

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XL. No. 27.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1910.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

## MRS. GEO. BRYANT DIED WEDNESDAY

Had Been in Bed Only About Two Weeks.

Mrs. Alma Bryant, wife of George Bryant one of this township's prosperous farmers and representative citizens, died Wednesday, aged sixty-six years. She had been confined to her bed about two weeks. Mrs. Bryant has been a resident of Waterford all her life and was highly respected by everyone. Besides the husband she leaves one daughter, Mrs. Frank Johnson.

The funeral will be held this afternoon at 2:00 o'clock from the home, Rev. Mr. Miller of Plymouth officiating.

## PRESS FELLERS' ANNUAL MEET

ELECTION AND BANQUET IN  
DETROIT LAST WEEK

Griswold House and Auto Show  
Entertained 'Em.

The annual meeting of the Eastern Michigan Press association was held at the Griswold House in Detroit last Friday afternoon. It was one of the largest attended meetings in the history of the association, some thing over 100 being present. A number of interesting papers were read by different members of the association, after which the annual election of officers occurred, results as follows:

W. D. Brown, Harbor Beach, Pres.  
A. B. Bragdon, Monroe, Vice Pres.  
F. E. Ellsworth, Sec'y.

T. M. Sheriff, Trenton, Treas.

At 5 o'clock by courtesy of the D. U. R., those in attendance were conveyed by the company's big eight seater car to the Wayne Pavilion, where they were entertained by the Da Da Auto Show people until 7:15. At 8 o'clock the proprietors of the Griswold House gave a banquet in honor of the occasion, at which time Governor Warner and Mayor Breitmeyer were guests of honor. James Schemmerhorn of the Detroit Times acted as "roastmaster" and did the job in his usual characteristic and happy manner. Among the other speakers was Eddie Guest, the poet and humorous writer of the Detroit Free Press. The meeting was unanimously voted as one of the most successful in the history of the organization.

### Notice.

Having disposed of our business we wish to thank our many customers for their patronage and good will. Our successor, Mr. Otto Loomis, comes highly recommended, is a practical jeweler, whom we assure you will take as good care of your wants in the future as we have in the past and we trust you will give him the same liberal support you have extended to us.

Thanking you again, we remain  
Yours Respectfully,  
MERRITT & CO.

## BEN GILBERT'S SONG

May Now Be the National Hymn  
of Porto Rico.

Mrs. Myrtle Roberts Brogan, who is now living in Porto Rico and is known in Northville, tells in the Battle Creek paper of a recent call of welcome the family had from the native population. Says Mrs. Brogan: "I decided I would sing and play for them, but what? I thought for a moment or two, what could I sing with at least one word they could understand? Ah, yes! I remembered an old song called the Spanish Cavalier. Mary Yeckley's half brother, Ben Gilbert, taught it to us when we were little girls. I turned to the organ and began to play and sing it. All were pleased with it and now even though I have been singing it for, and teaching it to, hundreds of Porto Rican people for nearly a year, they never tire of it, but still love it above all the songs I have taught them. How little I knew of what use this song would be to me years ago when Ben taught it to us. Many thanks to Ben."

## EDITOR SHERIFF DEAD AT TRENTON

TREASURER OF E. M. PRESS CLUB  
FOR FIVE YEARS.

Was at the Annual Meeting in  
Detroit Friday.

T. M. Sheriff, sixty-nine years of age, treasurer of the Eastern Michigan Press club and publisher of the Trenton Times, died Sunday morning at his home of heart trouble. He had been ill about a week, but last Friday attended the business meeting of the club in Detroit. Saturday night he went to bed feeling quite well, but at three in the morning he became worse and at 5:30 was dead.

Besides being interested in the newspaper business he was connected with the Challenge Envelope company of Trenton. A widow, three daughters and a son survive.

Mr. Sheriff was a splendid man and was widely known among the press and business fraternity of Michigan and was a general favorite. Much sympathy is extended to the wife, who was always accompanied him to the Press club meetings.

The writer was one of the last to bid him good-bye Friday night as he and Mrs. Sheriff were leaving for their home and we little thought then it was for the last time.

### Allen, the Stove Man.

Am located in Northville and am prepared to do all kinds of repairing: Stoves, lawn mowers, clothes wringers and sewing machines. Castings for all stoves 12c per lb. in stove. Second hand gasoline stoves for sale. Phone residence, 177 x.

G. P. ALLEN.

### Auction Sale.

August Kreager will sell at public auction on the Harrison Yerkes farm 1/2 mile north of this village Wednesday, Feb. 16, his stock and farm implements. John E. Wedow, auctioneer.

## MRS. M. C. JOHNSON DIED WEDNESDAY

Aged Northville Pioneer Goes After  
Extended Illness.

Mrs. Margaret C. Johnson died Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Hodge in Plymouth where she had been cared for some three months. She had been in poor health the past year but confined to her bed only two weeks.

The deceased was born in Northville township on the Taft farm, Dec. 31, 1828, and has always lived in this vicinity.

In 1845 she was married to Wm. T. Johnson. Six children came to bless this union, five of whom are living: Mrs. Rockwell of Detroit, Mrs. H. D. Dean of Bozeman, Mont., Charles H. of Rochester, N. Y., Wm. Pitt and Frank of this place.

The deceased has been a faithful member of the Presbyterian church for fifty years and will be greatly missed not only by that society, but by her many friends for she was loved and respected by all who knew her.

The remains were brought here from Plymouth Wednesday afternoon and the funeral held from her late home this morning at 10:00 o'clock, Rev. Wm. S. Jerome officiating.

### School Notes.

[By a Pupil]

Mable Kidd of the Fourth grade is ill.

Harry Van Sickle of the Fifth grade is ill.

Gladys Cross of the First grade has moved away.

The Third grade pupils are learning a Dutch Lullaby.

The Fourth grade pupils are painting Japanese lanterns.

Mrs. Floyd Shafer visited the Kindergarten one day this week.

The Second grade pupils are keeping track of the weather indications of each month.

The A. and B. classes of the sixth grade are having a spelling contest. The A's are ahead so far.

The Fourth grade pupils have been drawing maps of the school house and yard this week.

Vera Sonnenburg and Phebe Van Sickle of the First grade are absent on account of illness.

The total deposit in the School Savings bank was \$22.24, making a total of \$233.98 deposited in eight weeks. How's that?

The Seventh grade has purchased three new pictures, of Whittier, Longfellow and the Horse Fair, with some of the proceeds from their play.

The scholars and teachers are sympathizing with Mr. Fry in his illness, but we are looking forward to his return. Theo. Wood is very capably filling the vacancy.

The basket ball girls go to Pontiac tonight to play that city's team and it's hoped that they will be accompanied by a large crowd of rooters to encourage them in their playing. The boys play the Holly team in that city the same night.

The Juniors had a delightful time at the sleigh ride party given them by Ruth Christensen last Friday night. After a sleigh ride, there were refreshments and games which were greatly enjoyed by all. The sleigh ride home ended an evening of fun.

The second team of the boys in the High school won out in the game with the "Redford Juniors" Tuesday night, although some of the "Juniors" had grey hair. The score was 17 to 13. The High school team played a clean game at the start but were driven to rough tactics by their opponents.

The Boys' Debating society was debarred from its usual meeting last Monday night by a series of accidents. The superintendent lost his key, the Principal left his in Pontiac, and the acting janitor, Mr. Wood, lived on Buchner's hill. When the key was finally obtained by the kindness of Mr. Wood the boys "weren't." This is the first, last and only postponement of the organization, due to no fault of the boys.

Mrs. Jerome gave the pupils of the High School a fine talk Wednesday morning, her topic was "The Educational Value of the Bible." She likened the Bible to a library on whose shelves poems, histories, prophecies and songs might be found. Several clippings were read by Mrs.

Jerome which showed how all great men of the world are influenced by the Bible. The High school pupils appreciated this talk.

A very fine talk was given by Supt. Lane of the Ford Republic on "Our Boys" last Thursday evening. It was a good thing from beginning to end and the remarks of those present have created a great impression on the absentees. Mr. Lane was unable to bring the boy soprano, who was expected to sing. The talk was put on by the Northville and Local Teachers Association and there are promises of more in the future. A great many thanks are due Mr. Lane for coming.

Don't forget the Lincoln Day exercises to be given in the High school rooms next week Saturday, Feb. 12, by the Seniors. At 8:30 an exhibition of school work will be given and at 2:30 a debate upon the question: "Resolved, that the conditions surrounding Washington's life tended to make a better man than those surrounding Lincoln." Two pupils from each grade of the High school will take part and much time and thought has been given it. Musical selections will be given both morning and evening. Admission fifteen cents.

The Seniors magazine is ready for sale, and the way the books are going you had better get busy if you want one. Copies may be obtained in any of the rooms or from the Seniors. Much praise has been given those interested for the excellence of the work. No little of the success of the magazine is due to the press and other mechanical work at the Record Printery. Mr. Perkins certainly deserves a great amount of credit for his patience and long suffering. One of the business men was heard to remark "the magazine looks like a piece of work from one of the best printing houses in Detroit."

A High school Girls' Debating society has been formed which will meet in the High school rooms every Friday evening. Officers were elected as follows: President, Emily Snyder; vice president, Hazel Perkins; secretary, Margaret Yerkes, chairman and members of the committee for choosing the subjects for debating, Rachel Chadwick, Hazel Bovee and Elizabeth Tousey. Miss Bullis and Miss Welbourne are honorary members of the society. The subject for Monday night's debate is, "Resolved, That Monday would be a better school holiday than Saturday." Affirmative, Hazel Perkins, Ethel Lauray; negative, Edith Miller and Leota Kinyon.

The basket ball games Saturday afternoon our High school and Windsor teams resulted in a complete victory for both of our teams. At no time did the Canadians see anywhere near the mark. This was especially true in the girls' game which resulted in a score of 22 to 9. Some fine work was done by the girls who were greatly encouraged by the boys rooting. The girls' game went through with very little dispute, a thing which could not be said of the game following, however. In which nearly every boy on the Canadian team felt called upon to dispute some decision of the referee, although this laid them open to the bench for the rest of the game. An agreement was reached with the captain whereby, in the return game, these will be called fouls, so it is hoped there will be a cleaner and more pleasant game. Return game Saturday, Feb. 26.

### Baptist Church Notes.

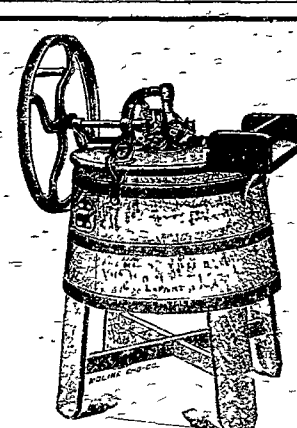
[By the Pastor.]

The bible study topic for Thursday evening is, "Israel's Restoration." The topic of the B. Y. P. U. for Sunday is, "A Model Christian" Eva Musser, leader.

The Sunday morning theme is, "A Fruitful Christian. What Helps and What Hinders His Development?"

The Baptist ladies have already begun work on their Carnival, which they expect to have in October. Their plans are to have it on a far more extensive scale than last year. A splendid time ensued at the home of Mr. Bogart Tuesday evening the occasion being a social meeting of the B. Y. P. U. Edward is a master in entertaining. Cake and cream were served as refreshments.

The series of sermons on "Man" by the pastor is calling out a large attendance in the Sunday evening services. The theme for next Sunday evening is psychological in its nature. Subject, "A Man with Two Minds." There will be some special music for the occasion.



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NORTHVILLE MICHIGAN.



