

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XL. No. 41.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1910.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

## THAT AWFUL 9TH INNING SATURDAY

NORTHVILLE H. S. PRESENTED IT  
TO ANN ARBOR

After They Had Sewed It Up Safe  
and Tight.

The least said about the Ann Arbor High school vs the Northville High's game here Saturday the better. Anyhow let us pass very gently over that fatal ninth inning. Up to that time the Arbors had 5 runs to their credit while the home boys had 13. Possibly the thirteen was the hoodoo and possibly the Northville boys were drunk with victory.

Johnson was pitching a winning game for Northville all the while but he couldn't strike every batter out. The local team supported him in fine

George Moriarty style for eight innings then a Arbor runner started from second and the ball was thrown to Turner. He caught it, tagged the base and threw to first too late to catch any one there and the Arbor man was safe at third because it wasn't a forced run. "Doc" had lost his head and then West at short and Ball in left booted balls and let pop flies go through their hands like water through a sieve. Then Johnson was pulled out and Turner sent to the mound. He had not been warmed up and he was wild as a



HIS HANDS  
WERE LIKE A  
SIEVE

Ball and West's hands were like sieves in that awful 9th

hawk. Anyhow by the time there was three runs out the Arbors had run in ten score, tying the game.

In the 10th Northville failed to score and the Arbors ran in a couple more to make the final returns safe at 15 to 13.

The Northville boys will do better next time. They can play all around the Arbor nine and in this instance simply made them a present of the game after taking it at easy money. The Circle N boys will play the Wyandotte nine here tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon.

## Re-union of Pickell Family.

A re-union and family dinner occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pickell on Sunday. Out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Thurtell of Spokane, Wash., Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Pickell of Durand, Clifton, Lete and Blanche Pickell of Leamington, Ont., and Stanley Foster of Detroit. George Pickell, nephew, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pickell, Mrs. Luella Elliott and Miss Ada; the son and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Pickell who still call Northville "Home," completed the family circle about the bountifully spread board.

The day's enjoyment was marred only by the unavoidable absence of two sons in Ontario and the taking leave of Mr. and Mrs. Thurtell, who were to leave for their Washington home on Tuesday, going by way of Salt Lake City and Denver, where Mr. Thurtell has business interests.

## Notice to Taxpayers.

The Board of Review for the Village of Northville will meet in Village Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 17th and 18th, 1910 at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days for the purpose of reviewing the assessment roll of said village. Taxpayers desiring themselves aggrieved may be heard at that time.

CHAS. A. SEBASTIAN,  
FRANK FRA,  
ANDREW HOLK,  
Board of Review.

Dated, Northville, Mich., May 6, 1910

## Notice.

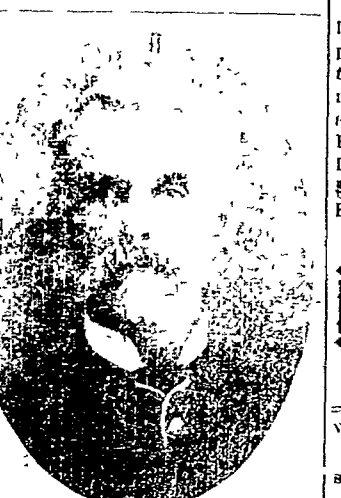
Having rented the Perrin shop where I shall be prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing and repairing I would respectfully solicit a share of your patronage. Horseshoeing a specialty. Both phones.

4141 W. W. WALTER

## OEL B. MOORE

Male and Hearty at His Seventieth Birthday.

Oel B. Moore of the Michigan Soldiers Home, Grand Rapids, celebrated his 70th birthday at the home of his son, Frank, in Detroit with his children and friends on day last week. Comrade Moore served in the 1st Michigan Infantry and has lived



OEL B. MOORE.

at the soldiers home since October 1908. He is a Past Commander of the Northville G. A. R. Post and resided here for nearly ten years. Mr. Moore is a brother of Supreme Justice J. B. Moore of Lansing.

## Change of Date.

The Hop to be given by Cray's orchestra, May 20th had to be changed to Thursday, May 19th on account of the Junior banquet to the Seniors which is to be held on the 20th.

## Wanted

At once two dining room girls and a chambermaid. Plymouth House, Plymouth, Mich. 4972

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.

## Notice.

In order to close up the business of the R. M. Johnson estate, all bills must be paid before July 1st. F. D. Clark, Ind. phone 307 11 18, Nov. 1891

## BALL GAME

HERE SATURDAY

WYANDOTTE CUBS COMING TO  
NORTHVILLE TO GET IT.

Circle N Boys Will Show 'Em  
Tiger Game.

The Wyandotte Cubs will come here Saturday afternoon to cross bats with the Circle N's in a battle to a finish. Neither club has met defeat thus far this season and this tussle will be a regular gamester affair.

Johnson and Stimpson will be Northville's battery with Turner and Ball "warmed up" for emergencies. The regular line up for the balance of the team, with Bobber Brown, for umpire, will be the order of the day. A big attendance will be warranted for this game.

## School Notes.

[Per a Pupils]

The Seventh graders are studying "Evangeline."

The A Fifth pupils are beginning the study of Rome.

Everyone in A Fifth grade had 100 in Arithmetic Tuesday.

The B class of the Fifth grade is completing the "First Snowfall."

Raymond Ryder of the Eighth grade was ill the first of the week.

The Fourth grade pupils drew crab-apple blossoms one day this week.

Gladys Angell of the Twelfth grade taught the First grade Wednesday.

The Fourth grade is studying the apple blossom and fruit for Nature Study.

The A pupils of the Sixth grade are learning Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Albert Kinyon of the Third grade drew a calendar for May on that grade's blackboard.

Vivan Boughton and Albert Ryder of the Kindergarten have been absent this week on account of sickness.

The First and Second grades combined in music Tuesday as they are preparing a grade entertainment for Commencement week.

The School Savings bank deposit last Friday was higher than the previous week being \$36.12. The total deposit is now over the \$765 mark. The deposit by grades was as follows: Kindergarten \$65, First \$1.54, Second \$2.69, Third \$2.26, Fourth \$1.39, Fifth \$23.60, Sixth \$1.51, Seventh \$1.73, Eighth \$1.17, High school \$2.50.

## WIXOM NEWS.

Mrs. J. H. Abrams was a Northville visitor last Friday.

Mrs. Wm. Chambers is visiting her son and wife at Monroe.

Mrs. Benlah Thompson was a Northville visitor Monday.

Judd Calkins and wife of Highland visited Wixom relatives over Sunday.

Mrs. Butwell and Webb Wilson and wife were Detroit visitors Sunday.

Mrs. Warner of Plymouth is with her daughter, Mrs. W. McLaren, who is ill.

Mrs. Henry Perry visited her sister at Hand Station Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. J. G. Madison and daughter, Dorothy, who have been spending some time at Hand Station, returned home Friday.

Mrs. McDonald and son, Harry, who have been visiting Mrs. F. W. Lockwood, returned to Detroit Saturday last.

## Piano Lessons.

Thorough method. For terms apply at my home, 52 Main street. 13c/p ARBUTUS M. WOLF.

## Source of Teak Supply.

The world's supply of teak comes from Siam, India and Java. Teakwood is not attacked by the "white ant," which is so destructive to other woods in the tropic, and teak is thus largely used in Siam for the building of the better class of wooden houses.

## Just PAINT

Your house with

### THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

And you'll give it the best possible protection.

S. W. P., when rightly used on a proper surface, does not powder, flake off or crack. It forms a tough, durable film that holds its gloss, looks well, and wears for the longest time.

There's no other paint made that satisfies so well. There's no other paint sold that is so economical.

See East Show Window for display of "CLAUSS" Shears, and Razors. Every piece of this brand of Cutlery unconditionally guaranteed.

JAMES A. HUFF

## A Look to Windward

proves a well-developed bump, proving judgment and sagacity. While our friend is away enjoying himself his

### Savings Bank Account

keeps right on working away and piling up dollars for him. Think of this. Come in some time to-day and start your own account with us. No matter how small it is it will surely grow and work while growing

### Northville State Savings Bank

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## 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

## YOU CANNOT GET ANOTHER PAIR OF EYES

Good reasons why you should take the very best care of the pair you have. They must serve you for a lifetime. If you know or ever suspect that your eyes are strained, a careful examination will reveal the actual condition.

Our Optical work is well known. You can trust us.

### G. W. & F. DOLPH

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

## Read!

Those, Who "Get There,"

Make A Start,

And Started Keep a Going!

## Reflect!

And That's The Way

A Bank Account

Is Made,

And Kept A Growing!

## Resolve!

Open Your Bank Account

With The

### Lapham State Savings Bank

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness.

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

DR. W. H. YARNALL.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## WE NEED THE SUPPORT

of your approval and good will as much as your money. A satisfied buyer of our goods is our best advertisement. That is why we are so particular about the quality of our

### Groceries

By handling only the high grade we run no risk of displeasing when we aim to please. We invite you to see how this care has been expended in our present display and how moderate we have been in pricing.

### C. E. RYDER

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE.















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# CHICLE THE BASIS OF CHEWING GUM



Australian, and South African colonies are large and ever-increasing consumers. It is estimated by a prominent mathematician that sufficient chewing gum is produced each year to supply every human being on earth with two sticks, and that the daily energy expended in the consumption of this popular masticatory is equal to that necessary to light a city of 250,000 inhabitants for the same period.

