

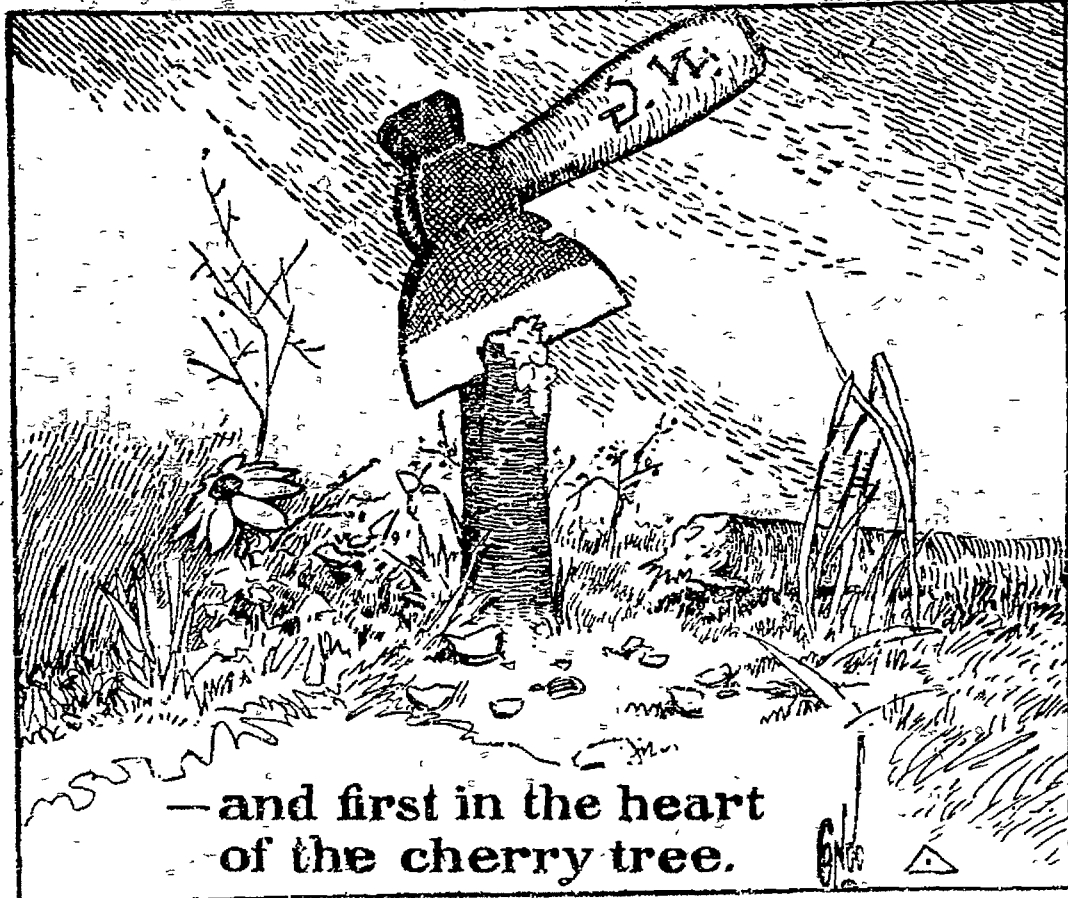
# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XL No. 29.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1910.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

"WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN."



## LEONA SESSIONS KILLED BY CARS

WAS RIDING DOWN HILL ON  
HAND SLED.

Sad Accident Occurred at Mead's  
Mills Friday—

While coasting down the "Boston" hill at Mead's Mills last week Friday after school, Leona Sessions, the nine year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sessions, ran into a passing P. M. freight and was instantly killed. She was lying flat on the sled at the time, and she crashed into the big iron wheel of the engine tender or the first freight car, head-first, crushing to the skull.

Some of her companions just passed over the truck in safety and her younger sister, who was just ahead of her on another sled, managed to roll off in the ditch, narrowly escaping a similar fate. The body was quickly carried to the nearby home and medical aid hurriedly summoned but the spirit of the little one had flown into another world even before she had fallen from her sled. Mr. Sessions went to Detroit with a load early Thursday morning and did not reach home Friday night until half an hour after the accident.

Much sympathy has been expressed to the grief stricken parents who were so suddenly bereft of one of their priceless treasures.

Leona was a bright little girl and was rather the pet of the neighborhood. She was very popular among the pupils of the Mead's Mills school and was dearly loved by the scholars and teachers of the Methodist Sunday school at Northville where she was a faithful attendant.

The funeral was held from the

Methodist church Monday afternoon. Rev. J. W. Turner officiating and the pupils of her Sunday school class acted as pall bearers. The burial was in Rural Hill.

W. C. T. U. Banquet.

The annual banquet given by the W. C. T. U. in Chadwick's hall Monday evening was enjoyed by a large company including members of the Union and invited guests. The menu was well chosen and nicely served, and the program of toasts which followed was participated in by speakers who showed their sympathy with temperance work, as well as their capacity for appreciating the humorous side of things. N. A. Clapp acted as toastmaster. Several new members, both honorary and active, were received at the conclusion of the program.

## WILL ENTERTAIN NATIONAL LECTURER

WOODMEN WILL DO SO ON  
FEBRUARY 24.

Musical and Literary Program has  
Been Prepared.

Northville Woodmen will have a musical and literary entertainment in Chadwick's hall, Thursday evening, February 24, at which time National Lecturer Duffy will deliver an address, after which the hall will be turned over to the Royal Neighbors who will give a dance.

The members of these two societies have the privilege of inviting their friends. Dance and refreshments 25 cents per couple.

Entertainment will begin at 8:00 o'clock sharp.

## L. W. HUTTON DIED SUNDAY

WAS ONE OF NORTHVILLE'S  
OLDEST CITIZENS

Commenced in Business Here in  
1854.

After an illness of several weeks, L. W. Hutton, one of Northville's oldest and most highly respected citizens, died at his home in this village Sunday morning.

Mr. Hutton was born at Penn Yan, N. Y., February 11, 1829, and came to Michigan in 1846. He lived at Farmington seven years and came to Northville in 1854 and engaged in the blacksmith and carriage business.

Mr. Hutton often spoke of those days, when it was necessary to be up and pounding at the anvil from



LEWIS W. HUTTON.

three and four o'clock in the morning until late at night. Those days he did a large manufacturing business in wagons, carriages, sleighs and cutters, employing a number of men and he continued that business for thirty years.

He was owner and manager of the Northville Mills for about ten years finally exchanging it for what is known as the Whitaker farm four miles west of town.

He built the residence now owned by the Yarnall Gold Cure where he lived for twenty-four years, then he built the one next to it on the west side.

There were but five hundred inhabitants when he came here and he saw the most of the growth of the town.

He joined the Masonic Lodge in 1866 and had filled all the various offices of that order. He has always been a staunch republican and voted for Fremont.

Mr. Hutton was one of the original subscribers of the Record in 1869 receiving a copy of the first edition and was ever a constant subscriber. He was married to Miss Sarah L.

Perrin in 1849, who survives her husband at the age of eighty-five years, together with four children, C. A. Hutton of Flint, Mrs. James Smith, Mrs. Lucy Ambler of Northville and W. H. Hutton of Pontiac.

He had been a faithful member of the Northville Methodist church for many years, and for a number of years he was choir leader in the old Methodist church.

The funeral was held from the home Tuesday afternoon, Rev. J. W. Turner officiating.

## MRS. NANCY SMITH PASSED AWAY

Injury Received by Fall Caused  
Death.

Mrs. Nancy A. Smith, widow of the late Marvin Smith, formerly of Redford, died Monday, Feb. 14, at the home of her brother, James Hamilton. About six weeks ago Mrs. Smith fell and broke her hip which caused great suffering. Everything was done to restore her to health but all to no avail.