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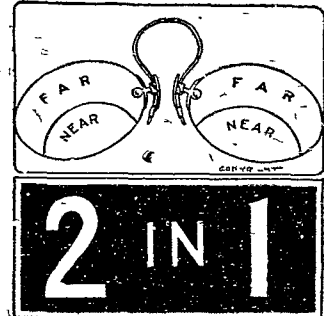
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# WHISPERING SMITH

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 looking over the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. McCloud discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage burned. McCloud became acquainted with Dickie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look after the wreck. "Whispering" Gordon Smith told President Bucks of the railroad of McCloud's brave fight against a gang of crooked miners and that was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his office. McCloud arranged board at the boarding house to meet Sinclair, the ex-foreman's deserted wife, Dickie Dunning was the daughter of the late Richard Dunning, who had died of a broken heart shortly after his wife's death, which occurred after one year of married life. Smoky Creek bridge was mysteriously burned down. Sinclair noted that Smith that he had work ahead. A stock train was wrecked by an open switch. Later a passenger train was held up and the express robbed. Two men of a posse pursuing the bandits were killed. "Whispering" Smith approached Sinclair. He tried to buy him off, but he refused. 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 interfered to prevent a shooting affray. Sinclair met McCloud on a lonely trail and warned him his life was in danger. On his way home a shot passed through his hat. A sudden rise of the Crawling Stone river created considerable trouble. Sinclair appealed to McCloud for help. Whispering Smith joined the group. McCloud took his men to fight the river. Lance Dunning welcomed them cordially. McCloud succeeded in halting the flood. Dickie and Marion visited Sinclair at his ranch. 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 escaped. Smith and McCloud returned 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. He implored Rebstock, "king of the cache," to give up Du Sang. Rebstock refused. Smith declared he would clean out the whole gang, including Rebstock. Smith came upon the bandits. Du Sang among them. Marion prayed that he should come back alive. Smith learned that Sinclair, Rebstock and an escaped bandit had joined forces. He started after them with Wickwire. Smith invaded the Williams Cache rendezvous. He dexterously pulled himself out of a tight hole. He arrested a horse. Sinclair had gone, presumably to kill McCloud. Sinclair visited Dunning and given symmetrical directions. Sinclair's presence. Sinclair started for Medicine Bend. Dickie reproved her cousin for not arresting Sinclair. She set out in the storm. Medicine Bend passed Sinclair on the way and was thrown bruised and bleeding against Marion's door. Dickie told her about the man who attended her refused Sinclair admission.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.—Continued.

No man in Medicine Bend knew Sinclair more thoroughly or feared him less than Barnhardt. No man could better meet him or speak to him with less of hesitation. Sinclair, as he faced Barnhardt, was not easy in spite of his dogged self-control; and he was standing, much to his annoyance, in the glare of an arc-light that swung across the street in front of the shop. He was well aware that no such light had ever swung within a block of the shop before and in it he saw the hand of Whispering Smith. The light was unexpected, Barnhardt was surprised, and even the falling snow, which protected him from being seen 20 feet away, angered him. He asked curiously who was ill, and without awaiting an answer asked for his wife.

The surgeon eyed him coldly. "Sinclair, what are you doing in Medicine Bend? Have you come to surrender yourself?"

"Surrender myself? Yes, I'm ready any time to surrender myself. Take me along yourself, Barnhardt, if you think I've done worse than any man would that has been hounded as I've been hounded. I want to see my wife."

"Sinclair, you can't see your wife."

"What's the matter—is she sick?"

"No, but you can't see her."

"Who says I can't see her?"

"I say so."

"Sinclair swept the ice furiously from his beard and his right hand fell to his hip as he stepped back. 'You've turned against me too, have you, you gray-haired wolf? Can't see her! Get out of that door!'

The surgeon pointed his finger at the murderer. "No, I won't get out of this door. Shoot, you coward! Shoot an unarmed man. You will not live to get 100 feet away. This place is watched for you; you could not have got within 100 yards of it to-night except for this snow." Barnhardt pointed through the storm. "Sinclair, you will hang in the courthouse square, and I will take the last beat of your pulse with these fingers, and when I pronounce you dead they will cut you down. You want to see your wife. You want to kill her. Don't lie; you want to kill her. You were heard to say as much to-night at the Dunning ranch. You were watched and tracked, and you are expected and looked for here. Your best friends have gone back on you. Ay, curse again and over again, but that will not put Ed Banks on his feet."

Sinclair stamped with frenzied oaths. "You're too hard on me," he cried, clenching his hands. "I say you're too hard. You've heard one side of it. Is that the way you put judgment on a man that's got no friends left because they start a new lie on him every day? Who is it that's watching me? Let them stand out like men in the open. If they want me, let them come like men and take me!"

"Sinclair, this storm gives you a

chance to get away; take it. Bad as you are, there are men in Medicine Bend who knew you when you were a man. Don't stay here for some of them to sit on the jury that hangs you. If you can get away, get away. If I were your friend—and God knows whom you can call friend in Medicine Bend to-night—I couldn't say more. Get away before it is too late."

He was never again seen alive in Medicine Bend. They tracked him next day over every foot of ground he had covered. They found where he had left his spent horse and where afterward he had got the fresh one. They learned how he had eluded all the picketing planned for precisely such a contingency, got into the Wicklup, got upstairs and burst open the very door of McCloud's room. But Dickie had on her side that night one greater than her invincible will or her faithful horse. McCloud was 200 miles away.

Barnhardt lost no time in telephoning the Wicklup that Sinclair was in town, but within an hour, while the two women were still under the surgeon's protection, a knock at the cottage door gave them a second fright. Barnhardt answered the summons. He opened the door and, as the man outside paused to shake the snow off his hat, the surgeon caught him by the shoulder and dragged into the house Whispering Smith.

Picking the icicles from his hair, Smith listened to all that Barnhardt said, his eyes roving meantime over everything within the room and mentally over many things outside it. He congratulated Barnhardt, and when Marion came into the room he apologized for the snow he had brought in. Dickie heard his voice and cried out from the bedroom. They could not keep her away, and she ran out to catch his hands and plead with him not to go away. He tried to assure her that the danger was over; that guards were now outside everywhere, and would be until morning. But Dickie clung to him and would take no refusal.

Whispering Smith looked at her in amazement and in admiration. "You are captain to-night, Miss Dickie, by heaven. If you say the word I'll lie here on a rug till morning. But that man will not be back to-night. You are a queen. If I had a mountain girl that would do as much as that for me I would."

"What would you do?" asked Marion. "Say good-by to this accursed country forever."

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### Closing in.

In the morning the sun rose with a mountain smile. The storm had swept the air till the ranges shone blue and the main sparkled under a cloudless sky. Bob Scott and Wickwire, riding at daybreak, picked up a trail on the Fence river road. A consultation was held at the bridge, and within half an hour Whispering Smith, with unshaken patience, was in the saddle and following it.

With him were Kennedy and Bob Scott. Sinclair had ridden into the lines, and Whispering Smith, with his best two men, meant to put it up to him to ride out. They meant now to get him, with a trail or without, and were putting horseflesh against horseflesh and craft against craft.

At the forks of the Fence they picked up Wickwire, Kennedy taking him on the up road, while Scott with Whispering Smith crossed to the Crawling Stone. When Smith and Scott reached the Frenchman they parted to cover in turn each of the trails by which it is possible to get out of the river country toward the Park and Williams Cache.

By four o'clock in the afternoon they had all covered the ground so well that the four were able to make their rendezvous on the big Fence divide, south of Crawling Stone valley. They then found, to their disappointment, that, widely separated as they had been, both parties were following trails they believed to be good. They shot a steer, tagged it, ate dinner and supper in one, and separated under Whispering Smith's counsel that both the trails be followed into the next morning—in the belief that one of them would run out or that the two would run together. At noon the next day Scott rode through the hills from the Fence, and Kennedy with Wickwire came through Two Feather pass from the Frenchman with the report that the game had left their valleys.

Without rest they pushed on. At the foot of the Mission mountains they picked up the tracks of a party of three horsemen. Twice within ten miles afterward the men they were following crossed the river. Each time their trail, with some little difficulty, was found again. At a little ranch in the Mission foothills, Kennedy and Scott, leaving Wickwire with Whispering Smith, took fresh horses and pushed ahead as far as they could ride before dark, but they brought back news. The trail had split again, while two had taken the hills to the right, heading for Mission pass and the Cache. With Gene Johnson and



"Who Says I Can't See Her?"

Bob at the mouth of the Cache there was little fear for that outlet. The turn to the left was the unexpected. Over the little fire in the ranch kitchen where they ate supper, the four men were in conference 20 minutes. It was decided that Scott and Kennedy should head for the Mission pass, while Whispering Smith, with Wickwire to trail with him, should undertake to cut off, somewhere between Fence river and the railroad, the man who had gone south, the man believed to be Sinclair. It was a late moon, and when Scott and Kennedy saddled their horses Whispering Smith and Wickwire were asleep.

With the cowboy, Whispering Smith started at daybreak. No one saw them again for two days. During those two days and nights they were in the saddle almost continuously. For every mile the men ahead of them rode they were forced to ride two miles and often three. Late in the second night they crossed the railroad, and the first word from them came in long dispatches sent by Whispering Smith to Medicine Bend and instructions to Kennedy and Scott in the north, which were carried by hard riders straight to Deep Creek.

On the morning of the third day Dickie Dunning, who had gone home from Medicine Bend and who had been telephoning Marion and George McCloud two days for news, was trying to get Medicine Bend again on the telephone when Puss came in to say that a man at the kitchen door wanted to see her.

"Who is it, Puss?"

"I don't, Miss Dickie; 'deed, I never seen him before."

Dickie walked around on the porch to the kitchen. A dust-covered man sitting on a limp horse threw back the brim of his hat as he touched it, lifted himself stiffly out of the saddle, and dropped to the ground. He laughed at Dickie's startled expression. "Don't you know me?" he asked, putting out his hand. It was Whispering Smith.

He was a fearful sight. Stained from head to foot with alkali, saddle-cramped and bent, his face scratched and stained, he stood with a smiling appeal in his bloodshot eyes.

Dickie gave a little uncertain cry, clasped her hands, and with a scream, threw her arms impulsively around his neck. "Oh, I did not know you! What has happened? I am so glad to see you! Tell me what has happened. Are you hurt?"

He stammered like a schoolboy. "Nothing has happened. I didn't realize what a tramp I look or I shouldn't have come. But I was only a mile away and I had heard nothing for four days from Medicine Bend. And how are you? Did your ride make you ill? No? By heaven, you are a game girl. That was a ride! How are they all? Where's your cousin? Is town, is he? I thought I might get some news if I rode up, and, oh, Miss Dickie—jimmie! some coffee. But I've got only two minutes for it all, only two minutes; do you think Puss has any on the stove?"

Dickie with coaxing and pulling got him into the kitchen, and Puss tumbled over herself to set out coffee and rolls. He showed himself ravenously hungry, and ate with a simple directness that speedily accounted for everything in sight. "You have saved my life. Now I am going, and thank you a thousand times. There, by heaven, I've forgotten Wickwire! He is with me—waiting down in the cottonwoods at the fork. Could Puss put up a

lunch I could take to him? He hasn't had a scrap for 24 hours. But, Dickie, your tramp is a hummer! I've tried to ride him down and wear him out and lose him, and, by heaven, he turns up every time and has been of more use to me than two men."

She put her hand on Whispering Smith's arm. "I told him if he would stop drinking he could be foreman here next season." Puss was putting up the lunch. "Why need you hurry away?" persisted Dickie. "I've got a thousand things to say."

He looked at her amiably. "This is really a case of must."

"Then, tell me, what favor may I do for you?" She looked appealingly into his tired eyes. "I want to do something for you. I must! don't deny me. Only, what shall it be?"

"Something for me? What can I say? You'll be kind to Marion—I shouldn't have to ask that. What can I ask? Stop! there is one thing. I've got a poor little devil of an orphan up in the Deep Creek country. Du Sang murdered his father. You are rich and generous, Dickie; do something for him, will you? Kennedy or Bob Scott will know all about him. Bring him down here, will you, and see he doesn't go to the dogs? You're a good girl. What's this, crying? Now you are frightened. Things are not so bad as that. You want to know everything—I see it in your eyes. Very well, let's trade. You tell me everything and I'll tell you everything. Now then: Are you engaged?"

