studied it, with careful examinations, and Senior, although not sharing his opinions, had reluctantly promised to investigate with him.

They were to go over the old part next morning, and Senior left without rousing Helen. She had returned from her ride with Junior extremely late and slipped to bed as if careful of waking him; and Senior had lain sleepless, with staring eyes and set teeth, vowing there must be an end to it!

"Hello, old fellow," Junior greeted, cheerily, when they met at the works;



He Was Seized, Gagged and Bound.

"I've brought my diagrams, and line to do some measuring, and I think, or hope, you'll be convinced when we're through."

Senior mumbled something as they went below. A sudden flood of bitter hatred of his blithe young cousin swept through him. He heard not a word of Junior's earnest exposition as they traversed the passages to the limit of the old mine, where it had been, presumably, exhausted.

"Now then, Senior, see here—" Junior stopped with a cry in the flickering light there glared at him the face of a devil, malevolent purpose in every rigid feature. Almost before his startled cry escaped him, he was seized, gagged and bound with his line securely to one of the upright timbers. Then the distorted, unnatural face and fiery eyes mocked him in a hideous, silent, malignant triumph and he was left helpless in the darkness.

A little later Senior was inspecting the pumping apparatus.

"She's groaning and wabbling worse all the time; it's likely she'll lay off entirely before the new gear comes, if it isn't here soon," grumbled the foreman.

"It should have been here," Senior remarked, tightening and loosening in various places. A few stealthy maneuvers, and the groaning wabble increased with indications of collapse. "She's going to quit—get the men out! I'll gallop to the station and rush on the new outfit."

Which was in a temper that matched his dark mood, and he alternately goaded and restrained her, with delight in the conflict, all the while gloating over the mental picture of the young traitor straining at his bonds, with horrified eyes and inarticulate efforts at speech.

And now by this time the water was rising slowly but surely. It would rise, and rise, lapping his feet—ankles—knees—inches by inch crawling higher—slowly!—slowly!—plenty of time he would have to reflect upon his baseness, to shiver and shrink from the clutching, inevitable death! Junior would not die easily! He loved life as the young do!—only the other day he had been telling Helen—Good God!—Helen!—Helen!

He brought his horse up with a suddenness that nearly unseated him—Helen!—he struck his forehead with his fist—Helen!—how was he to meet her after—then in one blinding flash he realized the horror of the deed! Murder! Oh, for power to undo! He tore out his watch—there might yet be time! God grant, for Helen's sake, that there be time!

He raged back, his broken voice ment thoughts, one gasping prayer for time! Faster! Faster—in sight—Oh, faster! He fiercely spurred the already maddened animal, there was a frantic, plunging bound and he lay senseless.

When he roused, Helen was bending over him with tender, tear-blurred face.

"He'll be all right soon, no broken bones, just a bad shake-up," the doctor assured her, and departed with injunctions for rest and quiet.

Senior's wife suddenly returned. "Have I been here long?" he cried, starting up.

"You were unconscious nearly an hour, dearest. Lie down; you must be quiet. Oh, dearest, if you love me! If you love me!" she pleaded, with restraining arms about him.

Unheeding, he leaped to his feet, exclaiming: "Junior!"

"No one could find him, but—"

He broke from her and dashed to the mine, a ghastly object with his bandaged head and wild, blanched face. There was no resisting his violent, threatening commands, and when Helen and others arrived he had disappeared below. It was remembered then that Junior had not been seen since morning, though it was supposed that he had followed Senior when he came out.

Senior plunged along, striking the water at the mouth of the old passage. It sloped sharply; he felt the flood deepening, and measured it as he had fancied Junior doing—feet!—ankles!—knees!—No further! Then he hoped. He flashed the light against the wall, it dripped from recent washing. The water had been to his shoulders. It had unaccountably fallen, but the passage still sloped—it had been deeper beyond—Junior was as tall as himself—but could he have escaped? Again and again he measured his height with the wet wall, finding it always nearer the death mark! In a frenzy he ran and shouted, and ran, and ran, till he stumbled, breathless, against his victim, standing as he had left him.

"Oh, not dead, Junior!—not dead!" he gasped, slashing the bonds.

Junior pulled the knotted handkerchief from his mouth, drew a deep breath and laughed.

"I knew you couldn't do it, old fellow! I've been looking for you back every minute—though it looked at one time as if—but I knew you couldn't do it!—you'd have the water pumped out in time—and then all at once it—"

Senior interrupted: "I meant to—"

"And if what you thought of me was true, you ought to! I would myself! I was going to explain while we were down here—Grace and I were married last evening and she's safe, where they won't find her. They have been trying to force her to marry Henderson. Helen has helped us—we had to have some one to get around the watch-cat aunt—but we made them think that Helen and I—that explains our intimacy. Helen has barked sometimes because I wouldn't have you told—but I couldn't, Senior, till all was safe. You know you objected to my attentions to Grace at first—you remember what you threatened! But it's all past and done with—everything's all right!—and, Senior, I love Grace as you love Helen, and if she will only love me as Helen does you, after we've been married as long, I'll be perfectly happy, old man!" Junior poured out the jumble joyfully.

Senior staggered and dropped the light. Junior caught it, saw the other clearly and cried: "What has happened? What have you done to your self?"

Senior explained, adding: "That's why I was not here sooner. Oh, Junior! Junior! What will Helen say to me for this!"

"Helen? She is never to know! Never! I was mooning around down here, as I do so much, and got myself fast in the old timbers. That's all! You hear?" shaking him. "And now let's see what lowered the water, though I suspect."

He led the way a few yards on, and flourished the light at a ragged break into another passage. "You see! We were right. They have been tunneling under our property, and doubtless found enough to account for their efforts to oust us. I shouldn't wonder if they hold my opinion as to the vein—maybe they—See, Senior," he exclaimed; "this water-washed ledge—it looks—It is! Hallelujah! Senior, look for yourself, the vein! the vein!"