Deceased was born in New York state March 24, 1835. She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. W. B. Howland, and one son, Arthur A. Smith, both of Flint; one brother and one sister, James Hamilton and Mrs. Ida Hendryx, both of Northville.

Mrs. Smith was a kind and loving mother and a consistent Christian always cheerful and ready to help others and has gone to receive the reward of the good and true.

The funeral was held Thursday from the old German Lutheran church at Clarencerville, Rev. M. J. Weaver, Methodist minister of Flint, officiating. Burial in cemetery adjoining the church.

## HAVE MARTHA WASHINGTON SUPPER

Ladies of Methodist Church Have  
One Monday Night.

The first Circle ladies of the M. E. church will give a Martha Washington supper in the church parlors from 5:00 p. m. until all are served. This was advertised a week ago as Ambler's hall but it had been changed as noted.

Everybody invited and the bill is but 20 cents and the supper will be worth much more.

Dancing School.

The Russell School of Dancing of Detroit will organize a class in Princess rink, Northville, Wednesday night, Feb. 23. Terms \$3 for first six lessons and \$2 for next six. Class from 7 o'clock sharp until 9, after which there will be an assembly from 9 to 11. Assembly, cents 25.

Coming.

-Coming at Princess Rink, Northville, Saturday evening, Feb. 19, The Powers and Burrows Passion Play and five other Moving Pictures; also Illustrated Songs sung by Miss Leota Kinyon, accompanied by Mrs. J. B. Tatham, pianist. Performance begins at 7:30 and lasts two and one-half hours. Admission, adults 15c, children 10c. 29wlp

Card of Thanks.

We wish hereto to express our sincere appreciation of the kindness rendered and sympathy expressed to ourselves and families during our recent bereavement and for the beautiful flowers sent we are thankful to all—

Mrs. L. W. HUTTON,  
Mrs. Lucy Ambler,  
Mrs. Flora Smith,  
C. A. HUTTON,  
W. H. HUTTON.

Card of Thanks.

We want to express our sincerest thanks to all our friends and neighbors for the many kindnesses shown during our bereavement. Our hearts go out in deepest gratitude for the many tokens of sympathy manifested by comforting words, beautiful flowers and loving deeds.

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD SESSIONS.

Piano Lessons.

Thorough method. For terms apply at my home, 52 Main street. 137tp

ARBUETHS M. WOLF.

## Get One

of the New Kettle Covers, you will find them very useful for a covering while frying meat, eggs, etc. No more grease on your well polished stove.

They can also be used as a colander; an inexpensive article and a useful one. Going fast.

A few Base Burner Coal Stoves and Heaters still left—AT COST.

Syrup Cans—Sap Buckets—Sap Spouts.

At your service for anything in the Hardware Line.

**JAMES A. HUFF**  
NORTHVILLE. MICHIGAN.



WELL ARMED

against thieves, fire or other sources of loss is the man who keeps a bank book instead of the bank notes in his home or office. Bank notes once lost are generally lost forever.

MONEY IN THE  
Northville  
State Savings  
Bank.

Is absolutely safe from all risk, and at the same time is as obtainable any time as if you had the cash in your pocket. Better deposit yours before anything happens.

## They ALSEIUM

MOVING  
PICTURES

Opera House Bldg., Northville

Four Performances Weekly

THURSDAY, FRIDAY  
and SATURDAY EVENINGS

Matinee  
Saturday afternoon at 3 p. m.

Admission, 5 Cents.

SPECIAL ATTENTION  
TO LADIES AND CHILDREN.

EXTRA PERFORMANCE  
SATURDAY EVENING. 10 Cents

## A GOOD LOOKING GIRL



looks upon eye glasses as a disfigurement. We realize that fact, and we make our glasses

Ornamental  
as well as  
Useful

so that the prettiest girl may have no fear for her

beauty. We have had good success in fitting the eyes. If you need our help you should see us without delay.

**G. W. & F. DOLPH**

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

## Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

Send for Pamphlet and Literature. Literature sent in Plain Envelope.  
DR. W. H. YARNALL. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## MAPLE FLOUR MAKES DELICIOUS PANKAKES--ONLY 10c Bx

We are also selling Maple Syrup  
of the finest quality

35c per qt., including quart jar

We are Offering our Stock  
of 25c per box Cigars at  
20c while they last.

**C. E. RYDER**

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## BUY THE BEST

**Warner's  
Cheese**

OF

**B. A. WHEELER**  
Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.











# The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

Established 1867

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

Terms: At Subscription—One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c; three months, 25c in advance. Single copies, 5c.

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

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

Copy for change of advertisement should be received not later than Tuesday, 8 p. m.

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

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

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

Practical, progressive, clean, frugal, and reliable. Nothing sensational published that cannot be personally endorsed.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FEB. 18, '10

## George Washington.

A nation never tires of honoring the birth of its greatest man. The 22nd of Feb. brings to us the one hundred and seventy-eighth anniversary of the birth of George Washington and celebrations in his honor will be held in every section of this broad land.

Washington was great as the world measures greatness and there is a constant calling to mind his earthly deeds to true greatness. It is true he did not have to struggle with poverty, as so many of our Americans, who have obtained great wealth have done, for his parents were wealthy for the times in which he lived. But his wealth did not, as is so generally the case, fasten upon him idle and dissolute habits. From the beginning of his career until its close his life was a busy and active one, free from vices of every kind. Indeed, Washington's morality has ever been held up as an example for the youth and even the mousing his oration was filled in his attacks upon it. His devotion to his country in times of war and peace was commendable. His public services as President were devoted to the peace and ambitious motives from party prejudices and prompted by motives that he believed to be for the best interests of the nation. In purity of character and freedom from views of every kind, Washington stands as a model for American youth. It was not his public life and services alone that have given him the commanding position he holds in the affections of the American people. His personal character, his unimpeachable integrity, the purity of his motives and the tenor of his whole private life have had much to do with it. No better example of the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries could be given him than the fact that the public observance of his birthday began during his lifetime. This has been true of no other American.

Editor Knox of the "Star" News, who a little over a year ago worried day and night in the interests of Governor Warner's re-nomination and election, is now trying to boom his own "Star" candidate for governor by criticizing the Warner administration. Knox didn't commence to do this until after he failed to land the administration for his man after several vain personal attempts.

Most housekeepers are using K C Baking Powder these days. A single trial shows it to be a great improvement over the old-style Baking Powder and a fine economy in any household. K C costs less, works better.

Dog's Bark an Acquired Habit. The bark of the dog is an acquired habit. In his wild state he never barks, but whines and howls.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. It is a cure that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Sent for full testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

# NORTHVILLE.

## Purely Personal.

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

Miss Una Gansolly visited relatives in Detroit over Sunday.

Mrs. Jennie Blair-Rich was a Northville visitor on Sunday.

Miss Anna Booth spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. W. H. White.

John Neelands was home from the U. of M. the latter part of last week.

Wm. Green of Flint visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Green, over Sunday.

Wm. Lord of Eaton Rapids is visiting his daughter, Mrs. George Capeil, this week.

Miss Jessie Allan of Detroit was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ed Wood, over Sunday.

Ralph Ryder and John Kipron were home from the M. A. C. from Friday until Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hani Johnson of Detroit spent Sunday with the former's mother, Mrs. B. M. Johnson.

Miss Lida Richardson entertained Miss Eva M. Curdy of Detroit and Miss Pearl Beebe of Ypsilanti Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Harger and daughter, Miss Lizzie Teagan, were guests of relatives at Pine Lake Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Moesner of Gera, and Jay S. Moesner of Sebewaing were guests of their sister, Mrs. W. L. Bishop, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Murdoch and daughter, Dorothy, of Ypsilanti visited their parents here from Friday night until Sunday.