They were standing under the low porch with the sunshine breaking through the trees. She turned away her face and threw all of her happiness into a laugh. "I won't tell."

"Oh, that's enough. You have told!" declared Whispering Smith. "I knew—why, of course I knew—but I wanted to make you own up. Well, here's the way things are. Sinclair has run us all over God's creation for two days to give his pals a chance to break into Williams Cache to get the Tower W money they left with Rebstock. For a fact, we have ridden completely around Sleepy Cat and been down in the Spanish Sinks since I saw you. He doesn't want to leave without the money, and doesn't know it is in Kennedy's hands, and can't get into the Cache to find out. Now the three—whenever the other two are—and Sinclair—are trying to join forces somewhere up this valley, and Kennedy, Scott, Wickwire and I are after them; and every outlet is watched, and it must all be over, my dear, before sunset to-night. Isn't that fine? I mean to have the thing wound up somehow. Don't look worried."

"Do not—do not let him kill you," she cried, with a sob.

"He will not kill me; don't be afraid."

"I am afraid. Remember what your life is to all of us!"

"Then, of course, I've got to think of what it is to myself—being the only one I've got. Sometimes I don't think much of it; but when I get a welcome like this it sets me up. If I can once get out of the accursed man-slaughtering business, Dickie—How old are you? Nineteen? Well, you've got the finest chap in all these mountains, and George McCloud has the finest—"

With a bubbling laugh she shook her finger at him. "Now you are caught. Say the finest woman in these mountains if you dare! Say the finest woman!"

"The finest woman of 19 in all creation!" He swung with a laugh into



the saddle and waved his hat. She watched him ride down the road and around the hill. When he reappeared, she was still looking and he was galloping along the lower road. A man rode out at the fork to meet him and trotted with him over the bridge. Riding leisurely across the creek, and that broad hats bobbing unevenly in the sunshine, they spurred swiftly past the grove of quaking aspens, and in a moment were lost beyond the trees.

## CHAPTER XL.

### Crawling Stone Wash.

When Whispering Smith and his companions were fairly started on the last day of their ride, it was toward a rift in the Mission range that the trail led them. Sinclair, with consummate cleverness, had rejoined his companions; but the attempt to get into the Cache, and his reckless ride into Medicine Bend, had reduced their chances of escape to a single outlet, and that they must find up Crawling Stone valley. The necessity of it was spelled in every move the pursued men had made for 24 hours. They were riding the pick of mountain horseflesh and covering their tracks by every device known to the high country. Behind them, made prudent by unusual danger, rode the best men the mountain division could muster for the final effort to bring them to account. The fast riding of the early week had given way to the pace of caution. No trail sign was overlooked, no point of concealment directly approached, no hiding-place left unsearched.

The tension of a long day of this work was drawing to a close when the sun set and left the big wash in the shadow of the mountains. On the higher ground to the right, Kennedy and Scott were riding where they could command the gullies of the precipitous left bank of the river. High on the left bank itself, worming his way like a snake from point to point of concealment through the scanty brush of the mountain side, crawled Wickwire, commanding the pockets in the right bank. Closer to the river on the right and following the trail itself over shale and rock and between scattered boulders, Whispering Smith, low on his horse's neck, rode slowly.

It was almost too dark to catch the slight discolorations where pebbles had been disturbed on a flat surface or the calk of a horseshoe had slipped on the uneven face of a ledge, and he had halted under an uplift to wait for Wickwire on the distant left to advance, when, half a mile below him, a horseman crossing the river rode slowly past a gap in the rocks and disappeared below the next bend. He was followed in a moment by a second rider and a third. Whispering Smith knew he had not been seen. He had dashed the game, and, wheeling his horse rode straight up the riverbank to high ground, where he could circle around widely below them. They had slipped between his line and Wickwire's, and were doubling back, following the dry bed of the stream. It was impossible to recall Kennedy and Scott without giving an alarm, but by a quick detour he could at least hold the quarry back for 20 minutes with his rifle, and in that time Kennedy and Scott could come up.

Less than half an hour of daylight remained. If the outlaws could slip down the wash and out into the Crawling Stone valley they had every chance of getting away in the night; and if the third man should be Barney Rebstock, Whispering Smith knew that Sinclair thought only of escape. Smith alone, of their pursuers, could now intercept them, but a second hope remained: On the left, Wickwire was high enough to command every turn in the bed of the river. He might see them and could force them to cover with his rifle even at long range casting up the chances. Whispering Smith, riding faster over the uneven ground

than anything but sheer recklessness would have prompted, hastened across the waste. His rifle lay in his hand, and he had pushed his horse to a run. A single fearful instinct crowded now upon the long strain of the week. A savage fascination burned like a fever in his veins, and he meant that they should not get away. Taking chances that would have shamed him in cooler moments, he forced his horse at the end of the long ride to within 100 paces of the river, threw his lines, slipped like a lizard from the saddle, and, darting with incredible swiftness from rock to rock, gained the water's edge.

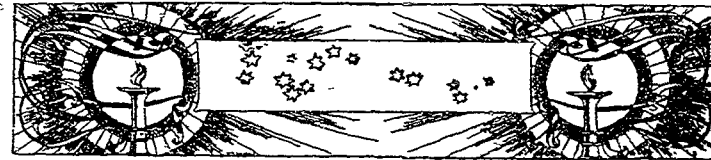
From up the long shadows of the wash there came the wall of an owl. From it he knew that Wickwire had seen them and was warning him, but he had anticipated the warning and stood below where the hunted men must ride. He strained his eyes over the waste of rock above. For one half-hour of daylight he would have sold in that moment ten years of his life. What could he do if they should be able to secrete themselves until dark between him and Wickwire? Gliding under cover of huge rocks up the dry watercourse, he reached a spot where the floods had scooped a long, hollow curve out of a soft ledge in the bank, leaving a stretch of smooth sand on the bed of the stream. At the upper point great boulders pushed out of the river. He could not inspect the curve from the spot he had gained without reckless exposure, but he must force the little daylight left to him. Climbing completely over the lower point, he advanced cautiously, and from behind a sheltering spur stepped out upon an overhanging table of rock and looked across the river-bottom. Three men had halted on the sand within the curve. Two lay on their rifles under the upper point, 120 paces from Whispering Smith. The third man, Seagrue, less than 50 yards away, had got off his horse and was laying down his rifle, when the hoot-owl screeched again and he looked uneasily back. They had chosen for their halt a spot easily defended, and needed only darkness to make them safe, when Smith, stepping out into plain sight, threw forward his hand.

They heard his sharp call to pitch up, and the men under the point jumped. Seagrue had not yet taken his hand from his rifle. He threw it to his shoulder. As closely together as two fingers of the right hand can be struck twice in the palm of the left, two rifle shots cracked across the wash. Two bullets passed so close in flight they might have struck. One cut the dusty hair from Smith's temple and sent the brim of his hat above his ear; the other struck Seagrue under the left eye, plowed through the roof of his mouth, and, coming out below his ear, splintered the rock at his back.

The shock alone would have staggered a bullock, but Seagrue, laughing, came forward pumping his gun. Sinclair, at 120 yards, cut instantly into the fight, and the ball from his rifle creased the alkali that crusted Whispering Smith's unshaven cheek. As he fired he sprang to cover.

For Seagrue and Smith there was no cover; for one or both it was death in the open and Seagrue, with his rifle at his cheek, walked straight into it. Taking for a moment the fire of the three guns, Whispering Smith stood, a perfect target, outlined against the sky. They whipped the dust from his coat, tore the sleeve from his wrist and ripped the blouse collar from his neck; but he felt no bullet shock. He saw before him only the buckle of Seagrue's belt 40 paces away, and sent bullet after bullet at the gleam of brass between the sights. Both men were using high-pressure guns, and the deadly shocks of the slugs made Seagrue twitch and stagger. The man was dying as he walked. Smith's hand was racing with the lever, and had a cartridge jammed, the steel would have snapped like a match.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



## Valuable as Honey Finder

Bee Cuckoo of Africa of Great Service to the Natives and Protected by Them.

One of the most sagacious of birds is certainly the bee cuckoo, or moroc, a little bird very like the English sparrow.

It is found in various parts of Africa where wild bees abound, and, being unable to help itself to the honey, which is its favorite food, it resorts to human aid.

Having discovered a swarm of bees, it flies to the nearest habitation, and attracts by its cries of "Cherr, cherr, cherr," the attention of some of the natives. It then flies off in the direction of the nest, uttering its cry and waiting for its followers to overtake

it. Should they be tardy it returns to meet them, and seems as if trying to urge them on to greater speed, the natives answering it with a low whistle.

Arrived at its destination, it is silent, waiting patiently on the bough of a neighboring tree while its human friends dig out the nest, a good share of the honey on the comb containing the bee maggots, being left by them for their feathered guide.

The natives never injure this bird, and always prevent travelers from shooting it.

### Wrong Diagnosis.

Many a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has only sprained her imagination.—Life.



# The Northville Record

P. S. NEAL, Publisher.  
Established 1899

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FEB. 4, 1910

## Are You Helping?

We presume that every citizen of our town is, or ought to be, desirous to see it grow, to see it improve, to see it advance in all the interests that pertain to a town of thrift and enterprise. Again we presume that if you, who live in your town, make no effort in this direction, who, if there are any benefits accruing therefrom would be the recipients thereof, we do not believe our neighbors, who have no particular interest in our welfare, would be so very mindful of us as to give us a boost by frivelling a few thousand dollars for our especial good, or starting any enterprise that would be for the upbuilding of our town. Whenever a town is built up and placed in a growing condition it will be directly or indirectly due to those who live in it and if you wish to know the steps to be taken we will cite a few. Talk in up, its interests, its facilities and various adaptabilities to different branches of industry. Write about it, beautify its streets, invest your money in it, patronize its merchants and every enterprise started as far as it is at all consistent, elect good men to office, advertise in its newspapers, be courteous to those who come among you and never let an opportunity to speak a good word about it pass. Remember that every dollar you invest is a permanent improvement in that much money at interest, and is that much toward building up your town. Are you helping?

## Kelley was on the Job

Lieutenant Governor Kelley may be like a big "Newfoundland Dog" but in the last two sessions of the State Senate he was to be found day in and day out leading the fight for the people against the most powerful lobby the state has ever known. Trusts, corporations and moneyed interests were arrayed against him but he fought to the last ditch and but for his fight there would be today no state wide primary bill making it possible for all the candidates for the governorship to tell the people from the platform what a grand good thing the primary law is. Without the aid of Pat Kelley there would be no two cent rates of fare on Michigan railroads today, there would be no state binder twine plant which now saves thousands of dollars each year to Michigan's farmers; there would be no railroad commission which today compels the railroads to give the same rate to the poor man as to the rich corporation. The primary law, whereby the people, instead of the legislature will elect the next U. S. Senator is another act passed by the last legislature advocated by Kelley. Dozens of other good measures along other good lines were also championed by him and if any other of the candidates favored any of those laws they were certainly very timid about letting it be known at that time.

One of the traits of a wide awake progressive town is civic pride. It is a good trait, for while sometimes it leads one into making slightly exaggerated statements, yet in the main it is a good, healthy feeling for the individual, and at all times conducive to the prosperity and growth of his city. It makes one vigorous in defense, and persistent in undertakings; it is an incentive to industry; it makes the individual contented and therefore happy. Believe in your town talk and your belief. If you have any old fogies remember they are in the minority, and that it takes all kinds of people to make a world anyway. Encourage live people to move in by making it worth their while. Welcome outside capital in developing any natural resources the town has. Don't begrudge the dollars the enterprising man makes, but hustle around and collar a few yourself. Above all "pull together," and the town will ride the high wave of prosperity over the most discouraging breakers, and every inhabitant will get his or her share of the profit from the voyage.