After an inspection that left no doubt, they hurried away, Junior jubilating triumphantly. But Senior was heavy with his sin.

"Junior, I ought to—I must—confess to Helen, I—"

Junior interrupted him wrathfully. "If you say a word I'll swear that you are crazed by the fall, so help me heaven! Now, then!"

They glared at each other an instant, then Junior's ready laugh bubbled out, joined presently by Senior's unsteady, shamed quaver.

Fans of Artificial Flowers.

A pretty ballroom-fancy comes from Paris—that of carrying fans made of artificial flowers. One carried by an American belle at a recent reception was of lilacs-of-the-valley, which were massed upon the sticks toward the end. Roses, violets, all kinds of artificial flowers are utilized and the fans are tied with ribbons of a color harmonizing with the color of the flowers.

A clever girl who attended this reception went the artificial flower fan one better at her next party. She took a white gauze fan and covered it half way down from the ends of the sticks with real roses, short stemmed and fastened on so they lay flat. It was a fan and a bouquet combined and the fragrance, when she waved it, was charming.

Your SWEETHEART

Mother, Father, Brother, Sister, Aunt, Uncle and All your Friends would like a good

Life Like

PHOTOGRAPH

of you for Christmas, and we know they make the best Xmas Present you can think of. Our styles this fall are the neatest and most attractive we have ever had. We make Photographs that are up-to-date, guaranteed and Reasonable in Price.

"Get Sepia Platinums" if You Want Style.

If you have any Picture that needs Framing bring them up and we will frame them up-to-date.

COME NOW—DON'T BE LATE.

The Northville Art Studio

NORTHVILLE, L. L. BALL, Artist. MICHIGAN.

DO YOUR

Christmas Buying HERE

This store is stocked with all the Newest and Most Popular Designs in JEWELRY AND ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR XMAS GIFTS.

DON'T WAIT

Until the last week to make your selections—Making your purchases early gives you first choice.

Remember, We Guarantee to Save You Money.

THIRY'S

Jeweler. DETROIT.
27 Monroe Ave.
Near Temple Theatre.

Try a Liner in the Record

PERRIN'S

ivery, Feed and Sale Stable
150 "Bus to and from All Trains
Test Rigs in Town.
Telephone Connections
P. N. PERRIN, Proprietor.

EXCURSION

VIA THE

Pere Marquette

Christmas and New Years Holidays

One and one half first-class fares for the round trip. Date of sale, Dec. 24-25, 31, Jan. 1st. Good to return to January 3rd.

H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A.

OSCAR S. HARGER

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

Flowers

Of Every Description for All Occasions

Every Day in the Year

JOHN BREITMEYER'S SONS
DETROIT, MICH.



A PROMPT, EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF RHEUMATISM

Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble and Kindred Diseases.

Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while permanent results are being effected by taking it internally, purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. C. L. GATES
Hancock, Minn., writes:
"A little girl here had such weak back caused by Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble that she could not stand on her feet. The moment they put her down on the floor she would scream with pain. I treated her with 'DROPS' and today she runs around as well and happy as can be. I prescribe 'DROPS' for my patients and use it in my practice."

Large Size Bottle "DROPS" (800 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY, Dept. 80 174 Lake Street, Chicago

SWANSON PILLS

Act quickly and gently upon the digestive organs, carrying off the disturbing elements and establishing a healthy condition of the liver, stomach and bowels.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION
Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Bloating, Liver Trouble, etc.
25 Cents Per Box at DRUGGISTS

Running Water in Your Home

SAVE \$50 PLUMBING COST

With this Rowe Sanitary Lavatory in any room you can have fresh water instantly. Yet you need no expensive plumbing.

Neatly concealed behind that French Plate Mirror is a 4 1/2 gallon rustless tank in quarter sawed oak cabinet highly polished or in mahogany or white enamel finish. Press the spring faucet below. Clean water runs into the bowl. When through, pull out stopper. The waste water disappears into the pedestal. It can't overflow—holds 5 gallons.

Built to Last 50 Years

Bowl of lavatory is made of heavy white porcelain; pedestal of steel; white enamel baked to make it handsome and durable; nickel plated brass trimmings throughout.

30 Days' Free Trial

Rowe Sanitary Lavatory will be shipped to any address upon receipt of very low price—\$15. Use it 30 days. Then if you are not satisfied, we will refund your money promptly.

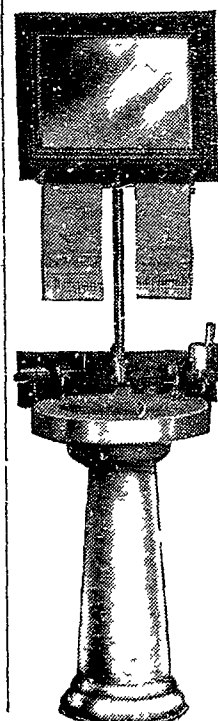
Our \$10 offer—If your home has a cistern or other means of getting water we will send stand only for \$10.

Mail us money order today or write for our special free illustrated booklet.

Agents Wanted Everywhere

Agents can secure a statement of our special proposition by writing at once.

Rowe Sanitary Lavatory Company
59 Larned St. West Detroit, Mich.



May Prove Fatal

When Will Northville People Learn the Importance of It?

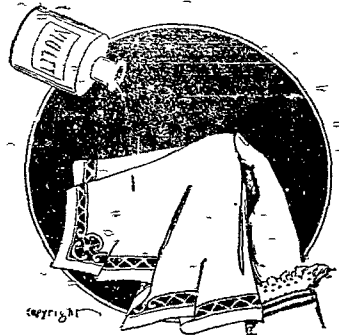
Backache is only a simple thing at first. But when you know its from the kidneys; That serious kidney troubles follow; That diabetes, Bright's disease may be the fatal end, You will gladly profit by the following experience.

The statement of a Northville citizen.

