

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

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NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1909.

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BENEATH THE MISTLETOE



By ERSKINE DEFOE.
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BLITHESOME maid, divinely fair,
Stepped, thoughtless 'neath the mistletoe
Hung high above the carpet square,
While out of door fell fleecy snow
Heighho! Heighho!
Surprised beneath the mistletoe!

HE did not know she was so near
The kiss provoking mistletoe
The bough upon the chandelier
Was deftly fixed, but not too low.
Oh, no! Oh, no!
In ambush was the mistletoe.

NCE in the mesh and fairly caught,
She showed no sudden haste to go.
Two victims with a single thought
Are brave beneath the mistletoe.
Just so! Just so!
The courage-giving mistletoe!

ITH cheeks suffused a rosy red
That shamed the holly's livid glow
She held aloft her charming head,
The lawful kiss did not forego,
And, lo! And, lo!
That kiss beneath the mistletoe!

THE STARKWEATHER STOCK FARM BUYS

TWO BROOD MARES WITH NATIONAL REPUTATIONS

One is the World's Ex-Champion Pacer, Lena N, 2:05 1-4

At the Combination Horse Sale recently held at Romeo, Mich., the Starkweather Stock Farm of Northville, purchased out of the consignment of the Drumore Farm of Port Huron, the pacing mare, Lena N, 2:05 1-4, ex champion pacer of the world sired by Sidney 2:19 1-4 and bred by Walter Dean of San Francisco, Cal. Rose Croft 2:11 1-4, trotting, sired by Jay Bird bred by M. E. McHenry Freeport Ill. This mare won the \$25,000 Kentucky Futurity in 1903 and during her racing career won over \$20,000 net. Pasante, record 4 years old trotting 2:13, sired by Palo Alto 2:05 1-4 bred by the late Senator Stanford of Palo Alto Farm, Menlo Park, Cal. This mare is half sister on dam side to Major Delmar 1:59 1-4, the World's Champion trotting gelding. Ola Dignus, dam of Ola Wilkes 2:11 1-4, sired by Dignus, 1st Dam full sister to Shadeland Onward 2:07 1-4, etc. Ola Dignus was bred by M. J. Bradley of Georgetown, Ky. These mares are all in foal to the great Barongale, 4 year old record 2:11 1-4 and will be mated next spring with the game Donald Wilkes, No. 42,765, race record 2:13 1-4, public trial over half mile track of 2:08 1-4 owned by this farm. Donald Wilkes, known as Michigan's Iron sided race horse, has won more races and raced more years through the Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia circuit than any horse ever bred in Michigan. Donald Wilkes is a horse that was never criticised in his races and was always noted for his speed and gameness. Donald Wilkes is also proving a great sire as he sired the Arrow, 2-year-old also owned by the Starkweather Stock farm. Public trial at State fair grounds last September 1/4 mile in 1:07; 1/2 in 32 seconds and 3/4 in 15 seconds, a two minute clip. The Arrow is one of Donald Wilkes' oldest colts. Donald Wilkes is a grand bred horse of the Wilkes family and is noted for his conformation, ruggedness and disposition. His disposition is such that a ten year old boy can drive him anywhere.

Among other brood mares owned by the Starkweather Stock farm are Marcola, bred by Major Campbell Brown of Spring Hill, Tennessee, sired by McEwen, 2:17 1-4 and dam of Mazette, 2:04 1-4, world's pacing record in 1901 and also dam of Mata, 2:24 1-4, Mart Ten, 2:28 1-4; Kittle M, bred by W. W. Bowen of Paris Ky., sired by Dale Wilkes and dam of Elderone 2:05 1-4, who won second money in the Chamber of Commerce \$5,000 stake at Detroit in 1907, afterward selling for \$4,500. Bonanza, bred by C. J. Holton, Rushton, Ind., sired by Bruno Hal, first dam Dixie, dam of Star Hal, 2:09 1-4; Vestige, 2:09 1-4; Watch Eye 2:11; Hal Patchen 2:15 1-4; Princess Patron, bred by C. F. Emery, Cleveland, Ohio, sired by Patron 2:14 1-4, world's record as a 3-year-old when made. Fancy Dillard, bred by W. H. Mast of Goshen, Ind., 3-year-old trial, 1/4 33 seconds, sired by Hal Dillard, 2:04 1-4, dam Kittle M. by Dale Wilkes. Following the custom that the Starkweather Stock farm has always adhered to they will sell all colts at any age from weanlings up at a reasonable price, breeding and individuality considered. All colts over seven months old will be thoroughly broken and gaited by the competent young trainer, Horace Markham. The Starkweather Stock farm also breeds draft horses, and mules and will sell same at any age. The motto of the Starkweather Stock Farm is "all stock sold will be as represented or money refunded."

Death of Abram Haver.

Abram Haver died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Shaw, Thursday, Dec. 16, aged eighty years and six months. The funeral was held from the home Sunday. Interment at Wixom.

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.

PATRICK KELLEY THE OPTIMIST

INTERESTING SKETCH OF LIEUT. GOVERNOR BY A DETROIT NEWSPAPER MAN.

With a Good Backbone and Horse Sense are His Characteristics.

(By John Fitzgerald in the Detroit News)

It may be that Patrick Henry Kelley wasn't born with a smile but there is what the lawyers call presumptive evidence to the contrary. Like the smile of the Honorable Foot Ball Yost the Kelley smile is acid proof. Blizzard blasts may blow, the cards may be stacked, the mascots all in the dumps and hard luck becoming from forty different directions, but Patrick Henry's smile will continue to smile. It's been tested, so in the he is quite confident, whichever way she goes, bets can be picked up of a

(Continued on page 8.)

F. A. Gutherat Not a Soldier.

Frank Gutherat was born in Redford, Wayne Co., Jan. 3, 1843, and was married to Henrietta Cromer April 17, 1870. They moved to Columbiaville, Lapeer Co., where they lived twelve years and then moved to Harbor Springs, residing there eight years, coming to Northville about four years ago, remaining here until his death Dec. 12.

He was not a soldier as was stated in last week's Record.

BANKS OPEN LATE FRIDAY

Owing to the fact that Saturday being Christmas and that both banks being closed all day, they will remain open on Friday afternoon until six o'clock. This will accommodate persons who wish to make deposits or get checks cashed the night before Christmas.

Piano Lessons.

Thorough method. For terms apply at my home, 52 Main street. 131p ARBURN M. WOLF.

AGED WOMAN DIED SATURDAY

MRS. BELINDA SIMMONS WAS PAST 87 YEARS.

Had Spent Nearly All Her Life in Northville.

Mrs. Belinda Simmons, nee Brown, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus and Sofrona Brown, was born in Hannibal county, N. Y., August 25, 1822 and departed this life Saturday, Dec. 18, at the ripe old age of eighty-seven years and four months. She came to Michigan with her people in childhood in the pioneer days of this country. She was married to Ephraim Simmons, March 13, 1841 in Farmington and having lived in Northville until their four children were grown. Three of these survive her, Mrs. Frank Fry and Mrs. Jervis Palmer of this place and Alonson Simmons of St. Johns. She with her husband united with the Baptist church years ago and were very faithful to their religious duties until death came. The husband died six years ago.

Mrs. Simmons was injured by a fall about five weeks ago which hastened her death. She was a noble christian, a kind mother, a good neighbor and loved by all who knew her. The funeral services occurred from their home on West street on Monday. Rev. N. E. Musser officiating.

SOUVENIR CALENDARS

All subscribers to the Record can have their Souvenir Calendars any time next week. Can be given to subscribers only. Don't send your children.



Santa Claus Headquarters

For Your Christmas Presents call on us.

We are Headquarters for Pocket Cutlery, Shears, Razors, Table Cutlery, Carving Sets, 1847 Silver Ware, Nickel Tea and Coffee Pots, Nickel Tea Kettle, Carpet Sweepers, Skates and Sleds, and many other useful articles.

Look in our Windows for Bargains.

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



THE YOUTHFUL REPRESENTATIVE

of the New Year appears in the limelight of public expectation just as the tower clock is striking the last hour of the expiring old year.

OUR BANK has an older record, and each year endeavors to add to its efficiency and strength. We wish our customers to feel that this is their business, and that it is a pleasure to add their interests by giving them first-class banking facilities.

Northville State Savings Bank.

A BEAUTIFUL EMBOSSED PICTURE FREE!

with 1-lb Good Baking Powder

THIS BAKING POWDER SELLS FOR 50c, BUT WILL BE OFFERED AT 25c FOR A FEW DAYS.

Come in and See Them.

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.

I Wish You All a Merry Xmas

REMINDERS

Royal Chocolates (high grade).....	25c lb
Choice Cream Mixed, very fine.....	20c lb
Cream and Chocolate Mixed.....	15c lb
A Good Mixture. 15c lb	Cream Chocolates. 15c lb
Broken Taffy.....	10c lb
Hard Boiled Cuts.....	15c lb
Mixed Candy.....	10c lb

These varieties are all good value.

NUTS

Good Mixed Nuts, all sound.....	15c lb
Choice Mixed, lots of Almonds & Walnuts, ..	20c lb
Brazil Nuts.....	15c lb
Almonds.....	20c lb
Eng. Walnuts.....	20c lb
Pecans.....	20c lb
Filberts.....	20c lb
Hickory Nuts.....	10c qt
Oranges.....	25-30-40-50c doz
Grape Fruit.....	10c ea
Malaga Grapes, Bananas, Catawba Grapes.	
Christmas Bells 1c, 5c, 10c. Peanuts 10c. Figs, Dates, etc.	

B. A. WHEELER

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

HOLIDAY TIME



is a good time to come in and have a talk with us about "eyes."

Our Eye Talks Help The People.

We only "talk" to those who come to see us, and our advice is always of the best.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

G. W. & F. DOLPH

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

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 suitor. 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. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Hartbridge, a canoe-maker. After a short discussion Donovan left angrily. Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting country church with \$1,000.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Just then I heard the voice of my fool raised so that all might hear:

"Friends, on the dusty highway of life, I can take none of the honor or credit you so kindly offer me. The money I have given you to-day I came by honestly. I stepped into your cool and restful house of worship this morning in search of bodily ease. The small voice of conscience stirred within me. I had not been inside a church for two years, and I was greatly shaken. But as I listened to your eloquent pastor I was aware that the green wall paper interrupted my soul currents. That vegetable-green that is notorious as a psychical interceptor. Spend the money as you like, gentlemen, but if I, a stranger, may suggest it, try some less violent color scheme in your mural decorations."

He seemed choking with emotion as with bowed head he pushed his way through the circle and strode past me. The people stared after him, mystified and marveling. I heard an old man calling out:

"How wonderful are the ways of Lord!"

I let Gillespie pass, and followed him slowly until a turn in the road hid us from the staring church folk. He turned and saw me.

"You have discovered me, Donovan. Be sure your sins will find you out! A simple people, singularly moved at the sight of a greenback. I have rarely caused so much excitement!"

"I suppose you are trying to ease your conscience by giving away some of your button money."

"That is just it, Donovan. You have struck the brass tack on the head. But now that we have met again, albeit through no fault of my own, let me mention matters of real human interest."