# NORTHVILLE.

## Fairly 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.)

Ray Haddock was home from the M. A. C. over Sunday.

Chas. Shipley, Sr., is visiting his son, Isaac, near Salem.

Miss Ella Bower of Wyandotte visited Miss Genevieve Clark over Sunday.

Mrs. Nellie Patterson of Detroit spent Sunday with Mrs. W. L. Tinnam.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Joslin attended the automobile show in Detroit one day last week.

Leslie Curtiss and family will move to Detroit in a short time where he has a position.

Mrs. Sands of Milford is spending a week or two with her daughter, Mrs. S. D. Meseraull.

Frank McGee of Grand Rapids is making an extended visit with relatives on Walnut street.

Will Holcomb of Oxford was the guest of his mother, Mrs. E. Y. Holcomb, over Sunday.

Miss Celina Villerat of Detroit spent part of last week with her cousin, Pierrelia Kohler.

W. W. Wilson of South Lyon and L. M. Bogart of Wixom visited at N. E. Bogart's Tuesday.

Misses Nellie and Hazel Armington of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Pepper Sunday.

Miss Vera Withers of Detroit, formerly of this place, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McCordle.

Miss Jessie VanValkenburg of Detroit visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emory VanValkenburg, over Sunday.

Miss Lina Ward of Saginaw and Miss Donna Lee of Detroit were guests of Mrs. Sumner Power Sunday.

Mrs. J. B. Morrison, who has been visiting her sister, Miss Emaline Lapham, has returned to her home in DeWitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Liddell of Milford spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother, Mrs. L. W. Simmons.

Mrs. Geo. Walters of Detroit spent the fore part of the week with her mother, Mrs. Mary Johnson, who is so very ill.

Frank Waggoner of North Tawanda, N. Y., visited Mr. and Mrs. Emory Van Valkenburg from Saturday until Monday.

Miss Marguerite Sessions of Ann Arbor was the guest of her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Sessions, over Sunday.

Mrs. Katharine Fuller returned to Wixom Saturday afternoon, after a few days' visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. C. Harmon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Merritt will move to their new home in Pontiac next week where Mr. Merritt will engage at once in the jewelry business. Northville people regret exceedingly to lose this family from their midst. Mr. Merritt has been in business here for over sixteen years and has won hosts of friends both in the business and social circle of the village. Mrs. Merritt will also be greatly missed in both social and musical circles. She is a delightful entertainer in her home and as a skilled violinist she has repeatedly captivated the scores upon scores who have listened to her beautiful rendition of the great master pieces. Her exceptional talent has always been at the public's call for church or charitable purposes. While all will regret their leaving there will be some consolation in the fact that they both are not moving so great a distance away.

The committee on a new church consists of: C. C. Yerkes, C. L. Dubuar, C. C. Chadwick, Don P. Yerkes, F. J. Cochran, Mrs. E. B. Thompson, Mrs. Wm. Yerkes, Mrs. Will Stark, Mrs. T. B. Henry, Mrs. E. H. Lapham and Mrs. W. G. Yerkes. They held a meeting with the pastor and an architect from Detroit on Monday evening.

The Sunday evening service at 7 o'clock will be a Christian Endeavor Rally in celebration of Christian Endeavor Day. The program will include addresses by three students from Ann Arbor, Mr. Birch and Mr. Tlenis of Indianapolis, Ind., and Mr. Cheek of Lexington, Ky. Mr. Tlenis will also sing and there will be solos by Miss Stretch of Ann Arbor, one of the finest contraltos in the state, Miss Lida Richardson and a young man, a member of the Ford Republic. Come and hear what Christian Endeavor has done. All cordially invited. A silver offering will be taken to help cover the expenses.

Piano Lessons.

Thorough method. For terms apply at my home, 52 Main street. 124p ARBUTUS M. WOLF.

Everybody's friend—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Cures toothache, earache, sore throat. Heals cuts, bruises, scalds. Stops any pain.

Sport Notes.

"Many a man," said Uncle Eben, "thinks he's havin' a tremendous big time as a sport when he is merely goin' through de imitation of de 'Down-and-Out club.'"

Cultivate a Happy Nature.

A happy nature is sometimes a gift, but it is also a grace, and can, therefore, be cultivated and acquired; and it should be a definite aim with those who are training a child—Soulsby.

Do you use Baking Powder? Don't fail to get a copy of "The Cook's Book"—a fine collection of special recipes by Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, the noted authority. Free to users of K. C. Baking Powder.

Send the certificate from a 25 cent can of K. C. Baking Powder and this notice to Jacques Mfg. Co., Chicago. If you haven't tried K. C. Baking Powder, order from your grocer now. You will be more than pleased and delighted with "The Cook's Book."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

# W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES

BOYS SHOES

\$2.29 \$2.59



THE LARGEST MAKER AND RETAILER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD.

"SUPERIOR TO OTHER MAKES." "I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the past six years, and always find they are far superior to all other high grade shoes in style, comfort and durability." W. C. JONES, 19 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would realize why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom. Make no substitute. Your dealer cannot fit you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

FOR SALE BY STARK BROTHERS, Northville.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

By the Pastor.

Leo DesAutels is the new secretary of the Sunday school.

The Ladies' Aid society met with Mrs. James Sessions on Wednesday afternoon.

Rev. C. E. Blanchard of Pontiac will preach for us next Sunday morning.

The work of our enlarged choir and male quartet are very much appreciated.

The C. E. society held their monthly business meeting and social with Miss Bessie Seely on Wednesday evening.

Our Junior C. E. society, under the lead of Miss Cole, resumed their meetings Sunday afternoon with a good attendance.

Mrs. Jerome is to speak in the Presbyterian church at Milford next Sunday evening on the occasion of the Ladies' Missionary Praise service.

The next meeting and quarterly tea of the Ladies' Missionary society will be held at Mrs. B. A. Wheeler's on Wednesday of next week. Gentle men invited to tea at 5:30 o'clock.

A very delightful affair was Mrs. Kenry's reception to the ladies of the church and congregation at Mrs. T. S. Ball's on Monday afternoon. There was a very large attendance. Dainty refreshments were served and all present enjoyed a very pleasant social occasion.

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# MRS. MARY JOHNSON

DIED LAST NIGHT.

Aged Lady Had Been Ill for Some Time.

After a long illness, Mrs. Mary Johnson, widow of Joel Johnson who died about fourteen years ago, died at her home in this village last evening at 4:30 o'clock. She was past seventy-one years of age.

The step children are Harley Johnson of this place, and Mrs. Geo. Walters of Detroit is an adopted daughter.

Mrs. Johnson was a woman who was much thought of in Northville and her death will be mourned by an almost countless number of friends.

A Startling Statement

New York Medical Authorities Claim Dyspepsia to be a Pre-Disposing Cause of Consumption.

The postmortem statistics of the New York hospitals show that some cases of consumption are due, at least indirectly, to unchecked dyspepsia, especially when the victim was predisposed to tuberculosis.

Dyspepsia wears out the body and brain. The weakened, irritable stomach being unable to digest food, the body does not receive the required nourishment, and the victim becomes thin, weak and haggard.

As a result, the body becomes a fertile field in which the germs of disease may lodge and flourish.

Therefore, the person who permits dyspepsia to progress unhindered is guilty of contributing toward the development of one of the most insidious and fatal diseases known to mankind.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

FOUND—Gentlemen's pair of kid gloves. Owners may have same by calling at this office, proving property and paying 25 cents for this notice. 27w1

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—the A. L. Taft farm (51 acres) 1/2 mile southeast of village. Inquire of N. L. Clark, Northville. 14tf

LOST—Last week one pearl and one cameo earring. Reward. Return to Record office for Mrs. M. Jones 27w1p

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 30tf

FOR SALE—Fine eating and cooking appliances at 75c a bu. Inquire C. M. Thornton. Phone. 26tf

FOR SALE—CHEAP. Geese feathers; also kitchen table and some common dining chairs. Apply to Geo. Baker, D. U. R. depot or Home phone 105 R. 20tf

FOR SALE—Good potatoes. Good measure. Delivered in small quantity as 2 bushels every Monday morning 40 cents. Also apples 50c and \$1.00, cash. Independent phone. Fred Foreman, Northville 24w2pt

FOR SALE—Two lap robes, one silk plush. Chase make Bargain. Frank B. Shafer, phone Independent 163 X Northville. 27w2p

FOR RENT—Barber shop building or for other purposes. Good opening for first class man. James Devereaux, Novl. Bell phone 110-3L. 27tf

FOR RENT—160 acre farm, one mile north of Novl. Terms on halves. P. J. Taylor, Novl. 27w1p

FOR RENT—8 room house in good condition on Yerkes avenue. Independent phone 130 R. 28tf

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

WANTED—Hides, pelts and furs for which I will pay highest market price. N. L. Clark. 20w1pt

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office and residence 31 Main street. Office hours 9:00 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.1p

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.

# THE WHITE HOUSE

ALL NEW GOODS; NO OLD STOCK.

Ladies', Misses and Children's Summer Underwear. Ladies' Long Sleeve Vests, Short Sleeves and no Sleeves. Ladies' Union Suits, Umbrella and Knee Pants. All sizes in Children's Vests and Pants. We are receiving our Spring Goods, Gingham, Lawns, Silk Poplins in Rich Shades. Ten Good Shades of Soiesettes. Splendid Styles in Waistings. All Wool Serges, Panamas, etc. Our Prices are always reasonable.

Pictures Framed to Order.

EDWIN WHITE

Main Street. NORTHVILLE.

Change of Business.

Having purchased the stock of MERRITT & CO I find several lines I shall discontinue handling. Each week I shall make a SPECIAL SALE on one of these lines. I have purchased this stock at a price where I can offer you such bargains as you never enjoyed before on such goods as I intend closing out entirely.

This Week, Starting Saturday

I shall place on sale a Line of SEMI PORCELAIN WARE, that will compare in quality and design with any crockery you ever used at the unheard of price of

7 Cents a Piece

You can get Plates, Soup Dishes, Oat Meal Dishes, Berry Sets, Salad Sets, Fruit Dishes, etc.—in single pieces or by the dozen. Now is the time to buy. I want to get acquainted with you all and will make it an object for you to come and see me during these special sales.

OTTO LOOMIS

Jewelry, Books & Stationer. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Every Form of RHEUMATISM

Sciatic, Acute, Chronic, Inflammatory and Muscular Rheumatism yield promptly to the wonderful pain relieving and curative powers of

CROCKER'S Rheumatic Cure

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

Suez Canal Traffic Declines.

In sympathy with the worldwide decline of business, the traffic of the Suez canal fell to 3,795 vessels last year, a decline of 472, as compared with the previous year.

Extreme Carefulness.

"Ribson is the most careful man I ever met." "Indeed!" "Yes. The evening he was married he requested his best man to carry the ring, and then asked him for a receipt for it."

Baking Housekeepers are using K-C

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock's Blood Bitters strengthens stomach, bowels and liver, and purifies the blood.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"Some give according to their means," says the Philosopher of Folly, "and others according to how mean they are."

He Deserves No Sympathy.

It is merely a waste of time to pity a man who is being made a fool of by a pretty woman.

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 him.

West & Traz, 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.

Spectacular Fire.

The most spectacular fire ever witnessed in the oil industry was at one of the Dos Bocas wells in Mexico. About 60,000 barrels of oil was burned up daily for nearly two months. The flames rose to heights of 800 to 1,400 feet.

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock's Blood Bitters strengthens stomach, bowels and liver, and purifies the blood.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"Some give according to their means," says the Philosopher of Folly, "and others according to how mean they are."

He Deserves No Sympathy.

It is merely a waste of time to pity a man who is being made a fool of by a pretty woman.

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 him.

West & Traz, 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.