Mrs. S. J. Lawrence returned last Wednesday from Lansing where she had been spending the week with her children. She spent the latter part of last week in Coldwater.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace of Port Austin were visitors at the home of Mr. Reynolds, near the fishery, over Sunday. Mrs. Wallace is a sister of Mrs. Reynolds.

Mrs. L. E. Severance of Lansing made her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Chase, a short call Friday. She was on her way from Detroit, where she had been to visit her son, who is one of the violin teachers at the Detroit Conservatory of Music.

## Combination Sale.

Rittenbury & Starkweather will have a combination sale of 30 head of Michigan horses, cows and farm implements at the Exchange Hotel barn Thursday, Feb. 24, commencing at 1:00 o'clock.

## Auction Sale.

On March 20 D. Peck will have a big auction sale of thoroughbred Holstein milk cows and other live stock farm implements, etc. Rittenbury & Brooks auctioneer. Sale commences at 9 a. m. with lunch at noon.

## Auction Sale.

Big sale of stock and tools, 1 mile south of Milford Tuesday, March 1, including 22 dairy cows and 2 thoroughbred Southdown bantams. Will meet parties at 11 a. m. A. R. Culver.

## Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the King's Daughters the W. C. T. U. and L. of P. also neighbors and friends for the beautiful flowers sent during the sickness and death of our father, also for his funeral at the funeral home.

Mrs. EMBERTON AND CHILDREN.

FOR THE AMBITIOUS WOMAN. A great man said, Be not the first to go, a new thing nor the last to forsake an old.

But here, in this life the time always comes to throw over the old for the new. Time itself is change. For most change with time or fall behind the procession.

Don't let prejudice keep you from the benefits your neighbors enjoy, from modern improvements in all lines.

Baking Powders have improved along with everything else. But you'll never know it till you try K C Baking Powder. Guaranteed the Best at Any Price—the same of perfection, the splendid result of modern scientific research.

If you don't agree that K C Baking Powder makes your baking lighter, sweeter, more delicious than any other, your grocer refunds your money. The manufacturers guarantee that your baking will always be perfectly raised, sweet and palatable, pure and wholesome.

And K C costs you less—no "Trust" prices, but a fair price for a perfect Baking Powder. You'll marvel at the saving and ask how it can be done. Answer, "Not in the 'Trust'."

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation. Doan's Regulents operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation. 25c. Ask your druggist for them.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

# W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 & \$4.50 SHOES

BOYS SHOES



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. G. JONES, 119 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. Take a Sales Certificate from dealer carrying W. L. Douglas shoes, or for Mail Order Catalogue, W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

FOR SALE BY

STARK BROS., NORTHVILLE.

## School Notes.

(By a Pupil.)

Ralph Taylor of the first grade is ill.

Shirley Harmon of the Kindergarten is ill.

The Third grade has a picture of Washington on their blackboard.

The First grade pupils are very much interested in the study of Washington.

The Seventh grade teacher is reading "Bob, Son o' Battle" in the morning exercises.

Vere Sunenburg of the First grade has returned to school after an attack of measles.

Emory Van Valkenburg who is our new janitor, certainly understands cleaning up.

Edith Ross of the Fourth grade is absent on account of injuries sustained by a recent fall.

Both the Juniors and Seniors are working hard on their plays and expect to be able to present them soon.

Miss Wills, the Kindergarten teacher, attended the lecture given by Mr. Clark on "Kindergarten Work" in Detroit Saturday.

Do not forget the Parents' meeting Tuesday evening in the High School at 7 p. m. The subject for discussion will be, "The reading of boys and girls outside of school."

The High School Agriculture class is participating an interesting debate today and a trip to a stock farm a week from today. All are cordially invited to attend any session of this class.

The Fourth grade has formed itself into a village of self government with Gerald Taft as mayor; Herschel Card, Judge; Lloyd Green, head of public works; Fred Raymond, health officer; Supt. Laflin, president and Mrs. Woolley as the advisory board.

The High School team's run of luck has been in the wrong direction since the last two sets of games, but as both Wyandotte and Dearborn are "strong" independent teams we do not feel so badly about it. Wyandotte won out by a good margin but in the return game we hope to have several points to the good. Don't forget the game of the season to night, Feb. 18, with boys vs. Brewster, the strongest eighteen year old team in Detroit and girls vs. Pontiac High. Be there and root.

The Agriculture class in the High School, composed of sixteen pupils, is planning to hold a Local Farmers' Institute some time the first of March. Prof. French of the Educational Department of the M. A. C. will discuss, "Agricultural Education" and a good supply of local talent will also take part, so we see no reason why the class cannot make a success of this. That a four years Agricultural course in the High School would be a paying institution and that along with this the same instructor could give Manual Training seems a proper question for discussion at this time. What do you think of it?

Many new and startling notes of local interest to High School students were disclosed in the edition of the Senior paper last Friday morning after a very complete regime of current events by Howard West. The editor of the paper was Hazel Neilson, who acquitted herself very creditably. A full page of funny pictures by

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Cartoonist Dixon was a feature of this paper. Another nominal and interesting number of the program was a parody on Holmes, "The Boy," recited by Emily Snyder. Local names were thrown about in a way that suggested a complete intimacy with their conditions.

A Normal class for High School students starts next week with the Second, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh grades, with those teachers as grade critics, and Miss Bullis Critic teacher. The anticipation is that each one will see the training in the various grades. The class will meet once a week to study various psychological and pedagogical questions. Plans will be corrected by both grade and head critics. In this way it is hoped that the young people will be better fitted to teach in the district schools. Miss Verbourne will give a course of lectures on "School Hygiene" and Supt. LaRue on "School Management." If there are any outside of the High School desiring to enter this course, the superintendent will be glad to talk over the matter at once.

The Senior exhibition last Saturday morning was very interesting and complete. The program in the afternoon, because of some taking part being unable to be present, was not as good as the Seniors would have liked although the excellent numbers given relieved the situation. The following pupils were awarded prizes in the exhibition: First prize for charcoal drawing, Margaret Yerkes; second, Loneta Shafer, first prize for pen and ink drawings of objects, Bertha White, second, Don Ball; first prize for pen and ink figures, Ross Dixon; first prize for pen and ink heads, Harold Tibbitts; second, Blake Wheeler. In the Seventh and Eighth grade writing competition Helen Holmes received first prize. Eva and Harold Wood were given prizes for relief maps. L. A. Habbitt and A. C. Randolph, the judges of the debate decided in favor of the negative side, that being the side on which the Misses Messers-Towney and Johnston debated, while Messrs. West, Boyden and Clark were on the affirmative side.

## Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Rent: For Sale: Lost: Found: Wanted: In this section under this heading for 1 cent per word for first ten lines and 1/2 cent per word for each subsequent insertion.

FOR SALE—The house and lot on Main street, owned by the late Mrs. H. Waterman, 92 ft. frontage on Main street, 2 1/2 ft. deep. This property has been owned by the late Mrs. Waterman for many years. Will be sold by the estate.

FOR SALE—Cottage and one half acre of good land, big lake view, Walled Lake. Also new Milford cottage and new Moore place. Mrs. M. Richardson, Walled Lake, 2234.

FOR SALE—Fine cottage and cooking appliances at the Walled Lake Hotel. C. M. Thornton, Phone 261.

FOR SALE—Six good lots on First avenue can be bought right for cash in separate lot or all together. Mrs. Geo. Carson, 2622 1/2 W.

FOR SALE—Good potatoes! Good measure. Delivered in small quantity as 2 bushels every Monday morning 10 cents. Also apples 50c and \$1.00, each. Independent Phone 1111 Foreman, Northville, 6.

FOR RENT—A room house in good condition on Lakes avenue. Independent Phone 130 R.

WANTED—Hides, pelts and furs for which I will pay highest market price. N. L. Clark, 2611.

FOR SALE—Nice, pure Red Clover seed. Few bushels at Haddock's grocery 31. Thornton, 2811.