Mrs. W. M. Frederick, Wing street, Northville, Mich., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been of such great benefit to me that I feel justified in giving them my endorsement. I had considerable trouble from my kidneys for several years and I suffered constantly from dull nagging backaches, coupled with pains through my loins. I doctored and tried many remedies but found no relief until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Murdock Bros. drug store. Since taking this remedy, my condition has improved in every way and backache has not bothered me."

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.

PERFUMES!



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

Murdock Bros.
DRUGGISTS. NORTHVILLE.

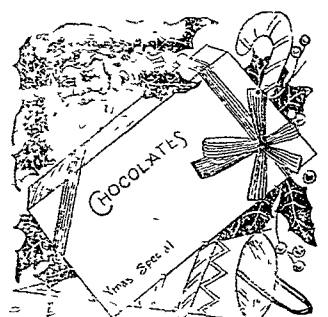
YOUR SURPLUS FUNDS

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

Let the Union Trust Company decide the question for you.

Investigation will pay you.

Union Trust Company
Detroit, Michigan.



BACK OF OUR GOODS

We give as reference the only living personage of renown who has a thousand years of experience behind him. It's dear old Santa Claus, and he says:

BUY YOUR XMAS SWEETS

at GARDNER'S

We make every piece of Candy that we sell. It is always fresh, clean and wholesome. Our trade is the best proof of the way it suits the public.

W. L. B. CLARK'S
MILK ROUTE.

PURE STERILIZED MILK

Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Zero weather Wednesday.

Good sleighing about the village.

Miss Rachel Rogers is very poorly.

Mrs. Stewart Montgomery has been very ill the past week.

The Northville churches are preparing to have Christmas trees as usual.

Mrs. W. L. Tinham was ill the fore part of the week but is now able to be out.

Mrs. J. N. Elliott was called to Detroit last week on account of sickness.

Mrs. Mary Johnson is still very ill and little hope is entertained for her recovery.

Mrs. R. M. Johnson, who has been very ill the past few weeks, is much improved.

Mrs. C. M. Joslin, who has been quite ill the past week, is able to be out again.

The "400" club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Simmons Tuesday evening.

Mrs. W. E. Ambler was called to Chatham, Ont., Tuesday by the sudden death of her brother.

The good moving picture show in the Opera House corner store continues to draw large crowds.

Albin Harrington and Wm. E. Ambler celebrated their birthdays Thursday and Friday of this week.

Rev. Musser officiated at the Graham-Gigler wedding at Farmington Wednesday evening, Dec. 15.

Northville merchants who are advertising in the Record are showing the usual elegant line of Holiday goods.

There is to be a Silver Medal contest in Farmington Baptist church Saturday evening, Dec. 11, by the Novit class.

T. G. Richardson has shown a marked improvement in health this week much to the gratification of his many friends.

M. Bogart of Wixom and Frank Hamilton of Novi have sold the apple crop raised on the former's farm for \$2,200.

Remember the Silver Medal contest in the Baptist church next Friday evening, Dec. 17, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.

Robt. Neelands, who has been in the hospital in Ann Arbor for several weeks, has returned home. His hand is doing very nicely.

The "Eclipse" was very pleasantly entertained by the Misses Mary Kunkel and Bessie Holmington at the home of Mrs. T. S. Ball Thursday evening.

A newspaper at Traverse City refused to publish the ten commendations for fear some of its readers would think them too personal and stop the paper.

The State Oil Inspector sent in to the State Treasurer last week \$8,000 as a part of the surplus derived from oil inspection fees for the first ten months of the year.

The Record will have a beautiful line of 1910 calendars to give to its patrons the latter part of this month. Due notice will be given of the date of distribution.

Married Tuesday, Nov. 30, at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Mary Lindley, Nina H., daughter of A. N. Stilson, to Mr. Floyd Wooster of South Lyon.

Regular convention of Mystic Lodge No. 100 K. of P. next Tuesday evening, Dec. 13. Election of officers and work in the First Rank. All members are requested to be present.

The real taste of winter showed up Sunday night and the thermometer hovered around the thirty spot all day Monday and a good big snow storm was the program for Tuesday.

Rev. Wm. S. Jerome has received an invitation to participate in the celebration of the tenth anniversary of St. Andrew's church, Detroit, on Dec. 12 and 13, he having been one of the committee that organized the church.

Schrader Bros. have added to their undertaking equipment a handsome new service wagon. The Schraders believe that Northville people are entitled to the best there is in their line and have added this new vehicle in keeping with that up-to-date idea.

Bring in your coupons before the 15th. We cannot redeem them between the 15th and 25th T. J. Perkins & Co.

Before buying your Christmas presents, go to Miss McHugh's where Mrs. Turner has a fine display of her hand painted china. The assortment contains not only china for the table, but presents for the gentlemen and children. Also auto vases. Don't forget those fruit plates; so many are getting sets, you will have to come early. 19-cent.

Hives, eczema, head or salt rheum sets you crazy. Can't bear the touch of your clothing. Doan's Ointment cures the most obstinate cases. Why suffer. All druggists sell it.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Letters for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week:
Mrs. Gust Burk
Bert L. Brown
G. H. Brown

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ben Smith, Dec. 7, a son.

Ed. McGrain has accepted a position with the Pere Marquette R. R. at Flint and began work there Thursday.

Special meeting of Union Chapter No. 55 Wednesday evening, Dec. 15. Installation of officers and work on Mark degree.

Frank J. Boyle, auctioneer, will conduct an auction sale of stock and farm implements, for Calvin Whipple in Canton township on Tuesday, Dec. 14.

Graig Taft is the new clerk in S. E. Parsons grocery store in place of Erwin Arthur, who has resigned to accept a position with the Simpson Scale Co.

Street Commissioner Green has been doing some very commendable work along the streets the past week by having all the ditches and sewer openings thoroughly cleaned before winter sets in. It's the best job that has ever been done in the village.

The Winter Night club elected the following officers on Monday night: Pres., C. C. Chadwick; vice pres., E. H. Lapham; sec., Harold Turner; treas., L. A. Babitt. Next Monday evening they will debate the question whether it is right to fish and hunt for pleasure.