# J. E. WEDOW, Auctioneer

A Good Seller; Gives Perfect Satisfaction; Terms Reasonable. Bell Phone, Farm. 40-L 2-R.

Post Office, WALLED LAKE, MICH. R. F. D. No. 2.

PERRIN'S Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

15c Bus to and from All Trains. Best Rig in Town. Telephone Connections. P. M. PERRIN, Propr.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

P. A. MILLER, Propr.

109 Main St. NORTHVILLE. TELEPHONE.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE—In the matter of the estate of FRANK A. GUTHERAT, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Northville State Savings Bank in the Village of Northville in said County, on the 26th day of April, A. D. 1910, and on the 26th day of July, A. D. 1910, at 10:00 o'clock A. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 26th day of January A. D. 1910, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated January 26, 1910. DARWIN B. NORTROP, ANSON SIMMONS, Commissioners.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE—In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM GRUBNER, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Northville State Savings Bank, Northville, Michigan, in said County, on the 11th day of March, A. D. 1910, and on 11th day of May, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 11th day of January A. D. 1910 were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated January 11, 1910. SUMNER G. POWER, LOUIE A. RABBITT, Commissioners.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

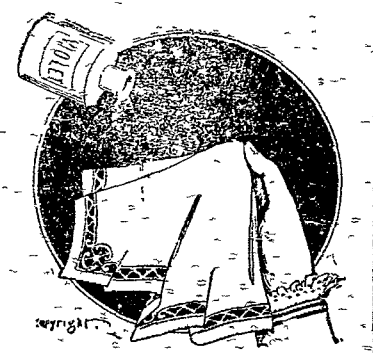
## All Tired Out.

Hundreds More in Northville in the Same Plight.

Tired all the time; weary and worn-out night and day; back aches, side aches, all on account of the kidneys. Must help them at their work. A Northville citizen shows you how: Mrs. John Raymond, Linden Ave., Northville, Mich., says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Murdock Bros. drug store and they did me a wonderful amount of good. I suffered from dull, nagging back-aches, felt tired and languid and had no strength or energy. I was unable to rest well and in the morning when getting up, my back felt lame and sore. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first and soon after beginning their use, the disagreeable symptoms of my trouble disappeared. I now feel better in every way. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as a remedy of great merit in cases of kidney complaint."

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.

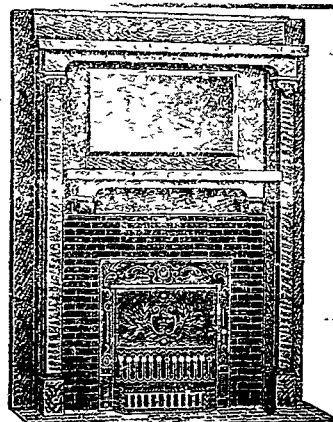
**Murdock Bros.**  
DRUGGISTS. NORTHVILLE.

It takes time

to acquire business training and experience, but no qualities are more vital to success. This is particularly true in transacting the business of other person.

The Union Trust Company offers you the ripe results of more than eighteen years of valuable training in this special field.

**Union Trust Company**  
Detroit, Michigan.



**OUR SPECIAL.**  
**This Solid Oak Mantel**  
With Coal Grate Complete  
**\$37, f. o. b. Cars.**  
**C. J. NETTING CO.,**  
236 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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

**W. L. B. CLARK'S**  
**MILK ROUTE.**  
**PURE STERILIZED MILK**  
Sweet and Sour Cream  
Furnished on Application.

## NORTHVILLE.

### The City in Brief.

Martin and Gilbert Stiff are on the sick list.

Harley Johnson has been quite ill with grip the past week.

Mrs. W. B. Fredmore has been quite ill during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones have rented the Mrs. Larkin's house on Wing street.

The Rowena 500 club met with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Walters Tuesday evening.

Coasting on Walnut and High streets is enjoyed by the young people these days.

Lawrence Van Valkenburg was neither absent nor tardy at school during the last semester.

Miss Nellie Thompson attended a ball given in the Masonic Temple in Detroit, Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Stark entertained the Merry-Go-Round club at their home on Wednesday evening.

There will be a Farmers' Institute held in Plymouth on Tuesday, Feb. 8. The speakers are W. F. Raven and H. R. Pattengill.

The first division of the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church will have a Martha Washington supper in Ambler's hall Feb. 21st.

Summer Power is the proud owner of a fine Durham heifer which was brought to him by his brother-in-law, Will Holcomb, of Oxford.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul H. Bartlett will be guests of honor at a dinner and dance to be given at the Toledo Yacht club, Monday evening, Feb. 7.

The "Eclipse" was entertained most royally by the Misses Leah VanStickle and Una Gunsolly at the home of the former on Monday evening.

The Clover Whist club held their annual banquet in Chadwick's hall on Monday evening to which their husbands were invited. The evening was pleasantly spent in cards and dancing.

Andrew Harmon, who has been suffering from concussion of the brain for the past two weeks as the result of a heavy door blowing violently against him, is slightly better.

On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bristol and Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Seely entertained the "Main 500" club at a six o'clock dinner at the home of the former. Everyone had a grand good time.

The Winter Night club will meet this evening at 7:30 o'clock. The subject for debate will be "A United States Protectorate Over the South American Republic." All members are urged to make a special effort to be present.

Regular convention Mystic Lodge No. 100, K. of P. Tuesday evening, Feb. 8, instead of Feb. 13 as was announced at last meeting. Work in third rank. All members are requested to be present. Refreshments will be served.

Medames Angie Hueston and Jessie Power entertained the "400" club Tuesday evening at a six o'clock dinner at the home of the former. The guests were called for and taken to the place of entertainment where they spent a most enjoyable evening.

A man who has kept count of the number of kisses exchanged with his wife since their union consents to its publication as follows: First year, 35,500; second year, 18,000; third year, 3,650; fourth year, 120; fifth year, 2. He then left off keeping the record.

Every paper far and near say the ground hog did appear mid a bright and blazing sun and back into his hole he ran and for six weeks or more he'll sleep before he takes another peep. So we can look for snow and ice and weather anything but nice.

E. K. Simonds received the sad news of the death of his sister, Mrs. I. H. Horton, which occurred at Glennellen, Ill., the latter part of last week. She was the mother of the late Ed. Horton of this place and was well known here. She was eighty-eight years old.

Everybody who thought of it was on the lookout or rather look-up Monday evening in the hope of getting a view of "comet A 1910," that being the first clear night since the "celestial" visitor first became visible here on Jan. 22, but all the "rubbering" was of no avail, as the erratic sky traveller had departed into infinite space three days previously, so far as this locality is concerned.

After a heavy meal, take a couple of Doan's Regurgits, and give your stomach, liver and bowels the help they will need. Regurgits bring easy, regular passages of the bowels.

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Mrs. Harlan Roberts is seriously ill.

Regular meeting of Union Chapter, No. 55, R. A. M., Feb. 9.

Special meeting of Northville Commandery, No. 39, K. T., Feb. 8.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Stanton and little daughter are now nicely settled on A. H. Kohler's farm.

St. Mary's society will hold a box social at the home of Tom Spencer near Salem this (Friday) evening.

Frank Fry was taken seriously ill at the school building Monday and had to be carried home.

The West Livonia Auxiliary will hold a dinner at Chas. Smock's on Wednesday, Feb. 9. Everybody invited.

The W. R. O. will hold their regular meeting Wednesday evening, Feb. 9, at Ambler's hall. The Color Bearers will arrange the program for the celebration of Lincoln Day.

Mrs. Chas. Whipple informs the Record that she heard and saw a large phoebe bird in one of the maple trees on her front lawn Wednesday morning. Surely this looks like spring.

A. W. Russell had his seventy-sixth birthday celebrated on Monday by a visit from his Russell's two sisters and niece of Newburg, Mrs. Amos Pickett, Mrs. E. M. Loomis and daughter. The united ages of the three sisters and Mr. Russell is 399 years. A good time was had.

G. Benton had a slight accident Monday morning in front of the Presbyterian parsonage while trying to get out of the way of a passing street car. The milk wagon tipped over causing a lantern to upset and take fire. Mr. Benton's hands and face were somewhat burned and a few milk bottles broken otherwise no damage was done to the milk perambulator.

A friend asks us to multiply—\$5 by \$5. We do so and announce the result as \$25. Now multiply 500 cents by 500 cents, give the answer in cents, pure and simple, not as fractional parts of a dollar. We do and am surprised to see the figures climb up to 250,000 cents, which is \$2,500. As \$5 and 500 cents are equivalent the result is puzzling. It cannot be urged that decimal marks should be used. A cent, as such, is as distinct a unit as a dollar, and as the result is to be announced in cents the decimal cannot be pleaded in extenuation of the rather surprising result. But there is clearly something wrong. Can any reader explain it?

Homer Warren of Detroit spoke for half an hour last Sabbath to something like one hundred and fifty pupils of the Methodist Sunday school. It was a grand, good, talk full of encouragement and enthusiasm. Previous to the speaking Mr. Warren delighted the audience with that beautiful solo, "The Palace of the King." The Sunday school certainly appreciated his solo, his talk and his coming way out to Northville. They gave him a hearty encore and a rising vote of thanks, after which a regular reception was held at which time the whole school insisted on shaking hands with the speaker. Mr. Warren's father was a Methodist preacher and was at one time located at Plymouth, also at Farmington.

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Mrs. Carr, who has been seriously ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ed. Fuller, is much better and able to be out again.

Dr. T. B. Henry of Northville and Dr. D. B. Henry of South Lyon attended the funeral of Mrs. W. C. Henry of Boine yesterday.

T. G. Richardson went to Detroit last Saturday to take treatment at the West Boulevard Sanitarium. He is just a little improved today.

In the death Wednesday of Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Bryant, Frank Johnson and wife both lost their mothers within a few hours of each other.

A fine banquet was given by the "Circle N." boys at their hall this week. After the delicious supper was served toasts were responded to by the members. The boys say this was the "banquet feast."

David Vanderhoof has sold his house and lot on Northside, occupied by his son, Gerry Spencer, to Andrew Leadbeater. The latter will take possession at once. Mr. Spencer has moved his household goods into the Irving flats.

All the members of the F. & A. M. have been invited to do work in the Third degree at Milford this (Friday) evening. They will leave here on the 6:30 train, returning home on a special train at 1:30 a. m. Saturday. All members earnestly invited to go.

The electric lights are running days as well as nights just now. This is a thirty days trial-out and if the expenditure warrants and if enough motor and light juice is in prospect, Supt. Wilkinson will recommend to the council that it be continued.

Tuesday afternoon and evening the members of the L. O. T. M. M. had a very enjoyable time. Deputy Carrie Gilbert of Detroit was here and drilled the guards in new figures. At 6 o'clock a banquet was served, after which the installation of the new officers occurred. Visitors from Plymouth and Milan were present.

The Harrison Johnson auction in Livonia Wednesday was a complete success. The big illustrated auction bills printed at the Record office drew 350 people and everything sold high. Horses went "out-of-sight"; cows \$60 to \$104, averaging \$83 for the herd. Sale amounted to \$2,500 and Auctioneer Wedow made it in four and one-half hours.

Merritt & Co. has sold out his jewelry business here to Otto Loomis from Lakeview. Mr. Loomis comes to Northville well recommended both as a practical Jeweler and engraver. Mr. Loomis comes from Prof. LaRue's home town and the two are great friends. Mr. Loomis will take personal charge Saturday.

**BAKE-DAY.**  
Do you look forward to Bake-Day each week with a certain keen interest and pleasant anticipation? Under the right conditions it should be one of the real pleasures of housekeeping. New, clever recipes and a certainty of success in everything you bake are what make the fascination.

"The Cook's Book" will give you the recipes—a splendid collection by Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, the noted authority.

K-C Baking Powder will give you the certainty. Absolutely no failures. Guaranteed the best at any price, or money refunded.