"You might tell me what you're doing here first."

"Walking; there were no cabs, Donovan."

"You choose a queer hour of the day for your exercise."

"One might say the same for your ride. But let us be sensible. I dare say there's some common platform on which we both stand."

"We'll assume it," I replied, dismounting by the roadside that I might talk more easily. Bandages were still visible at his wrists, and a strip of court-plaster across the knuckles of his right hand otherwise testified to the edges of the glass in St. Agatha's garden. He held up his hands ruefully.

"Those were nasty slashes; and I ripped them up badly in climbing out of your window. But I couldn't linger; I am not without my little occupations."

"You stand an excellent chance of being shot if you don't clear out of this. If there's any shame in you you will go without making further trouble."

"It has occurred to me," he began, slowly, "that I know something that you ought to know. I saw Henry Holbrook yesterday."

"Where?" I demanded.

"On the lake. He's rented a sloop yacht called the Stiletto. I passed it yesterday on the Annandale steamer and I saw him quite distinctly."

"It's all your fault that he's here!" I blurted, thoroughly aroused. "If you had not followed those women they might have spent the remainder of their lives here and never have been molested. But he undoubtedly caught the trail from you."

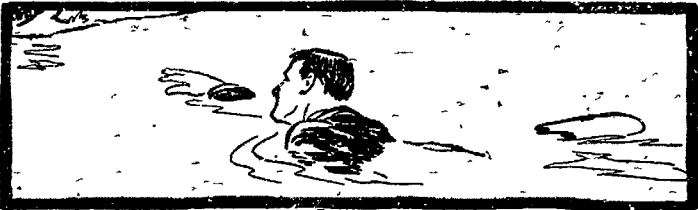
Gillespie nodded gravely and frowned before he answered.

"I am sorry to spoil your theory, my dear Irish brother, but put this in your pipe: Henry was here first! He rented the sailboat ten days ago—and I made my triumphant entry a week later. Explain that, if you please, Mr. Donovan."

I was immensely relieved by this disclosure, for it satisfied me that I had not been mistaken in the identity of the canoe-maker. I had, however, no intention of taking the button king into my confidence.

"Where is Holbrook staying?" I asked casually.

"I don't know—he keeps afloat. The Stiletto belongs to a Cincinnati man who isn't coming here this summer and Holbrook has got the use of the yacht. So much I learned from the boat storage man at Annandale; then I passed the Stiletto and saw Henry on board."



Embarked the Two Exiles Without Incident.

It was clear that I knew more than Gillespie, but he had supplied me with several interesting bits of information, and, what was more to the point, he had confirmed my belief that Henry Holbrook and the canoe-maker were the same person.

"You must see that I face a difficult situation here, without counting you. You don't strike me as a wholly bad lot, Gillespie, and why won't you run along like a good boy and let me deal with Holbrook? Then when I have settled with him I'll see what can be done for you. Your position as an unwelcome suitor, engaged in annoying the lady you profess to love, and causing her great anxiety and distress, is unworthy of the really good fellow I believe you to be."

He was silent for a moment; then he spoke very soberly:

"I promise you, Donovan, that I will do nothing to encourage or help Holbrook. I know as well as you that he's a blackguard; but my own affairs I must manage in my own way."

"But as surely as you try to, molest those women you will have to answer to me. I am not in the habit of beginning what I never finish, and I intend to keep those women out of your way as well as out of Holbrook's clutches, and if you get a cracked head in the business—well, the crack's in your own skull, Mr. Gillespie."

He shrugged his shoulders, threw up his head and turned away down the road.

There was something about the fellow that I liked. I even felt a certain pity for him as I passed him and rode on. He seemed simple and guileless, but with a dogged manliness beneath his absurdities. He was undoubtedly deeply attached to Helen Holbrook and his pursuit of her partook of a knight-errant quality that would have appealed to me in other circumstances; but he was the most negligible figure that had yet appeared in the Holbrook affair, and as I put my horse to the lope my thoughts reverted to Red Gate. That chess game and Helen's visit to her father were still to be explained; if I could cut those cards out of the pack I should be ready for something really difficult. I employed myself with such reflections as I completed my sweep round the lake, reaching Glenarm shortly after two o'clock.

I was hot and hungry, and grateful for the cool breath of the house as I entered the hall.

"Miss Holbrook is waiting in the library," Ijima announced; and in a moment I faced Miss Pat, who stood in one of the open French windows looking out upon the wood.

She appeared to be deeply absorbed and did not turn until I spoke:

"I have waited for some time; I have something of importance to tell you, Mr. Donovan," she began, seating herself.

"Yes, Miss Holbrook."

"You remember that this morning, on our way to the chapel, Helen spoke of our game of chess yesterday?"

"I remember perfectly," I replied; and my heart began to pound suddenly, for I knew what the next sentence would be.

"Helen was not at St. Agatha's at the time she indicated."

"Well, Miss Pat," I laughed, "Miss Holbrook doesn't have to account to me for her movements. It isn't important."

"Why isn't it important," demanded Miss Pat in a sharp tone that was new to me.

"Why, Miss Holbrook, she is not ac-

countable to me for her actions. If she fibbed about the chess it's a small matter."

"Perhaps it is; and possibly she is not accountable to me, either."

"We must not prove human motives too deeply, Miss Holbrook," I said, evasively, wishing to allay her suspicions, if possible. "A young woman is entitled to her whims. But now that you have told me this, I suppose I may as well know how she accounted to you for this trifling deception."

"Oh, she said she wished to explore the country for herself, she wished to satisfy herself of our safety; and she didn't want you to think she was running foolishly into danger. She chafes under restraint, and I fear does not wholly sympathize with my runaway tactics. She likes a contest! And sometimes Helen takes pleasure in—being nervous. She has an idea, Mr. Donovan, that you are a very severe person."

"I am honored that she should entertain any opinion of me whatever," I replied, laughing.

"And now," said Miss Pat, "I must go back. Helen went to her room to write some letters against a time when it may be possible to communicate with our friends, and I took the opportunity to call on you. It might be as well, Mr. Donovan, not to mention my visit."

I walked beside Miss Pat to the gate, where she dismissed me, remarking that she would be quite ready for a ride in the launch at five o'clock. The morning had added a few new-colored threads to the tangled skein I was accumulating, but I felt that with the chess story explained I could safely eliminate the supernatural; and I was relieved to find that no matter what other odd elements I had to reckon with, a girl who could be in two places at the same time was not among them.

CHAPTER VII.

A Broken Oar.

The white clouds of the later afternoon cruised dreamily between green wood and blue sky. I brought the launch to St. Agatha's landing and embarked the two exiles without incident. We set forth in good spirits, Ijima at the engine and I at the wheel. I drove the boat toward the open to guard against unfortunate encounters, and the course once established I had little care but to give a wide berth to all the other craft afloat. Helen exclaimed repeatedly upon the beauty of the lake, which the west wind rippled into many variations of color. I was flattered by her friendliness, and yielded myself to the joy of the day, agreeably thrilled—I confess as much—by her dark loveliness as she turned from time to time to speak to me.

"Aunt Pat is a famous sailor!" observed Helen as the launch rocked. "The last time we crossed the captain had personally to take her below during a hurricane."

"Helen always likes to make a heroine of me," said Miss Pat with her adorable smile. "But I am not in the least afraid of the water. I think there must have been sailors among my ancestors."

She was as tranquil as the day. Her attitude toward her niece had not changed; and I pleased myself with the reflection that mere ancestry—the vigor and courage of indomitable old sea-birds—did not sufficiently account for her, but that she testified to an ampler background of race and was a fine flower that had been centuries in making.

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We cruised the shore of Port Annandale at a discreet distance and then bore off again.

"Let us not go too near shore anywhere," said Helen; and Miss Pat murmured acquiescence.

"No, we don't care to meet people," she remarked, a trifle anxiously.

"I'm afraid I don't know any to introduce you to," I replied, and turned away into the broadest part of the lake. The launch was capable of a lively clip and the engine worked capitally. I had no fear of being caught, even if we should be pursued, and this, in the broad light of the peaceful Sabbath afternoon, seemed the remotest possibility.

It had been understood that we were to remain until the sun dropped into the western wood, and I loitered on toward the upper lake where the shores were rougher.

"That's a real island over there—they call it Battle Orchard—you must have a glimpse of it."

"Oh, nothing is so delightful as an island!" exclaimed Helen.

Ijima had scanned the lake constantly since we started, as was his habit. Miss Pat turned to speak to Helen of the shore that now swept away from us in broader curves as we passed out of the connecting channel into the farther lake. Ijima remarked to me quietly, as though speaking of the engine:

"There's a man following in a row-boat."

And as I replied to some remark by Miss Pat, I saw, half a mile distant, its sails hanging idly, a sloop that answered Gillespie's description of the Stiletto. Its snowy canvas shone white against the green verdure of Battle Orchard.

"Shut off the power a moment. We will turn here, Ijima," and I called Miss Pat's attention to a hoary old sycamore on the western shore.

"Oh, I'm disappointed not to cruise nearer the island with the romantic name," cried Helen. "And there's a yacht over there, too!"

I already had the boat swung round, and in reversing the course I lost the Stiletto, which, clung to the island shore; but I saw now quite plainly the rowboat Ijima had reported as following us. It hung off about a quarter of a mile and its single occupant had ceased rowing and slipped his oars as though waiting. He was between us and the strait that connected the upper and lower lakes. Though not alarmed I was irritated by my carelessness in venturing through the strait and anxious to return to the less wild part of the lake. I did not dare look over my shoulder, but kept talking to my passengers, while Ijima, with the rare intuition of his race, understood the situation and indicated by gestures the course.

"There's a boat sailing through the green, green wood," exclaimed Helen, and true enough, as we crept in close to the shore, we could still see, across a wooded point of the island, the sails of the Stiletto, as of a boat of dreams, drifting through the trees. And as I looked I saw something more. A tiny signal flag was run quickly to the top mast head, withdrawn once and flashed back, and as I faced the bow again the boatman dropped his oars into the water.

"What a strange-looking man," remarked Miss Pat.

"He doesn't look like a native," I replied, carelessly.

The launch swung slowly around, cutting a half-circle, of which the Italian's boat was the center. He dallied idly with his oars and seemed to pay no heed to us, though he glanced several times toward the yacht, which had now crept into full view, and under a freshening breeze was bearing southward.

"Full speed, Ijima,"

The engine responded instantly, and we cut through the water smartly. There was a space of about 25 yards between the boatman and the nearer shore. I did not believe that he would do more than try to annoy us by forcing us on the swampy shore; for it was still broad daylight, and we were likely at any moment to meet other craft. I was confident that with any sort of luck I could slip past him and gain the strait, or dodge and run round him before he could change the course of his heavy skiff.

I kicked the end of an oar which the launch carried for emergencies and Ijima, on this hint, drew it toward him.

"You can see some of the roofs of Port Annandale across the neck here," I remarked, seeing that the women had begun to watch the approaching boat uneasily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Professional Way.

The new waitress sidled up to a dapper young man at the breakfast table, who, after glancing at the bill, opened his mouth, and a noise issued forth that sounded like the ripping off of all the cogs on one of the wheels in the power house. The new waitress made no escape to the kitchen. "Fellow out there insulted me," she said.