The L. O. T. M. M. Degree team went over to Plymouth last Thursday and helped Deputy Carrie Gilbert of Detroit to initiate seven candidates after which a sumptuous banquet was served. A goodly number of members from different Hives were present and a pleasant time reported.

The little fellows from the school went over to Farmington Friday afternoon and were severely trounced in a football game with the big school team there. The score was 15 to 5. The Northville kids claim Farmington ragged a lot of boys on them of twice their size. Anyhow they all had a good time.

C. C. Chadwick, who has been an employee of the probate office in Detroit for three years, has been promoted to the office of Probate Clerk with a substantial increase in salary as well as increased duties. Mr. Chadwick is one of the most efficient clerks in the office and the promotion is a deserved one.

Bears and dogs live twenty years, foxes fifteen, hares seventy, cats four, teen, squirrels, hares and rabbits seven, hogs thirty. A horse has been known to live sixty-two years, their average is twenty-five, sheep ten, cows fifteen, camel 100, eagle 101, ravens eleven, tortoise 107, swan 360, elephant 400, whale 7,000. Who wants to be a whale?

"Yes, these are hard times." We throw away ashes and buy soap. We raise dogs and buy hogs. We grow weeds and buy vegetables and brooms. We catch fish with a four dollar rod. We build school houses and send our children to be educated away from home. And at last some of us send our boys out with a forty dollar gun and a nineteen dollar dog to hunt ten cent game.

Let the business men of a town be public spirited liberal, ready to enter into any scheme that gives fair promise of being for the interest of the town and that town will be well up with the progressive spirit of the age. But if the business men are careless and indifferent, willing to take only what comes, and not ready to reach out after more customers, then the town lay in all its interest, and outsiders will size it up and keep clear of it.

When the frost is on the windows, and the kitchen pall is froze; when the little icy needles comes with every breath that blows; when the chills make us sick and cold feet give us pain; its safe to bet we all wish for summer days again. For while we swear and fume around in summer clothes; it is an easy thing to cool off, as everybody knows. But it's different in the winter when the world is full of ice and the weather is as hard to beat as a pair of loaded dice. We may talk about our climate and about our spring and fall, but the balmy days of summer are the days that suit us all.

Bring in your coupons before the 15th. We cannot redeem them between the 15th and 25th T. J. Perkins & Co.

Before buying your Christmas presents, go to Miss McHugh's where Mrs. Turner has a fine display of her hand painted china. The assortment contains not only china for the table, but presents for the gentlemen and children. Also auto vases. Don't forget those fruit plates; so many are getting sets, you will have to come early. 19-cent.

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C. M. Thornton just received a telegram from Mountain Home, Idaho, that his son, Charles, and family, who have been so ill with typhoid fever, are improving.

There is only one way to advertise and that is to hammer your name, your location and your business so persistently, so thoroughly into people's heads that if they wake in their sleep they will constantly turn their steps toward your store. The newspaper is your friend in spite of criticism. It helps build up the community that supports you. When the day comes that the newspapers are dead, the people are on the edge of the grave with nobody to write the epitaph.

The farmer is the man who moves the world, we might say. If he would go out on a strike and refuse to raise a crop for a single year, it would undoubtedly produce a more disastrous effect than would result from a universal strike of all the other labor organizations combined. In fact he could paralyze the world; yet there are many people who don't seem to know how much more our prosperity depends on the farmer than it does on the dude with the cane and waxed moustache.

What is a dollar, anyhow? The question is an easy one to answer. A dollar is what some men promise to pay for their country paper. It is something a newspaper man enjoys more in anticipation than in reality. It is the price of a day's work for some men and a single night's drink for others. It is what the wife frequently needs, but seldom has. It is the power that makes or unmakes men. It is the hardest thing to get and the easiest thing to get rid of, known to mankind. It is a blessing in a small measure and a curse in many instances. It is mighty and scarce. No man ever had more than he wanted and no man ever will. A dollar is a snare and a delusion, and every one of us are chasing the delusion.

Boosts and Knocks. How comes it that the evil which men say spreads so wildly and lasts so long, whilst our good, kind words don't seem somehow to take root and bear blossom? Is it that in the stony hearts of mankind these pretty flowers can't find a place to grow? Certain it is that scandal is good, brisk talk, whereas praise of one's neighbor is by no means lively hearing—W. M. Thackeray

Find Does Not Pay to Work. In British Columbia platinum is found in many of the alluvial gold workings, where it can be saved as a by-product. The saving of it in a small way is however attended with so much trouble that it has been practically neglected and no appreciable production made recently.

Veteran Retains His Youth. Deacon Summaus has just celebrated his fortieth year of service on the New York Sun staff but still sits up with the youngest cub after the paper has gone to press and talks about the wonderful days of old.

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.

What They Are Paying. The Northville Market corrected up to date. We pay within five cents of the Detroit market for wheat.

Oats, New—10c.
Corn in ear—30c. Shelled corn—60c.
Baled hay per ton—\$15.00.
Hogs dressed—\$10.00.
Cattle—\$5.00.
Lamb—\$7.00.
Beef hides—9c per lb.
Veal calves live—\$6.50.
Eggs—29c. Butter—29c.

HOLIDAY GOODS CLOSING OUT AT COST

We have in our lines of Fancy Celluloid Novelties, Ebony Goods, etc., comprising Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Smoking Sets, Shaving Sets, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Glove Boxes, Work Boxes, etc. Articles too numerous to mention. As we said, these goods purchased early in the year, before we decided to go out of business, we had to take, but we are going to give you

The Grand Opportunity of Buying at Actual Cost

In order to close them out entirely before January 1st, when we never before have the people of Northville had such an opportunity of securing their Christmas Presents at such a Low Figure.

This week we call your attention especially to our

TOILET SETS

We have never shown a better line. Now is the time to buy. Will be laid away by making a deposit on same.

Merritt & Co.

Jewelers and Booksellers.

