

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XLII, No. 44.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1911.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

## FINE MEMORIAL EXERCISES TUESDAY

JUDGE VANZILE OF DETROIT GAVE SPLENDID ADDRESS.

W. R. C. Gave Vets a Great Banquet in the Evening.

The G. A. R. Post conducted the usual Memorial services in the rink here Tuesday. The day was an ideal one and the attendance was large. Judge P. T. Vanzile of Detroit made a splendid address, in fact one of the best ever heard here. The music, readings, etc., were also very interesting and entertaining. Following the address the Post and W. R. C. escorted by the Northville band, marched to the cemetery where the graves were decorated and the ritualistic ceremonies carried out.

At the conclusion of the exercises at the cemetery, the old soldiers were given a delightful banquet in Ambler's hall by the Woman's Relief Corps. Ex Governor Warner, Judge Vanzile and representative of the Press were invited guests. It was a splendid ending of the day's fitting tributes paid to the living and to the dead.

## GOOD ATTENDANCE FOR DRIVING CLUB

FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE WERE PRESENT.

Rattenbury's Horse Dropped Dead After Winning Heat.

There was 1,500 people present at the Driving Club's doings Tuesday.

The horse races were won as follows:

Class A—Parker's Uncle Dudley, 1.

Van Vleet's Donald Wood, 2.

Class B—Parker's Janet, Harold, 1.

Starkweather's King Hall, 2; Northville Roy, 2.

Class C—Rattenbury's Tootale, 1.

Starkweather's Roy L., 2; Fern, 3.

"Tootale," the valuable racing horse of Rattenbury's, died while being led from the track. The horse

had not been driven much this year, but nevertheless won the race heat, only to die from over exertion.

"Tootale" was owned by Mrs. Rattenbury and was one of the best drivers of the town. Matt Green who was driving at the time, feels very badly about the loss, although it was no fault of his.

Northville swept all the visiting team off their feet. The "Circle N" boys played all around the Milford boys in the morning, winning the game by a score of 11 to 1.

The "All Stars" did their share in earning Northville's honor by routing the Milford No. 2 with a score of 3 to 1.

In the afternoon the "Circle N" boys kept the Farmington team busy trying to find a desirable pitcher. Nearly every man on the Farmington team took his turn at pitching, while similar changes in the field took place. This waste of energy, however was of no avail, as the resulting score, 13 to 1, plainly indicated.

The band did its part to cheer the defeated team but could not make up for the lack of base ball material on the victory's part. The Farmington boys had not played this year to speak of and were crippled by the loss of three players, including their pitcher.

The auto parade had to be called off on account of so many cars being called into service to convey relatives to the burial service of Mrs. T. L. Morduck at Ypsilanti. It is understood that the parade will be given July 4, with suitable prizes for slowest half mile on high speed gear.

### Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the many friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us during the sickness and death of our husband and father. Also for the beautiful flowers.

MRS. GEO. YOUNG AND SONS.

## THE FIRST COUNT IN PIANO CONTEST

ORRAH HAYES GETS THE TEN DOLLAR GOLD PRIZE.

Mae McCullough and Ida Morris Next High.

The first count in the Record Voting contest was held on Wednesday morning, the ballot box having closed on Tuesday evening. On account of Tuesday being Decoration day, the count was held over until Wednesday. A great deal of interest was taken and the result of the first month's work assures that the contest will be a success. The piano will be here shortly and all may then see what a superior instrument the Record will give away. How-

ever it will take good consistent work to win, but it is worth the work. It is worth lots of work. A fully guaranteed instrument like the Oakland piano is a handsome adornment for any home. Ora Hayes was the winner of the ten dollars in gold. Mrs. McCullough is a close second and Ida Morris comes third with a large vote. Following is the count:

Ora Hayes	30 150
Mae McCullough	28 250
Ida Morris	23 400
Hattie Page	12 025
Pora Hendryx	11 400
Thelma Bennett	9 000
Mattie Kreeger	8 350
Marcell Tiffin	7 600
Mae McCowan	6 500
Armeda Masters	5 750
Gladys Morse	5 55
Helen Ward	5 50
Mae Groner	5 50
Elora Shelek	5 50

F. S. Harmon and W. G. Yerkes counted the ballots Wednesday forenoon and will certify as to its correctness as published above.

The second count will be held on the afternoon of June 24, at which time another special prize of ten dollars in gold will be given to the contestant making the LARGEST GAIN in votes. It pays to keep everlastingly and eternally at it and to get in at the start and stay to the finish. Remember that it makes no difference who is ahead at the first or second count, but that it is the one who is in the lead at the finish who wins the piano. Remember this and get busy and stay busy. Remember in the next count the contestant making the greatest gain gets the \$10 gold piece.