Get a 25 cent can of K-C Baking Powder at once from your grocer. Send in the certificate you will find to Jaques Mfg. Co., Chicago, with this article, and "The Cook's Book" will be mailed you free. A combination hard to beat! "The Cook's Book" and K-C Baking Powder. You'll be more than pleased.

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## CONDENSED

Report of the Condition of  
**LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK**  
at the Close of Business January 31st, 1910.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 83,643.22
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities	74,588.29
Overdrafts	1.37
Bank Building, Furniture and Fixtures	16,450.00
Cash on Hand and in Banks	35,964.09
Cash Items	306.87
Total	\$210,954.34
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus Fund	1,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,429.35
Dividends Unpaid	5.00
Deposits	183,519.99
Total	\$210,954.34

Our growth is the best evidence of the satisfactory service given to our customers.

**BOARD OF DIRECTORS.**  
F. S. HARMON, PRES.  
A. S. SMITH, 1ST VICE PRES.  
CHAS. YERKES, 2ND VICE PRES.  
EDWARD H. LAPHAM, CASHIER.  
FRANK S. NEAL  
R. CHRISTENSEN  
FRANCIS G. TERRILL

**Lapham**  
**State Savings Bank**  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## Methodist Church Notes.

The regular services will be held Sunday.

The Ladies' Aid Society will meet next Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Spencer Clark.

The League meeting Sunday evening was largely attended and all enjoyed the talk by Mr. Bollie.

All Sunday school library books now out. must be returned next Sunday. No books will be given out Sunday.

The Epworth League devotional meeting Sunday evening will be held at 8 o'clock. Leader, R. A. Grant. Everybody welcome.

The regular business meeting of the Epworth League will be held next Monday evening at N. I. Coll's. After the business session a social hour will be enjoyed. All members urged to be present and be prepared to pay dues.

The committee on speakers for the Sunday school are to be congratulated on the success they are making. No richer treat has come our way in a long time than Homer Warren of Detroit who sang and gave an address last Sunday. Look out for other announcements from time to time.

**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.

## Blue Nets Catch Most Fish.

The owners of a St. Abd's fishing boat have made the important discovery that a net dyed as nearly as possible the color of the sea catches far more fish than one of the traditional brown. The discovery has just been tested and out of a fleet of 65 boats that which had its nets dyed blue made by far the largest catch—London Tit-Bits.

**Best Bait for Certain Fish.**  
Worms known as "night walkers" are not merely a substitute bait for eels' catfish and bullheads, but are, in fact, the best bait that can be used.

**Valentine Day**  
February 14

**Masquerade**

**BALL**

**Princess Rink, Northville**

**\$25—in Prizes—\$25**  
Prizes Exhibited in J. A. Huff's.

Those not wearing costumes and wishing to dance will be obliged to wear face masks until after the grand march, which will take place at 10 o'clock.

**Admission 50c**

**Music by R. Smith's 5 Piece Orchestra, of Detroit.**

# Removal Sale

**FURS 1-3 to 1-2 OFF**

**Tremendous Reductions! Away Below Cost in Most Cases**

**Our Building is to be Torn Down and We Must Vacate**



## SUFFERED TERRIBLY.

How Relief from Distressing Kidney Trouble Was Found.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wolf, 328 W. Morgan St., Tipton, Mo., says: "Inflammation of the bladder reached its climax last spring and I suffered terribly. My back ached and pained so I could hardly get around and the secretions were scanty, frequent of passage and painful. I was tired all the time and very nervous. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking a few boxes was cured and have been well ever since."

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

## VERY LIKELY.



Nelly—They say he has turned over a new leaf.

Ned—He's so economical I'm afraid he'll use the same one over again.

## SCRATCHED SO SHE COULD NOT SLEEP

"I write to tell you how thankful I am for the wonderful Cuticura Remedies. My little niece had eczema for five years and when her mother died I took care of the child. It was all over her face and body, also on her head. She scratched so that she could not sleep nights. I used Cuticura Soap to wash her with and then applied Cuticura Ointment. I did not use quite half the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, together with Cuticura Resolvent, when you could see a change and they cured her nicely. Now she is eleven years old and has never been bothered with eczema since. My friends think it is just great the way the baby was cured by Cuticura. I send you a picture taken when she was about 18 months old."

"She was taken with the eczema when two years old. She was covered with big sores and her mother had all the best doctors and tried all kinds of salves and medicines without effect until we used Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. H. Kiernan, 663 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1909."

Her Idea of Discipline.

One day recently, just after the opening of the Baltimore schools, the teacher of a primary class had occasion right at the start to enforce discipline.

"Here, young man!" she exclaimed, indicating a pupil whose name she did not yet know. "I saw you laughing just now. That won't do. No laughing in this school."

I was only thinking about something ma'am," said the youngster, sheepishly.

"Well, don't let that happen in school again," said the teacher, sternly.—Sunday Magazine of the Cleveland Leader

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 *Wm. A. Ritchie*. In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Work is the grand cure for all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work, which you intend getting done.—Thomas Carlyle.

## Quaker Oats is the world's food

Eaten in every country; eaten by infants, athletes, young and old.

Recognized as the great strength builder.

Delicious and economical.

Children's Coughs Cause the Little

Once Much Unnecessary Suffering

**PISO'S CURE**

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Gives instant relief—soothes and breaks the little throat and prevents serious illness. Children like it because it is pleasant to take and does not upset the stomach.

All Druggists, 25 cents.

# 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 Smoke Creek. Sinclair, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. Sinclair discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage burned. McCloud, once acquainted with Dickie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look at the wreck. Whispering Smith, old President Bucks, the railroad of Mr. McCloud's boss, fought against a gang of crazed miners and that was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his office. Sinclair arranged to board the boarding house of Mrs. Sinclair, the ex-foreman's deserted wife. Dickie Dunning was the daughter of the late Richard Dunning, who had died of a broken heart shortly after his wife's demise. When he was a child, Dickie was mysteriously burned. President Bucks noticed Smith that he had work ahead. A stock train 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 approached Sinclair. He tried to buy him off, but failed. He warned McCloud that his life was in danger. McCloud was called forcibly into Lance Dunning's presence. Dunning refused the railroad a right-of-way, he had already signed for Dickie. Dickie met McCloud on a lonely trail to warn him his life was in danger. On his way home a shot passed through his hat. A sudden rise of the Crawling Stone River created consternation. Dickie and Sinclair appealed to McCloud for help. Whispering Smith joined the group. McCloud took his men to fight the river. Lance Dunning welcomed them cordially. McCloud succeeded in halting the bandits. Dickie and Sinclair visited Sinclair at his ranch. 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. He imported Rebstock, "king of the cache," to give up Du Sang. Rebstock refused. Smith and McCloud would clean out the whole gang, including Rebstock. Smith came upon the bandits, Du Sang, among them. Rebstock refused that he should come back. Smith learned that Sinclair, Rebstock and an escaped bandit had joined forces. He started after them with Whisker. Sinclair invaded the Williams Cache rendezvous. He dexterously pulled himself out of a tight hole. He arrested a horse-thief. Sinclair had gone, presumably, to McCloud. Sinclair visited Dunning and was given sympathy. Dickie knew of his presence. Sinclair stated for Medicine Bend. Dickie reproved her cousin for not arresting Sinclair. She set out in the storm for Medicine Bend. Sinclair, on the way and was thrown bruised and bleeding against a railroad door. Dickie told her story. The skulker who attended her refused Sinclair admission. The murderer sought McCloud, but the latter was 200 miles away. Then Smith came but Sinclair had gone. Smith visited Dickie. She admitted her engagement to McCloud.

## CHAPTER XL.—Continued.

It was beyond human endurance to support the leaden death. The little square of brass between the sights wavered. Seagrue stumbled, doubled on his knees, and staggering plunged loosely forward on the sand. Whisker Smith threw his rifle toward the bowlder behind which Sinclair and Barney Rebstock had disappeared. Suddenly he realized that the bullets from the point were not coming his way. He was aware of a second rifle dived above the bend. Whisker, worming his way down the stream, had uncovered Sinclair and young Rebstock from behind. A yell between the shots rang across the wash, and the cringing figure of a man ran out toward Whisker Smith with his hands high in the air, and pitched headlong on the ground. It was the skulker, Barney Rebstock, driven out by Whisker's fire.

The shooting ceased. Silence fell upon the gloom of the dusk. Then came a calling between Smith and Whisker, and a signaling of pistol shots for their companions. Kennedy and Bob Scott dashed down toward the river bet on their horses. Seagrue lay on his face. Young Rebstock sat with his hands around his knees on the sand. Above him at some distance, Whisker and Smith stood before a man who leaned against the sharp cheek of the bowlder at the point. In his hands his rifle was held across his lap just as he had dropped on his knee to fire. He had never moved after he was struck. His head, drooping a little, rested against the rock, and his hat lay on the sand; his heavy beard had sunk into his chest and he knelt in the shadow, asleep. Scott and Kennedy knew him. In the mountains there was no double for Murray Sinclair.

When he jumped behind the point to pick Whisker Smith off the ledge he had laid himself directly under Whisker's fire across the wash. The first shot of the cowboy at 200 yards had passed, as he knelt, through both temples.

## CHAPTER XLI.

Back to the Mountains.

In the cottage in Boney street, one year later, two women were waiting. It was ten o'clock at night.

"Isn't it a shame to be disappointed like this?" complained Dickie, pushing her hair impatiently back. "Really, poor George is worked to death. He was to be in at six o'clock, Mr. Lee said, and here it is ten, and all your beautiful dinner spoiled. Marion, are you keeping something from me? Look me in the eye. Have you heard from Gordon Smith?"

"No, Dickie."

"Not since he left the mountains a year ago?"

"Not since he left the mountains a year ago."

Dickie, sitting forward in her chair, bent her eyes upon the fire. "It is so strange. I wonder where he is tonight. How he loves you, Marion! He told me everything when he said good-by. He made me promise not to tell then; but I didn't promise to keep it forever."

Marion smiled. "A year isn't forever, Dickie."

"Well, it's pretty near forever when you're in love," declared Dickie, energetically. "I know just how he felt," she went on in a quieter tone. "He felt that all the disagreeable excitement and talk we had here then bore heaviest on you. He said if he stayed in Medicine Bend the newspapers never would stop annoying you—and you know George did say they were asking to have passenger trains held here just so people could see Whisker Smith. And, Marion, think of it, he actually doesn't know yet that George and I are married! How could we notify him without knowing where he was? And he doesn't know that trains are running up the Crawling Stone valley. Mercy! a year goes like an hour when you're in love, doesn't it? George said he knew, we should hear from him within six months—and George has never yet been mistaken excepting when he said I should grow to like this railroad."



Seagrue Stumbled to the Sand.

business—and now it is a year and no news from him." Dickie sprang from her chair. "I am going to call up Mr. Rooney Lee and just demand my husband! I think Mr. Lee handles trains shockingly every time George tries to get home like this on Saturday nights—now don't you? And passenger trains ought to get out of the way, anyway, when a division superintendent is trying to get home. What difference does it make to a passenger, I'd like to know, whether he is a few hours less or longer in getting to California or Japan or Manila or Hong Kong or Buzzard's Gulch, provided he is safe—and you know there has not been an accident on the division for a year, Marion. There's a step now. I'll bet that's George!"

The door opened and it was George.

"Oh, honey!" cried Dickie, softly, waving her arms as she stood an instant before she ran to him. "But haven't I been waitin' for you!"

"Too bad! and, Marion," he exclaimed, turning without releasing his wife from his arms, "how can I ever make good for all this delay? Oh, yes, I've had dinner. Never, for heaven's sake, wait dinner for me! But wait, both of you, till you hear the news!"

Dickie kept her hands on his shoulders. "You have heard from Whisker Smith?"

"I knew it!"