WANTED—Work as a house-keeper in small family by refined lady. Prefers old people. Address box 294, Northville, 2611.

WANTED—Hides, pelts and furs for which I will pay highest market price. N. L. Clark, 2611.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE. List of Northville property for sale: Two houses on Main street, several on DuPont street, also in Bealton and several in Northside. Prices \$350 to \$3,500. Also farms and residences in Farmington, Walled Lake and Oakdale. Also western land. Farm to exchange for good home and lot in Northville. O. S. HARGER, 1511 Northville.

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

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

DR. B. RUTH JERSON, OSTEOPATHIC Physician. Detroit will visit Northville every Tuesday and Friday. Appointments can be made by mail or phone 145 N. at W. P. Johnson's residence. Nov. 19 09.

## What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date.

We pay within five cents of the Detroit market for wheat. Oats, New—40c. Shelled corn—62c. Baled hay per ton—\$15.00. Eggs dressed—\$10.00. Cattle—\$5.00. Lambs—\$7.00. Beef hides—5c per lb. Veal—live live—\$6.50. Eggs—24c. Butter—24c.

# THE WHITE HOUSE

See Windows for Rich Line of Waistings and Embroideries.

White Waistings..... 10c, 12 1/2c, 15c to 30c yd

Choice shades in popular cloths

Newdanes, Batistes, Soiesettes, Panamas, Silk Poplins in plain and striped effects.

Fine line of Men's Work and Dress Shirts

Fine Line of WALL PAPER

PICTURE MOULDINGS

Pictures Framed to Order.

EDWIN WHITE

Main Street. NORTHVILLE.

# The Wonderful Overland

Investing the amount one does in a Motor Car, one should make sure that he gets the best possible for his money. There are many other cars selling at about \$1,000, among which there is not much choice, but the Overland at \$1,000 far outclasses them all.

While the Overland Co. is building 20,000 cars this year, it does not claim that it is the car to buy simply because they are building so many, but because of the merits of the car itself. It has more horse power, has a longer wheel base, is quieter running, is easier riding, has more speed, is more classy in appearance, has more expensive and better motors, is repaired more cheaply than any other car I know of for anywhere near the price.

This price also includes the magneto, which comes extra in most cars. Write or phone me today for a catalogue. Find out all about the other cars, compare their specifications point by point with those of the wonderful Overland with its 25 horse power—102 inch wheel base, 4 3/4 x 4 cylinders cast singly, 32-inch wheels, etc., etc. Also fully equipped with 5 lamps, etc.

I am very sure if you look into the matter thoroughly, that you will decide on an Overland, especially after a demonstration.

If you intend paying \$1,250, will you be satisfied with a "30", when you can get a 40 horse power Overland with a mile a minute speed at the same price?

Step to the phone and tell me to send you a catalogue, or write. Do it now, for this "ad" will not appear again. (Phone Bell Farmington 17. Ind Northville 345 34 11.)

D. K. SMITH, FARMINGTON.

"Only peddle to push and no noise but the wind," that's the Overland. Used by the U. S. Government.

# When You're Sick

The first thought is the doctor—quite natural and right. The doctor diagnoses your ailment, gives you a prescription—an order for a combination of drugs which his knowledge tells him are specifically indicated in the treatment of your particular affliction.

# Let Us Fill Your Prescriptions

Capability, facility and the right knowledge of drugs and compounding make this store very inviting for all prescription trade. As you select your doctor for his knowledge of the healing art, so select us as your druggist for our know how about the selecting and compounding of drugs.

# Stanley's Drug Store

NORTHVILLE.

## FOR CONSTIPATION.

We are preparing Dr. Ordway's will promptly mail a copy of this booklet free to you. It tells you how to get rid of constipation and how to keep it from coming back. It is a booklet that every one should have. Write for it today.

C. STANLEY & CO., NORTHVILLE, MICH. TEL. "REXALL" STORE.

## Auction Sale.

G. M. Waters, living 1 mile south and 1/2 mile west of Salt n. will sell his stock and farm implements at public auction Thursday, Feb. 24, beginning at 10:30 o'clock a. m., lot lunch at noon. Frank J. Boyle, auctioneer.

## Auction Sale.

C. & O. Deake, living five miles west of Northville on the base line road, will have an auction sale of farm implements on his premises Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 1:00 o'clock. Frank J. Boyle, auctioneer.

# WILLOW MILL

Cor. Wing and Mill Sts. ALL KINDS OF FEED GROUND, CORN CRUSHED OR SHELLS. Self Farmington Flour, Bran, Chicken Feed, etc. Wheat exchanged. 2934 A. F. LIMBRIGHT, Propr.

# PERRIN'S

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

150 Bus to from All Trains.

Phone 214

Telephone Connections.

P. R. R. R. R.

Corner, Northville.

OTIE—in the matter of the estate of the late N. K. GUTHRIE, deceased, having been appointed executor of the estate of the said N. K. GUTHRIE, I hereby give notice that I will meet a Bank in the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1910, at 10:00 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of examining and adjusting all claims against the estate of the said N. K. GUTHRIE, and for the purpose of distributing the assets of the said estate. Dated January 11, 1910. N. K. GUTHRIE, Executor.

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## Confirmed Proof

Residents of Northville Cannot Doubt What has been Twice Proved.

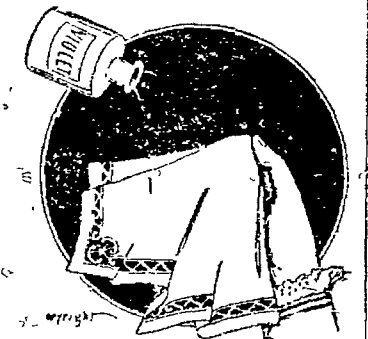
In gratitude for complete relief from aches and pains of back, from distressing kidney ills—thousands have publicly recommended Doan's Kidney Pills. Residents of Northville, who so testified years ago, now say their cures were permanent. This testimony doubly proves the worth of Doan's Kidney Pills to Northville kidney sufferers.

Mrs. George Brown of Northville, Mich., says: "I cannot say too much in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. For almost a year I suffered from kidney complaint. I had acute pains across my back and hips and the kidney secretions passed far too frequently, showing that my kidneys were disordered. Often at night the muscles in my back would contract and the pain was so terrible that I was obliged to get up and walk the floor. I had often heard about Doan's Kidney Pills and finally I had my husband procure a supply at Murdock Bros' drug store. They soon brought relief and I continued taking them until my condition had improved in every way. I heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to other sufferers from kidney complaint."

The above statement was given on November 28, 1906 and on March 6, 1909 it was confirmed in detail by Mrs. Brown.

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 toilet 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.

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

PURE STERILIZED MILK  
Sweet and Pure Cream  
Furnished on Application.

## 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.

## OSCAR S. HARGER

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

## NEW DRAY LINE

Moving, Trucking, Baggage  
Prices Reasonable.  
Orders left at Perrin's Livery promptly taken care of.  
ELMER E. PERRIN, Propr.

## NORTHVILLE.

### The City in Brief.

O. E. S. regular meeting this (Friday) evening.  
Time to begin thinking about township officers.

Mrs. Henry Garfield has been quite ill with grip the past two weeks. Almost time for village election. Caucuses will probably be called next week.

Mrs. E. Vradenburg, who has been ill for the past two weeks, is recovering.

Miss Ruth Gillis, who has been ill with grip the past two weeks, is convalescing.

Regular communication of Northville Lodge No. 186 F. & A. M. next Monday night, Feb. 21.

There are said to be over 200 contributors and supporters in Northville to the Anti-Saloon league.

An Anti-Saloon league man from Detroit was out here Saturday to see how the legal holiday law was being observed.

The Winter Night club will debate on "Why taxes are so high" in Chadwick's hall next Monday night. All men invited.