The head waiter looked at him. "I'll get it," he said. "That's just the train caller ordering his breakfast."

COUNTRY WHOSE SOIL SPELLS WHEAT AND OUT OF WHOSE FARMS THOUSANDS ARE GROWING RICH.

WHAT PRESIDENT TAFT AND OTHERS THINK OF CANADA.

Another Fat Year for the Canadian West.

Our Canadian neighbors to the north are again rejoicing over an abundant harvest, and reports from reliable sources go to show that the total yield of 1909 will be far above that of any other year.

It is estimated that \$100,000,000 will this year go into the pockets of the Western farmers from wheat alone; another \$60,000,000 from oats and barley, while returns from other crops and from stock will add \$40,000,000 more. Is it any wonder then that the farmers of the Canadian West are happy?

Thousands of American farmers have settled in the above mentioned provinces during the past year; men who know the West and its possibilities, and who also know perhaps better than any other people, the best methods for profitable farming.

President Taft said recently in speaking of Canada:

"We have been going ahead so rapidly in our own country that our heads have been somewhat swelled with the idea that we are carrying on our shoulders, all the progress there is in the world. We have not been conscious that there is on the north a young country and a young nation that is looking forward, as it well may, to a great national future. They have 7,000,000 people, but the country is still hardly scratched."

Jas. J. Hill speaking before the Canadian Club of Winnipeg a few days ago said:

"I go back for 53 years, when I came West from Canada. At that time Canada had no North-West. A young boy or man who desired to carve his own way had to cross the line, and to-day it may surprise you, one out of every five children born in Canada lives in the United States. Now you are playing the return match, and the North-West is getting people from the United States very rapidly. We brought 100 land-seekers, mainly from Iowa and Southern Minnesota, last night out of St. Paul, going to the North-West. Now, these people have all the way from five, ten to twenty thousand dollars each, and they will make as much progress on the land in one year as any one man coming from the Continent of Europe can make, doing the best he can, in ten, fifteen, or twenty years."

It is evident from the welcome given American settlers in Canada that the Canadian people appreciate them. Writing from Southern Alberta recently an American farmer says:

"We are giving them some new ideas about being good farmers, and they are giving us some new ideas about being good citizens. They have a law against taking liquor into the Indian Reservation. One of our fellows was caught on a reservation with a bottle on him, and it cost him \$50. One of the Canadian Mounted Police found him, and let me tell you, they find everyone who tries to go up against the laws of the country."

"On Saturday night, every bar-room is closed, at exactly 7 o'clock. Why? Because it is the law, and it's the same with every other law. There isn't a bad man in the whole district, and a woman can come home from town to the farm at midnight if she wants to, alone. That's Canada's idea how to run a frontier; they have certainly taught us a lot."

"On the other hand, we are running their farms for them better than any other class of farmers. I guess I can say this without boasting, and the Canadians appreciate us. We turn out to celebrate Dominion Day; they are glad to have us help to farm the country; they know how to govern; we know how to work."

Another farmer, from Minnesota, who settled in Central Saskatchewan some years ago, has the following to say about the country:

"My wife and I have done well enough since we came from the States; we can live anyway. We came in the spring of 1901 with the first carload of settlers' effects unloaded in these parts and built the first shanty between Saskatoon and Lumsden. We brought with our car of settlers' effects the sum of \$1800 in cash, to-day we are worth \$40,000. We 'proved up' one of the finest farms in Western Canada and bought 320 acres at \$3 per acre. We took good crops off the land for four years, at the end of which we had \$8000 worth of improvements in the way of buildings, etc., and had planted three acres of trees. Two years ago we got such a good offer that we sold our land at \$45 per acre. From the above you will see that we have not done badly since our arrival."

Prof. Thomas Shaw of St. Paul, Minnesota, with a number of other well known editors of American farm journals, toured Western Canada recently, and in an interview at Winnipeg said in part:

"With regard to the settlement of the West I should say that it is only well begun. I have estimated that in Manitoba one-tenth of the land has been broken, in Saskatchewan one-third and in Alberta, one-hundred and seventy-fifth. I am satisfied that in all three provinces grain can be

grown successfully up to the sixtieth parallel and in the years to come your vacant land will be taken at a rate of which you have at present no conception. We have enough people in the United States alone, who want homes, to take up this land."

"What you must do in Western Canada is to raise more live stock. When you are doing what you ought to do in this regard, the land which is now selling for \$20 per acre will be worth from \$50 to \$100 per acre. It is as good land as that which is selling for more than \$100 per acre in the corn belt."

"I would rather raise cattle in Western Canada than in the corn belt of the United States. You can get your food cheaper and the climate is better for the purpose. We have a better market, but your market will improve faster than your farmers will produce the supplies. Winter wheat can be grown in one-half of the country through which I have passed, and alfalfa and one of the varieties of clover in three-fourths of it. The farmers do not believe this, but it is true."

Keeping pace with wheat production, the growth of railways has been quite as wonderful, and the whole country from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains will soon be a network of trunk and branch lines. Three great transcontinental lines are pushing construction in every direction, and at each siding the grain elevator is to be found. Manitoba, being the first settled province, has now an elevator capacity of upwards of 25,000,000 bushels, Saskatchewan 20,000,000, and Alberta about 7,000,000, while the capacity of elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur, on the Great Lakes, is upwards of 20,000,000 more.

Within the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta there are flour and oatmeal mills with a combined capacity of 25,000 barrels per day, and situated along some famous water powers in New Ontario, there are larger mills than will be found anywhere in the Prairie Provinces.

Last year the wheat crop totaled over 100,000,000 bushels. This year the crop will yield 30,000,000 more. A recent summary shows that on the 1st of January, 1909, the surveyed lands of the three western provinces, totaled 134,000,000 acres, of which about 22,000,000 have been given as subsidies to railways, 11,000,000 disposed of in other ways and 38,000,000 given by the Canadian Government as free homesteads, being 236,000 homesteads of 160 acres each. Of this enormous territory, there is probably under crop at the present time less than 11,000,000 acres; what the results will be when wide awake settlers have taken advantage of Canada's offer and are cultivating the fertile prairie lands, one can scarcely imagine.

Public Sentiment Aroused.

Every state west of the Mississippi except Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada and New Mexico has now joined the fight against tuberculosis. State sanatoria for the treatment of tuberculosis patients have been now established in Minnesota, Idaho, Missouri, Arkansas, North Dakota, South Dakota and Oregon. State Anti-Tuberculosis associations have been organized and are at work in Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona, Montana, North Dakota, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana. In all these states, strenuous efforts to wipe out tuberculosis are being taken.

Is Prayer Geographical?

Not long ago, in an important country in Ohio, the women and others prayed that it would go "dry" and it did. A few days later, the people in Nassau and Suffolk counties, Long Island, prayed that these counties would become desiccated and a count of the votes showed that there was nothing doing. In both cases only those people prayed who were accustomed to that form of weapon. Accordingly there is a strong suggestion that prayer, like the tariff, is a local issue.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Holtz*.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Test.

"Well," said Mr. Cumrox, "your party was a great success."

"How can you tell?" asked his wife.

"Whenever a crowd comes along that makes me feel like a stranger in my own house I know it's a brilliant occasion."

Desperate But Effective.

Knicker—So Jones has a good scheme?

Bocker—Yes; he carries a little dynamite to blow up any auto that runs over him.

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using Allen's Foot-Ease, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet."

—Mrs. Matilda Holtzworth, Providence, R. I. Sold by all Druggists, Etc. Ask to-day.

The Strategic Point.

"General, we are outnumbered."

"Caramba! But how is that?"

"The other side has beaten us to the cable office."

Some people suffer continually with tired, aching and swollen feet. Little do they know how soothing is Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Rub it in at night and have thankful, happy feet in the morning.

You can't blame the man who has got his winter's coal in for feeling just a little better than the rest of the neighborhood.

The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

Established 1880.

An Independent Newspaper Published Every Friday Morning by The Record Printing Co., at Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville Post-office as Second-Class Matter.

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

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

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

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

Obituary notices will not be inserted unless paid for. Care of the dead, and notices of funerals, in advance.

Reading notices and resolutions, 4c per word.

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

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., DEC. 24, '09

Life Held Cheaply in Oakland.

Evidently life is held rather cheaply in Oakland county. Bertha Lett, sau was found not guilty of killing her former lover, Sam Morley, although she stated she secured a revolver and shot him. The jury said she was insane at the time. She probably was and it is also true that practically every murder committed is the result of insanity. No man or woman in their right mind commits murder—but these people who have fits of insanity just long enough to kill someone for a fancied, or real, grievance should be confined in an insane asylum where these spells will be apt to do less damage when they do break out. Sam Morley's real crime in Bertha Lett's eyes was a breach of promise. In some counties that crime is punishable by a damage award ranging from six cents to half a million, according to the financial worth of the man. In Oakland county, however, the breaking of a promise to marry is a much more serious crime. There it is punishable by death. The cruel murderer of little twelve year old Brown girl in Detroit, if caught, will only be sent to prison for life, while in good old Oakland county death is the penalty for jilting your best girl. Since when was the morals of Pontiac and vicinity of such angelic and high and mighty purity that death at the muzzle of a pistol could only make that City's skirts as white as snow? Had Bertha Lett stolen a loaf of bread to keep her from hunger or a skirt to keep her warm from a Pontiac store, the whole city would have jumped up and down until the sidewalks cracked in their wrath at such a crime and today she would have been languishing in the Oakland county jail, but she only killed a man. Just a man, that's all, and his real crime was that he incited an attack of jealous insanity because he was going to marry another girl.

Good for Redford.

Redford township, in Wayne county, is setting a good example to other townships by preparing for a special election to vote a modest bond issue of \$25,000 for good road making. Redford has two much-traveled roads—Grand River Avenue and the Plymouth pike. These are in daily use by its 2,000 residents, to say nothing of the through traffic. The clay roads are now impassable in wet weather and the sand roads in dry, so between the two the farmers must double team their loads or stay at home waiting for a favorable "spell of weather." Last year the township voted on the proposition, but it was defeated because it was then necessary to marshal a sixty per cent vote in its favor. The law now requires only a majority vote and everybody is so disgusted with bad roads that the proposition this time is surely to go through galloping.—Detroit News.

Christmas Eve.

"Christmas Eve!" The wondrous Santa Claus comes to the children with thee. What visions of dolls, games, books, candles and all sorts of goodies; drums, trumpets, whistles with all sorts of squeaks and discordant blasts; and the wonderful Christmas tree with its brilliant

lights, gay colors and mysterious packages, some of which may contain the long-wished-for doll, skates or huge jack-knives. It is all enchantment, all the color of the rose, the rainbow that spans their young lives. Not all the wonder of the story of the Star of Bethlehem, of the following and guiding of the wise men to the lowly cradle of the coming King; not all the sad beauty of the old, old story can fully satisfy the juvenile heart like these. But are we not children of a larger growth? In spite of the solemnity of the occasion, in spite of its deep and tender meaning, the gifts and goodies and merrymaking are all dear to us, children in heart as we are.

Kelley's Stunts.