There are numerous factories scattered throughout the United States, where can be witnessed the interesting processes by which chewing gum is manufactured. The factories are sanitary in every particular, and methods of absolute cleanliness prevail in each department. An official report by the department of commerce and labor states that a chewing gum factory was the second cleanest plant inspected in the United States.

The process of manufacture consists in simply mixing and boiling the gum, in copper kettles, to a required consistency, and adding some flavoring extract, such as vanilla, peppermint, or wintergreen and sugar, after which it is transferred to large centrifugal rollers. Here it is whipped into a dough, and afterward is moved to tables and rounded in powdered sugar. It is then rolled into sheets, cut to desired sizes, dried, wrapped by machinery in attractive papers, and placed in boxes ready for the market, the entire process being at all times under the closest inspection.

A visit to any of the chewing gum factories will convince the most skeptical that the product is nothing more nor less than a pure and wholesome article and absolutely harmless to its vast and faithful army of consumers.

## OCEAN MONSTERS IN BATTLE

Early on the morning of August 14 last while engaged in building new quarters for the light-house keeper at Breaksea Island, near Rottnest, Western Australia, the contractor and his men noticed a bull whale with a cow and a calf passing the island some distance off.

An hour or so later—about nine o'clock to be exact—the men were startled by an extraordinary noise, apparently coming from the eastern end of the island, a noise unlike anything they had ever heard before. Dropping their tools and starting toward the east, they beheld such a sight as it falls to the lot of few people to witness. There, not 500 yards from the shore, was being waged a battle to the death—a fight between the great cow whale previously seen and a school of thresher sharks.

The sharks, as though acting in accordance with some preconcerted plan, had completely surrounded the two whales and, apparently realizing that nothing was to be feared from the calf, concentrated all their efforts upon the cow. Again and again they charged in upon her, their jaws snapping, tearing at her mighty sides until the sea was red with blood. Meanwhile the cow lashed her tail furiously, hurling up sheets of reddened water and occasionally crashing down with terrific force upon one of her voracious opponents.

Presently the spellbound spectators realized two facts—first, that the calf had disappeared in the melee, and secondly that the tortured whale was undoubtedly becoming weaker. It was obvious that the unequal struggle could have only one ending. Still, however, she fought on doggedly, winning admiration and sympathy by her exhibition of hopeless courage. Altering her tactics, by a supreme effort she hurled her whole great bulk clear of the water for a moment and the fascinated onlookers beheld the sharks hanging from various parts of her gleaming body by their serrated teeth. Then down she went again with a crash like thunder and for an instant whales and sharks were buried amid masses of foam, heavily colored with the poor-mammal's life blood. Rising again, she essayed another change of plan, making for the rocks and desperately striving to rub off the clinging sharks against their edges. But the threshers were equal to the occasion; while those on the outside maintained their grip, the others dived under their enemy and charged her anew, tearing at the whale's side in an ecstasy of ferocity that was bloodcurdling to witness.

More and more feeble grew the whale's struggles and at last—the heart-felt relief of the spectators, for her death fight had been terrible to behold—the great body turned over and sank beneath the red-tinted water. The unequal battle was over.

EARLY three billion pieces of chewing gum are manufactured in the United States annually, practically all of which is made from one product of tropical America. This clearly accounts for the \$1,500,000 in chicle, annually exported by our sister republics, and brings to light the workings of a most gigantic industry.

In the fifteenth century chicle was known to the intrepid Spanish explorers, who reported that the Indians employed the gum to quench thirst and relieve exhaustion, but the universal use of the gum can not be said to have begun until as late as 1876. Since that time the demand for this almost mysterious commercial commodity has increased to such an extent that importing firms have been obliged to search the markets and export the growing of the tree in order to obtain a supply sufficient to meet existing requirements.

Prior to 1888 chicle sold for from 7 to 8 cents per pound; in 1895 it sold for 30 cents per pound; and now it is selling for \$2 per pound.

The tree, *Achras Sapota*, from which the chicle is obtained, is indigenous to northern South American countries—Central America, and in the Mexican states of Yucatan, Campeche, Tabasco, Chiapas, Veracruz, Oaxaca, Puebla, Jalisco, San Luis Potosi, and the territories of Tepic and Quintana Roo.

As yet the systematic cultivation of the *Achras Sapota* has not been carried on to any great extent, but experiments have been made that trees planted at a distance of 10 feet apart, or 400 to the acre, will yield from 5 to 6 pounds of chicle gum when from 8 to 10 years old and from 12 to 15 bushels in a year.

In its wild state the tree is usually found in groups, frequently growing to a height of from 40 to 50 feet; it is straight, and has a long, clear length thus making it most desirable for lumber. While it grows well in a variety of soils, it seems to thrive best in a rich clay loam, with good drainage and an annual rainfall of about 80 inches. Lands well adapted to the growing of the tree vary in price, from \$3 to \$150 gold, per acre, and are being largely dealt in at the present time.

The wood is of a reddish color, closely resembling mahogany; is quite hard, heavy, compact in texture, and fine grained. Prehistoric door frames and rafters of sapota wood are found among the Mexican ruins, and are still in an excellent state of preservation. This wood is today greatly in demand by cabinetmakers, who employ it in the manufacture of high-grade furniture and house hold fittings.

For many years the sapodilla pear, which also comes from the *Achras Sapota* tree, was a popular variety of fruit found in the markets throughout Latin America, but now, on account of the great demand for chicle gum and the attractive rewards offered for its gathering, the fruit is seldom dealt in by the natives.

The operation of gathering chicle and preparing it for the market is similar to that employed in the maple sugar industry in the United States. Throughout the rainy season, and while the sap is up, the tapping is done by the chicle gatherers or "chicleros," as they are called. Their outfit is most simple, and consists in nothing more than a piece of rope and a machete. By means of this rope, which is fastened about the waist and slipped around the tree, the chiclero is enabled to hold any desired position and wield the machete in cutting the incisions or gullies.

Great care must be exercised in tapping not to cut too deeply, as excessive bleeding of the sap will cause the rapid decay of the tree. It is possible for a chiclero to gather, properly, from 10 to 15 pounds of the sap per day, for which he is paid, in most cases, a contract price of from 10 to 15 cents per pound; but on many of the large estates effort is now being made to effect payments or the labor by the day, week or month, and in this way prevent the destruction of the trees frequently caused by a greedy desire on the part of the chicleros, when under contract, to obtain as much sap as possible without regard to the injuries sustained by the trees.

In granting concessions to gather chicle in the national forest reservations, the Latin-American governments demand that natives shall be properly instructed in the gathering and preparation of the gum, as promiscuous tapping will not be long tolerated.

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## Cured to Stay Cured

How a Northville Citizen Found Complete Freedom from Kidney Troubles.

If you suffer from backache—From urinary disorders—From any disease of the kidneys—Be cured to stay cured.

Doan's Kidney Pills make lasting cures. Northville people testify. Here's one case of it: Henry Priest, Mill street, Northville, Mich., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills with gratifying results and have great confidence in their curative powers. Several years ago I was annoyed by a severe backache which made it hard for me to work. Doan's Kidney Pills had previously been used in my family with great benefit and deciding to try them, I procured a supply at Murdock Bros. Drug Store soon after finishing their use, my backache disappeared and now I am free from the trouble." (State ment given November 26, 1906.) On March 4, 1908, Mr. Priest was interviewed and he said: "I am pleased to confirm the statement I gave for publication three years ago recommending Doan's Kidney Pills. Since this remedy cured me I have had no need of a kidney medicine."

For sale by all dealers. Price 30 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.

**W. L. B. CLARK'S**  
MILK ROUTE.  
STERILIZED MILK  
Sweet and Best Quality  
Furnished on Application.

## THE FAMOUS

**ONYX**

PAINTS.



Spread Best  
Cover Best  
Wear Longest  
Look Best

Made in the best equipped paint and varnish plant in the world.

FOR SALE BY  
**W. H. CATTERMOLLE**  
NORTHVILLE.

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### The City in Brief.

Greig Taft is the new clerk in C. E. Ryder's store.

Geo. Bradley has been quite poorly the past week.

Work is rapidly progressing on Ray Richardson's new house.

Wayne county's share of the primary school money is \$79,894.50.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Walters entertained the Rowena "500" club Tuesday evening.

Mrs. C. A. Dolph, who has been ill, is better and able to be up and around the house.

James Clark on the Taft road has had the Pilot acetylene lighting system installed in his residence.

Mrs. Annie Borton has moved into the west part of the J. C. Northrop house on Dunlap street.

Mrs. Frank Morris received the sofa pillow top that was on exhibition in Mr. White's store last week.

Special Communication Northville Lodge No. 156 F & A M next Monday night. Work on Fellowshipcraft degree.

Rev. J. W. Turner will give a stereopticon lecture in the Methodist church Sunday evening. See church notes for particulars.

R. F. D. Carrier Roy Clark has a brand new 4 H. P. Hurley-Hudson motor cycle with which he covers his route every morning in fine shape.

W. H. Cattermole has rebuilt the slippers factory, which was nearly destroyed by fire over a year ago, and will use it for storage purposes.

Rev. J. W. Turner will give his dramatic recital of "The Doctor" (by Ralph Connor) in the Methodist church at Farmington this (Friday) evening.

People who are not in the census of this year cannot get in until 1920. If the enumerator has not yet called on you, better notify him that you are skipped.

Business on the D. U. R. line has increased to such an extent that it has been necessary to add another freight train, which leaves Northville at 7:45 a. m.

Senator Tuttle of Lansing, Cong. greenback Townsend's senatorial campaign manager, estimates that Townsend's majority in Michigan will be 54,000.