"Wait till I get it straight. Mr. Bucks is here—I came in with him in his car. He has news of Whisker Smith. One of our freight traffic men in the Puget sound country, who has been in a hospital in Victoria, learned by the merest accident that Gordon Smith was lying in the same hospital with typhoid fever."

Marion rose swiftly. "Then the

time has come, thank God, when I can do something for him; and I am going to him to-night!"

"Fine!" cried McCloud. "So am I, and that is why I'm late."

"Then I am going, too," exclaimed Dickie, solemnly.

"Do you mean it?" asked her husband. "Shall we let her, Marion? Mr. Bucks says I am to take his car and take Barnhardt, and keep the car there till I can bring Gordon back. Mr. Bucks and his secretary will ride to-night as far as Bear Dance with us, and in the morning they join Mr. Glover there."

McCloud looked at his watch. "If you are both going, can you be ready by 12 o'clock for the China mail?"

"We can be ready in an hour," declared Dickie, throwing her arm half around Marion's neck, "can't we, Marion?"

"I can be ready in 30 minutes."

"Then, by heaven—" McCloud studied his watch.

"What is it, George?"

"We won't wait for the midnight train. We will take an engine, run special to Green River, overhaul the Coast Limited, and save a whole day."

"George, pack your suit-case—quick, dear, and you, too, Marion; suit-cases are all we can take," cried Dickie, pushing her husband toward the bedroom. "I'll telephone Rooney Lee for

eyes as he reached for his cup. "Thank you, Mrs. McCloud, only one after that." He looked toward Marion. "All I can say is that if Mrs. McCloud's husband had married her two years earlier he might have been general manager by this time. Nothing could hold a man back, even a man of his modesty, whose wife can say as nice things as that. By the way, Mr. Sinclair, does this man keep you supplied with transportation?"

"Oh, I have my annual, Mr. Bucks!" Marion opened her bag to find it.

"Bucks held out his hand. "Let me see it a moment." He adjusted his eye-glasses, looked at the place, and called for a pen; Bucks had never lost his gracious way of doing very little things. He laid the card on the table and wrote across the back of it over his name: "Good on all passenger trains." When he handed the card back to Marion he turned to Dickie.

"I understand you are laying out two of three towns on the ranch, Mr. McCloud?"

"Two or three! Oh, no, only one as yet, Mr. Bucks. They are laying out, oh, such a pretty town! Cousin Lance is superintending the street work—and whom do you think I am going to name it after? You! I think 'Bucks' makes a dandy name for a town, don't you? And I am going to have one town named Dunning; there will be two stations on the ranch, you know, and I think, really, there ought to be three."

"As many as that?"

"I don't believe you can operate a line that long, Mr. Bucks, with stations 14 miles apart." Bucks opened his eyes in benevolent surprise. Dickie, unabashed, kept right on: "Well, do you know how traffic is increasing over there, with the trains running only two months now? Why, the settlers are fairly pouring into the country."

"Will you give me a corner lot if we put another station on the ranch?"

"I will give you two if you will give us excursions and run some of the Overland passenger trains through the valley."

Bucks threw back his head and laughed in his tremendous way. "I don't know about that; I daren't promise offhand, Mrs. McCloud. But if you can get Whisker Smith to come back you might lay the matter before him. He is to take charge of all the colonist business when he returns."

Whisker Smith, lying on his iron bed in the hospital, professed not to be able quite to understand why they had made such a fuss about it. He underwent the excitement of the appearance of Barnhardt and the first talk with McCloud and Dickie with hardly a rise in his temperature, and, lying in the sunshine of the afternoon, he was waiting for Marion. She ran half blinded across the room and dropped on her knee beside him.

"My dear Marion, why did they drag you away out here?"

"They did not drag me away out here. Did you expect me to sit with folded hands when I heard you were ill anywhere in the wide world?"

He looked hungrily at her. "I didn't suppose any one in the wide world would take it very seriously."

"Mr. McCloud is crushed this afternoon to think you have said you would not go back with him. You would not believe how he misses you."

"It has been pretty lonesome for the last year. I didn't think it could be so lonesome anywhere."

"Nor did I."

"Have you noticed it? I shouldn't think you could in the mountains. Was there much water last spring? Heavens, I'd like to see the Crawling Stone again!"

"Why don't you come back?"

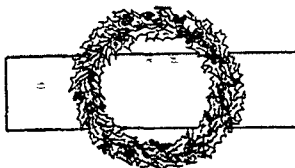
He folded her hands in his own. "Marion, it is you I've been afraid I couldn't stand it to be near you and not tell you."

"What need you be afraid to tell me?"

"That I have loved you so long."

Her head sunk close to his. "Don't you know you have said it to me many times without words? I've only been waiting for a chance to tell you how happy it makes me to think it is true."

## THE END.



## Women in Persia.

Dr. Emmeline Stuart, niece of the veteran Bishop Stuart, tells of her experiences in Persia, where, she says, there is unfailing courtesy of the officers to travelers. Upon one occasion she was offered the escort of the military from Isfahan to Teheran and found that she had to ride on a gun carriage, horses harnessed six in hand and double stages made. The medical missions are the safest places in times of peril in Persia, she says, not only for Europeans, but for the Persians themselves.

## CLIP THIS OUT

Renowned Doctor's Prescription for Rheumatism and Backache: "One ounce Syrup Sarsaparilla compound; one ounce Tonic compound; Add these to a half pint of good whiskey. Take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bed time; Shake the bottle before using each time." Any druggist has these ingredients in stock or will quickly get them from his wholesale house. This was published previously and hundreds here have been cured by it. Good results show after the first few doses. This also acts as a system builder, eventually restoring strength and vitality.

## ENCOURAGING SIGNS OF LIFE

Liberal Contributions in United States and Canada for Work of the Foreign Missions.

In spite of the financial depression the offerings of the United States and Canada for foreign missions increased last year \$602,000. The increase of income from the foreign field was even more remarkable, being \$1,360,000. The total gifts on the foreign field was \$4,344,000, and this amount was 48 per cent. of the total amount contributed for foreign missions by the Protestant churches of North America.

The increase of native converts last year was 164,574, or over 450 a day. The cumulative effects of the foreign mission enterprise is shown by the fact that it took 100 years to gain the first million converts. The second million were secured in 12 years, and they are now being added at the rate of a million in six years. The percentage of increase of the church membership of America was one and one-half, while the increase of American missions abroad was 12 per cent. Two members were added in America for each ordained minister, while 41 were added in the foreign field for each ordained American missionary.—The Missionary Review of the World.

## Knew the Calendar.

They were little girls, so small that the teacher was telling them about divisions of time, and receiving all sorts of answers to her simple questions. The little girl who lived in a boarding house was a year older than any of the others.

"We have learned that years are divided into months, months into weeks, and weeks into days," said the teacher. "Now can any one tell me how the days are divided?"

"The little girl who lived in a boarding house raised her hand, and was asked to speak."

"Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, best," she said, glibly.

"Friday, fish; Saturday, corned beef and beans; and Sunday, chicken."—Youels's Companion.

## One on the Judge.

A newly qualified judge in one of the small towns of Tennessee was trying one of his first criminal cases. The accused was an old dandy who was accused of robbing a hen-coop. He had been in court before on a similar charge and was then acquitted.

"Well, Tom," began the judge, "I see you're in trouble again."

"Yes, sah," replied the dandy; "the last time, judge, you was ma lawyer."

"Where is your lawyer this time?" asked the judge.

"I ain't got no lawyer this time," answered Tom. "I'm going to tell the truth."

## Why "Potter's Field" for Beggars

It is not because the beggar fails to make money that he finally lands in the potter's field. "Any good, industrious beggar," says Mr. Forbes, "can and does make a great deal more money than the average workman."

But the trend of the beggar is downward, and in the end he is pretty sure to become a hopeless wreck and a derelict.

He who gives better homes, better books, better tools, a fairer outlook and a better hope, him will we crown with laurels—Emerson.

## HARD TO DROP But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee: "It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ails."

"At first I thought bicycle riding caused it and I gave it up, but my condition remained unchanged. I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it. At that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied, 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again, here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'"

"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drank no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so he returned to Postum, convinced that coffee was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more with insomnia."

"I myself, have gained 8 pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit coffee that caused our aches and ails and take up Postum."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.







## Impossible to be Well

It is impossible to be well, simply impossible, if the bowels are constipated. You must pay attention to the laws of nature, or suffer the consequences. Undigested material, waste products, poisonous substances, must be removed from the body at least once each day, or there will be trouble. A sluggish liver is responsible for an immense amount of suffering and serious disease. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Pills. He knows why they act directly on the liver. Trust him. J.C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

## 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 6:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11 p. m. First car on Sundays one hour later.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

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

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

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

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

## JUST PUBLISHED

Webster's NEW INTERNATIONAL Dictionary, (G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.) surpasses the old International as much as that book exceeded its predecessor. On the old edition a new superstructure has been built. The reconstruction has been carried on through many years by a large force of trained workers, under the supervision of Dr. W. T. Harris, former United States Commissioner of Education, and reinforced by many eminent specialists. The definitions have been rearranged and amplified. The number of terms defined has been more than doubled. The etymology, synonymy, pronunciation, have received unsparing scholarly labor. The language of English literature for over seven centuries, the terminology of the arts and sciences, and the every-day speech of street, shop, and household, are presented with fullness and clearness. In size of vocabulary, in richness of general information, and in convenience of consultation, the book sets a new mark in lexicography.

400,000 words and phrases.

6000 illustrations.

2700 pages.



Write to the publishers for Specimen Pages.

## Flowers

Of Every Description for All Occasions

Every Day in the Year

JOHN BREITMEYER'S SONS  
DETROIT, MICH.

## SALEM NEWS.

Frank Ryder is on the sick list.

Guy Rorabacher was in town over Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Shoebridge on Monday a girl.

Amos Worden and wife are preparing to move to Salt Lake City, Utah.

Frank Huff and sister went to Detroit on Monday to see a sick aunt.

Frank Boyle, our jolly auctioneer, is doing a good stroke of business this season.

There will be a Valentine social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dickerson on Feb. 14. All invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen-Wilkinson were made the recipients of a family surprise on Thursday by his sisters and their families.

Henry Doane is drawing timber preparatory to repairing the barns on his new farm recently purchased of the Woodworth estate.

The Ladies' Missionary circle will meet with Mrs. Callahan next Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. A cordial invitation to all.

Floyd Waters has quit school at Ypsilanti in order to assist his father in preparing for their auction sale which will occur in the near future.

The lecture in the Baptist church, under the auspices of the B. Y. P. U., was poorly attended on Tuesday evening but was excellent nevertheless.

School Commissioner Essery - of this county has arranged a list of 1,000 words for spelling to be used in contest bringing in all schools of the county. The second contest of Salem township was held at Worden last Friday with the following result: Salem Union school, Eldredh Wheeler, Elele Ryder, Eleanor Kensler, Jessie McAndrews, Fred Bures, Dennis school, Ruth Bradley, Eva Cominsky Lapham school, Amy Allen were perfect. The next contest will be held in the town hall in March and all the schools in the township are expected to take part. The final will take place in Ann Arbor when the township schools will send their best spellers hoping to be successful in winning the large dictionary offered by the commissioner.

## A FAMILY REGULATOR.

Recall Ordinaries are unsurpassable for the use of children, old folks and delicate persons, as well as for robust people. We cannot too highly recommend them to all sufferers of constipation. We offer your money back if you are not satisfied. They are eaten like candy, and do not gripe, purge, or cause any annoyance whatever. Two sizes, roc and 25c.

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

## LEVONIA NEWS.

Alton Peters, started to school at the Center Monday.

Will Pankow was laid up with rheumatism the past week.

Clyde Fisher of Detroit was an over Sunday visitor out here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lee are rejoicing over the arrival of a girl Sunday at their home.

## WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Miss Mina Benjamin is ill with pneumonia and pleurisy.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Mairs visited friends at Milan last week.