Pay From Date Bank

What It Means

to receive 3 per cent interest on your Savings Account, on EVERY deposit made from the date of deposit for the EXACT time the deposit remains. The following is a copy of one of the accounts on our books for the period of six months from June 1st, 1909 to December 1st, 1909.

Deposits.	Withdrawals.	Balance.	Time.	Interest.
June 1,		\$282.59	21 days	.48
22, \$11.65		294.24	24 "	.58
July 16, 14.00		308.24	15 "	.38
31, 7.33		315.57	14 "	.36
Aug. 14, 14.00		329.57	5 "	.14
19, 6.25		335.82	12 "	.33
31, 13.20		349.02	3 "	.08
Sept. 3, 6.27		355.29	17 "	.50
20, \$100.00		255.29	1 "	.02
21, 92.24		347.53	20 "	.57
Oct. 11, 6.90				
	3.92	358.35	1 "	.03
12, 4.00		362.35		.12
16, 14.00		376.35	3 "	.09
19, 3.92		380.27	20 "	.63
Nov. 9, 12.82		393.09	21 "	.68
Dec. 1, Int. 4.99		398.08		Total, \$4.99

All of our Savings Accounts are figured in this way and we extend an invitation TO ALL to become one of our depositors and receive the benefit of our method.

Certificates of Deposit Issued. Money to Loan. Checking Accounts Welcomed. DRAFTS SOLD ON NEW YORK, DETROIT OR CHICAGO.

Lapham State Savings Bank
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

The GORTON Policy.

The Strongest Possible Clothing Proposition for the Consumer.

Every Garment at \$15.00 Pure Wool and Hand Tailored.

Very Best Value at Every Price.

Price Refunded if Any Garment Bearing the GORTON Label fails to Give Satisfaction.

HOLIDAY GOODS CLOSING OUT AT COST

We have in our lines of Fancy Celluloid Novelties, Ebony Goods, etc., comprising Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Smoking Sets, Shaving Sets, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Glove Boxes, Work Boxes, etc. Articles too numerous to mention. As we said, these goods purchased early in the year, before we decided to go out of business, we had to take, but we are going to give you

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Merritt & Co.

Jewelers and Booksellers.

WHISPERING SMITH

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ BOWLES

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SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear railroad tracks at Smoky Creek. Sinclair, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small amount—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" Gordon Smith told President Bucks of the railroad of McCloud's heavy fight against a gang of crazed miners and that was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his high office. McCloud arranged to board at the boarding house of 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 in fairly good order. The wrecked Dickie Dunning's methods to Marion Sinclair. A stock train was wrecked by an open switch. Later a passenger train was held up and the lifeless car robbed. Two men of a posse pursuing the bandits were killed. McCloud was notified that "Whispering" Smith was the desperado. Bill Dunning, a road lineman, proposed that Sinclair and his gang be sent to hunt the bandits. A stranger, apparently with authority, told him to go ahead. Dunning was told the stranger was "Whispering" Smith. Smith approached Sinclair. He tried to buy him off, but failed. He was told that his life was in danger. McCloud was carried forcibly into Lance Dunning's presence. Dunning refused the railroad a right-of-way. He had already signed for Dickie to interfere to prevent a shooting affair. Dickie met McCloud on a lonely trail to warn him his life was in danger. On his way home a shot passed through his hat. "Whispering" Smith reported that Du Sang and his gang had been assigned to kill McCloud. He and Smith saw Du Sang. "Whispering" Smith taunted Du Sang and told him to get out of Medicine Bend or suffer. Du Sang seemed to succumb to the bluff. McCloud's big construction job was taken from him because of an injunction issued to Lance Dunning by the United States court. A sudden rise of the Crawling Stone river created consternation. Dickie and Marion appealed to McCloud for help. "Whispering" Smith joined the group. He and Dickie spent the night in conversation. Smith giving an outline of his life. In the morning McCloud took his men to fight the river. Lance Dunning welcomed them cordially. "Whispering" Smith warned Dickie of possible danger. That Marion was in from her husband, Murray Sinclair and Dickie was at once on her guard in her friend's interests.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Man on the Frenchman.

Sinclair's place on the Frenchman hacked up on a sharp rise against the foothills of the Bridger range, and the ranch buildings were strung along the creek. The ranchhouse stood on ground high enough to command the country for miles up and down the valley.

Only two roads lead from Medicine Bend and the south into the Frenchman country, one a wagon road following Smoky creek and running through Dale canyon, the other a pack road, known as the Gridley trail, crossing the Topah Topah hills and making a short cut from the Dunning ranch on the Crawling Stone to the Frenchman. The entire valley is, in fact, so difficult of access, save by the long and roundabout wagon road, that the sight of a complete outfit of buildings such as that put up by Sinclair always came as a surprise to the traveler, who, reaching the crest of the hills, looked suddenly down 1,000 feet on his well-ordered sheds and barns and corrals.

Over the Gridley trail from the Crawling Stone Marion and Dickie Dunning rode early in the morning the day after McCloud and his men left the Stone ranch with their work done. The trail is a good three hours long, and they reached Sinclair's place at about ten o'clock. He was waiting for Marion—he had sent word she should come—and he came out of the front door into the sunshine with a smile of welcome when he saw Dickie with her. Dickie, long an admirer of Sinclair's, as women usually were, had recast somewhat violently her opinions of him. She faced him now with a criminal consciousness that she knew too much. The weight of the dreadful secret weighed on her, and her responsibility in the issue of the day ahead did not help to make her greeting an easy one. One thing only was fixed in her mind and reflected in the tension of her lips and her eyes: The resolve to keep at every cost the promise she had given. For Dickie had fallen under the spell of a man even more compelling than Sinclair, and felt strangely bounden to what she had said.

Sinclair, however, had spirit enough to smooth quite away every embarrassment. "Bachelor's quarters," he explained roughly and pleasantly, as he led the two women toward the house. "Cowmen make poor housekeepers, but you must feel at home." And when Dickie, looking at his Indian rugs on the floors, the walls, and the couches, said she thought he had little to apologize for, Sinclair looked gratified and took off his hat again. "Just a moment," he said, standing at the side of the door. "I've never been able to get Marion over here before, so it happens that a woman's foot has never entered the new house. I want to watch one of you cross the threshold for the first time."