Hon. Charles L. Townsend will deliver the annual Memorial Day address May 30. Services will be held in the Bank. Notice of time and other arrangements will be given in the Record next week.

Frank Lyon and wife have moved to Detroit. Ruth Pickett and wife will occupy the house vacated by Mr. Lyon and L. C. Murdock and family will move here and occupy the house on Church street.

The I. O. T. M. M. will have an entertainment in the Alhambra theatre next Monday evening, May 16, consisting of moving pictures, and recitations, vocal and instrumental selections by home talent.

E. G. Macomber, a former Northville boy, has been elected secretary of the Toledo Transportation club. He is at present traffic manager for the Erie-Woodson Spine company of that city and draws a neat little salary for looking down a good big job in a very satisfactory style.

Mrs. Louis Miller died at her home, north and east of town Wednesday afternoon aged 70 years. The funeral will be held Sunday at 1:00 p. m. sun time from the house and at 2:00 p. m. from St. Paul's Lutheran church. Rev. E. Manski of Farmington will preach in German and English.

One of our good farmers was telling on the streets yesterday a conversation he changed to hear between a young boy in his teens and a Christian Scientist. It appears the Scientist came across a small boy sitting under an apple tree doubled up with pain. "My little man," he said "what is the matter?" "I ate some green apples," moaned the boy, "and oh, how I ache!" "You don't ache," answered the follower of science, "you only think so." The boy looked up in astonishment at such a statement, and then replied in a most positive manner "That's all right, you may think so, but I've got inside information."

The well known horse, Marblegrit, will make the season 1910 at the J. O. Knapp farm barns, just west of U. S. fishery, Northville. Terms \$20 to insure. 41w1

"Doan's Ointment cured me of eczema that had annoyed me a long time. The cure was permanent."—Hon. S. W. Matthews, Commissioner Labor Statistics, Augusta, Me.

**Children Cry**  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
**CASTORIA**

This is Friday the 13th, and the omen is scorable.

Carroll Ambler is slowly recovering from a severe attack of grip, followed by a high fever.

D. M. Ferry, Jr. will address the Methodist Sunday school at the opening session at 11:30 a. m. Sunday.

Chas. Cole had the misfortune to break his thumb one day last week while at work in the Simpson Scale factory. Dr. Henry was called upon to reduce the fracture.

The residence owners on both sides of Wing street between Main and DuSap have greatly improved the appearance of their property by putting in a cement curbing.

Camp No. 3883 Royal Neighbors desire all its members to be present at its next regular meeting Thursday, May 19, for the purpose of electing a number of new officers and transacting other important business.

The postmaster general has kindly granted permission for mail carriers to deliver with automobiles. Now if he will take one more step and provide the automobiles and a number of the carriers will be syntematically happy.

### Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The S and T Circle will hold a bazaar at Ryder's store Saturday.

The sermon next Sunday evening will be on "Lessons from Hallel's Comet."

The pastor attended the funeral of Mrs. G. H. Turk at Pontiac on Monday afternoon.

For the fine floral display last Sunday morning we were indebted to Mrs. Wm. Yerkes and Mrs. E. U. Eatherly.

### Baptist Church News.

(By the Pastor.)

The B. Y. P. U. topic for Sunday evening is "Christ's Verily." Miss Anna McClements, leader.

The memorial services of the Foresters of America will be held in the Baptist church Sunday, May 29.

The revival meetings are doing finely. Rev. Salyer's methods are very pleasing and are meeting the highest approval of the people. The opening services of the stereopticons are very impressive, quite a number already have confessed Christ. The meetings continue over Sunday.

Announcements made Sunday about further meetings. Come and enjoy the good sessions.

### Typewriting.

Stenography and Typewriting by the letter or hour. Apply to Record office.

### Auction Notice.

Rattenbury & Starkweather will have a sale at the Northville hotel barns every Thursday at one o'clock. Parties having anything to sell can enter same at the sale at 5 per cent commission.

**BURNS**  
**BRUISES**  
**BLISTERS**

as well as all manner of injuries, soreness and inflammation of the skin are promptly relieved and quickly healed with

**Sabine's**  
**Curatine Oil**

Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa.  
For Sale at 25c. and 50c. by

"For Sale by All Druggists"

## A Burning Subject

The Early Bird  
Catches the Early Worm!  
And the Man  
Who Takes Up the Matter of  
His Winter's Coal Supply.  
Early in the Season  
Catches the Lowest Prices!

A Dollar Saved, is worth two dollars earned.

**R. R. MCKAHAN**

Both Phones NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## Are You Going to Paint?

We are headquarters for about everything in Paints, Varnishes, Wall and Floor Finishes, as well as  
A Beautiful Line of Wall Papers.

In Mechanics' Tools and Builders' Hardware

We have a Large Line.

Plows, Plow Repairs, Cultivators, Hoes,

Rakes, Forks, Shovels, Iron Pipe and Fittings, Base Ball and Bicycle Goods, Guns and Ammunition.

**STEERS' HARDWARE**

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE.

## Doc Says==



Honesty is the Best Star  
to Hitch Your Wagon to.

That is the Reason we are Selling KIRSCHBAUM'S Clothing, they are Honest with the Merchant. When they tell us that a garment is All-Wool we know it is so, that is why we are tying to them.

Some Manufacturers as well as Some Retailers, have no regard for their word. Not So with Kirschbaum's; they are Absolutely Dependable in their Statements.

### Kazoo Pants

The Best Cut, Full Peg Pant on the Market. College Boys Wear them Exclusively.

### Shop Pants

We are selling a Black Bedford Cord, Color guaranteed. Ask to see them.

Price \$1.50

### Youths' Suits

Running in size, 17 to 20 years. We make a specialty of these Suits.

Prices, \$5 to \$15

### The Dudley

A Boy's Knee Pant Suit, sizes 8 to 17, Knickerbocker Style, Extra Pants of same material.

Prices \$3 to \$5

### Everwear Hosiery

The Best 25c Sox in the world for 25c. All the new colors.

### Boys' Knee Pants

The Kaki, the Most Serviceable thing for your Boy. Knickerbocker Style. Size 3 to 16.

Price 50c

### The Evanston

Cluett & Peabody's New Summer Collars are now on sale. Ask to see them. They are the up-to-date Collar.

**WM. GORTON**

77 Main Street. North Side. Whipple Store. NORTHVILLE, MICH.



# The Island of REGENERATION

By  
**CYRUS TOWNSEND**  
Illustrations by **BRADY**  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WATERS**  
CAPTAIN OF THE CHAPLAIN IN CHARGE

## SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideals. She finds evidence that leads her to believe that the man is John Revere Charnock of Virginia, and that he was cast ashore while a student at a famous university. Her writings on the sex problem attracted wide attention. The son of a multi-millionaire, he became an infatuated lover and they decided to put her theories into practice. A few days on his yacht reveals to her that he is only a drunk and a dissolute. When she is cast ashore on an island, three years teaching gives the man a splendid education. Their love for each other is revealed when he rescues her from a cave where she had been imprisoned by an earthquake. A ship is sighted and they light a beacon to summon it. Langford, on his yacht, signs the beacon and orders his yacht put in the water. Charnock, who is on board, has injured her in the greatest way. Langford recognizes Katherine. He tells the man that she had been his mistress and narrowly escaped being killed. An American cruiser appears. Officers hear the whole story and Langford asks Katherine to marry him. Katherine declares that she will marry no one but her island companion. The latter says he still loves her but that the revelations have made a change.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"Is the present Charnock married?" "No," returned the chaplain, "he is an old bachelor."

"That will make it easier for our friend here," said Mr. Whitaker, "provided the evidence is thought convincing."

"The best evidence that he could present," returned the chaplain, "is in his face. He is the living image of his father as I know him, and he has family characteristics which I think would enable almost anyone to identify him without question."

"Sir," said the islander addressing the chaplain, "did you know my mother?"

"That I did," returned the old man. "Her name was Mary Page Thornton, and she was one of the sweetest girls in Virginia."

"And will you tell me about her, and about my father and my people?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said the chaplain, kindly. "Meanwhile Capt. Ashby and these gentlemen will wish to hear your story."

"Take me to your cabin," said the captain, promptly, and tell him the things he wants to know. We can wait."

"No," returned the islander, "I can wait. I have written all the years and a few hours more or less will make little difference. You have a right to know my story, and here it is."

Rapidly comes to, with a fine determination, he told the story as he knew it, of his life on the island. He was an entirely uneducated man, but he knew the but-ternut of the same relation which he gave them with personal touches. He spoke no secret of his love and worship for the girl, of the belief in her which he had cherished, of the reverence in which he had held her. He exhibited that strange conviction of feeling with which he regarded her as a human woman and as a demi-goddess. He showed that he was at once her master and her creature, yet through it all there ran such a thread of bitterness, of grief, of resentment, of shame, that his auditors, at first unpossessed of the key to his feelings, listened to him with amazement and could scarcely realize or comprehend. He told the story of the two lives up to the sighting of the ship upon the island, and then, his heart failing him, he turned to Whitaker and bade him take up the relation.

It was a delicate matter of which to speak, but the simplicity with which the first part of the tale had been presented gave the officer his cue. He was a man of retentive memory, of quick apprehensive power, and with a nice sense of discrimination, a rare man, indeed. And he told the rest of the tale with a subtle sympathy for the situation and the actors that enabled him so to present it to the interested little group of officers that he almost made them see it as it transpired.

"And what," asked the captain, when the final word had been said, "do you propose to do now, Mr. Charnock?"