Miss J. W. Kator who has been a great sufferer from neuralgia of the neck and shoulders the past few weeks, is much better now.

E. K. Simonds fell down the cellar stairs Sunday evening, hurting his shoulder and hip quite badly, but fortunately breaking no bones.

Hon. S. J. Lawrence spoke in the Methodist church at Southfield Sunday evening to a large meeting of the Presbyterians and Methodists.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Burnett of Detroit, Feb. 15, a daughter. Mrs. Burnett was formerly Miss Jennie Leadbeater of their place.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Wheaton Smith of Detroit were here this week to attend the funeral of Leona Seeston. Mr. Smith is an uncle of Edward Seeston.

The moving picture show in the Opera House continues to have big crowds. The show is an excellent one and the program is changed twice a week.

Mr. Mattison, son in law of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lawrence, has been called to Grosse Ile to take the place of Mr. Long who was recently injured by the gas engine at that place.

Mrs. J. D. Tatham gave a very delightful party Tuesday afternoon to about fifty of her lady friends. The game of "bill" was enjoyed for a time after which a dainty lunch was served.

Both banks had flattering reports to publish in last week's issue of the Record. The total footings of the two banks was \$300,280.45. That's a pretty good showing over half a million.

Invitations issued at the Record Printery give notice that the Foresters are to give a dandy little party and dance in Chadwick's hall next week Tuesday night. The event promises to be a very enjoyable one.

A most delightful occasion was the dancing party given by the "Dolphins" in Ambler's hall Monday evening. Music was furnished by Miss Margaret West and brother, Howard. A general good time was had by all.

Emery Van Valkenburg has been selected by the school board as janitor to succeed Mr. Fr. This choice deprives the Globe Furniture Co. of one of its most valued employees. He has been employed by them for the past sixteen years.

The "400" pedro club was very pleasantly entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Harger on Tuesday evening at a six o'clock fish dinner. A fish pond where everyone fished for a partner for supper, afforded no end of amusement.

While going into a neighbor's house Wednesday evening, Mrs. L. W. Simmons slipped and fell on the ice breaking her right leg just above the ankle joint. Dr. Turner, assisted by Dr. Henry, set the bones and made the patient as comfortable as possible.

The hobby invitations issued from the Record presses for the K. of P. annual banquet and hop in Princess Rink held last night brought out a big crowd. The banquet was a delightful affair and the dance that followed was one of the most enjoyable ones ever given in the village.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for such emergencies. It soothes the pain and heals the hurts.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Still, Feb. 17, a daughter.

Mr. Sanje recently sold his fast racer to Detroit parties for \$250.00.

Mrs. W. L. Tatham is having her millinery parlors newly painted and papered.

F. D. Eatherly has purchased a new auto car. It is a Cadillac make, of the limousine style and is a beauty.

Mrs. L. W. Simmons received notice of the death of her sister, Mrs. (Ornella Cronkite at Geneseo, Kansas, on Tuesday.

The ice and snow made a fine race course on Dunlap street this week and there were some lively matinee events Wednesday.

W. H. Yerkes has sold his interest in the Xpallant mill to "Jack" Tru fant and will, a little later, again move back to Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Dolph have been in Detroit this week caring for the former's sister, Mrs. Thomas, who is very low with heart trouble.

Rev. C. B. Allen, district superintendent will preach in the Methodist church Sunday morning. All are cordially invited to come out and hear him.

Harry Kator played a fine collo solo at the Baptist church Sunday morning also at the W. C. T. U. banquet Monday evening. He is a talented boy and a very promising pupil of Mrs. R. B. Willis.

The Merry Go Round was entertained at a six o'clock dinner at W. E. Ambler's. The cream parlors Wednesday evening after which the company repaired to the home of R. C. Yerkes for a few games of cards.

It takes a rich man to draw a check a pretty girl to draw attention, a horse to draw a cart, a porous plaster to draw the skin, a toper to draw a cork, a free lunch to draw a crowd, and a well displayed advertisement in this paper to draw traffic.

The Main Street "B" club was most royally entertained by Mrs. A. J. Ruckell and Mrs. E. C. Hinkley at the home of the former Wednesday evening. It was a George and Martha Washington affair from start to finish.

The council has granted a franchise to the new Detroit, Lansing & Grand Rapids Electric Railway Company to pass on west through the village. It is now understood if the company comes this way they will run in over the D. U. R. tracks and after leaving Northville will verge off towards South Lyon and the Grand River road.

A. F. Stewart left Monday for Charlevoix to resume his work there for the U. S. fish commission. He expects to be gone until May. He was accompanied by Will Lanning, who has been building a large number of fish tanks and trays for the station and who has gone to plant them in position.

Edith Ross fell through a hole in the floor of the second story of the barn Tuesday, striking on a home cutter and sustaining several bruises on her back and head. Medical aid was summoned and after an examination it was found no bones were broken. She is getting along very nicely and is thankful it was no worse.

A small blaze in the furnace room at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Tatham yesterday morning caused an alarm of fire to be turned in and in less than five minutes the fire department was "Johnny on the spot." However, upon its arrival the flames had been extinguished by a bucket brigade. The damage was slight.

A girl graduate thus described the manner in which a goat butted a boy out of the yard. He nudged the previous end of his anatomy against the boy's afterwards with an earnestness and velocity which, backed by the ponderosity of the goat's avoirdupois, imparted momentum that was not relaxed until he had landed on terra firma beyond the pale of the goats jurisdiction.

It is the truest courtesy to advertise. It is a polite invitation for people to come to your store and see you as well as your goods. It is a guarantee of fair and polite treatment to all who come. Everyone likes the polite cordial person. Now this courtesy gets the people to your store. You should stand by your promises in the advertisement or you will get the name of one who knowingly misrepresents for the purpose of deceiving people. That is ruin to a merchant. No man can make a better investment than to advertise, and do it intelligently in a good medium, and then faithfully stand by everything he promises to do.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; a unhealthy man is an unhappy slave. Burdock Blood Bitters builds up sound health—keeps you well.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

## DANGEROUS TO POUR KEROSENE ON FIRE

CAUSED SEVEN DEATHS IN MICH. LAST YEAR.

Oil Inspector's Report Again Warns of Danger.

Northville, Mich., Feb. 9, 1910.

State Oil Inspector, Neal has presented his annual report to the Governor and state Board of Health. The report shows the inspection of 21,626,123 gallons of kerosene during the year 1909, of which amount 1,639 gallons were rejected as being unsafe for illuminating purposes. Total fees collected were \$43,541.63, besides \$203.90 interest for balance on the posts.

The total cost of maintaining the department including all salaries deputies fees, and all expenses was \$70,894.50 and the State Inspector has turned in to the State Treasurer the net surplus of \$13,061.63, that amount being the largest surplus for the number of gallons inspected ever turned in since the department was created in 1879. The total number of gallons inspected in 1909 was 494,532 more than for 1908 but was 1,057,109 gallons less than in 1907.

Besides inspecting illuminating oil the department looks after the sale of gasoline and the deputies enforce the law relative to the danger of that explosive liquid only in red cans.

The so called "Red Can" law has worked out so well, that for the first time since gasoline came into general use in this state not a fatal accident occurred during the past year, as a result of mistaking a can of gasoline for kerosene.

A number of serious accidents have occurred, as a result of filling gasoline stoves while they were lighted. Two deaths were also reported during the year as the result of carelessness in the use of gasoline in one case, and the result of a leaky stove burner in the other. Two deaths are reported resulting from the use of liquid stove polish, which contained naphtha, on hot stoves, contrary to directions on the can label.

The total value of property destroyed by gasoline fires reported to the department by deputies amounted to \$20,500; though that amount probably does not cover the full cover it.