Dickie, moving ahead, retreated with a laugh. "You first, then, Marion."

"No, Dickie, you."

"Never! You first." So Marion, quite red and wretchedly ill at ease, walked into the ranchhouse first.

Sinclair shone nowhere better than as a host. When he had placed his guests comfortably in the living room, he told them the story of the building of the house. Then he made a cicerone of himself, and explained, with running comments, each feature of his plan as he showed how it had been carried out through the various rooms. Surprised at the attractiveness of things, Dickie found herself making mental notes for her own use, and began asking questions. Sinclair was superb in answering, but the danger of admitting things became at once apparent, for when Dickie exclaimed over a handsome bearskin, a rich dark-brown grizzly skin of unusual size, Sinclair told the story of the killing, bared his tremendous forearm to show where the polished claws had ripped him, and, disregarding Dickie's protests, insisted on sending the skin over to Crawling Stone ranch as a souvenir of her visit.

"I live a great deal alone over here," he said, waving Dickie's continued refusal magnificently aside as he moved into the next room. "I've got a few good dogs, and I hunt just enough to keep my hand in with a rifle." Dickie quailed a little at the smile that went with the words. "The men, at least, the kind I mix with, don't care for grizzly skins, and to enjoy anything you've got to have sympathetic company—don't you know that?" he asked, looking admiringly at Dickie. "I've got another skin for you—a silver-tip," he added, in deep, gentle tones, addressing Marion. "It has a fine head, as fine as I ever saw in the Smithsonian. It is down at Medicine Bend now, being dressed and mounted. By the way, I've forgotten to ask you, Miss Dickie, about the high water. How did you get through at the ranch?"

Dickie, sitting on the piano bench, looked up with resolution. "Bravely!" she exclaimed. "Mr. McCloud came to our rescue with bags and mattresses and 100 men, and he has put in a retreatment 1,000 feet long. Oh, we are regular river experts at our house now! Had you any trouble here, Mr. Sinclair?"

"No, the Frenchman behaves pretty well in the rock. We had 40 feet of water here one day, though, 40 feet, that's right. McCloud, yes; able fellow, I guess, too, though he and I don't hit it off." Sinclair sat back in his chair, and as he spoke he spoke magnanimously. "He doesn't like me, but that is no fault of his, railroad men, and good ones, too, sometimes get started wrong with one another. Well, I'm glad he took care of you. Try that piano, Miss Dickie, will you? I don't know much about pianos, but that ought to be a good one. I would wheel the player over for you, but any one that plays as beautifully as you do ought not to be allowed to use a player. Marion, I want to talk a few minutes with you, may I? Do you mind going out under the cottonwood?"

Dickie's heart jumped. "Don't be gone long, Marion," she exclaimed, impulsively, "for you know, Mr. Sinclair, we must get back by two o'clock." And Dickie, pale with apprehension, looked at them both. Marion, quite composed, nodded reassuringly and followed Sinclair out of doors into the sunshine.

For a few minutes Dickie fingered wistfully on the piano at some half-forgotten air, and in a fever of excitement walked out on the porch to see where they were. To her relief, she saw Marion sitting near Sinclair under the big tree in front of the house, where the horses stood. Dickie, with her hands on her girdle, walked forlornly back and forth, hummed a tune, sat down in a rocking chair, fanned herself, rose, walked back and forth again, and reflected that she was perfectly helpless, and that Sinclair might kill Marion a hundred times before she could reach her. And the thought that Marion was perhaps wholly unconscious of danger increased her anxiety.

She sat down in despair. How could "Whispering" Smith have allowed any one he had a care for to be exposed in this dreadful way? Trying to think what to do, Dickie hurried back to the living room, walked to the piano, took the pile of sheet music from the top, and sat down to thumb it over. She threw song after song on the chair beside her. They were sheets of gaudy coon songs and ragtime with flaring covers, and they seemed to give off odors of cheap perfume. Dickie hardly saw the titles as she passed them over, but of a sudden she stopped. Between two sheets of music lay a small handkerchief. It was mussed, and in the corner of it "Nellie" was written conspicuously in a laundry mark. The odor of musk became in an instant sickening. Dickie threw the music disdainfully aside, and sprang up with a flushed face to leave the room. Sinclair's remark about the first woman to cross his threshold came back to her. From that moment Dickie bated him. But no sooner had she seated herself on the porch than she remembered she had left her hat in the house, and rose to go in after it. She was resolved not to leave it under the roof another moment, and she had resolved to go over, and wait where her horse

was tied. As she re-entered the doorway she stopped. In the room she had just left a cowboy sat at the table taking apart a revolver to clean it. The revolver was spread in its parts before him, but across the table lay a rifle. The man had not been in the room when she left it a moment before.

Dickie passed behind him. He paid no attention to her; he had not looked up when she entered the room. Passing behind him once more to go out, Dickie looked through the open window before which he sat. Sinclair and Marion sitting under the cottonwood tree were in plain sight, and the muzzle of the rifle where it lay covered them. Dickie thrilled, but the man was busy with his work. Breathing deeply, she walked out on the porch again. Sinclair, she thought, was looking straight at her, and in her anxiety to appear unconscious she turned, walked to the end of the house, and at the corner almost ran into a man sitting out of doors in the shade mending a saddle. He had removed his belt to work, and his revolver lay in the holster on the bench, its grip just within reach of his hand. Dickie walked in front of him, but he did not look up. She turned as if changing her mind, and with a little flirt of her flitting skirt sat down in the porch chair, feeling a faint moisture upon her forehead.