It was the first time that he had been so addressed and the man started. He had heard Mr. Whitaker's words as one in a dream. He had been going over that dreadful scene on the sands. His heart was lacerated and torn again. He was blind to everything but the past. He saw her face dimly in the present. He could see nothing of happiness in the future.

"I don't know," he answered.

"But surely this has not made any difference in your feelings?"

"I can't tell. The difference is in her, not in me."

"She made a frightful mistake," said the captain, impressively, "but she has nobly atoned, and—"

"She's not what I thought she was," said the man, "and if I love her, I love her now not because, but in spite of, what she is, and there is a difference."

"Miss Brenton," interposed Whitaker at this juncture, "has settled the matter herself. She says that she will

make no man's pity, no man's contempt, that no man shall marry her on sufferance, and that—"

"Right," said the surgeon, who was a man of very few words and generally good ones.

"My young friend," broke in the chaplain, "if I might advise—"

"But this," returned the islander, with fierceness, "is not a matter for advice. I don't know the world or its customs. I must appear strange to you men. But I take it that a man's choice of a wife, a man's settlement of his future is not a thing that he brooks counsel over. At any rate, I want none of it."

"Come with me," said the chaplain, "we will talk it over. I have lived in the world," he went on, gently. "Perhaps I can help you. Have we your permission to withdraw, Capt. Ashby?"

"Certainly," said the captain.

"Pardon me a moment, chaplain," interposed Whitaker, "but the young lady has asked that some of us go ashore to take her deposition as to the matters that have been alleged concerning our friend here. Capt. Ashby, will you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Whitaker, I will go. And you will accompany me, doctor, and you, chaplain; I shall be glad. Mr. Whitaker, you are a notary public and can administer the necessary oaths."

"Very good, sir," returned Mr. Whitaker. The other gentlemen bowed their acquiescence. "The lady said she would like to be undisturbed until evening."

"At two bells in the second dog watch then have the cutter called away," returned the captain.

"Beg pardon, captain," said the surgeon, "but do you or any of you know this lady to be Miss Brenton?"

"No," said the captain, "I don't know her. Do you, Mr. Whitaker, or you, chaplain?"

"Well, then," said the surgeon, as both the officers shook their heads, "it will be necessary to have come one ashore who does know her in order to swear to her identity to make her deposition worth anything."

"There is Langford," said Whitaker, "he knows her."

"Very good," said the captain, "send a boat over to the yacht; let present my compliments to Mr. Langford. Ask him if he will meet us ashore at quarter after five o'clock. Say to him also that I should be glad to have him dine with me tonight at seven. Chaplain, will you and Mr. Charnock take lunch with me later?"

Now, to go back to the island. The woman stood on the strand bravely, a statue, sternly erect, without a sign of unbecoming until the boat reached the shore of the two ships. Then she kept herself in the bond of a control of steel. She moved slowly, walked up the beach entered the grove of palms no change in her face, the path and platted floor, it still stood and unchanging, until the wind blew of the truth and the thickening of the grove hid her from any chance which on the ship.

Then, and not until then, did she give way completely. She threw her self down upon the sand in the cool shadow of the great rocks in what to her had suddenly become a weary land and outstretched her arms as if to clasp the earth to her breast in default of the man she had dreamed of and trusted, she had loved and lived for, and lay there a silent, shuddering, wretched figure.

Her crushing disappointment at his failure to rise to the measure of her ideal of him, the total end of her dream of happiness, the breaking of all her hopes, the closing of all her ambitions, the tearing asunder of her heartstrings whelped her in agony. She had thought that never could human experience more than the pain superinduced by the horror of her position upon the ship, but that pain to the present was like a caress. For to all that old horror was added a new sense of loss, of disappointment and despair. Like Elijah of old, dismayed, disheartened, broken, she prayed that she might die there on the sands.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### The Man's Failure.

At five o'clock a boat put off from the big white cruiser, conveying the islander, the captain, the other officers and Langford to the shore. The woman met them on the sand. She had discarded her worn tunic and was dressed in the faded blue blouse and skirt which she had worn when she had left the yacht and which she had ever since preserved with such scrupulous care for an emergency like this. Well was it for her that the garments were loose and easy-fitting, else she could not have put them on, so splendidly had she developed in waist and chest and limb. She wore stockings and shoes, and, save for a certain natural elegance and freedom in her bearing, she looked much as any other woman, except that few women were as beautiful as she.

After a momentary hesitation and a glance at the islander, who, after his first swift, comprehending survey of the woman, stood with averted head—she, conscious painfully of his every gesture and movement—the lieutenant commander performed the necessary introductions. This ceremony over, it was the woman who spoke.

"I sent for you, gentlemen," she began, "in order that a necessary deposition might be made to enable, if possible, my—"

manly toward the islander—"this gentleman, to establish his identity, upon which, as I learn from Mr. Whitaker, much seems to depend. I have here—"

"But could you not do this more conveniently later on the ship, Miss Brenton?" interposed the captain. "He had been told that she intended to stay on the island, but he could not believe it. 'We shall be very glad indeed to offer you passage home. The ship is fitted for a flag and the admiral's quarters are yours to command. We are sailing direct to the United States, with a stop at Honolulu, and will be glad to restore you to your friends.'"

"Sir," said the woman, "I have no friends who care enough about me to welcome me or whom I care enough about to wish to see. My mind is made up. I shall stay on the island, at least for the present."

"But, my dear young lady," began the officer.

"Capt. Ashby," said the woman, "you are the commander of that ship?"

"To you is committed the ordering of her course?"

"To me alone, Miss Brenton."

"You decide all questions connected with her on your own responsibility?"

"I do, certainly, but—"

"Sir, this is my ship, this island. If I choose to stay here, I cannot think you will endeavor to take me hence by force."

"By no means."

"Nor have I any more fondness for having my decisions discussed than you would have for hearing your orders argued or questioned."

"It is my island," cried the man, roughly, "and if you stay, I stay."

"We lose time," said the woman, shortly. "I am here to give my testimony, you are prepared to take it?"

"I am," said the lieutenant commander, stepping forward, notebook in hand.

"Captain, will you conduct the necessary inquiry?"

"Certainly," said the captain. "Mr. Langford, do you identify this lady?"

"I do, sir," answered Langford. "She is Miss Katherine Brenton of San Francisco."

"You say this of your own personal knowledge?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will make affidavit to that fact?"

"With pleasure."

"I wondered," said the woman, bitterly, "why you came back."

"It was as my wish, madam," returned Capt. Ashby, formally.

He was not greatly prepossessed with the imperative manner and demeanor of this young woman, but he did not see exactly how he could resist it, or force any improvement in it. "Will you proceed now with your story," he continued. "Will you speak slowly so that Mr. Whitaker, who does not write shorthand, can take it down?"

Thereupon the woman told that portion of her tale which related to the evidence which she exhibited, the piece of the boat with the name of the ship upon it, the dog collar, the silver box, the Bible, the two rings. These were marked, set down and sworn to. The affidavit to which she subscribed her name, and to which she took oath on the very Bible of the island, was brief, though comprehensive, and the little ceremony was soon over. Mr. Whitaker assumed charge of all the exhibits. The tale having been completed and all the little formalities got through with, the little party stood around in awkward silence wondering what was next to come.

"Miss Brenton," said the captain at last, breaking the pause, "it seems a shame. For God's sake, reconsider your decision and come off to the ship."

"No," returned the woman, quietly, "my mind is made up."

"Katherine!" exclaimed Langford, extending his hand in one final appeal.

"Not with you, either," said the woman.

"My dear young lady," began the old chaplain, "think what it is you do. Has any human being with such powers as you possess a right to bury herself in this lonely island? Is there no call—"

"Sir," the woman interposed, "your plea might move me if anything could, but indeed 'tis useless as the rest."

"Hear mine, then," said the man, abruptly, even harshly.

The woman turned and faced him as unflinching and as determined as she had faced the others. What could he say? There was but one plea that could move her. Was he about to make that?

"We have loved each other," he went on, brokenly. "It was my dearest wish, my most settled determination, to make you my wife. That wish I still entertain, that determination has not departed from me. You have refused to marry that man—"

"And would you have me do so?" asked the woman.

"No, a thousand times, no. I am sorer every moment that I look at him that I did not kill him. But having refused him, there is nothing now that you can do but marry me. And as you have refused him, it makes the more incumbent upon me to marry you and to take you away. Your honor demands it."

"My honor!" flamed out the woman, indignantly.

"I have said it," returned the man, doggedly.

"Gentlemen, you will forgive our frankness," said the woman, turning to the little group who waited, all except Langford, who had walked away out of earshot and who resolutely kept his back toward the party, "but this thing has to be settled. Now," said the woman, "there is no question of honor, but of love. I ask you, Mar, do you love me as you did last night?"

"I—," he began, falteringly.

"You have never told me a lie," she continued. "You have never known anything but the truth."

"Until I learned from you," cried the man, "what you had concealed."

The woman smiled bitterly, waving aside this cruel stab.

"Tell me the truth. Do you love me as you did last night?"

"If you will have it, no," said the man, rushing to his doom.

"Men have taken a bullet in the breast, a shot in the heart, and for a moment have maintained their erect position. The woman knew in that moment how such things could be."

"But I love you still," said the man, "and I still want you for my wife."

"Last night," went on the woman, as if in a dream, "I seemed to you the embodiment of every excellence that humanity can possess short of the divine."

"Yes," said the man, "I loved you as—"

"Do I still possess those qualities in your eyes?"

He hesitated. He strove to speak.

"The truth! The truth!" whispered the woman. "Nothing else, so help you God!"