Lieutenant Governor Kelley is a promising candidate for premier honors as a long distance man in speechmaking. If he continues his oratorical pace through the campaign next year without a break in his circuit, other public talkers will grasp at his hardihood. He went through the arduous automobile campaign with Gov. Warner, made a few speeches between then and the opening of the legislative session, did his part to enlighten the lawmakers' meeting, and then entered upon his effort to secure a gubernatorial chair for himself. Since then Kelley has counted that week lost in which he had not made at least two speeches and his average may be slightly above that. Most men would not even have the stubs of their fingers left for using the alphabet of the dumb, if they had attempted what the lieutenant governor has accomplished so far, but he thrives as does a boy on a diet of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup— Lansing Republican.

The days, weeks and years slip away like water in a running stream. Time's great clock never loses a moment. Relentlessly, surely the moments pass, and our eager hands are not able to detain them. We cannot keep back the flying years, but we can and should keep the blessings they bring. Hold fast to the lessons they have taught. Keep the memory of their joys. Enrich every day of life with the garnered wealth of the days behind. The years pass, but they leave their treasure with us, if our hands and hearts are open to receive them, so as with one hand we shake farewell to 1909 let us stretch out the other hand to warmly greet and welcome 1910.

"Time is money." This ought to be cheering news to the man of leisure who has Christmas presents to buy and no ready cash.

1910 Calendars 1910.

The Record will be ready to give out the 1910 souvenir calendars commencing Monday morning, December 27. Finest line and largest assortment ever shown. Will only be given to Record subscribers. None given out to children. Enough for everybody. First comers get first choice.

Samples of Air at Great Heights.

Samples of air at a height of nearly nine miles have been recently obtained and examined for the presence of the rare gases. The collecting apparatus, carried by a large balloon, is a series of vacuum tubes, each drawn out to a fine point at one end. At the desired height an electro-magnetic device, connected with each tube and operated by a barometer, breaks off the point of the tube, admitting the air. A few minutes later, a second contact sends a current through a platinum wire around the broken end, melting the glass and sealing the tube. All the samples obtained show argon and neon, but no helium was found in air from above six miles.

Nothing More Than Her Right.

A Cincinnati man asked for a divorce because his wife was irritable, high tempered, and used exasperating language; but the judge held that a woman who had had the care of four small children and no domestic help, had a right to have a temper and to also use language that expressed her feelings.

BEST FOR CONSTIPATION.

We want you to try Kexall Orderlies at our risk. We know there is nothing that will do you so much good. We will refund your money without argument if they fail to satisfactorily relieve constipation. They are eaten like candy. They do not gripe or purge. Ideal for children. Two sizes, 10c and 25c.

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

NORTHVILLE.

Purely Personal.

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

Miss Eva Hubbard is home from Battle Creek for the holidays.

Miss Erwin leaves today for Marquette to spend Christmas.

Miss Cella Withy will spend the holidays with her parents in Sparta.

Lewis J. Cook is home from the Detroit Business college for a week.

Miss Olive Dixon is home from Oberlin College, Ohio, for a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Bert Wilkinson and children of Ovid are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark entertained a few friends Saturday in honor of their wedding anniversary.

Messrs. John and Floyd Neelands of Ann Arbor will spend Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Neelands.

Mr. and Mrs. Judd Lanning leave today for Southern Illinois, where they will spend the holidays with the latter's sister.

Miss Estelle Lapham, who has been at the home of John Shaw, caring for Mrs. Shaw's father, has returned home.

H. H. Hamilton of Grand Rapids has come to spend the winter here and will drive the oil wagon for James Hamilton.

Miss Ethel Neelands, who is attending Alma college in St. Thomas, Ont., came home Wednesday for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Tremper of Orchard Lake were guests of Mrs. E. J. Tremper and daughter from Saturday until Monday.

Fred Fry and family and Henry Fry and family of Detroit were here Monday to attend the funeral of their grandmother, Mrs. Simmons.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Murdock and daughter, Dorothy, of Ypsilanti will spend Christmas with Mrs. Murdock's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Barley.

Miss Beesie Holington, who has been trimmer in Mrs. G. A. Tinkham's millinery store the past few months, has returned to her home in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Harger and daughter, Mildred, of Detroit will spend Christmas with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Harger.

Mrs. Dexter A. Russell of Colorado Springs, who has been spending a week with her niece, Mrs. F. B. Macomber, left yesterday for Battle Creek.

Rev. Frank Brass of VanBuren county was the guest of George H. Baker and family Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Brass was in his younger days engaged in business with Mr. Baker in Clinton county.

Roy Ambler arrived home yesterday morning from Montana where he has been the past four months. Carl Hogle, who accompanied him West, is in Missula, Mont., and expects to remain there for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Paul, who have been the guests of the former's mother in Boston and other places of interest the past three weeks, returned here Tuesday. They expect to leave Sunday for their home in Rupert, Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank U. Fry of Rochester, N. Y., were called here Sunday by the death of the former's grandmother, Mrs. Belinda Simmons. Mr. Fry returned home Monday night but Mrs. Fry and son, Robert, will remain until after the holidays.

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 '08.

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 store. Second hand gasoline stoves for sale. Phone residence, 177 x.

G. P. ALLEN.

Too True.

"What's one man's get-rich-quick scheme," said Uncle Eben, "is often a get-poor-sudden scheme for a whole lot o' folks."

There's nothing so good for a sore throat as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Cures it in a few hours. Relieves any pain in any part.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.

MRS. C. T. THORNTON DIED WEDNESDAY

HUSBAND AND DAUGHTER STILL VERY ILL.

Unable to Accompany Remains Here for Burial.

Word was received here Wednesday afternoon of the death of Mrs. Chas. T. Thornton at Mountain Home, Idaho. She had been ill with typhoid fever for five weeks. Her husband and daughter, Marjorie, are also very ill with the same disease.

Mrs. Thornton was the daughter of Mrs. Libbie Hazen of Novi. She was well known here and much thought of. The body will be brought here for burial and sad indeed is the fact that neither the husband nor the daughter will be able to accompany the dear one to her last resting place here.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton lived in Northville for some years and she only went to Idaho last summer to join her husband who had gone into business there some months previous.

Besides the husband and daughter she leaves a little son, Charles, who did not contract the disease.

Said in the Postoffice.

While standing in the postoffice last evening we were amused at a conversation between two of our prominent young ladies who were discussing their Christmas beaux. This is what one of them said: "They come right along the year around until about the first of December and then you see them thin out. First one and then another disappears until the first thing you know you don't receive a call in a week. That is a sure sign that Christmas is at hand. Oh, we've got the thing down fine and we know what it means. This time, though, when some of these fellows come sneaking back after New Years and invite their old friends to take a dollar sleigh ride or a twenty-five cent show ticket they'll think something has dropped. The times may be hard, but I know a dozen girls who are not so hard up for a beau as to overlook a case of mysterious disappearance at Christmas time. This is the season of the year when a young lady can always tell which one, if any, of her admirers means business."

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

Sunday morning the pastor will preach with reference to Christmas Special music. Everybody invited.

C. A. Dolph, teacher of the Berean Sunday school class, presented each of his scholars with a box of fine writing paper for Christmas present.

Another splendid meeting of the Epworth League last Sunday evening. All the young people should be present every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock.

The service at 7 o'clock Sunday evening will be in charge of the choir. A Christmas Cantata will be given which all our people should hear, and which any others interested are invited to hear.

Remember the Christmas Program to be given by the Sunday school Friday evening of this week. Exercises to begin at 7 standard. All parents and friends of the children cordially invited.

Baptist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The B. Y. P. U. Sunday evening at 6 p. m. as usual.

The bible study topic for Thursday evening is "Freedom from the Law." The Sunday evening topic is, "The Curse of Robbery." All made welcome.

A Christmas tree with a good program this (Friday) evening. Everybody welcome.

Pastor Musser speaks Sunday morning on the topic, "What Message Did Christmas Bring to You?"

Remember the annual meeting of the church Monday evening, Jan. 3. It is important that all members be present.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

Preparatory lecture on Thursday evening of next week.

The Ladies' Aid society had the parsonage kitchen papered last week.

The annual meeting of the church and congregation will be held on Monday, Jan. 3.

The services next Sunday morning will be appropriate to Christmas. Special music will be rendered and parts of the Cantata given last Sunday will be repeated.

White House I-4 Off On All Ladies' Sweaters

A Fine Line of Pillow Tops.....10c to 50c
Fancy Aprons, 25c, 50c. Laundry Bags, 25c, 50c
Men's Undershirts and Drawers at.....39c, 45c, 50, \$1.00, \$1.25
Splendid Line of Petticoats.....79c to \$3.00
Handkerchiefs 5c, 10c, 3 for 25c, 2 for 25c, 25c and 50c each
Blankets, Comforters, Lounge Robes
Dainty Baby Blankets.....79c
Ladies' Waists from.....75c to \$3.00
Bed Spreads.....59c to \$2.50
A Good Variety of Children's, Ladies and Men's Gloves

EDWIN WHITE

Pictures Framed to Order. NORTHVILLE.

Beautiful Xmas Presents

We have a complete line of Jewelry and Novelties and I would like all the readers and friends of this paper to come in and inspect our stock. Our stock is guaranteed and prices are reasonable.

SPECIAL PRICES on WATCHES and DIAMONDS During the Holiday Season.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

L. FATTAL

Jeweler and Optician, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Closed All Day Christmas.

Better call today—We have a beautiful line of Nickelware in Coffee and Tea Pots, Tea Kettles, Dippers, Crumb Trays, Serving Dishes, Bread and Fruit Trays, etc.

Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoons.

Silver-Plated Knives, Forks, Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Berry Spoons, Butter Knives, Sugar Spoons, Etc.

Carpet Sweepers, Razors, Shears, Pocket Knives in Endless Variety, Skates, Sleds, Etc.

Both Phones.

STEERS, Northville, Mich.

CALENDAR

PADS FOR 1910

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

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their assistance during the sickness and death of our mother; also those who sent flowers. MRS. FRANK S. FRY, MRS. J. E. PALMER, A. G. SIMMONS.

A Waste of Money.

Hub—Reckless and extravagant—? When did I ever make a useless purchase? Wife—Why, there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago, we've never used it once.

NICE HOLLY Pine Wreaths

Sprays of Holly

= Well Berried

Pine Wreathing

Cut Flowers and

Blooming Plants at

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

J. M. DIXON, Propr.

Both Phones NORTHVILLE.

Try a Liner in the Record

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 hard-sure and durable; nickel plated brass trimmings throughout.

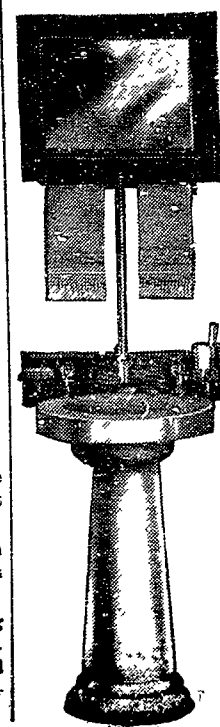
30 Days' Free Trial

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, 50 Larned St. West, Detroit, Mich.