"I am going to leave this country, Marion," Sinclair was saying. "There's nothing here for me; I can see that. What's the use of my eating my heart out over the way I've been treated? I've given the best years of my life to this railroad, and now they turn me down with a kick and a curse. It's the old story of the Indian and his dog, only I don't propose to let them make soup of me. I'm going to the coast, Marion. I'm going to California, where I wanted to go when we were married, and I wish to God we had gone there then. All our troubles might never have been if I had got in with a different crowd from these cowboys on the start. And, Marion, I want to know whether you'll give me another chance and go with me."

Sinclair, on the bench and leaning against the tree, sat with folded arms looking at his wife. Marion in a hickory chair faced him.

"No one would like to see you be all you ought to be more than I, Murray; but you are the only one in the world that can ever give yourself another chance to be that."

"The fellows in the saddle here now have denied me every chance to make a man of myself again on the railroad—you know that, Marion. In fact, they never did give me the show I was entitled to. I ought to have had Hailey's place. Bucks never treated me right in that, he never pushed me in the way he pushed other men that were just as bad as I ever was. It discouraged me; that's the reason I went to pieces."

"It could be no reason for treating me as you treated me; for bringing drunken men and drunken women into our house, and driving me out of it unless I would be what you were and what they were."

"I know I haven't treated you right; I've treated you shamefully. I will do anything on earth you say to square it. I will! Recollect, I had lived among men and in the same country with women like that for years before I knew you. I didn't know how to treat you; I admit it. Give me another chance, Marion."

"I gave you all that I had when I married you, Murray. I haven't anything more to give to any man. You would be disappointed in me if I could ever live with you again, and I could not do that without living a lie every day."

He bent forward, looking at the ground. He talked of their first meeting in Wisconsin; of the happiness of their little courtship; he brought up California again, and the northwest coast, where, he told her, a great railroad was to be built and he should find the chance he needed to make a record for himself—it had been promised him—a chance to be the man his abilities entitled him to be in railroad. "And I've got a customer for the ranch and the cows, Marion. I don't care for this business—damn the cows! let somebody else chase after 'em through the sleet. I've done well; I've made money—a lot of money—the last two years in my cattle deals, and I've got it put away, Marion; you need never lift your hand to work in our house again. We can live in California, and live well, under our own orange trees, whether I work or not. All I want to know is, will you go with me?"

"No! I will not go with you, Murray."

He moved in his seat and threw his head up appealingly. "Why not?"

"I will never be dishonest with you; I never have been and I never will be. I have nothing in my heart to give you, and I will not live upon your money. I am earning my own living. I am as content as I ever can be, and I shall stay where I am and do what I am doing till I die, probably. And this is why I came when you asked me to; to tell you the exact truth. I am

not a girl any longer—I never can be again. I am a woman. What I was before I married you, I never can be again, and you have no right to ask me to be a hypocrite and say I can love you—for that is what it all comes to—when I have no such thing in my heart or life for you. It is dead and gone, and I cannot help it."

"That sounds pretty hard, Marion. It is only the truth. It sounded fearfully hard to me when you told me that woman was your friend—that you knew her before you knew me and would know her after I was dead; that she was as good as I, and that if I didn't entertain her you would. But it was the truth! You told me the truth, and it was better that you told it—as it is better now that I tell it to you."

"I was drunk. I didn't tell you the truth. A man is a pretty tough animal sometimes, but you are a woman and a pure one, and I care more for you than for all the other women in the world, and it is not your nature to be unforgiving."

"It is to be honest."

He looked suddenly up at her and spoke sharply. "Marion, I know why you won't go."

"I have honestly told you."

"No; you have not honestly told me. The real reason is Gordon Smith."

"If he were I should not hesitate to tell you, Murray; but he is not," she said, coldly.

Sinclair spoke harshly. "Do you think you can fool me? Don't you suppose I know he spends his time loafing around your shop?"

Marion flushed indignantly. "It is not true!"

"Don't you suppose I know he writes letters back to Wisconsin—to your folks?"

"What have I to do with that? Why shouldn't he write to my mother? Who has a better right?"

"Don't drive me too far. By God! if I go away alone I'll never leave you here to run off with "Whispering" Smith—remember that!" She sat in silence. His rage left her perfectly quiet, and her unmoved expression shamed and in part silenced him.

"Don't drive me too far," he muttered, sullenly. "If you do you will be responsible, Marion."

She did not move her eyes from the blue hills on the horizon. "I expect you to kill me sometime; I feel sure you will. And that you may do." Then she bent her look on him. "You may do it now if you want to."

His face turned heavy with rage. "Marion," he cried, with an oath, "do you know how close you are to death at this moment?"

"You may do it now." He clutched the bench-rail and rose slowly to his feet. Marion sat motionless in the hickory chair; the sun was shining in her face and her hands were folded in her lap. Dickie rocked on the porch. In the shadow of the house the man was mending the saddle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Tower W.

At the end of a long and neglected hall on the second floor of the old bank block in Hill street, "Whispering" Smith had a room in which he made headquarters at Medicine Bend; it was in effect "Whispering" Smith's home.

The door of the room in the course of many years had been mutilated with keyholes and re-enforced with locks until it appeared difficult to choose an opening that would really afford entrance; but two men besides "Whispering" Smith carried keys to the room—Kennedy and George McCloud. They had right of way into it at all hours, and knew how to get in.

McCloud had left the bridge camp on the river for Medicine Bend on the Saturday that Marion Sinclair—whose husband had finally told her he would give her one more chance to think it over—returned with Dickie safely from their trip to the Frenchman ranch.

"Whispering" Smith, who had been with Bucks and Morris Blood, got back to town the same day. The president and general manager were at the Wickup during the afternoon, and left for the east at nine o'clock in the evening, when their car was attached to an east-bound passenger train. McCloud took supper afterward with "Whispering" Smith at a front street chop-house, and the two men separated at 11 o'clock. It was three hours later when McCloud tapped on the door of Smith's room, and in a moment opened it. "Awake, Gordon?"

"Sure; come in. What is it?"