"No," said the man, "but I love you still, and you ought to marry me."

"Listen," said the woman, fiercely. "I did not go to that man yonder, although he offered me everything that honor could dictate and that true affection could suggest, I do believe, because I did not love him, although I have since come to respect him, after I have thought it over. It is not duty, but love, which is the compelling motive in this matter. And I won't take

you. I would not take an angel from heaven unless he thought me in every particular, all that a woman should be to a man, unless he loved me with his whole heart and soul absolutely, unfeignedly, completely. You don't. I don't even think that I love you now. You have been tried and tested, and you have failed. Gentlemen, will you take him away?"

"I stay here," said the man, bluntly, "drawing apart from the others, and I will kill with my own hands the man who lays a finger upon me."

"Sir," said the captain, "this land, I take it, is the United States. As the ranking officer present, I represent its law. It is under my rule. As to your choice, I have nothing to say, but as far as regards other things, you will have to obey me here as any other citizen of our country."

"And I know nothing of the United States or its laws," answered the man, proudly. "I am a law unto myself."

"The first lesson that the world will teach you, sir," returned the captain, pointedly, "is that that position cannot be maintained; that the whole fabric of civilization depends upon concession by individuals of natural rights and upon the enforcement of these concessions by other individuals to whom has been delegated that power."

"I don't wish to learn it, and that is why I will not leave this island," persisted the man.

It was the woman who intervened. She stepped close to the man and laid her hand upon his arm.

"You said that in some fashion you loved me," she urged.

"In some fashion I do," he replied.

"It grows late. Captain, can your ship life by the island until morning?"

"If you wish, certainly," returned the captain.

"Very well. Man, will you then go aboard the ship with these gentlemen and leave me alone here for the night?"

"Alone, madam?" exclaimed the captain.

"Certainly, sir," returned the woman. "There is not a harmful thing upon the island. You can come back in the morning and we will discuss then what is best to be done. Really, gentlemen," she went on, with a piteous tremble of her lip, for one moment losing her control, "I have been tried beyond the strength of woman today. If I can have a quiet rest, if in the morning—"

"That is reasonable," said the surgeon. "The lady is in no state for this discussion, now, indeed, are you, sir," he continued, looking hard at the man.

"Very well," said the captain. "Come, Mr. Charnock, you cannot refuse that request. Gentlemen, madam, good night."

He turned away, followed by the others. Charnock for the moment hesitated.

"I give you one more chance," whispered the woman in his ear. "I think myself fit for the wife of any man, do you think so? Do you love me? Do you care for me as you did last night? (In your thought of me as all that is sweet and lovely and noble and pure, and worthy of any man's affection.)"

She bent closer toward him in the intensity of her feelings. The words rushed from her. The man passed his hand over his forehead.

I can only say what I said before, that I love you still, that I will marry you, and that you ought to be—"

"That is enough," interrupted the woman. "Good by."

She drew instantly apart from him. "Mr. Charnock," sang the captain's voice, imperatively.

Slowly the islander turned and made his way to the sea after the others.

The woman, thus left alone upon the island, was face to face with a crisis which could only be met in two ways. Either she must go away with the man, or they must both remain on the island. It was possible that the captain might be induced to use force to take the man away, but that was not likely, and if it were attempted, she believed, with much foundation for her belief, that the man who had never been coerced by a human being except her would fight until he died. She could not go away with him, she could not live with him on the island. A future opened before him. "She had learned that afternoon on the sand that if his identity could be established he would be a man of great wealth, a power, a factor in the world's affairs. She had had her experience in life, her taste of power; it did not matter about her. It mattered greatly about him."

She had given him a final chance. He did not love her as she would be loved. He could not love her. It was evident to her that he never would. She had nothing to live for, nothing to hope for, nothing to dream about. There was one way of cutting the Gordian knot; she could die. And yet, somehow, the instinct of life was strong in her heart.

She crossed the island to her side, where she was hidden from the ship, and went down to the edge of the water. She even slipped off the garments of civilization and stood forth a primitive Eve. She waded out a little way into the lagoon. The night had fallen and she was calm in the screen of the darkness. She could easily swim out to the barrier reef, clamber upon it, and then plunge into the blue Pacific and swim on aid on, and fight and fight until the last vestige of her strength was gone, and then sink down, leaving him free and settling the question. And yet the waters lap-



ping about her feet, held her back, drove her back, retarded her in her advance.

Could she do it? Should she do it? At least she would not give up the idea for want of trying. She resolutely set herself to wade into the deeper sea. That she waded was evidence of her indecision. Under other circumstances, or had she been clear in her mind, as to her course, a quick run, a spring, a splash, and she would have been in the midst of the lagoon. She went slowly, and as the water grew deeper, she went more slowly. It was warm and pleasant in the lagoon. The slight difference of temperature between the water and the air ordinarily was only stimulating. And yet the sea had never seemed so cold to her as it was in that hour.

By and by she stopped. The waters now up to her breast. The wind blew gently toward the land, and the waves struck her softly and beat her back. She stopped dead still and thought and thought, wrestling with her problem, full of passionate disappointment, vain regret, despair, conscious that life held nothing for her, and yet clinging to it, unknowing what would be the outcome of the Titanic struggle raging in her breast between primal passions, love of life and love of man!

## CHAPTER XX.

The Repentance That Came Too Late.

For the first time in his life the man of the island played the coward. He was afraid to be alone. The others, the officers of the ship, that is, not Langford—he had gone back to his own yacht, declining the captain's invitation to dinner—would have respected the islander's mood and have left him to himself, but it was evident that he craved their society. Whitaker and the old chaplain suspected how it would be with him, but they knew that sooner or later he would have to retire to rest, and sooner or later he would be alone.

And then his grief was so obvious, that in accordance with a natural and commendable tendency they strove to cheer him up. They encouraged him to ask questions. They told him many things in reply that the woman could not have told him; that she had half dimly suspected, but had not known. They cleared up to him many things which had seemed mysterious and strange to him.

And in their part they marked at the things he did know, at the thoroughness with which he had been taught, and at the wonderful acuteness of observation which he displayed. The woman had marveled at it, too, but she had become used to it in three years of intimacy. They saw it immediately with greater surprise.

A spare cabin in the wardroom had been arranged for the islander, and there provided with the unwonted luxury of night gear after a hearty "Good night" from the lieutenant commander and a fervent "God bless you" from the old chaplain; he was left to his own devices. The strangeness of his situation, the soft bed, the snowy linen, the silk pajamas, the confining area of the cabin, the sudden touch with luxuries of civilization would in itself have kept him awake had he been as heart whole and as care free as when the woman had landed upon the island. But, indeed, the strangeness of these things aroused no emotions in his mind at all, for the moment—he was alone his thoughts, which he had been fighting desperately to keep upon other things, reverted to her. What was she doing for the first time alone upon that island? What was she thinking? He realized that no more than he could she be sleeping.

Unflinchingly he reviewed with what calmness he could muster the scenes of the morning and the day. He forced himself to consider in all its lights and bearings the information that had been given to him. He tortured himself by the deliberate slow recalling of every detail, and then, quivering as if under the stimulus of some blow upon a raw wound, he reviewed his own conduct. Enlightenment came to him in that dark and silent hour. He discovered first of all that he loved her; that the check and counter-check and variation and alteration in his emotions had been swept away in a great development of a more transcending feeling. If she should ask him that question on the morrow as to whether he loved her as he had on that never-to-be-forgotten night, he would still answer no, because he loved her more.

## (TO BE CONTINUED)

Oh, That There Were Others.

They knew that she lived abroad for a couple of years, they said. Why did she never speak of it?

"I used to once in awhile," she answered, "but not any more after I met the two Brooklyn girls who had traveled all over the world. They cured me. It was 'When I was in China,' or 'When I was in Japan,' or 'When I went through the Black forest,' or 'When I took a sail down the Red sea,' until they just about bored me to death. I said to myself then that I would ever after spare my friends, and I have kept my word."



# CEMAKERS



# The Island of REGENERATION

By  
**CYRUS TOWNSEND**  
Illustrations by **BRADY**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS

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## SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideals. She finds evidence that leads her to believe that the man is John Revell Charnock of Virginia, and that he was cast ashore when a child. Katharine Brenton was a highly specialized product of a leading university. Her writings on the sex problem attracted wide attention. The son of a well-to-do family, she was betrothed to a young man, but she had fallen in love with her and they decided to get her the only way possible. A few days on his yacht reveals to her that he only professes lofty ideals to possess her. While drunk he attempts to kiss her. She knocks him down and leaves him unconscious. She escapes in the darkness in a gasoline launch. During a storm she is cast ashore on an island. Three years teaching gives the man a splendid education. Their love for each other is revealed when he rescues her from a cave where she had been imprisoned by an earthquake. A ship is sighted and they light a beacon to summon it. Langford on his yacht, sights the beacon and orders his yacht put in. The woman recognizes the yacht and tells her companion that a man on board had injured her in the greatest way. Langford recognizes Katharine. He tells her that she had been his mistress and that he had married her. Katharine declares that she will marry no one but her island companion. The latter says he still loves her but that the revelations have made a change.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"Is the present Charnock married?" "No," returned the captain, "he is an old bachelor."

"That will make it easier for our friend here," said Mr. Whittaker, "provided the evidence is thought convincing."

"The best evidence that he could present," returned the captain, "is in his face. He is the living image of his father as I knew him, and he has family characteristics which I think would enable almost anyone to identify him without question."

"Sir," said the islander, addressing the captain, "did you know my mother?"