Only One "Best"

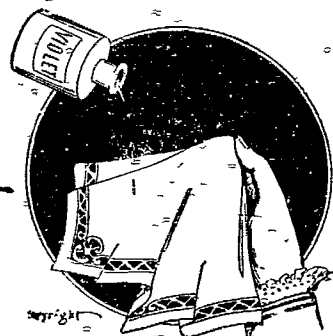
Northville People Give Credit Where Credit is Due.

People of Northville who suffer with sick kidneys and bad backs want a kidney remedy that can be depended upon. The best is Doan's Kidney Pills, a medicine for the kidneys only, made from pure roots and herbs, and the only one that is backed by cures in Northville. Here's Northville testimony:

A. H. Piper, Center street, Northville, Mich., says: "I cannot say too much in favor of Doan's Kidney Pills. I had occasion to use this remedy about a year ago when I was suffering from a severe attack of kidney trouble. My back was so lame that I could hardly get around and after I sat down for awhile, it was almost impossible for me to get up. When I stooped or lifted, sharp, shooting pains darted through me. The kidney secretions were highly colored, and contained sediment that looked like brick dust and were painful in passage. The contents of three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills procured at Murdock Bros. drug store completely cured me and I have been well since. I can certainly give this excellent preparation a strong endorsement."

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.

Try a Limer in the Record

OSCAR S. HARGER
REAL ESTATE BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED

Estates Settled and Managed Insurance and Loans. Notary Public
1011 Phone, 66, 124 N. Center St.
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Swear off, though your companions fall;
You may succeed; but if you fail,
'Tis better to resolve and fail
Than never to resolve at all.

Merry Christmas to all our readers. Good sleighing about town on most streets.

The U. of M. students are home for the holidays.

Christmas week makes weak pocketbooks.

C. & H. and J. H. Steers will be closed for Christmas.

There are several slippery spots in the walks about town.

Altha Yerkes is recovering from an attack of chicken pox.

M. N. Johnson and wife have got moved into their new home.

Christmas comes but once a year to make our pocketbooks feel queer.

Barney Roach is a new employee in the press room of the Record Printery.

Mrs. Lydia Whitefell and sprained her wrist on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Jackson and little daughter are all recovering nicely.

It is more blessed to give than to receive. It is likewise more expensive.

The "Main 500" club met with Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Seeley Wednesday evening.

W. E. Ambler and family will attend a reunion of Mrs. Ambler's family in Detroit Christmas.

Know all men by these presents (Christmas presents) that the milk or human kindness is still sweet.

The library will be open Monday Dec. 27, afternoon only from 2 o'clock until 6 instead of Saturday, Dec. 25.

It really requires a marvelous amount of tact to appear thankful at Christmas for something you didn't want.

Just because your wife tells you to buy her something useful, don't think she will be satisfied if you send her home a barrel of flour.

Tax collection days for this and next week Thursday and Friday on account of holidays. Jas. A. Huff, Northville Township Clerk.

The marriage of Mr. Fred Loop of Sparta to Miss Ina Lee of this place takes place Christmas day. They will make their future home in Detroit.

The various rooms of the school clubbed together and purchased a Morris chair as a Christmas present for Superintendent of Buildings, Frank Fry.

Catholic services will be held in their house, corner Dunlap and Center streets, Christmas morning at 8 o'clock also Sunday morning at 8 o'clock standard.

All subscribers are urged to come in as early in the week as possible next week for their 1910 calendars. Some very beautiful ones to give out. Don't send the children.

According to a recent court decision a person driving along the road and attempting to hinder another driver from going by him, is liable for any damage that may occur because of such hindrance.

A potato weighing three pounds and six ounces from the fields of Fred Carpenter, northwest of town, on exhibition at the Record office, continues to attract attention. It is certainly a whopper in size and stands as the record breaker for 1909.

In theory, the exchange of New Year calls and Christmas gifts is a beautiful custom. The holidays is a time when kindly feelings and universal good will prompt a general manifestation of regard in the exchange of calls and presents. It is the friendship expressed in the fact that is valued. The cause and not the effect occasions the pleasure. All look forward to the happy holiday times when each is gladdened, and, in turn, makes others glad by tokens of honest regard and friendly feeling. The world fairly beams with good cheer.

Hair Dressing, Shampooing, Scalp Treatment, Manicuring and Facial Massage. Satisfactory work guaranteed. Appointments, however, should be arranged in advance either personally or by Home 'phone 203J 1911 MABEL HILLS.

Doan's Regulax cure constipation, tone the stomach, stimulates the liver, promote digestion and appetite and easy passages of the bowels. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents a box.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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

Send in your list of Christmas visitors early next week.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Ber Smith died Saturday, Dec. 18.

A little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John L. Raymond on Wednesday, Dec. 23.

Will D. Stark has purchased the George Bradley house on Randolph street. Consideration \$1,800.

There will be a reunion of the Leslie family at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Smitherman tomorrow.

The "Fun Makers" club met with Mrs. George Stimpson last Thursday evening and had a most delightful time.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brown will entertain their children and grandchildren to the number of twenty-five Christmas day.

An initial hat pin awaits an owner at this office. May have same by proving property and paying 25 cents for this notice.

A W. Russell, an old G. A. R. man who will be seventy-six years old next month, piled seventy cords of stove wood for Mr. McKahan in seven hours.

Mrs. M. L. Kinyon and family, who have been ill the past two weeks with diphtheria, are getting along nicely. Dr. Henry operated on the youngest child Monday and placed a tube in its throat.

The man who goes fishing in the summer and sits in a camp inviting postures on a narrow thwart from early morn till dewy eve and calls it fun, is the same fellow that never goes to church because the pews aren't comfortable.

Rev. S. F. Dimmock of Kenosha, Wis., formerly of this place certainly believes in Northville merchants and the line of goods they carry as was evidenced last week when the Johnston Jewelry Co. received an order from him for a fine gold watch for Mrs. Dimmock.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wiles died Sunday, Dec. 12, aged two years, of hip disease and brain fever. The little fellow had been ill all of his life. The funeral was held from the German church Tuesday afternoon. Burial in Rural Hill cemetery.

Ely's "Cubs" simply "ate up" Hill's "Roarers" in the basket ball game Wednesday night with a score of 25 to 7. The way those boys (?) got around was amazing, considering their years and size. Another game is anticipated, however, in which Hill expects to beat Ely "to a frazzle."

The ordering of Detroit theatre tickets by the Home phone people is proving a great convenience to theatre patrons. A party of seven took advantage of the scheme Tuesday from Northville and Plymouth. The Northville people were Meadames Johnson, Cameron, Ely, Burrows and Hinkley.

The "Merry Go Round" held the banner meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harmon Wednesday evening. A six o'clock turkey dinner (and all the performances that go with it) was served to which everyone did ample justice. After dinner there was a Christmas tree from which everyone received a "most beautiful" present. The game of "500" was indulged in for a time after which the guests dispersed declaring they never had such a good time.

A good joke is told on a Charlotte editor going out to report a party at a home recently blessed with a new baby. He met his hostess at the door, and after the usual salutations he asked after the baby's health. The lady who was quite deaf and suffering with grippe, thought he was asking after her cold and answered that although she usually had one every winter, this was the worst one she ever had; it kept her awake at night a good deal and at first confined her to bed. Then noticing that the newspaper man was getting nervous she said she could tell by his looks that he was going to have one just like hers, and asked him to go in and sit down.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank all those who so kindly assisted us during the sickness and death of our infant son also for the beautiful flowers.

MR. AND MRS. BEN SMITH

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank the neighbors and friends, Lady Maccabees, King's Daughters, and the Baptist ladies, for their kindness during my recent bereavement; also the singers and those who sent flowers.

MRS. FRANK GUTHERAT.

The undersigned barbers will close their shops Dec. 25 at noon but will keep open the night before until 11:30 p. m.

HILLS & HOTELING, S. D. MESERAULL, WM. TODD.

School Notes.

[By a Pupil.]

Averil Miles of the First grade visited in Redford this week.

The Third grade pupils have been illustrating stories for language this week.

Several of the First grade pupils were absent this week on account of sickness.

The First grade pupils are very proud of the napkin rings they made for their mammae for Christmas.

Velma Saurie of the Second grade received a prize for having the most stars on the honor roll of that grade.

Marion Johnston and Frances Yerkes of the Eighth grade were absent this week on account of illness.

The school expresses its sympathy to our right hand man, Mr. Fry, in his recent bereavement, sending a floral contribution.

The Seventh and Eighth grades will give an entertainment, "The Mock Trial," Friday evening, January 14. The money will be used for books and pictures for those grades.

The Second, Fifth, Seventh, Eighth and High school pupils enjoyed an extra half holiday Thursday afternoon, the prize for no tardiness and an average of 96 per cent in attendance, the latter excluding illness.

John Burch, Morris Darling, Edward Freydl, Percy Jordan, Vera Sunenberd, Hazel and Phoebe Yankie, Margaret Murdoch and Marion Phillips of the Kindergarten were neither absent nor tardy this month.

Rev. Turner substituted for Rev. Jerome, who is ill, in giving a Christmas talk to High school pupils Wednesday morning. He spoke of the real meaning of Christmas festivity and showed us in how many ways we were apt to forget this.

The Juniors have decided on "A Case of Suspicion" for their play to be given the last of February. This play was used in South Lyon by the school at one time and has been talked about ever since. Save your pennies for the event of the season.

Our bank is growing as Cashier Bogart reports \$26.65 last week against \$11.73 and \$16.76 of the preceding weeks and Christmas time coming too. Let every parent co-operate in this attempt to inoculate the habit of saving among the pupils.

The High school "Scrubs" defeated the Western High from Detroit with a score of 28 to 24 in the basket ball game Wednesday night. In the middle of the first half things looked blue to our boys but during the last half, the score was so even that the excitement was at fever height. Some fine work was done by the Northville boys, who, if they were a little larger, could easily make the First team.

The third meeting of the Northville and local teachers association was held Tuesday evening. Miss Snyder rendered an instrumental solo after which a paper by Mrs. Woolley led up to a discussion of Arithmetic in the grades. Supt. Goodrich and three associates of Farmington joined the association and a future meeting is planned to be held in that city. In spite of many counter attractions many were present at the meeting which closed with a solo by Miss Cobb.

By the time this Record is in your hands most of the material will be in the hands of the printer for the first number of the "Senorette." This magazine is unique among Senior "get ups," in that it is not only from the Seniors but represents both the High school and grades, there being contributions from all. The edition is limited to five hundred copies, so make sure of one by placing your order at once. Only 25 cents per copy. A special department will be letters from alumni of different classes.

The basket ball game last Friday night with the Northville High school girls vs. New Baltimore resulted in a score of 15 to 4 in our favor. One of the features of the game was the foul throwing by Louella Shafer, but it would be difficult to pick out any playing as being above the rest. Our girls simply played all around the other team and it was a snappy game from beginning to end. Another interesting feature was the trouble the boys on the Regulars were put to to keep the Scrubs from shooting baskets. They're coming, those Scrubs.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our thanks for the sympathy extended during the bereavement of our beloved father, Mr. A. Haver.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN SHAW, MR. AND MRS. DELBERT HAYES AND FAMILY.