Strange as it may seem, the use of kerosene has caused more fatalities during the year than gasoline. There were seven deaths reported to the department, resulting from an endeavor to hurry up fires in stoves by pouring kerosene from a can on live coals. Two deaths occurred from the over turning of lamps from tables and catching fire clothing therefrom. Damage to property from kerosene fires were reported to be less than \$5,000.

The State Oil Inspector again recommends that where kerosene is used for starting or hurrying up fires, that a small quantity of the kind to be used for the purpose, be first poured into a cup and never poured from the can in the stove or fireplace.

George McFarlane bought the little brown house of F. N. Perrin this week.

The neighbors and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lyon surprised them Wednesday night, the occasion being Mr. Lyon's birthday. Pedro was played and a dainty lunch served. Mrs. Wilbur of Detroit was here for the event.

Limbarger cheese laid away in cupboards and refrigerators will drive ants away. No doubt of it. It will drive a hog out of a ran-yard; it will drive a spike in a brick; it will drive a tramp away from a meal of victuals; it will drive a mole through a barbed wire fence; it will drive a herd of cattle over a precipice; it will drive a negro away from a chicken roost or a man to insanity who stays five minutes within ten feet of its unsavory presence. And yet some men will sit up and eat the stuff and profess to like it.

### 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 at Jacques 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."

**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	1.87
Bank Building, Furniture and Fixtures	16,450.00
Cash on Hand and in Banks	35,984.00
Cash Items	306.87
<b>Total.</b>	<b>\$210,954.34</b>
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus Fund	1,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,429.35
Dividends Unpaid	3.00
Deposits	183,519.99
<b>Total.</b>	<b>\$210,954.34</b>

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

**BOARD OF DIRECTORS.**

E. S. HARMON, Pres't	FRANK S. DEAL
ASA S. SMITH, 1st Vice Pres't	R. CHRISTENSEN
CHAS. YERKES, 2nd Vice Pres't	W. L. LAPHAM
EDWARD F. LAPHAM, Cashier	THOMAS G. TERPILL

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

**Baptist Church Notes.**  
(By the Pastor.)  
The committee on surprises gave the Sunday school an excellent treat last Sunday.  
The B. Y. P. U. topic is "Intemperance and Other Sins." Leader, Olive Matson.  
Pastor Musser speaks Sunday morning on the theme, "Some Evidences of Christian Growth."

Pastor Musser continues his series of sermons on the subject of "Man" for Sunday evening. The next one is "Man and His Ideals."

There will be a short mission program Thursday evening in connection with the Bible study. Topic, "Israel's Restoration."

We were well pleased to have such a large and attentive audience to hear Chas. Melner Sunday evening. His theme was indeed an appropriate one and ably handled.  
The Ladies' Aid will hold their business meeting with Mrs. Minnie Lanning Wednesday Feb. 23. Every lady is requested to present a sleigh or a gift to the sleigh at 10.15. The committee are requested to come prepared to pay their dues to the year.

**Methodist Church Notes.**  
(By the Pastor.)  
Rev. C. B. Allen, district superintendent, will preach next Sunday morning. The presence of every member and friend of the church is desired.  
The home missionary meeting postponed from this week will be held next Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Bailein. The payment of dues should as far as possible be made at that time.

In the death of L. W. Hutton the church loses one of its oldest and most highly valued members. He was "faithful unto death," and has inherited the promise of a crown of life.

**Presbyterian Church Notes.**  
(By the Pastor.)  
Our male quartet is a great attraction on Sunday evening and certainly do fine work.

The 1st and 2nd circles of the Ladies' Aid society will have a bake sale at Mr. Wheeler's store Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

Next Sunday evening the pastor will begin a series of sermons on "Human Activities" dealing with the various occupations and professions. The first sermon will be on "The Farmer" and the second will be on "The Builder." The Merchant, teacher, physician, etc., will follow.

**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 gasolene stoves for sale. Phone residence, 177 X.

G. P. ALLEN.

**HELPLESS**

Cured by Crocker's  
**Rheumatic Cure**

Send for the testimony of those it has cured.  
Philippe Drug Co., Warren, Pa.  
For sale at 50c a bottle by  
For Sale by All Druggists

Try a Liner in the Record



# The ISLAND of REGENERATION

By  
CYRUS TOWNSEND  
BRADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS

REPRINTED BY THE CHAPMAN COMPANY IN CHICAGO, ILL.

SYNOPSIS:

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage, and not able to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him. She finds him in an attitude of prayer, babbling an incoherent jargon.

## CHAPTER II—Continued.

The next thing she remembered, she was unclosing her eyes as she had done early in the morning and the man was still watching her side. She had been so utterly wearied by her strange adventure, by her long wrestling with thirst and starvation in the open boat that before she knew it weariness overcame her. He had watched her, side without molesting her. It was late in the evening now. The problem of the night had to be faced. This time the man took the initiative. He walked along the shore a little way and then looked back at her, and repeated the process once or twice as a dog might have done who was desirous of bringing his master to some appointed place. Understanding she rose and followed him. He led her along the sands now shadowed by the tall palms until they came to the riverlet, where she stopped and drank once more. They passed it, he plunging boldly through its shallows, she leaping from rock to rock until she reached the other bank. He went swiftly around the face of the cliff. As she passed the point she saw that it curved suddenly inward away from the shore into a sort of amphitheater and lay in the center of the face she perceived an opening. He halted there and entered fearlessly, she following.

The cave was roomy and spacious, at least it seemed so in the fading light. In the morning when the sun shone through the opening it would be flooded with daylight but now when the sun was sinking behind the hill, it was quite dark. It was dry and clean and apparently empty. The man stood looking at her smiling, at least there was a suggestion of a smile upon his lips. He was nodding his head. She understood that he lived there. The dog had come back to his kennel and had taken this acquaintance there.

It would be a good place to pass the night. The night had to be passed somewhere. How was the problem? She had little fear of any savage and was on the island. There had been no evidence of them observed in her progress, the man himself was testifying to immunity of attack from that source. It had not been for him, she could have lain down in that cave with quiet confidence and slept with no apprehension of molestation, but he complicated the issue.

Twice he had watched by her asleep, but that was in the broad daylight when darkness came, what then? Her heart was filled with terror. She was suddenly afraid of the dark, a childish fear at which her soul would have mocked in other days and under other conditions. But now she was a prey to vivid apprehension and the night was coming on with the swiftness of the tropics. She was glad that she had slept through the long afternoon. She would endeavor to keep awake during the night. She must turn the dog out of his kennel and occupy that herself. How was she to enforce her will under the circumstances? She could only try.

"Man," she said, pointing to the "loof," "go!"

The words conveyed nothing, but the gesture meant much. Even to the man association with his kind, one day had effected a revolution in him. He hung undecided, however, before her, while she repeated again and again her injunction. Finally she took aim by the shoulder, risking the peculiar emotions that contact seemed to bring to him, and thrust him gently through the entrance outside. Then she went back into the cave farther and waited with a beating heart. She could see him silhouetted against the twilight standing where she had left him. He came toward the door at last and stood in the entrance.

"No, no!" she cried fiercely, praying that the note of terror might be lost in the imperative tones of her voice. "Man, go!"

She stood waiting and he likewise. Mustering her courage at last, she went over to him and thrust him out. Again and again the little drama was played until by and by it became impressed upon the mind of the man that he was to stay out and she was to stay in. He came no more to the entrance. He stood outside, aloof, looking in, although in the growing darkness he could not see her.

It was the second thing he had learned. The first ray of light in his dawning consciousness had illuminated the ego, the personal, the concrete. He was learning now the significance of a verb and an abstract idea was being bred in him and some concept of constraint was entering his being. The first of those long checks that circumstances impose upon freedom in order that civilization may begin to be was then meeting him face to face. He had slept in that cave, he imagined for years, and suddenly he was thrust out. There was no hard-ship in that, except the hardship in

the necessity for obedience, if hard-ship that might be. The night was calm and pleasant, no shelter was needed. It was the fact that he had to go; that he was subject to another will and purpose; that something higher than himself was overruling him which might be hard. It would have been hard for the woman. She thought, however, that the limited comprehension of the man might not enable him to realize it.