"That I did," returned the old man. "Her name was Mary Page Thornton, and she was one of the sweetest girls in Virginia."

"And will you tell me about her, and about my father and my people?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said the captain kindly. "Meanwhile, Capt. Ashby and these gentlemen will wait to hear your story."

"Take him to your cabin," said the captain promptly, "and tell him the things he wants to know. We can wait."

"No," returned the islander, "I can wait. I have waited all these years and a few hours more or less will make little difference. You have a right to know my story, and here it is."

Rapidly, calmly, with a fine dramatic touch he told the story as he knew it of his life on the island. It was so entirely unemotional that he left the whole of the details of the strange relation which he gave them with personal touches. He made no secret of his love and worship for the girl, of the belief in her which he had cherished, of the reverence in which he had held her. He exhibited that strange commixture of feeling with which he regarded her as a human woman and as a demigoddess. He showed that he was at once her master and her creature, yet through it all there ran such a thread of bitterness, of grief, of resentment, of shame, that his auditors, at first unpossessed of the key to his feelings, listened to him with amazement and could scarcely realize or comprehend. He told the story of the two lives up to the sighting of the ship upon the island, and then, his heart failing him, he turned to Whittaker and bade him take up the relation.

It was a delicate matter of which to speak, but the simplicity with which the first part of the tale had been presented gave the officer his cue. He was a man of retentive memory of quick apprehensive power, and with a nice sense of discrimination, a rare man, indeed. And he told the rest of the tale with a subtle sympathy for the situation and the actors that enabled him so to present it to the interested little group of officers that he almost made them see it as it transpired.

"And what," asked the captain, when the final word had been said, "do you propose to do now, Mr. Charnock?"

It was the first time that he had been so addressed and the man started. He had heard Mr. Whittaker's words as one in a dream. He had been going over that dreadful scene on the sands. His heart was lacerated and torn again. He was blind to everything but the past. He saw her face dimly in the present. He could see nothing of happiness in the future.

"I don't know," he answered.

"But surely this has not made any difference in your feelings?"

"I can't tell. The difference is in her, not in me."

"She made a frightful mistake," said the captain, impressively, "but she has nobly atoned, and—"

"She's not what I thought she was," said the man, "and if I love her, I love her now not because, but in spite of, what she is, and there is a difference."

"Miss Brenton," interposed Whittaker at this juncture, "has settled the matter herself. She says that she will

have no man's pity, no man's contempt, that no man shall marry her on sufferance, and that—"

"Right," said the surgeon, who was a man of very few words and generally good ones.

"My young friend," broke in the captain, "if I might advise—"

"But, this," returned the islander, with fierceness, "is not a matter for advice. I don't know the world or its customs. I must appear strange to you men. But I take it that a man's choice of a wife, a man's settlement of his future is not a thing that he brooks counsel over. At any rate, I want none of it."

"Come with me," said the captain, "we will talk it over. I have lived in the world, I went on, gently. Perhaps I can help you. Have we your permission to withdraw, Capt. Ashby?"

"Certainly," said the captain. "Pardon me a moment, chaplain," interposed Whittaker; "but the young lady has asked that some of us go ashore to take her deposition as to the matters that have been alleged concerning our friend here. Capt. Ashby, will you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Whittaker, I will go. And if you will accompany me, doctor, and you, chaplain, I shall be glad. Mr. Whittaker, you are a notary public and can administer the necessary oaths."

"Very good, sir," returned Mr. Whittaker. The other gentlemen bowed their acquiescence. "The lady said she would like to be undisturbed until evening."

"At two bells in the second dog watch then, have the cutter called away," returned the captain.

"Beg pardon, captain," said the surgeon, "but do you or any of you know this lady to be Miss Brenton?"

"No," said the captain, "I don't know her. Do you, Mr. Whittaker, or you, chaplain?"

"Well, then," said the surgeon, as both the officers shook their heads, "it will be necessary to have some one ashore who does know her in order to swear to her identity to make her deposition worth anything."

"There is Langford," said Whittaker, "he knows her."

"Very good," said the captain, "send a boat over to the yacht and present my compliments to Mr. Langford. Ask him if he will meet us ashore at quarter after five o'clock. Say to him also that I should be glad to have him dine with me tonight at seven. Chaplain, will you and Mr. Charnock take lunch with me later?"

Now, to go back to the island. The woman stood on the strand proudly, resolutely, sternly, without a sign of unbecoming until the boats reached the shore of the two ships. Then she kept herself in the boat, a control of steel. She turned slowly up the beach, entered the grove of palms, mechanically found the path and plodded along it, still erect and unbending, until the windings of the trail and the thickening of the grove hid her from any chance of detection on the ship.

Then, and not until then, and she gave way completely. She threw herself down upon the sand in the cool shadow of the great rocks in what her hand suddenly became a weedy land, and outstretched her arms as if to clasp the earth to her breast in default of the man she had dreamed of and trusted, she had loved and lived for, and lay there a silent, shuddering, writhing figure.

Her crushing disappointment at his failure to rise to the measure of her ideal of him, the total end of her dream of happiness, the breaking of all her hopes, the closing of all her ambitions, the tearing asunder of her heartstrings, whelmed her in agony. She had thought that never could humanity experience more than the pain superinduced by the horror of her position upon the ship, but that pain to the present was like a caress. For to all that old horror was added a new sense of loss, of disappointment and despair. Like Elijah of old, dismayed, disheartened, broken, she prayed that she might die there on the sands.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### The Man's Failure.

At five o'clock a boat put off from the big white cruiser conveying the islander, the captain, the other officers and Langford to the shore. The woman met them on the sand. She had discarded her woven tunic and was dressed in the faded blue blouse and skirt which she had worn when she left the yacht and which she had ever since preserved with such scrupulous care for an emergency like this. Well was it for her that the garments were loose and easy-fitting, else she could not have put them on so splendidly had she developed in waist and chest and limb. She wore stockings and shoes, and, save for a certain natural elegance and freedom in her bearing, she looked much as any other woman, except that few women were as beautiful as she.

After a momentary hesitation and a glance at the islander, who, after his first swift, comprehending survey of the woman, stood with averted head—she, conscious painfully of his every gesture and movement—the lieutenant commander performed the necessary introductions. This ceremony over, it was the woman who spoke.

"I sent for you, gentlemen," she began, "in order that a necessary deposition might be made to enable, if possible, my—"

mally toward the islander—"this gentleman, to establish his identity, upon which, as I learn from Mr. Whittaker, much seems to depend. I have here—"

"But, could you not do this more conveniently later on the ship, Miss Brenton?" interposed the captain. "He had been told that she intended to stay on the island, but he could not believe it. We shall be very glad indeed to offer you passage home. The ship is fitted for a flag and the admiral's quarters are yours to command. We are sailing direct to the United States, with a stop at Honolulu, and will be glad to restore you to your friends."

"Sir," said the woman, "I have no friends who care enough about me to welcome me or whom I care enough about to wish to see. My mind is made up. I shall stay on the island, at least for the present."

"But, my dear young lady," began the officer.

"Capt. Ashby," said the woman, "you are the commander of that ship?"

"I am."

"To you is committed the ordering of her course?"

"To me alone, Miss Brenton."

"You decide all questions connected with her on your own responsibility?"

"I do, certainly; but—"

"Sir, this is my ship, this island. If I choose to stay here, I cannot think you will endeavor to take me hence by force."

"By no means."

"Nor have I any more fondness for having my decisions discussed than you would have for hearing your orders argued or questioned."

"It is my island," cried the man, roughly, "and if you stay, I stay."

"We lose time," said the woman, shortly. "I am here to give my testimony; you are prepared to take it?"

"I am," said the lieutenant commander, stepping forward, notebook in hand.

"Captain, will you conduct the necessary inquiry?"

"Certainly," said the captain. "Mr. Langford, do you identify this lady?"

"I do, sir," answered Langford. "She is Miss Katharine Brenton of San Francisco."

"You say this of your own personal knowledge?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will make affidavit to that fact?"

"With pleasure."

"I wondered," said the woman, bitterly, "why you came back."

"It was at my wish, madam," returned Capt. Ashby, formally.

"He was not greatly prepossessed with the imperative manner and demeanor of this young woman, but he did not see exactly how he could resist it, or force any improvement in it. 'Will you proceed now with your story,' he continued. 'Will you speak slowly so that Mr. Whittaker, who does not write shorthand, can take it down.'"

Thereupon the woman told that portion of her tale which related to the evidence which she exhibited, the piece of the boat with the name of the ship upon it, the dog collar, the silver box, the Bible, the two rings. These were marked, set down and sworn to. The affidavit to which she subscribed her name, and to which she took oath on the very Bible of the island, was brief, though comprehensive, and the little ceremony was soon over. Mr. Whittaker assumed charge of all the exhibits. The tale having been completed, and all the little formalities got through with, the little party stood around in awkward silence wondering what was next to come.

"Miss Brenton," said the captain at last, breaking the pause, "it seems a shame. For God's sake, reconsider your decision and come off to the ship."

"No," returned the woman, quietly, "my mind is made up."

"Katharine!" exclaimed Langford, extending his hand in one final appeal.

"Not with you, either," said the woman.

"My dear young lady," began the old captain, "think what it is you do. Has any human being with such powers as you possess a right to bury herself in this lonely island? Is there no call?"

"Sir," the woman interposed, "your plea might move me if anything could, but indeed 'tis useless as the rest."

"Hear mine, then," said the man, abruptly, even harshly.

The woman turned and faced him as understanding and as determined as she had faced the others. What could he say? There was but one plea that could move her. Was he about to make that?