### Card of Thanks.

The officers and members of Allen M. Harmon Post take this opportunity to offer sincere thanks to the W. R. C. and citizens of Northville for their hearty and effective co-operation in the services of Decoration Day and also to the school for its generous cash contribution for flowers. BY THE COMMANDER, J. E. MORSE, Adjutant.

A Record Want Ad will help you exchange something you have and don't want for something you haven't and do want.

## 25-VOTE COUPON

Send this Coupon to The Record office before June 10 and it will count for TWENTY-FIVE VOTES. No money is required with this Coupon. This is the Last Free Coupon.

Voted for.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1911.

## On Saturday

We will Sell

A Special Broom for 19 Cents  
A 20c Bottle Olives for 13 Cents  
Or 10 Bars Acme Soap for 29 cts

with Every Cash Purchase of 50 cents or more.

Pineapples for Canning.

"GET THE HABIT"

TRADE AT RYDER'S

## Now Is The Time

To order your Coal for next winter—if you want it at the low price for April and May delivery—Lowest prices in the year. Don't wait until it goes up and then blame us.

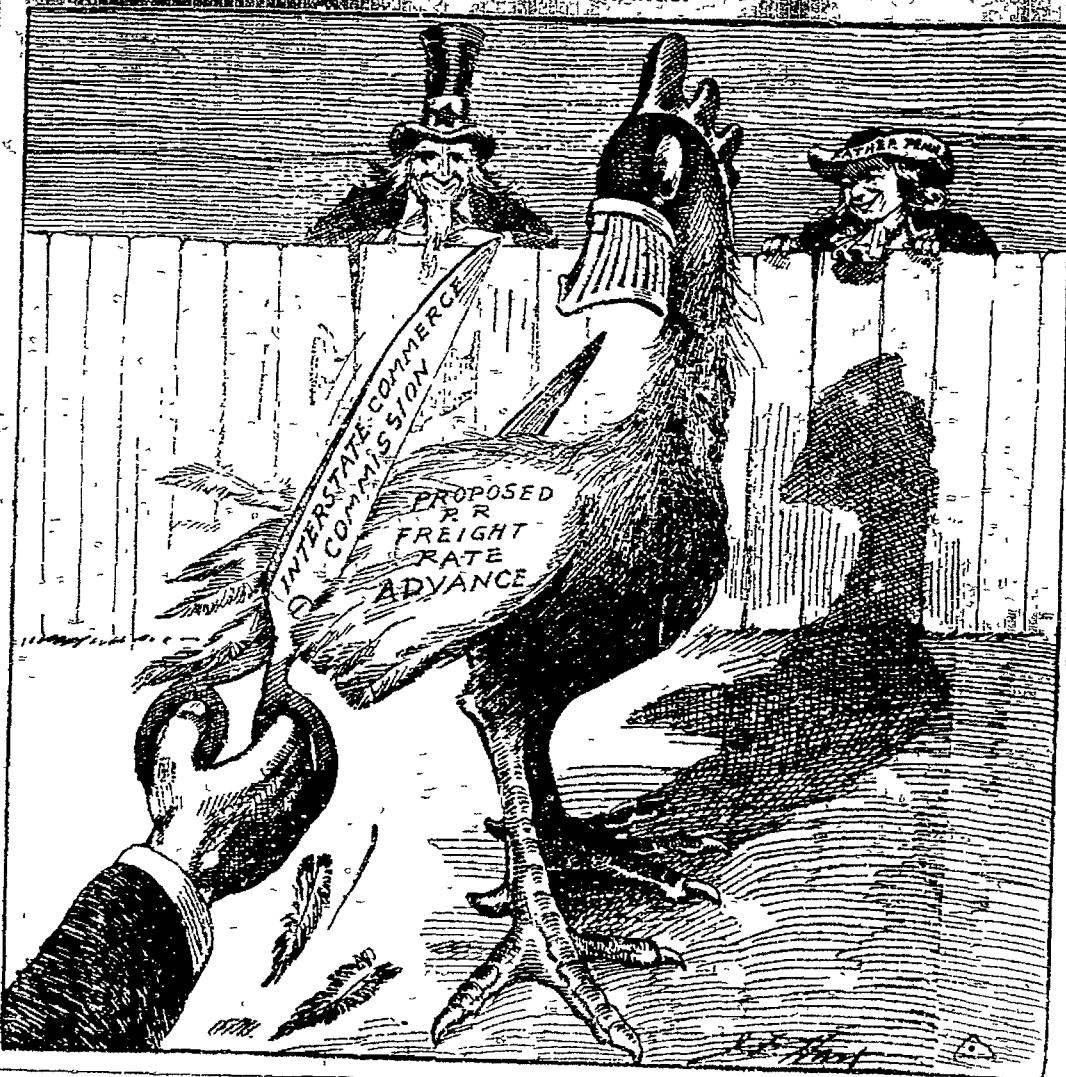
Yours for good No. 1 Anthracite.