Rev. Pixley preached a sermon on "Local Option" Sunday evening.

Misses Beale and Ruth McCoy of Milford spent Sunday with their parents.

Phil Miller of Lansing was the guest of Miss Zadah-Abell over Sunday.

Mrs. J. R. Beach and daughter, Mary, are spending a few days in Detroit.

The snowfall Sunday night was just what was needed to make fine sleighing again.

Mrs. Arthur Harris is ill with a gathering in the head. Her mother, Mrs. Gilchrist, is caring for her.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Rice and daughter, Ada, of New Hudson visited friends here Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. J. R. Beach went to Detroit Sunday evening to attend the dedication services at the church where his son, King Beach, is pastor.

Theo. Cornell is ill at the home of his father in law, O. J. McKnight. He had been ill in Detroit and came to see his wife, who is with her parents, and is now suffering a relapse.

The Silver Medal contest in the Baptist church Saturday evening was well attended and an excellent program was given. Music was furnished by the orchestra, male quartet and others. Harry Bogart won the medal.

Friday evening, Feb. 11, Mr. Sailer of Birmingham will deliver a stereopticon lecture on local option in the Methodist church. Mr. Sailer is a most interesting speaker and it is hoped that the people will avail themselves of this opportunity.

## NOVI NEWS.

Geo. Gleason is ill with pleurisy.

Mrs. James Munro is visiting at Carleton this week.

Rev. Brent Harding is visiting his daughter at Bay City this week.

Mrs. Eva Gleason had the misfortune Sunday to fall and break her wrist.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sims of Williamston are visiting the families of Caleb Rix and Newton Wixom. They came to attend the Root-Stanton wedding.

The men's contest in the Baptist church last Friday evening was a decided success the proceeds being \$28.05. The medal was won by Jay Button, who impersonated a German saloon keeper.

The ladies of Novi have great reason to be proud of the W. C. T. U. which was organized last Saturday by Mrs. May Butler of Detroit. The following officers were elected: Pres., Miss Effie Risner; vice pres., Mrs. Lillie Leavenworth; sec., Mrs. May Holcomb; rec. sec., Mrs. Sarah Taylor; treas., Mrs. Lena Atkinson; supt. of press, Via Munro; evangelist, etc., Mrs. Lillie Coates; flower mission, Mrs. Naomi Kent; Sunday school work, Mrs. Elsie Burt; medal contest work, Effie Risner; purity, Mrs. Estella Button. They held their first meeting at the home of Mrs. Sarah Taylor Tuesday with an enrollment of thirty-one members and all felt like shouting, "Hurrah, for the Novi W. C. T. U. Meetings will be held the first Wednesday of each month.

A very pleasant event occurred on Tuesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wedow, the occasion being the marriage of a sister of Mrs. Wedow, Miss Alma Josephine Root, to Mr. Willis E. Stanton of Mason. The rooms were very prettily decorated in green and white that being the color scheme. At a few moments after 10 o'clock Mrs. Beale Wixom, sister of the groom, took her place at the organ and the bridal couple stepped into an archway in the parlor where in the presence of a few of the immediate relatives and friends, Rev. Besco, pastor of the Methodist church, performed the pretty marriage service. After congratulations the guests were invited into the dining room where an elaborate dinner was spread and to which all did justice. Mr. and Mrs. Stanton left immediately for Mason, where the groom has a home nicely furnished and ready for his bride. The best wishes of many friends accompany them for a happy and prosperous wedded life.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

## "THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY."

RECLAMATION OF NEGLECTED LANDS IN EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

Work That Will Make Arable a Large Tract—Enormous Crops Produced.

In Beaufort and Hyde counties, North Carolina, near Bishop's Cross, known as the "Pantego Drainage District," Messrs. John A. and S. W. Wilkinson, of Belhaven, N. C., own a large tract of swamp land, since time immemorial considered worthless, save for the timber upon it. After the timber had been cut-off and marketed the Wilkinson Bros. conceived the idea of draining this property and developing it. Preliminary surveys developed that this area had an altitude of 18 feet above sea level—sufficient for drainage.

About four years ago the Wilkinson Bros. purchased a large steam dredge and set to work constructing a canal eight feet deep and 30 feet wide. After a mile of this canal had been constructed it was found necessary to build a retaining dam six feet high in order to keep sufficient water in the canal to float the dredge. After five miles were done, the total water-fall in that distance was found to be 32 feet.

Thirty miles of these main canals are now completed one mile apart, extending from the outlet into the Pamlico River, far back into the interior, with lateral ditches intersecting them. When the main canals are finished, the earth and oyster shells taken from the excavations are leveled and rounded off, and made into a good shell road, equal to the best thoroughfares in the country.

This enormous project in Eastern North Carolina, rivaling the Panama Canal, so far as North Carolina is concerned, and the benefit to North Carolina will be very great. It will be the means of reclaiming approximately 1,000 square miles of soil more fertile than the valley of the Nile. The soil is as black as charcoal, of a sandy loam and as fine as powder, ranging in depth from four to ten feet and underlaid with natural marl and oyster shells.

As soon as the drainage work is completed an army of laborers is put to work clearing up this veritable huge equal to that of the Everglades of Florida and Darkest Africa. When the clearing process is finished, fire is set to the undergrowth. So intense is the heat that all of the undecomposed vegetable matter, the accumulation of years, is destroyed, leaving a few charred stumps.

For two years it is impossible to "cure" this "newly reclaimed land," and corn is planted with the use of a hollow gum stake. The first year after this land was reclaimed, with no cultivation whatever, a yield of 56 bushels per acre was obtained. The same method was employed the second year, with even greater yield. So rapid is the decay of the stumps that no difficulty is experienced in ploughing in the third year.

During the past year the Wilkinson Bros. produced the enormous crop of 500 bushels of potatoes upon one acre of this new land. The first crop yielded 200 bushels, and a volunteer crop without cultivation yielded 300 bushels.

Hon. James Wilson Secretary of Agriculture states that for half the prices of the Northern tier of States, lands equally fertile and as accessible to markets can be had in the South.

In the words of a leading journal: "In turning northward instead of southward, the farmers who are crossing from Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota and the Dakotas into Canada in large numbers every year are making a mistake. The South offers as good farms as can be carved out of any part of Canada, or better. These farms are nearer to the markets, they are in a far better climate and they have a much more favorable environment, and, as a serious drawback, the Americans who go to Canada are obliged to change their allegiance, they find all their surroundings alien and their children grow up as British subjects and not as citizens of the United States. The Southern railways and immigration societies were as active as the Canadian in letting the United States, and the world know the attractions of their locality, they would divert to the southward most of the big stream of American agriculturists who are now drifting into Canada. Some of the best fruit, wheat and corn lands in the world are in the South. That region could, if it utilized all its idle lands for that purpose, produce enough rice to supply the entire world. In timber, coal and iron ore, several of the Southern States are particularly rich. More water power for manufacturing, and more navigable streams for taking farm, mine and factory products to the market, are in the South than in all the rest of the country combined. The proximity of the Gulf Stream tempers the climate to such an extent that the Belhaven section of North Carolina, 450 miles further north, and within 24 hours of the markets of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, enjoys the same mild climate as that of North Georgia. The section of Tidewater Virginia and North Carolina traversed by the Norfolk & Southern Railway is especially adapted to the growing of early vegetables, fruits, corn and cotton, and as many as three or four different crops may be produced upon the same acreage during the year. This region is certainly the land of great opportunities. The Norfolk & Southern Railway traverses the most fertile agricultural region of the South, where the climate is mild and healthful and the great markets are within a day's travel. The Norfolk & Southern Railway Company has recently compiled a list of desirable farm lands for sale, and a line to H. C. Hudgins, its general passenger agent, Norfolk, Va., will bring a copy to anyone interested.

Lost articles quickly recovered through Record Want Ads.

### 900 DROPS

## CASTORIA

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

### INFANTS & CHILDREN

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

Recipe of *Old Dr. SARUEL FLETCHER*

*Pumpkin Seed—  
Sage—  
Rhubarb—  
Licorice—  
Ginger—  
Cinnamon—  
Mint—  
Cloves—  
Nutmeg—  
Almonds—  
Syrup—  
Water—*

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Facsimile Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old  
35 Drops = 35 Cents

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

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*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTINIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## HOTEL GRISWOLD

GRAND RIVER AVENUE AND GRISWOLD STREET DETROIT, MICH.

POSTAL HOTEL CO.

FRED POSTAL, Pres. M. A. SHAW, Manager.  
\$50,000 Now Being Expended in Remodeling, Refurnishing and Decorating.

### We Will Have

Two hundred rooms, all with baths. New Ladies' and Gentlemen's Cafe. New Grill for Gentlemen. New Hall, with seating capacity of 400 persons, for Conventions, Banquets, Luncheon, Card Parties and Dances. Six Private Dining Rooms for Clubs and After Theatre Parties. Private Parlors for Weddings, Receptions, Meetings, Etc. Our facilities for high class service are exceptional, and similar to the best hotels of New York. Business now going on as usual.

Club Breakfast, 25 Cents and up  
Luncheon, 50 Cents  
Table d'Hotel Dinner, 75 Cents  
Also Service a la Carte

Rates (European) \$1.00 to \$3.00 Per Day.

## WIXOM NEWS.

Mrs. Fuller returned from Northville Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. H. E. Richardson spent Saturday with friends at Walled Lake.

Minnie and Carrie Durham of Milford were Wixom visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Mate Johns-Keene of Sioux City, Ia., visited Mrs. J. Abrams one day last week.

Mrs. Fred Schalhorn and two grand children of Detroit came to Wixom, Saturday for a few days' visit.

Mrs. Floyd Taylor and daughter Marjorie left Friday for Buffalo N. Y. where they will make their future home.

A shadow social was held at the home of B. L. Clark Wednesday evening. Proceeds to go towards a well at the parsonage.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 10 there will be a prohibition lecture, illustrated by stereopticon views at the church. Admission free.

"The best Baking Powder at any price" is the verdict of those who try K C Baking Powder. Pure and wholesome. Saves you 30 cents on a pound can.

## GILT EDGE NEWS.

H. Spaller spent Monday at Birmingham.

W. Wagonjack was a Duboisville caller Saturday.

Mrs. G. Kincade of Stark called at G. Pankow's Thursday.

Mrs. J. Walters of Detroit spent Sunday at Ed. Millard's.

Mrs. F. E. Bradley spent a few days of last week with friends at Northville.

Mrs. J. Langston of Chicago was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Chas. Manzel, Thursday.

## FARMINGTON NEWS.

Mrs. Thomas Lytle and niece, Mrs. Clyde Seeley, spent one day last week in Northville.

Rev. Mrs. Carpenter Woodman of Paw Paw will preach in the Universalist church Sunday, Feb. 13.

Mrs. H. L. Weaver and Mrs. J. A. Miller attended the automobile show in Detroit one day last week.

Dr. J. A. Miller, H. L. Weaver and T. H. McGee attended the automobile show in Detroit last Wednesday.

The Mystic Workers of East Farmington will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Houldershaw Friday, Feb. 11.

Mrs. Catherine Kennedy and daughter, Mrs. Cloya Steele, visited the former's sister, Mrs. Ellen Tolman, at Clarenceville Sunday.

George Barker of Clarenceville and Miss Irene Cogsdill were united in marriage last week Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cogsdill, of Novi. Rev. Coverdale of Redford performed the ceremony.

## Forced to Sell!

Owing to the dissolution of the partnership formed five years ago, and the necessity of raising quite a sum of money by March 1, we find it

### ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY

to close out a large portion of our stock. The COST PRICE will not be considered, our one idea being to dispose of the goods, and we have therefore cut the prices all the way from 25 to 50 per cent. Does this appeal to you? If so, visit our sale February 5th to 19th.

Fred L. Cook & Co.  
FARMINGTON, MICH.