Woman loves a clear, rosy complexion. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood, clears the skin, restores ruddy, sound health.



Merry Christmas

When making your list of presents do not forget that one of our Savings Pass Books representing such an amount of CASH as you may desire to give makes a most useful and acceptable present for your boy or girl and also encourages them in the habit of saving. The same applies to all members of the family.

3 per cent interest for the full time the deposit remains.

Lapham State Savings Bank
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



The North Pole Dancing Party

The North Pole Dancing Party, New Years' Eve, in Princess Rink, Northville, is arousing the greatest interest and a large attendance is already assured. Nothing of such an elaborate nature has ever been attempted in the city. The Colored Flash Lights, Snow Balls, Confetti, Serpentine, and Costumes for the trip; also the Sleds will be furnished FREE to the dancers; by Prof. Scott.

Admission, \$1.00 Per Couple.

Extra Lady, 50 Cents.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

P. A. MILLER, Propr.

209 Main St. NORTHVILLE. TELEPHONE.

Phone 323-3R DIAMOND DAIRY

Northville's Model Dairy. Everything in a strictly sanitary condition. All milk we sell is the product of our own dairy. Our having fresh cows at all times of the year gives you a high standard of milk at all times. It is worth a few cents a week to know what you are getting.

WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE.

G. C. BENTON
NORTHVILLE Proprietor.

Take Advantage of This Last Week of Our Cost Sale

Sale Positively Closes Saturday, January 1st.

For the next week we will make a Special Closing Out Price on our full lines of

Books Stationery
China Fancy Goods
Dolls Toys
Leather Goods Vases, Etc.

20 Per Cent Off Wholesale Prices

The above lines we must close out entirely before we leave and for one week we will give you a chance to buy goods at retail at 80c on a dollar. This is a good chance for merchants to pick up things in these lines they find themselves short on after holidays. Come early on this sale as we expect to close out these entire lines in short order.

SALE STARTS MONDAY, DECEMBER 27th
ENDS POSITIVELY SATURDAY, JANUARY 1st

MERRITT & COMPANY
Jewelers. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

WHISPERING SMITH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY ANDRE BOWLES

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SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear the railroad tracks at Smoky Creek. McCloud, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. McCloud discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage hauled away. McCloud became acquainted with Dickie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look at the wreck. She gave him a message and a letter. "Whispering" Gordon Smith, told President Bucks of the railroad, of McCloud's brave fight against a gang of wreckers. Sinclair was mysteriously burned. McCloud prepared to face the situation. President Bucks notified Smith that he had work ahead. McCloud worked for days and finally got the division running in fairly good order. He overheard Dickie Dunning's methods, and was wrecked by an open switch. Later a passenger train was held up and the express car robbed. Two men of a posse pursuing the bandits were killed. McCloud was ordered to hunt the desperadoes. Bill Dunning, a road man, accused that Sinclair and his gang were sent to hunt the bandits. A stranger, apparently with authority, told him to go ahead. Dunning was told the stranger ahead. "Whispering" Smith, who had been in the mountains, approached Sinclair. He tried to buy him off, but failed. He warned McCloud 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. Dickie told 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, one of Sinclair's 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. Life of an injured man was taken from him by the United States court. A sudden rise of the Crawling Stone river created consternation. Dickie and McCloud appealed to the railroad. "Whispering" Smith joined the group. He and Dickie spent the night in conversation. Smith gave the girl a message. He tried to persuade his deserted wife to return to him. She refused. He accused "Whispering" Smith of having stolen her love from him. A train was held up and robbed. The bandits escaping. Smith and McCloud started in pursuit. At Baggs ranch Du Sang killed old Baggs. "Whispering" Smith befriended his ten-year-old son. They came to Williams Cache. Smith was certain the bandits were there.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

Sitting once in the Three Horses at Medicine Bend, Rebstock had talked with "Whispering" Smith. "I used to have a good time," he growled. "When I was rustling a little bunch of steers, just a small bunch all by myself, and hadn't a cent in the world, no place to sleep and nothing to eat, I had a good time. Now I have to keep my money in the bank; that ain't pleasant—you know that. Every man that brings a bunch of cattle across Deep Creek has a store 'em, and expects me to buy 'em or lend him money. I'm busy with inspectors all the time, dealing with brands, standing off the Stock association and all kinds of trouble. I've got too many cows too much money. I'm afraid somebody will shoot me if I go to sleep or poison me if I take a drink. "Whispering" Smith, I'd like to give you a half interest in my business. That's on the square. You're a young man, and handy; it wouldn't cost you a cent, and you can have half of the whole shooting-match if you'll cross Deep Creek and help me run the gang." Such was Rebstock free from anxiety and in a confidential moment. Under pressure he was, like all men, different.

"Whispering" Smith had acquaintance even in the Cache, and after a little careful reconnoitering he found a crippled-up thief, driving a mule cow down the Cache, who was willing to take a message to the boss.

"Whispering" Smith gave his instructions explicitly, facing the messenger, as the two sat in their saddles, with an importunate eye. "Say to Rebstock exactly these words," he insisted. "This is from 'Whispering' Smith: I want Du Sang. He killed a friend of mine last night at Mission Springs. I happened to be near there and know he rode in last night. He can't get out; the Canadian is plugged. I won't stand for the killing, and it is Du Sang or a clean-up in the Cache all around, and then I'll get Du Sang anyway. Regards."

Riding circumspectly in and about the entrance to the Cache, the party waited an hour for an answer. When the answer came, it was unsatisfactory. Rebstock declined to appear upon so trivial a matter, and "Whispering" Smith refused to specify a further grievance. More parley and stronger messages were necessary to stir the Deep Creek monarch, but at last he sent word asking "Whispering" Smith to come to his cabin accompanied only by Kennedy.

The two railroad men rode up the canyon together. "And now I will show you a lean and hungry thief grown monstrous and miserly," Farrell said. "Whispering" Smith. At the head of a short pocket between two sheer granite walls they saw Rebstock's weather-beaten cabin, and

he stood in front of it smoking. He looked moodily at his visitors out of eyes buried between rolls of fat. "Whispering" Smith was a little harsh as the two shook hands, but he dismounted and followed Rebstock into the house.

"What are you so high and mighty about?" he demanded, throwing his hat on the table near which Rebstock had seated himself. "Why don't you come out when I send a man to you, or send word what you will do? What have you got to kick about? Haven't you been treated right?"

Being in no position to complain, but shrewdly aware that much unpleasantness was in the wind, Rebstock beat about the bush. He had had rheumatism; he couldn't ride; he had been in bed three weeks and hadn't seen Du Sang for three months. "You ain't chasing up here after Du Sang because he killed a man at Mission Springs. I know better than that. That ain't the first man he's killed, and it ain't a goin' to be the last."

"Whispering" Smith lifted his finger and for the first time smiled. "Now there you err, Rebstock—if it's a goin' to be the last. 'So you think I'm after you, do you? Well, if I were, what are you going to do about it? Rebstock, do you think, if I wanted you, I would send a message for you to come out and meet me? Not on your life! When I want you I'll come to your shack and drag you out by the hair of the head. Sit down!' roared "Whispering" Smith.

Rebstock, who weighed at least 275 pounds, had lifted himself up to glare and swear freely. Now he dropped angrily back into his chair. "Well, who do you want?" he bellowed in kind.

A smile softened the asperity of the railroad man's face. "That's a fair question, and I give you a straight answer. I'm not bluffing. I want Du Sang."

Rebstock squirmed. He swore with shortened breath that he knew nothing about Du Sang, that Du Sang had stolen his cattle; that hanging was too good for him; that he would join any posse in searching for him; and that he had not seen him for three months.

"Likely enough," assented "Whispering" Smith, "but this is wasting time. He rode in here last night after killing old Dan Baggs. Your, estimable nephew Barney is with him, and Karg is with him, and I want them, but, in especial and particular, I want Du Sang."

Rebstock denied, protested, wheezed and stormed but "Whispering" Smith was immovable. He would not stir from the Cache upon any promises. Rebstock offered to surrender any one else in the Cache—hinted strongly at two different men for whom handsome rewards were out, but every compromise suggested was met with the same good-natured words: "I want Du Sang."

At last the smile changed on "Whispering" Smith's face. It lighted his eyes still, but with a different expression. "See here, Rebstock, you and I have always got along, haven't we? I've no desire to crowd any man to tell you the simple truth. Du Sang has got you scared to death. That man is a faker, Rebstock. Because he kills men right and left without any provocation, you think he is dangerous. He isn't, there are a dozen men in the Cache just as good with a gun as Du Sang is. Don't shake your head. I know what I'm talking about. He is a jay with a gun, and you may tell him I said so, do you hear? Tell him to come out if he wants me to demonstrate it. He has got everybody, including you, scared to death. Now, I say, don't be silly. I want Du Sang."

Rebstock rose to his feet solemnly and pointed his finger at "Whispering" Smith. "Whispering" Smith, you know me."

"I know you for a fat rascal." "That's all right. You know me, and just as you say, we always get along because we both got sense."

"You're hiding yours to-day, Rebstock."

"No matter; I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all the horseflesh you can kill and all the men you can hire to go after him, and I'll bury your dead myself. You think he can't shoot? I give you a tip on the square." "Whispering" Smith snorted. "He'll shoot the four buttons off your coat in four shots." Smith kicked Rebstock's dog contemptuously. "And do it while you are falling down. I've seen him do it," persisted Rebstock, moist with perspiration. "I'm not looking for a chance to go against a sure thing; I wash my hands of this job."

"Whispering" Smith rose. "It was no trick to see he had you scared to death. You are losing your wits, old man. The albino is a faker, and I tell you I am going to run him out of the country." "Whispering" Smith reached for his hat. "Our treaty ends right here. You promised to have no man in your sink that ever went against our road. You know as well as I do that this man, with four others, held up our train night before last at Tower W, shot our engineer dead for more delight, killed a messenger, took



"I-Knew You for a Fat Rascal!"

\$55,000 out of the through safe and made his good getaway. Now, don't lie; you know every word of it, and you thought you could pull it out of me by a bluff. I track him to your door. He is inside the Cache this minute. You know every curve and canyon and jail-bird in it, and they pay you a blood-money and hush-money every month, and when I ask you not to give up a dozen men the company is entitled to, but merely to send this pink-eyed lobster out with his guns to talk with me, you wash your hands of the job, do you? Now listen. If you don't send Du Sang into the open before noon to-morrow, I'll run every living steer and every living man out of Williams Cache before I cross the Crawling Stone again, so help me God! And I'll send for cowboys within 30 minutes to begin the job. I'll scrape your Deep Creek canyons till the rattlesnakes squeal. I'll make Williams Cache so wild that a timber wolf can't follow his own trail through it. You'll break with me, will you, Rebstock? Then wind up your bank account; before I finish with you I'll put you in stripes and feed buzzards off your table."

Rebstock's face was apoplectic. He choked with a torrent of oaths. "Whispering" Smith, paying no attention, walked out to where Kennedy was waiting. He swung into the saddle, ignoring Rebstock's abjurations, and with Kennedy rode away.