"We have loved each other," he went on, brokenly. "It was my dearest wish, my most settled determination, to make you my wife. That wish I still entertain, that determination has not departed from me. You have refused to marry that man—"

"And would you have me do so?" asked the woman.

"No, a thousand times, no. I am sorer every moment that I look at him that I did not kill him. But having refused him, there is nothing now that you can do but marry me. And as you have refused him, it makes it the more incumbent upon me to marry you and to take you away. Your honor demands it."

"My honor," flamed out the woman, indignantly.

"I have said it," returned the man, doggedly.

"Gentlemen, you will forgive our frankness," said the woman, turning

to the little group who waited, all except Langford, who had walked away out of earshot and who resolutely kept his back toward the party, "but this thing has to be settled. Now," said the woman, "there is no question of honor, but of love. I ask you, Man, do you love me as you did last night?"

"I—"

"You have never told me a lie," she continued. "You have never known anything but the truth."

"Until I learned from you," cried the man, "what you had concealed."

The woman smiled bitterly, waving aside this cruel stab.

"Tell me the truth. Do you love me as you did last night?"

"If you will have it, no," said the man, rushing to his doom.

Men have taken a bullet in the breast, a shot in the heart, and for a moment have maintained their erect position. The woman knew in that moment how such things could be.

"But I love you still," said the man, "and I still want you for my wife."

"Last night," went on the woman, as if in a dream, "I seemed to you the embodiment of every excellence that humanity can possess short of the divine."

"Yes," said the man, "I loved you as—"

"Do I still possess those qualities in your eyes?"

"He hesitated. He strove to speak the truth. The truth!" whispered the woman. "Nothing else, so help you God!"

"No," said the man, "but I love you still, and you ought to marry me, you must. Can't you understand?"

"Listen," said the woman, fiercely. "I did not go to that man yonder, although he offered me everything that honor could dictate and that true affection could suggest, I do believe, because I did not love him, although I have since come to respect him, after I have thought it over. It is not duty, but love, which is the compelling motive in this matter. And I won't take

you; I would not take an angel from heaven unless he thought me in every particular all that a woman should be to a man, unless he loved me with his whole heart and soul absolutely, unfeignedly, completely. You don't. I don't even think that I love you now. You have been tried and tested, and you have failed. Gentlemen, will you take him away?"

"I stay here," said the man, bluntly, drawing apart from the others, "and I will kill with my own hands the man who lays a finger upon me."

"Sir," said the captain, "this land, I take it, is the United States. As the ranking officer present, I represent its law. It is under my rule. As to your choice, I have nothing to say, but as far as regards other things, you will have to obey me here, as any other citizen of our country."

"And I know nothing of the United States or its laws," answered the man, proudly. "I am a law unto myself."

"The first lesson that the world will teach you, sir," returned the captain, pointedly, "is that that position cannot be maintained; that the whole fabric of civilization depends upon concession by individuals of natural rights and upon the enforcement of these concessions by other individuals to whom has been delegated that power."

"I don't wish to learn it, and that is why I will not leave this island," persisted the man.

It was the woman who intervened. She stepped close to the man and laid her hand upon his arm.

"You said that in some fashion you loved me," she urged.

"In some fashion I do," he replied.

"It grows late. Captain, can your ship lie by the island until morning?"

"If you wish, certainly," returned the captain.

"Very well. Man, will you then go aboard the ship with these gentlemen and leave me alone here for the night?"

"Alone, madam!" exclaimed the captain.

"Certainly, sir," returned the woman. "There is not a harmful thing upon the island. You can come back in the morning and we will discuss then what is best to be done. Really, gentlemen," she went on, with a piteous tremble of her lip, for one moment losing her control, "I have been tried beyond the strength of woman to day. If I can have a quiet rest, it in the morning—"

"That is reasonable," said the surgeon. "The lady is in no state for this discussion, nor, indeed, are you, sir," he continued, looking hard at the man.

"Very well," said the captain. "Come, Mr. Charnock, you cannot refuse that request, gentlemen. Madam, good night."

He turned away, followed by the others. Charnock for the moment he lifted.

"I give you one more chance," he whispered the woman in his ear. "I think myself fit for the wife of any man, do you think so? Do you love me? Do you care for me as you did last night? Can you think of me as all that is sweet and lovely and noble and pure, and worthy of any man's affection?"

She bent closer toward him in the intensity of her feelings. The words rushed from her. The man passed his hand over his forehead.

"I can only say what I said before, that I love you still, that I will marry you, and that you ought to be—"

"That is enough," interrupted the woman. "Good by."

She drew instantly apart from him. "Mr. Charnock," rang the captain's voice, imperatively.

Slowly the islander turned and made his way to the sea after the others.

The woman, thus left alone upon the island, was face to face with a crisis which could only be met in two ways. Either she must go away with the man, or they must both remain on the island. It was possible that the captain might be induced to use force, to take the man away, but that was not likely, and if it were attempted, she believed with much foundation for her belief, that the man who had never been coerced by a human being except her would fight until he died. She could not go away with him; she could not live with him on the island. A future opened before him. She had learned that afternoon on the sand that if his identity could be established he would be a man of great wealth, a power, a factor in the world's affairs. She had had her experience in life, her taste of power. It did not matter about her. It mattered greatly about him.

She had given him a final chance. He did not love her as she would be loved. He could not love her. It was evident to her that he never would. She had nothing to live for, nothing to hope for, nothing to dream about. There was one way of cutting the Gordian knot; she could die. And yet, somehow, the instinct of life was strong in her heart.

She crossed the island to her side, where she was hidden from the ship, and went down to the edge of the water. She even slipped off the garments of civilization and stood forth a primitive Eve and waded out a little way into the lagoon. The night had fallen and she was calm in the screen of the darkness. She could easily swim out to the barrier reef, clamber upon it, and then plunge into the blue Pacific and swim on and on, and fight and fight until the last vestige of her strength was gone, and then sink down, leaving him free and settling the question. And yet the waters lap-



ping about her feet held her back, drove her back, retarded her in her advance.

Could she do it? Should she do it? At least she would not give up the idea for want of trying. She resolutely set herself to wade into the deeper sea. That she waded was evidence of her indecision. Under other circumstances, or had she been clear in her mind as to her course, a quick run, a spring, a splash, and she would have been in the midst of the lagoon. She went slowly, and as the water grew deeper, she went more slowly. It was warm and pleasant in the lagoon. The slight difference of temperature between the water and the air ordinarily was only stimulating. And yet the sea had never seemed so cold to her as it was in that hour.

By and by she stopped; the waters now up to her breast. The wind blew gently toward the land, and the waves struck her softly and beat her back. She stopped dead still and thought and thought, wrestling with her problem, full of passionate disappointment, vain regret, despair, conscious that life held nothing for her, and yet clinging to it, unknowing what would be the outcome of the Titanic struggle raging in her breast between primal passions, love of life and love of man!

## CHAPTER XX.

The Repentance That Came Too Late.

For the first time in his life the man of the island played the coward. He was afraid to be alone. The others, the officers of the ship, that is, not Langford—he had gone back to his own yacht, declining the captain's invitation to dinner—would have respected the islander's mood and have left him to himself, but it was evident that he craved their society. Whittaker and the old chaplain suspected how it would be with him, but they knew that sooner or later he would have to retire to rest, and sooner or later he would be alone.

And then his grief was so obvious, that in accordance with a natural and commendable tendency they strove to cheer him up. They encouraged him to ask questions. They told him many things in reply that the woman could not have told him, that he had half dimly suspected, but had not known. They cheered up to him many things which had seemed mysterious and strange to him.

And on their part they marveled at the things he did know, at the thoroughness with which he had been taught, and at the wonderful acuteness of perception which he displayed. The woman had marveled at it, too, but she had become used to it in three years of intimacy. They saw it immediately with greater surprise.

A spare cabin in the wardroom had been arranged for the islander, and there provided with the unportly luxury of night wear after a hearty "Good night" from the lieutenant commander and a fervent "God bless you" from the old chaplain, he was left to his own devices. The strangeness of his situation; the soft bed, the snowy linen, the silk pajamas, the confining area of the cabin, the sudden touch with luxuries of civilization would in itself have kept him awake had he been as heart whole and as care free as when the woman had landed upon the island. But, indeed, the strangeness of these things aroused no emotions in his mind at all, for the moment he was alone his thoughts, which he had been fighting desperately to keep upon other things, reverted to her. What was she doing now? The first time alone upon that island? What was she thinking? He realized that no more than he could she be sleeping.

Unfathomably he reviewed with what calmness he could muster the scenes of the morning and the day. He forced himself to consider in all its lights and bearings the information that had been given to him. He tortured himself by the deliberate slow recalling of every detail, and then, quivering as if under the stimulus of some blow upon a raw wound, he reviewed his own conduct. Enlightenment came to him in that dark and silent hour. He discovered first of all that he loved her; that the check and counter-check and variation and alteration in his emotions had been swept away in a great development of a more transcending feeling. If she should ask him that question on the morrow as to whether he loved her as he had on that never-to-be-forgotten night, he would still answer no, because he loved her more.

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Oh, That There Were Others.

They knew that she lived abroad for a couple of years, they said. Why did she never speak of it?

"I used to once in awhile," she answered, "but not any more after I met the two Brooklyn girls who had traveled all over the world. They cured me. It was 'When I was in China,' or 'When I was in Japan,' or 'When I went through the Black forest,' or 'When I took a sail down the Red sea,' until they just about bored me to death. I said to myself then that I would ever after spare my friends, and I have kept my word."