"The second section of the passenger train—Number Three, with express cars—was stopped at Tower W. tonight. Oliver Sollers was pulling; he is badly shot, and one of the messengers was shot, all to pieces. They cracked the through safe, emptied it, and made a clean get-away."

"Tower W—276 miles. Have you ordered up an engine?"

"Yes."

"Where's Kennedy?"

A second voice answered: "Right here."



"No! I Will Not Go with You!"

"Strike a light, Farrell. What about the horses?"

"They're being loaded."

"Is the line clear?"

"Rooney Lee is clearing it."

"Spike it, George, and leave every west-bound train in sliding, with the engine out loose and plenty of steam, till we get by. It's now or never this time. Two hundred and seventy-six miles; they're giving us our money's worth. Who's going with us, Farrell?"

"Bob Scott, Reed Young, and Brill, if Reed can get him at Sleepy Cat. Dancing is loading the horses."

"I want Ed Banks to lead a posse straight from here for Williams Cache; Dancing can go with him. And telephone Gene and Bob Johnson to sit down in Canadian pass till they grow to the rocks, but not to let anybody through if they want to live after I see them. They've got all the instructions; all they need is the word. It's a long chance, but I think these are our friends. You can head Banks off by telephone somewhere if we change our minds when we get a trail. Start Bill; Young and a good man from Sleepy Cat ahead of us, George, if you can, in a baggage car with any horses that they can get there. They can be at Tower W by daybreak and perhaps pick up a trail before we reach there, and we shall have fresh horses for them. I'm ready, I guess; let's go. Slam the door, George!"

In the hall "Whispering" Smith threw a pocket light on his watch. "I want you to put us there by seven o'clock."

"Charlie Sollers is going to pull you," answered McCloud. "Have you got everything? Then we're off." The three men tiptoed down the dark hall, down the stairs, and across the street on a noiseless run for the railroad yard.

"The air was chill and the sky clear, with a moon more than half to the full: 'Lord, what a night to hide!' exclaimed "Whispering" Smith, looking mournfully at the stars. "Well planned, well planned, I must admit."

The men hastened toward the yard, where lanterns were moving about the car of the train guards near the Blue Front stables. The loading board had been lowered, and the horses were being carefully led into the car. From a switch engine behind the car a shrill cluck of steam billowed into the air. Across the yard a great passenger engine, its huge white side-rod rising and falling slowly in the still light of the moon—one of the mountain racers, thick-necked like an athlete and deep-chested—was backing down for the run with the single car almost across the west end of the division. Trainmen were running to and from the Wickup platform. By the time the horses were loaded the conductor had orders. Until the last minute, "Whispering" Smith was in consultation with McCloud, and giving Dancing precise instructions for the posse into the Cache country. They were still talking at the side door of the car, McCloud and Dancing on the ground and "Whispering" Smith squatting on his haunches inside the moving car, when the engine signaled and the special drew away from the chute, pounded up the long run of the ladder switch, and moved with gathering speed into the canyon. In the cab Charlie Sollers, crushing in his hand the tissue that had brought the news of his brother's death, sat at the throttle. He had no speed orders. They had told him he had a clear track.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Pursuit.

Brill Young picked up a trail Sunday morning at Tower W before the special from Medicine Bend reached there. The wrecked express car, which had been set out, had no story

to tell. "The only story," said "Whispering" Smith, as the men climbed into their saddles, "is in the one from the hoofs, and the sooner we get after it the better."

The country around Tower W, which is itself an operating point on the western end of the division, a mere speck on the desert, lies high and rolling. To the south, 60 miles away, rise the Grosse Terre mountains, and to the north and west lie the solitudes of the Heart range, while in the northeast are seen the three white Saddle peaks of the Missions. The cool, bright sunshine of a far and lonely horizon greets the traveler here, and ten miles away from the railroad, in any direction, a man on horseback and unacquainted with the country would wish himself—mountain men will tell you—in hell, because it would be easier to ride out of

To the railroad men the country offered no unusual difficulties. The Youngs were as much at home on a horse as on a hand car. Kennedy, though a large and powerful man, was insured to hard riding, and Bob Scott and "Whispering" Smith in the saddle were merely a part—though an important part—of their horses; without killing their mounts, they could get out of them every mile in their legs. The five men covered 20 miles on a trail that read like print. One after another of the railroad party commenced on the carelessness with which it had been left. But 20 miles south of the railroad, in an open and comparatively easy country, it was swallowed completely up in the tracks of 100 horses. The railroad men circled far and wide, only to find the herd tracks everywhere ahead of them.

"This is a beautiful job," murmured "Whispering" Smith as the party rode together along the edge of a creek-bottom. "Now who is their friend down in this country? What man would get out a bunch of horses like this and work them this hard so early in the morning? Let's hunt that man up. I like to meet a man that is a friend in need."

Bob Scott spoke: "I saw a man with some horses in a canyon across the creek a few minutes ago, and I saw a ranchhouse behind those buttes when I rode around them."

"Stop! Here's a man riding—right into our jaws," muttered Kennedy. "Divide up among the rocks." A horseman from the south came galloping up the creek, and Kennedy rode out with an ivory smile to meet him. The two men parleyed for a moment, disputed each other sharply, and rode together back to the railroad party.

"Haven't seen any men looking for horses this morning, have you?" asked "Whispering" Smith, eying the stranger, a squat, square-jawed fellow with a cataract eye.

"I'm looking for horses myself. I ain't seen anybody else. What are you looking for?"

"Is this your bunch of horses that got loose here?" asked Smith.

"No."

"I thought," said Kennedy, smiling, "you said a minute ago they were."

The stranger fixed his cataract on him like a flash-light. "I changed my mind."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Advertising That Counted.

An Oklahoma boy put up what he considered a good joke on his mother by advertising in her name for a husband. He is now being walloped by a good, stout stepfather, the surprised but not at all frustrated mother having annexed the first man that came along, and doing well at that, as the neighbors all allowed. You can do anything in this world that is doable by proper advertising. Let our Mr. — talk with you about it.—Minneapolis Journal.