He stood a long time on the sand while she watched him. Had she conquered? Had he learned his lesson? Had she laid foundations upon which consciousness of life and its relations might be built? Would she be free from the terror of molestation, which in spite of herself sought expression in her voice and manner? Would she be permitted to pass the night undisturbed? Was her power over him sufficiently definite to be established and to be of value? Suppose she had not succeeded in mastering him, in dominating him? She shuddered at the probabilities involved. Of all the beasts of the field, the most terrible when he is a beast is man.

She was not a weak woman. She was above the middle height, athletic, splendidly developed, accustomed to the exercises of the gymnasium and the field, but her strength was no match for his. One ray of safety appeared in the fact that she believed him ignorant alike of the extent of his power or of the possibilities of the situation. She wondered what strange thoughts were going on in that latent brain over which by the use of moral force and courage she was striving to establish domination. She rejoiced to find that even in the midst of her anxieties she could think so clearly about the situation.

Did he know his lesson she wondered. She could only hope. If she only had a weapon, she thought, the weakness of sex might be equalized. There was nothing. Yes, her thought reverted to the womanly pair of scissors. With trembling hand she drew them forth and clutched the little tool of steel tightly. It was a poor dependance but the best she had. And then she drew quietly back into the recesses of the cave and sat down leaning against the wall, her eyes bright with dread, anticipation and curiosity. She watched and waited, resolved if necessary to remain awake the long night through.

Outside the man had stood motionless a long time after the final repulse. The dusk had not melted into dark yet and he was easily visible against the sky framed by the opening as a dim picture. She was hardly aware of the intensity with which she watched him and she was greatly surprised when she saw him at last kneel down upon the sands. She saw that the palms of his hands were pressed together in front of him, that his head was bowed, that his attitude was that of prayer. He was saying something. She could hear him without difficulty. She could distinguish no words in the rude succession of sounds that seemed to come from his lips, but her acute and quickened perception seemed to recognize a nearer resemblance to articulate speech than anything she had yet heard from him.

What was he doing? In a flash the woman realized that the man was praying. The realization smote her like a blow, for this woman had long since put away prayer. In her philosophy of life there was no place for God; in her scheme of affairs the Divine was unimminent. And yet alone on that island, in the darkness, despite her attempt to mock away the consciousness, she was relieved at that sight.

The little ritual of the sand ended with the one word her pupil knew.

"Man!" he said, striking his breast again and staring upward toward the heavens. "Man!" he cried as if in his new consciousness he would fain introduce himself to his Maker, the woman thought. "His Maker!" her lips writhed into a bitter smile that was half a sneer.

What would he do next? He rose to his feet and peeped toward the door. She grasped the scissors tighter and held her breath. But he had learned his lesson. With indescribable relief she saw him turn aside and cast himself down upon the sand where he lay motionless. If she had had any faith she would have breathed "Thank God!" As it was, she was very glad. She watched him a long time, speculating on the questions she had asked him on the hill in the morning: who he was; what he was; whence he came; where he had learned that babble of prayer; why he was devoid of speech; what was the God to whom he prayed? She would study those things. The problems fascinated her. The desolation and loneliness of the island might have crushed her. Relieved from her immediate apprehensions the man delighted her. She would investigate him, analyze him, synthesize him, teach him. She would mother him as a woman a child. No such opportunity as was hers had ever presented itself to a human being. Free, as she imagined herself, from inherited prejudices, devoid of old superstitions, crammed with new learning, illuminated with new light, abhorrent of narrow things, she fancied herself well fitted for that strangely maternal and preceptive role in which chance had placed her. She would play upon that mind virgin to her touch, if she might use a woman's word, until it ran in harmony with her own. Alone upon that island, the rest of the world

away, she would find occupation, interest, inspiration in that nascent man.

He lay so still and so quiet that presently she arose and tiptoed softly to the entrance where unseen she could look down upon him. The moon rose back of the hill. Although he was in the shadow, there was still reflection sufficient to enable her to see his face. He was asleep. The quiet, dreamless, untroubled sleep of a healthy animal, she thought. Their positions were reversed. He had watched her before when she was off guard and asleep with what dim, dumb, inchoate effort it might be to comprehend her. Now it was her turn. He took no disfavor in her mind after her inspection. He was a bold, splendid piece of what? Clay? She would put a soul in him, her soul. Her soul was the only thing she knew. She forgot, or if she remembered it, disdained the ancient concept that before the dust of the earth became alive it had to be permeated with the breath not merely of man or woman, but of God.

She came back at last and sought her corner, disposed her limbs to rest and kept through silent hours her lonely vigil. So long as he slept she was safe. When he awakened, what then? So long as his mind slept, his soul slept, his consciousness slept, she was safe, but when they, too, awakened, when whatsoever light there might be that dawns in personality dispelled the night of idle dreams in which he lived, what would happen then?

Instinctively she shrank from the thought of the future. She was as one who had a potent talisman in her hand and feared to put it to the touch. So the seafarer in the Arabian tale, if he had known the contents of the corked bottle thrown up from the sea, might have hesitated ere he drew the stopper and released the prisoned spirit. She must watch, she must wait, she must be on her guard. She forgot that when she had called him "Man" and laid her hand upon his shoulder she had begun an evolution which no human power could stop.

Never had the hours seemed so long and so strange to her. Nothing happened. Even the expected to think gives out in the strongest mind, the center brain, temporarily or otherwise. She was very tired; the silence was oppressive, the rusty scissore fell from her hand and at last she slipped down upon the sand and drifted away into that slumber, that suspension of consciousness in which for the moment she was even as the man.

The upper edge of the sun was just springing from the sea when his level rays woke her. She opened her eyes to find the man standing in the opening.

## CHAPTER III.

### The Word of the Book.

This awakening was not as had been that of yesterday. She pined herself on being in full possession of her faculties at once and she arose instantly and stepped out upon the sand. This man gave way to her respectfully as she passed through the entrance. The mind is brightest in the early morning after sleep. She would give him another concept before the uses of the day, impaired his receptivity. She had differentiated him from the rest of creation when she taught him that he was a man. She would show him now that his was a divided empire by declaring herself a woman. She laid her

hand upon her own breast and said clearly:

"Woman!" giving the first syllable the long "o" and definitely accenting the second. She pointed to him and repeated "Man;" to herself and repeated "Woman." Patiently over and over again she said the word until by and by he could say it, too.

The baby begins his language with monosyllabic sounds which mean little and yet which have been identified with the mother. It was fitting that this man who was as a child and yet as a man should begin with something deeper than infantile babble.

Man and woman!—she drove these two ideas into his consciousness before she ceased her task. If his idea of man was at first infinite, she gave him the concept of limitations immediately following.

He was avid for instruction. Once he had learned the words, he babbled them "man, woman, man, woman," until the iteration was almost maddening.

While she washed her face and hands at the stream he plunged into a brimming pool fed by the brook ere it descended to the sea. She noticed that he could swim like a fish itself, naturally, instinctively, in an untrained way of course, without the fancy strokes in which she had been taught, but brilliantly and well, nevertheless. She would have given the world for a dip, but it was not to be, not yet, that is.

Then they breakfasted and she tried to teach him "No" and "Yes" and the meaning thereof. She intended to make a circuit of the island later, but there was no hurry. She began to realize that time was nothing to her—or to him, and so she idled under the trees, setting him tasks as the picking of fruit and then stopping him with "No" and encouraging him with "Yes" until he had some idea of those words also. It was a relief to her to get them firmly fixed in his mind, for they provided him with alternatives to the man and woman words on which he harped.