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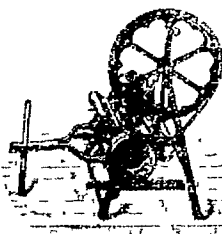
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NORTHVILLE

### NOVI NEWS.

Mrs. Akers is the guest of Mrs. Lee West.

Charles Dear, Jr., of Flint is home for a few days' visit.

Dr. Holcomb has bought James Devereaux's house and barber shop. Mrs. Letz and daughter of Williamston visited at N. Wixom's this week.

Mr. Perry of Vernon spent a few days with his sisters, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Durfee.

Mrs. Clara Blery has gone to Vernon to spend some time with her niece, Mrs. Perry.

Miss Mary Flint of Ypsilanti has come to spend the summer with her brothers, L. A. and W. D. Flint.

Miss Edna Seaman of Northville spent Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Cass Sanford.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Minner and Miss Mabel Whipple of Northville attended the 25th anniversary of the Cheerful Workers Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Brown moved to Pontiac Thursday. Gertrude remained here with her grandmother, Mrs. Mathewson, to finish her school.

A few days ago a rather bashful young woman went into a store carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens and at the same time put them on the counter. The clerk didn't know the chickens' feet were tied and asked if they would lay there. She hit her handkerchief and said: "No, sir, they are roosters."

Thomas W. Hammond, father of Mrs. Blanche A. Sessions and Roy D. Hammond of Novi, died at his home in Salem Saturday, May 7. He served three years in the 20th Michigan Infantry Volunteers, Co. B of which Rev. C. F. Allen, late of Detroit Conference was captain. The funeral was held from the West Salem Methodist church Tuesday, Rev. Mr. Andrews of Salem officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Callahan. The burial was in the Salem Walker cemetery.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

### WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Miss May Bentley entertained the fancy work club Tuesday.

Miss Battle Tuttle of Detroit is the guest of Mrs. Isaac Welch.

Rev. Phileas is entertaining his mother from Swartz Creek.

Henry McKnight of Los Angeles, Cal., is visiting his parents.

The Queen Esther circle met in the church parlors Wednesday evening.

Mrs. J. R. Beach is attending a Missionary convention in Port Huron.

Dr. E. A. Chapman and family made an automobile trip to Pontiac Saturday.

Three new cottages are being erected in the grove and one on the east side of the lake.

Mrs. Edgar Baker, who broke her hip ten weeks ago, is able to walk with the aid of crutches.

Mrs. Julius Stocker of Detroit was in town Tuesday to see about renting a house for the summer.

Ira Carnes, Misses Nellie and Celinda Smith and Clyde Smith attended the music recital given by Miss Madge Quigley at Ypsilanti Thursday.

Prosperity seems to have struck our town from the autos that have been purchased recently. Dr. Chapman, Clark Jones, Angell and son, Ira Carnes, Joe Dickerson and Will Chafy have machines purchased during the past month.

Scott Jones of Detroit will address the Epworth League in the Methodist church Sunday morning, being Anniversary Day. There will be special music. His church will lead the League at 6 p. m. Preaching services in the Methodist church at 7.

There was a large and appreciative audience at the Methodist church Tuesday evening to greet the Southland Serenaders. The singers possess most melodious voices and the rendering of the music was fine. Nearly \$30 was received, half of which goes to the Epworth League.

Regulates the bowels, promotes easy natural movements, cures constipation—Doan's Regulator. Ask your druggist for them 25 cents a box.

### FARMINGTON NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Meyers were Pontiac visitors Monday.

Mrs. Isaac Leary and friend of Redford were Farmington callers Saturday.

Miss Mary Munger of West Farmington called on friends in town Saturday.

Miss Vahlson has accepted a position in the Milford High school for next year.

Mrs. Oscar Smith visited her daughter, Mrs. Steve Treadway, at Pontiac Friday.

Mrs. Kate Fuller of Wixom visited her niece, Mrs. Wm. Danton, Saturday and Sunday.

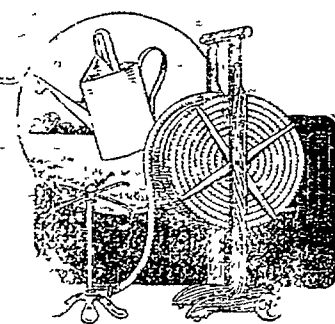
Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Pierce and daughter, Ernestine, visited relatives in Detroit Sunday.

Miss Myral Cley of Battle Creek is spending a couple of weeks with her mother, Mrs. A. Utley.

William Holmes and Miss Florence Woodworth of Novi called on the Nelson sisters Sunday.

Mrs. Rebecca Armstrong and aunt, Mrs. Susie Chamberlin, of Northville visited Farmington relatives last week.

Mrs. George Hicks and daughter of Novi and Mrs. Jay Seeley of Pontiac were guests of the former's daughter, Mrs. J. E. Phelps, Friday.



### DON'T DEPEND ON SHOWERS

to water your lawn or garden. They seldom come when you want them. Better get some of our garden hose, lawn sprinklers, watering pots, etc. They'll make you independent of the weather and insure you a fine lawn or garden. Probably you need other things in garden helps.

### Something in Hardware

such as a hammer and some staples to prop up that vine. A saw or a pair of pruning shears to trim the trees and bushes. We have them all and lots more beside.

**Fred L. Cook & Co.**  
FARMINGTON, MICH.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic. It is a Powerful Laxative. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Charles H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

### GILT EDGE NEWS.

Chas. Ely was a Detroit visitor Saturday.

Walter Wright spent Sunday afternoon at Detroit.

Clayton Grant of Pearl Beach was a Gilt Edge caller Sunday.

E. W. Millard and family were guests of A. R. Roberts Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Ely spent Sunday afternoon with Chas. Ely and family at Farmington.

Hurry Wolfe was at Northville Thursday and Friday of last week writing on the eighth grade examination.

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim of organic diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood—cures the cause—builds you up.

## EXCURSION

VIA

Pere Marquette

ON

Sunday, May 22

TO

BAY CITY

Train will leave Northville at 8:42 a. m. Returning, leave Bay City at 6:45 p. m.

### ROUND TRIP RATES.

Flint.....90c  
SAGINAW-BAY CITY, \$1.40

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the City of Detroit on the fourth day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten, Present, Henry O. Hulbert Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of MARY P. JOHNSON, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Chas. E. Ely, praying that administration of said estate be granted to him or some other suitable person. It is ordered that the eighth day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said Court Room be appointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne. HENRY O. HULBERT, Judge of Probate. C. C. CHADWICK, Probate Clerk.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE—In the matter of the estate of MARY P. JOHNSON, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the store of Burton A. Wheeler in the Village of Northville, Michigan, in said County, on Tuesday the 22nd day of July, A. D. 1910, and on Wednesday the 23rd day of July, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing and of filing and settling all claims and demands against said deceased, and that six months from the 13th day of April A. D. 1910, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. Dated April 26 1910. BURTON A. WHEELER, SANCER W. KNAPP, Commissioners.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE—In the matter of the estate of MARY P. JOHNSON, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Lapham State Savings Bank at Northville, Mich., in said County, on Wednesday the 13th day of July A. D. 1910, and on Wednesday the 14th day of July, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock A. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing and of filing and settling all claims and demands against said deceased, and that six months from the 13th day of April A. D. 1910, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. Dated April 13th, 1910. MILDRED N. JOHNSON, MARIAN A. PORTER, Commissioners.

**CHICHESTER'S PILLS**  
THE DIAMOND BRAND  
Largest Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Pills. They are made of purest ingredients, and are the only pills that can be taken with perfect safety. Ask for CHICHESTER'S PILLS in all drug stores. Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

# No Question About This

There is no question as to the size of our stock of Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, etc. No question as to the price; no question as to the styles and quality of the goods.

Then the only question is can we show you our stock? You don't have to buy to do that. We want you to come in and see us anyhow. You'll want to buy sometime and even if you don't you ought to know what kind of a line and how big a line of goods and enterprising Northville store has.

## Rugs

Bigger and better line than ever. Floor size and latest patterns. Prices to suit the pocketbook and the style of the room.

## Carpets

Several hundred samples to select from. We make them up to fit your room. No waste or loss on your part.

## Rockers

Room and Porch Rockers in an endless variety from the Cane Seat to the Big, Easy Leather Upholstered kind.

## Mattress

The All-Cotton Felt kind. Just as good as Ostermoor which costs \$15 and our price is \$9.00 but.....

## Kitchen Furniture and Floor Covering

Zinc Covered Sanitary Cabinets for the kitchen. (See south window). Linoleums, Fibre Matting.

## Baby Buggies

Every sort and description at prices just right and way below the city charges—See north window.

# Schrader Bros

Furniture Dealers and Funeral Directors.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

We Deliver the Goods to Any Part of the United States. No Mars, No Breakage, No Injury, No Chances.

Guaranteed under all Pure Food Laws.

More Friends Every Year

We'll soon count you among them. It's just a matter of time. More and more housewives are giving up the old-style, high-priced, Trust-made Baking Powders. Thousands are turning to

**KC BAKING POWDER**

One trial does it. You'll never go back. Speak to your grocer. Lighter, sweeter baking or money refunded. Far better. Costs much less. You won't believe it till you try for yourself.

25 Ounces for 25 Cents

**KC BAKING POWDER**  
25 OUNCES FOR 25 CENTS  
MADE IN AMERICA  
CHICAGO, ILL.

**Jaques Mfg. Co.**  
Chicago