"It is hard to do anything with a man that is scared to death," said Smith to his companion. "Then, too, Rebstock's nephew is probably in this. In any case, when Du Sang has got Rebstock scared, he is a dangerous man to be abroad. We have got to smoke him out, Farrell. Lance Dunning insisted the other day he wanted to do me a favor. I'll see if he'll lend me Stormy Gorman and some of his cowpunchers for a round-up. We've got to smoke Du Sang out. A round-up is the thing. But, by heaven, if that round-up is actually pulled off it will be a classic when you and I are gone."

Thirty minutes afterward, messengers had taken the Frenchman trail for Lance Dunning's cowboys.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Fight in the Cache.

A clear night and a good moon made a long ride possible, and the Crawling Stone contingent, headed by Stormy Gorman, began coming into the railroad camp by three o'clock the next morning. With them rode the two Youngs, who had lost the trail there followed across Goose river and joined the cowboys on the road to the north.

The party divided under Kennedy and Smith, who rode through the Door into the Cache just before daybreak.

"I don't know what I am steering you against this morning, Farrell," said "Whispering" Smith. "Certainly I should hate to run you into Du Sang, but we can't tell where we shall strike him. If we have laid out the work right I ought to see him as soon as anybody does. Accidents do happen, but remember he will never be any more dangerous than he is at the first moment. Get him to talk. He gets nervous if he can't shoot right away. When you pull, get a bullet into his stomach at the start, if you possibly can, to spoil his aim. We mustn't make the mistake of underestimating him. Rebstock is right: he is a fight with a revolver, and Sinclair and Seagrave are the only men in the moun-

tains that can handle a rifle with him. Now we split here, and good luck!"

"Don't you want to take Brill Young with you?"

"You take both the Youngs, Farrell. We shall be among rocks, and if he tries to rush us there is cover."

Stormy Gorman with four Crawling Stone cowboys followed. "Whispering" Smith. Every rider on the range had a grievance against Williams' Cache, and any of them would have been glad to undertake reprisals against the rustlers under the wing of "Whispering" Smith.

Just how in the mountains—without telegraph, newspapers, and all ordinary means of publicity—news travels so fast may not certainly be said. The scattered lines of telephone wires help, but news outstrips the wires. Moreover, there are no telephones in the Mission mountains. But on the morning that the round-up party rode into the Cache it was known in the streets of Medicine Bend that the Tower W men had been tracked into the north country; that some, if not all, of them were in Williams' Cache, that an ultimatum had been given, and that "Whispering" Smith and Kennedy had already ridden in with their men to make it good.

"Whispering" Smith, with the cowboys, took the rough country to the left, and Kennedy and his party took the south prong of the Cache creek. The instructions were to make a clean sweep as the line advanced. Behind the center rode three men to take stock driven in from the wings. Word that was brief but reasonable had been sent everywhere ahead. Every man, it was promised, that could prove property should have a chance to do so at the Door that day and the next; but any brands that showed stolen cattle, or that had been skinned or tampered with in any way, were to be turned over to the Stock association for the benefit of owners.

The very first pocket raided started a row and uncovered 80 head of five-year-old steers bearing a mutilated Duck Bar brand. It was like poking at rattlesnakes to undertake to clean out the grassy retreats of the Cache, but the work was pushed on in spite of protests, threats, and resistance. Every man that rode out openly to make a protest was referred calmly to Rebstock, and before very long Rebstock's cabin had more men around it than had been seen together in the Cache for years. The impression that the whole jig was up, and that the refugees had been sold out by their own boss, was one that no railroad man undertook to discourage. The cowboys insisted on the cattle, with the assurance that Rebstock could explain everything. By noon the Cache was in an uproar. The cowboys were riding carefully, and their guards, rifles in hand, were watching the corners. Ahead of the slowly moving line with the growing bunch of cattle behind it, flourished as it were rather conspicuously, fugitive riders dashed back and forth with curses and yells across the narrow valley. If it had been "Whispering" Smith's intention to raise a large-sized row it was apparent that he had been successful. Rebstock, driven to desperation, held council after council to determine what to do. Sorties were discussed, ambushes considered, and a pitched battle was planned. But, while ideas were plentiful, no one aspired to lead an attack on "Whispering" Smith.

Moreover, Williams' Cache, it was



conceded, would in the end be worsted if the company and the cowmen together seriously undertook to clean it out. "Whispering" Smith's party had no explanation to offer for the round-up, but when Rebstock made it known that the fight was over sending out Du Sang, the rage of the rustlers turned on Du Sang. Again, however, no man wanted to take up personally with Du Sang the question of the reasonableness of "Whispering" Smith's demand. Instead of doing so, they fell on Rebstock and demanded that if he were boss he make good and send Du Sang out.

Of all this commotion the railroad men saw only the outward indications. As the excitement grew on both sides there was perhaps a little more of display in the way the cattle were run in, especially when some long-lost bunch was brought to light and welcomed with yells from the center. A steer was killed at noon, everybody fed, and the line moved forward. The wind, which had slept in the sunshine of the morning, rose in the afternoon, and the dust whirled in little clouds where men or animals moved. From the center two men had gone back with the cattle gathered up to that time, and Bill Dunning, with Smith, Stormy Gorman, and two of the cowboys, were heading a draw to cross to the north side of the Cache, when three men rode out into the road 500 yards ahead and halted.

"Whispering" Smith spoke: "There come our men; stop here. This ground in front of us looks good to me; they may have chosen something over there that suits them better. Feel your guns and we'll start forward slowly; don't take your eyes off the bunch, whatever you do. Bill, you go back and help the men with the cattle; there will be four of us against three then."

"Not for mine!" said Bill Dunning, bluntly. "You may need help from an old foot yet. I'll see you through this and look after the cattle afterward."

"Then, Stormy, one or two of you go back," urged "Whispering" Smith, speaking to the cowboy foreman without turning his eyes. "There's no need of five of us in this."

But Stormy swore violently. "You go back yourself," exclaimed Stormy, when he could control his feelings. "We'll bring them fellows in for you in ten minutes with their hands in the air."

"I know you would; I know it. But I'm paid for this sort of thing and you are not, and I advise no man to take unnecessary chances. If you all want to stay, why, stay; but don't ride ahead of the line, and let me do all the talking. See that your guns are loose—you'll never have but one chance to pull, and don't pull till you're ready. The albino is riding in the middle now, isn't he? And a little back, playing for a quick drop. Watch him. He is that on the right? Can it be George Seagrave? Well, this is a bunch. And I guess Karg is with them."

Holding their horses to a slow walk, the two parties gingerly approached each other. When the Cache riders halted the railroad riders halted; and when the three rode the five rode; but the three rode with absolute alignment and acted as one, while "Whispering" Smith had trouble in holding his men back until the two lines were 50 feet apart.

By this time the youngest of the cowboys had steadied and was thinking hard. "Whispering" Smith halted. In perfect order and sitting their horses as if they were riding parade, the horses ambling at a snail's pace, the Cache riders advanced in the sunshine like one man. When Du Sang and his companions reined up, less than 12 feet separated the two lines.

In his tan shirt, Du Sang, with his yellow hair, his white eyelashes, and his narrow face, was the least impressive of the three men. Seagrave rode on the right, his florid blood showing under the tan on his neck and arms. He spoke to the cowboys from the ranch, and on the left the young fellow Karg, with the broken nose, blackened and alert, looked the men over in front of him and nodded to Dunning. Du Sang and his companions wore short-armed shirts; rifles were slung at their pommels, and revolvers stuck in their hip-scabbards. "Whispering" Smith, in his dusty suit of khaki, was the only man in either line who showed no revolver, but a hammerless or muley Savage rifle hung beside his pommel.

Du Sang, blinking, spoke first: "Which of you fellows is heading this round-up?"

"I am heading the round-up," said "Whispering" Smith. "Why? Have we got some of your cattle?"

The two men spoke as quietly as school-teachers. "Whispering" Smith's expression in no way changed, except that as he spoke he lifted his eyebrows a little more than usual.

Du Sang looked at him closely as he went on: "What kind of a way is this to treat anybody? To ride into a valley like this and drive a man's cows away from his door without notice or papers? Is your name Smith?"

"My name is Smith, yours is Du Sang. Yes, I'll tell you, Du Sang. I carry an inspector's card from the

Mountain Stock association—do you want to see it? When we get these cattle to the Door, any man in the Cache may come forward and prove his property. I shall leave instructions to that effect when we go, for I want you to go to Medicine Bend with me, Du Sang, as soon as convenient, and the men that are with me will finish the round-up."

"What do you want me for? There's no papers out against me, is there?"

"No, but I'm an officer, Du Sang. I'll see to the papers; I want you for murder."

"So they tell me. Well, you're after the wrong man. But I'll go with you; I don't care about that."

"Neither do I, Du Sang; and as you have some friends along, I won't break up the party. They may come, too."

"What for?"

"For stopping a train at Tower W Saturday night."

The three men looked at one another and laughed.

Du Sang with an oath spoke again: "The men you want are in Canada by this time. I can't speak for my friends; I don't know whether they want to go or not. As far as I am concerned, I haven't killed anybody that I know of. I suppose you'll pay my expenses back?"

"Why, yes, Du Sang, if you were coming back I would pay your expenses; but you are not coming back. You are riding down Williams' Cache for the last time; you've ridden down it too many times already. This round-up is especially for you. Don't deceive yourself; when you ride with me out of the Cache, you won't come back."

Du Sang laughed, but his blinking eyes were as steady as a cat's. It did not escape "Whispering" Smith's notice that the mettlesome horses ridden by the outlaws were continually working around to the right of his party. He spoke amiably to Karg: "If you can't manage that horse, Karg, I can. Play fair. It looks to me as if you and Du Sang were getting ready to run for it, and leave George Seagrave to shoot his way through alone."

Du Sang, with some annoyance, intervened: "That's all right; I'll go with you. I'd rather see your papers, but if you're 'Whispering' Smith it's all right. I'm due to shoot out a little game some time with you at Medicine Bend, anyway."

"Any time, Du Sang; only don't let your hand wobble next time. It's too close to your gun now to pull right."

"Well, I told you I was going to come, didn't I? And I'm coming—now!"

With the last word he whipped out his gun. There was a crash of bullets. Questioned once by McCloud and reproached for taking chances, "Whispering" Smith answered simply: "I have to take chances," he said. "All I ask is an even break."

But Kennedy had said there was no such thing as an even break with "Whispering" Smith. A few men in a generation amuse, baffle, and mystify other men with an art based on the principle that the action of the hand is quicker than the action of the eye. With "Whispering" Smith the drawing of a revolver and the art of throwing his shots instantly from wherever his hand rested was pure sleight-of-hand. To a dexterity so fatal he added a judgment that had not failed when confronted with deceit. From the moment that Du Sang first spoke, Smith, convinced that he meant to shoot his way through the line, waited only for the moment to come. When Du Sang's hand moved like a flash of light, "Whispering" Smith, who was holding his coat lapels in his hands, struck his pistol from the scabbard over his head and threw a bullet at him before he could fire, as a conjurer throws a vanishing coin into the air. Spurring his horse fearfully as he did so, he dashed at Du Sang and Karg, leaped his horse through their line and, wheeling at arm's-length, shot again. Bill Dunning jumped in his saddle, swayed, and toppled to the ground. Stormy Gorman gave a single whoop at the spectacle and, with his two cowboys at his heels, fled for life.