After a while they started around the island. It was perhaps six or eight miles in circumference. There was a sand beach everywhere, except in one place where the rocks came sheer down to the shore. From what she could tell by an inspection of the surface there was an under-water entrance to some cave in the rocks which some day might be worth exploring.

On the other side of the island from the cave, which was already denominated home in her mind, she came across the remains of a ship's boat drop bedded in the sand. The boat had been perhaps wrecked and broken on the barrier reef, or possibly it had sailed through the entrance near at hand—the only opening in the encircling guard of splintered rock which she had seen—and had been buried upon the beach where it had lain through years until buried in the shifting sand. Only the gunwales of the boat and the stem and the stern were exposed. She had no idea as to what its condition was, but she promised that so soon as she could she would make shift at something for a shovel and dig it out. She gazed at it for a long time wondering if it were an explanation of the presence of the solitary inhabitant of the island, but nothing was to be gained by a little stream she noticed trickled from under a thick covert across the

sand toward the sea. She turned and idly walked away from the beach, following the stream. The man, who had stood with her, watching the boat, did not for a moment notice her, but so soon as he discovered her direction, ran after her and without offering to touch her barred the way with extended arms.

"No, no!" he cried, his first real spontaneous use of the word.

She stopped, reflected, waved the man aside and went on. There was something in the copcille that he feared. She had not known that he possessed the faculty. Her curiosity was too strong to be denied. She must see what it was. She quickened her pace as if to shake him off, but he easily kept by her side plaintively ejaculating his monosyllabic negative. It was evident that he knew the meaning of the word, she was glad to see.

When she reached the undergrowth of the copcille, she hesitated in apprehension of what she knew not what, but summoning her courage, parted the reeds and peered in them. She shrank back with a sudden cry of horror, for at her feet, the vegetation springing through in every direction, lay a skeleton, a human skeleton. It lay atwart her path, and at the feet was a smaller skeleton which she judged to be that of a dog. With instinctive repugnance she released the rushes and turned hastily away.

"Yes, yes," said the man by her side with an expression of unusual relief on his face which she could scarcely fail to notice.

She knew that she could not thus evade her duties or shrink from her problems. She had marked the gleam of metal amid the bones. She knew that she would have to come back and examine those last remains of human presence, other than their own, upon the island, but she could not do it just then.

There was nothing else that she discovered on her tour about her prison until she returned to the cave. It was afternoon by this time and she determined to employ some of her hours in a more careful inspection of it. Realizing that the lesson of the night before if re-enforced and maintained would stand her in good stead, she made the man remain outside while she went within. Her hope was to establish in his mind a custom of avoidance of that recess which should develop into a fixed habit else she could not be free. She could always secure a few moments respite from his presence, at least she had done so heretofore, but she did not dare to try how he would sustain longer absences, hence the necessity for establishing herself in the cave as a harbor of refuge, a sanctuary.

At first glance there was nothing within the little apartment, washed out ages ago from the hard stone by what action of water she could well imagine, but as she scrutinized it closely she noticed in a recess a part where the rock wall cropped out in a sort of low shelf. On the shelf—wonder of wonders!—lay a book. Next to humbly, a book, she thought, would be the most precious sharer of her solitude.

It was a small, leather-bound volume. Dust in the form of tiny particles of sand lay thick upon it. The cave was sheltered from the prevailing winds else it might have been buried, but under the circumstances it might have lain there for ages and in that dry, pure air have suffered no deterioration or decay.

Crusoe was petrified when he saw the footprint in the sand. The woman was not less startled or less amazed when she saw the book on the rock. With a little cry of delight she stepped toward it, bent down, lifted it up, handling it carefully in spite of nervous exultation, shook the dust from it, and opened it. She instantly let it fall from her hands with a look of disappointment and disgust. One glance was enough. The book was the Bible. She had no interest in the Bible, a collection of ancient genealogies and time-worn fables, myths for the credulous and impossible legends, mixed up with poetry whose inspiration was trivial and history whose details were false. For this woman, who had forgotten how to pray and who had abolished God, had little use for the Book of Books. Rather any other printed page, she had thought bitterly, than that one.

She had acted upon impulse, not in her disdain for the Bible and that for which it stood—that was grounded upon reason and philosophy, she fondly believed—but in her action in casting it from her. It had no more than rolled upon the sand at her feet when, with swift reconsideration, she stooped and lifted it again. It had occurred to her that there might be writing therein and that the writing might give her a clue to the mystery of the man. She knew that births and deaths were frequently entered upon the blank leaves interposed between the Old and New Testaments. Unfamiliar though she was with the contents of the book, she easily found the place and eagerly looked at the leaves. Alas, they were blank. She turned to the fly leaves at the beginning of the book. There was a name written there and in a woman's hand.

"John Revell Charnock," she read. Below was a date 25 years before the moment of her landing.

John Revell Charnock. It was a strange name, English in part, with a suggestion of France in the middle name. It meant nothing to her. Was this John Revell Charnock who stood



outside looking at her? If so, who was John Revell Charnock? The problem was not greatly elucidated. There was no evidence that the book belonged to the man or the man to the book, or even that the one appertained remotely to the other. There was a certain likelihood, however, that they had come to the island together.

She had been sure that the man was a white man. She had thought that he looked like an American, an Englishman, an Anglo-Saxon, and the longer she looked at him with the Bible in her hand the more sure she became.

She had been disappointed that the book had turned out to be the Bible, but at least it would serve one useful purpose. By it, without the laborious effort involved in making letters upon the sand, she might teach the man before her to read. She wished she had a worthwhile volume from her point of view, through which to introduce him to the world's literature, but she would do the best she could.



She Shrank Back with a Sudden Cry of Horror.

With that. It was pitiful, as she saw it, that with a nascent soul to work with, she should be compelled to enlighten it through the medium of time-worn superstition.

Below the shelf, not quite buried in the sand, there was a small metal box. She knelt down, scraped the sand away, and presently uncovered it. It appeared to be of silver. It was of such a size that she could grasp it easily in her hand. She opened it not without some difficulty and found within it—nothing! Well, not exactly nothing, but certainly that for which she could see little value. There were several hard pieces of stone of a reddish color chipped and shaped in curious fashion. She turned the box over and examined it on all sides. There were initials upon it, a monogram. She rubbed it clean with her hands and studied it carefully—"J. R. C." The book and the box had belonged to the same person, John Revell Charnock.

She laid the box aside and searched the cave further. There was absolutely nothing else to be seen. Disappointed vaguely, although she had expected nothing and had gotten more, indeed, than she might have imagined, if she had thought about it, she laid the book and box down upon the ledge and went out again. She walked along the sands until she came to the place where she had landed the day before. The tide was low. She could see the wreck of her boat, partly on the barrier reef and partly in the water. It would have been no trick for her to swim to it in the stillness, yet she hesitated to attempt it. Certainly weighted down by all her clothing it was a matter of difficulty and inconvenience. If it were not for this man by her side! She tried to think of some way to restrain him, keep him away, but nothing occurred to her. Invention was paralyzed by the situation in which she found herself.

Desperately biding him stay where he was, she went back to the cave. She was face to face with a crisis which had to be met. Indeed, the question of clothes was becoming a very serious one with her and she knew she should have to decide upon some course of action immediately.

For the present, she took off her garments, hoping and praying in a shiver of dread and anxiety, that he would remain where she had left him, which indeed proved the fact. She laid aside all that she had worn except the blouse and skirt, including her sadly worn shoes and stockings. Thus lightly clad she came out on the sand again. He did not notice any change in her condition. As a matter of fact she gave him no time, for she flashed across the sand at full speed and plunged boldly into the smiling water of the lagoon. He followed her instantly and swam by her side with scarcely any exertion whatever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### The Question.

Stella—You have two proposals?  
Bella—Yes, I can't decide which to marry first.



He Stood for a Long Time on the Sand.