More serious than all, Smith found himself among three fast revolvers, working from an unmanageable horse. The beast tried to follow the fleeing cowboys, and when faced sharply about showed temper. The trained horses of the outlaws stood like statues, but Smith had to fight with his horse bucking at every shot. He threw his bullets as best he could first over one shoulder and then the other, and used the last cartridge in his revolver with Du Sang, Seagrave, and Karg shooting at him every time they could fire without hitting one another. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Old Man and Death.

An old man that had traveled a long way with a great bundle of fagots found himself so weary that he flung it down, and called upon death to deliver him from his most miserable existence. Death came straightway at his call and asked him what he wanted. "Pray, good sir," said the old man, "just do me the favor to help me up with my bundle of fagots." Aesop.

Get Married



There's Nothing Like It

And WHEN you get married let us print your wedding invitations

We Simply Dote on Helping Along the Good Cause

NAME THE DAY and call on us

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

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

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

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

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

Cars leave Plymouth for Northville at 6:03 a. m. (except Sunday), 7:10 a. m. and hourly to 9:10, 10:45 p. m. and 12:25 a. m. West bound cars to Jackson connect at Wayne. Cars for Saline connect at Ypsilanti.

The New Iowa Cream Separator



Having taken the agency for the above machine I will be pleased to demonstrate its superiority over all others to any farmer who may be interested. Also have the agency for the Choro Boy 1 1/2 horse power gasoline engine.

Call and see me or phone 917 28-1115, Plymouth Residence 1 1/2 miles south of Northrop's corners.

20tf F. L. BECKER.

Flowers

Of Every Description for All Occasions

Every Day in the Year

JOHN BREITMEYER'S SONS DETROIT, MICH.

Try a Liner in the Record.

W. L. B. CLARK'S MILK ROUTE

PURE AERATED MILK

Sweet and Sour Cream

Published on Application

PATRICK KELLEY

THE OPTIMIST

(Continued from page 1.)

dollar bill to a gooseberry that Patrick Henry will be smiling at the governor's race next year although finish and then some more. To sum it up, he's not only a bird of a smiling candidate, but a whole flock of them, and besides, if elected he won't have to move, for he lives in Lansing. Never having cultivated whisks, his smile beams as luminously as a harvest moon.

WORKS AS WELL AS SMILES.

Forty-two years, one month and three days have rolled by since he began doing it. He didn't inherit any goods or chattels worth mentioning, and he hasn't accumulated any more since than he can easily care for. In fact, he may be called the poor man's candidate, as governor or not? It is but a decade since he was a schoolmaster in a town of 5,000 and while he has since enlisted as a lawyer his work is still as much if not more in the schoolmaster's line than in the law. Of course he also carries a large and assorted side line of politics, for which by the way, he



LIEUT. GOV. P. H. KELLEY. Candidate for nomination for governorship

doesn't apologize but then don't William Alden Smith and John T. Rich also, and some more of our great and near great who have a genius for coping out good offices for themselves. At the present moment Patrick Henry's side line is larger than his main line, and you aren't taking any chances in predicting that it won't be decreased until the last vote is counted on primary day next September. For citizens of Michigan, he has raised his working hours limit to the clouds and is going to do little else but work from now on to get that nomination with the Hon. Nicholas John Whelan, of Holland, where the Dutch rule, for manager. And if you are doubtful as to his being clever at solving the other fellow's curves—well, you've another guess coming.

A LIVE CAMPAIGN

Lieut. Gov. Kelley has less money of his own than most men who have been and have unsuccessfully tried to be Michigan's governor. If he gets there it will nail the allegation that only a rich man can be elected governor. But, there are a good many who are willing to chip into a pot for him, just because they like him. If there is a town or a hamlet from White Fish Point to the Ohio border that wants him for a talk any time between now and next September, just say the word and you'll have him. If it's a physical possibility to get there.

For he is working overtime already on the job to be governor. When he hits a town he makes personal calls on as many of his acquaintances as he has time, whether he has anything particular to say to them or not. And he will repeat the calls, like as not, the next time he comes to town. It's Patrick Henry's way. He used to do it when he was a plain schoolmaster. If this is the regulation way for a candidate then it may be said that Patrick Henry is regulation candidate in perpetual motion.

Lieut. Gov. Kelley has three children, two girls and a boy. Two of the children are in the Lansing public schools and the third is not yet old enough. Mrs. Kelley is an active worker in the Methodist church circle. The lieutenant governor is a member of the Masonic order and the Knights of Pythias and a few others.

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., Props., 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 obligation made by his firm.

Wet & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WIXOM NEWS.

Phil Parker was in Pontiac Monday. Ethel Fuller spent last Saturday in Northville.

Mrs. H. E. Richardson was a Detroit visitor, Tuesday.

Mrs. Beulah Thompson spent Tuesday in Detroit.

Miss Mable Wright returned to Jackson Saturday morning.

R. B. Cummings and wife and Henry Perry were in Northville Monday.

J. H. Hulett spent last week in Traverse City. Mrs. Perry taught in his place.

W. T. Danton of Farmington visited Robt. Chamberlain and wife over Sunday.

Miss Vera Fisher of New Hudson spent last week with her aunt Mrs. H. Richardson.

The remains of Abram Haver were brought here from near Northville, Sunday, for burial. Deceased was 87 years of age.

NOVI NEWS.

Little Vera Clark is on the sick list. Mrs. Lee Wooster is ill with neuralgia in her face.

Miss Effie Risner is visiting friends in Detroit.

Delos Leavenworth spent part of the week at Ypsilanti.

Miss Camilla Risner won the silver medal at the contest given in the West Novl school house Saturday evening.

New gasoline lights have been installed in the Baptist church and will be used for the first time at the Christmas exercises Thursday evening.

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Mrs. W. Wagonjack spent Wednesday in Pontiac.

Miss Floy Kahrl is staying with her aunt, Mrs. Fred Rosback in Detroit.

Mrs. F. E. Bradley and two children are visiting relatives at St. Thomas, Ont.

Mrs. G. Green and two children of North Farmington were guests of Chas. Feadt and family Sunday.

LIVONIA NEWS.

Mr. Peters and Mrs. Fred Lee are on the sick list.

The weather is still very cold and it manages to snow a little every day.

Mrs. Garchow returned home last week from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. R. Wolfson, at Farmington.

Joseph McEachran is the possessor of a new horse.

WITH UNEXPECTED ENDING

Story Contains All the Requisite Details Yet Seems to Fail of Satisfaction.

The merciless heat made the passengers gasp as the limited plowed its way steadily across the western plains. Dreary, monotonous, was the vista of sand scrub which greeted the eyes of the wearied travelers. To add to their discomfort, above the muffled roar of the train arose the continuous wailing of a child. More than one man cursed softly and sought refuge in another car—all, as it happened, crowded. Finally a harsh-looking passenger spoke.

"Why don't you keep that brat quiet?" he snapped. The mother, a forlorn-looking woman clad in rusty black, looked pathetically up at him. "I'm trying to," she faltered. "But, you see, the heat and the long journey—"

A new expression stole over the harsh-looking passenger's face. "Give it to me," he said in a tone of marvelous gentleness; and the poor mother placed the fretful baby in his arms.

Whereupon he threw the child out of the window.

Sold again!—Lippincott's.

Mixture of Ancient and Modern, Austrian boomerangs and noiseless guns are both now seen in the same New York shop window.

Torturing eczema spreads its burning area every day. Doan's Ointment quickly stops its spreading, instantly relieves the itching, cures it permanently. At any drug store.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Fitch.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Mrs. E. W. Parker is ill.

Christmas exercises will be held in the town hall this (Friday) evening.

Mrs. Leba Green entertained Miss Cora White, of Plymouth, Monday evening.

Mrs. Agnes Buno is clerking in F. L. Cook & Co.'s store through the holidays.

W. B. Payne has gone to Grand Rapids to spend Christmas with his daughter.

Mrs. S. S. Heberling spent Saturday with her daughter at Harper hospital, Detroit.

Gus Oldenburg has been quite sick since his return from the northern part of the state.

H. W. Lee has his agricultural shed nearly completed and will soon have it ready for use.

Mrs. E. S. Pettibone of Grand Rapids, who was called here by the death of her sister, Hazel Hill, returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Green and son, Forest, spent Sunday with the former's brother, John Green, and family in Detroit.

Rev. Geo. Gullen left here Tuesday morning for his old home at Brantford, Ont., and expects to return next week with his bride.

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. Waterman. 92 ft. frontage on Main street, 211 ft. deep. The property has been ordered sold by Probate Court to close the estate. Wm. H. Ambler, Executor. 36tf

LOST—Dec. 5 an umbrella between T. G. Richardson's and James Cork's residences. Finder please leave at Record office. 20w1p

FOR SALE—CHEAP. Good extension dining table; also kitchen table and some common dining chairs. Apply to Geo. Baker, 105 U. R. depot or Home phone 20tfN

FOR SALE—Three young cows, one with calf by side; two will freshen soon. Home phone. O. N. Barnhart, Northville. 14tf

LOST—In vicinity of Northville, large, black and tan bound, tip of right ear cut off. Reward for return. Anyone harboring this dog after this ad will be prosecuted. J. J. Marks, Northville. 14tf

LOST—On Dec. 16, on or near Base line, black and white shepherd dog. Reward if brought to August Tesheika, three miles west of Base line, Northville. 21w1p

FOR SALE—3 good cows, all fresh this month. Frank D. Clark, Novi. Ind. phone 367. 19tf

WANTED—Hides, pelts and furs for which I will pay highest market price. N. L. Clark. 20w1p1f

FOUND—On Center street Dec 8th one man's kid mitten. Owner may have same by paying for this ad.

FOR SALE—House and lot at 137 Main street, across from High school. For particulars, write C. J. Sessions, Ann Arbor, Mich. 19w4p

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. Bell phone 110 L5. 14tf

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

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 Donlap street; also in Beantown and several in Northside. Price \$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 Northville.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

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

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

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Ingredients: Sulphur, Glycerin, Quinia, Sodium Chloride, Capsicum, Sage, Alcohol, Water, Perfume.

Anything injurious here? Ask your doctor. Anything of merit here? Ask your doctor. Will it stop falling hair? Ask your doctor. Will it destroy dandruff? Ask your doctor.

Does not Color the Hair

J. C. Ayer Company, Lowell, Mass.

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Unbelievable RELIEF

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For sale at 50c a bottle by

"For Sale by All Druggists."

State Falls as Railroad Owner.

In France the least satisfactory railroad operation is that of the state, and in Germany things go from bad to worse, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the imperial government, with an exceptionally competent and accomplished general staff of superior railroad officials, to get around the increasing difficulties and to make a good appearance.

Spectacles.

The invention of spectacles is variously attributed to Alessandro di Spina, who died at Pisa in 1313; to Al Hazen, the Arabian (eleventh century), and to Roger Bacon (1214-92). It is quite safe to suppose that the invention was not earlier than the beginning of the eleventh century.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

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