R. R. MCKAHAN

Both Phones.

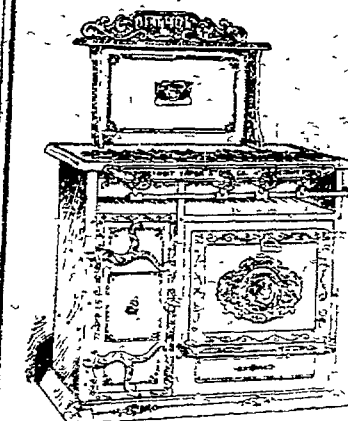
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

### CLIPPING HIS WINGS.



## Sale!

For a Short Time Only, on Detroit Vapor Gasoline Stoves, while they last:



\$27.00 Cabinet, oven attached	\$22.75
\$23.00 Cabinet, Oven attached	\$18.50
\$21.00 Cabinet, Oven attached	\$17.00
\$13.00 3-Burner, 22-in. High, less oven	\$10.50
\$12.00 3-Burner, 16-in. High, less oven	\$9.50
\$12.00 3-Burner, Hot Plate, less oven	\$9.50
\$10.50 2-Burner, Hot Plate, less oven	\$8.00
\$15.00 3-Burner Quick Meal, (generator vapor) 24-inches High, less oven	\$11.00

Use Cox-Ease and Fly Scoot on Cattle and Horses for Flies and Vermin; also try our Hand Sprayers, made on purpose for Cox-Ease and Fly Scoot use.

No Coupon Vote Tickets Given on Sale Stoves.

JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.

## Write It Down

and when you see it again it will serve to jog your memory. Every transaction of finance and money at this bank is faithfully recorded in ink.

## We Lend You Money

and the transaction is inscribed in our books. Security is certain to our depositors. We balance books daily and can call off your credit at a moment's notice. Bank here.



Northville  
State Savings Bank  
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## PINE APPLES

Place your order for Pines for canning and I will take good care of you. Size 30's are about the best size for all purposes. We are selling them for 15c each now, but by the doz they will come a little cheaper.

## Pillsbury's Flour

I am agent for the above Flour and there is nothing better in a western Flour. Ask for Pillsbury's Best.

### REMINDERS

6 Cans Sardines for	25c
3 Cans Peas for	25c
3 Cans Corn for	25c
7 lbs Rolled Oats for	25c

B. A. WHEELER

Both Phones.

NORTHVILLE.

If Pays To Advertise in the Record Want Column.

## Relieving Muscular Strain

of the eyes that rob the vigor of the rest of the body, is our profession. Glasses are intended for more than the aiding of vision. Some of the most distressing diseases have been relieved by glasses. Do not procrastinate in the matter of having your eyes examined by us.

G. W. & F. DOLPH

Dr. Swift Bldg.

OPTOMETRISTS.

Main St., NORTHVILLE.





# The SKY-MAN

HENRY KUTHELL WEBSTER  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS. W. ROSSER  
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## SYNOPSIS:

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace and has affection for his friend, Perry Hunter, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding, and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an Arctic explorer. A party from the yacht, including the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler, are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeanne tells Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fanshaw declares that it is a Eskimo throwing stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Fanshaw returns from the searching party with a sprained ankle.

## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

She was addressing the elder man as she spoke, and as she mentioned the name—it was the first time she had mentioned it to any one—she saw him shoot a startled, inquiring glance at his son. Following it, she met Tom Fanshaw's eyes staring at her in utter amazement.

"Cayley," he said, half under his breath; "Philip Cayley."

"That was the name," she answered.

"And yet I'd be willing to swear," he said, "I've never mentioned that name to you in my life."

"No," she said. "Why should you? I know you didn't. I knew I had never heard it before when he told me it was his." She hesitated a moment; then: "Did you ever know a man named Philip Cayley, Tom?"

He let the question go by, unheeded, and, for a long time, gazed silently out over the land. "I suppose," he said at last, "that a coincidence like this, any coincidence, if only it be trifling enough, will bring a touch of superstitious fear to anybody. I never had even a touch of it before, in all my life; and I always had a little feeling of contempt for the men who showed it. But now—well, I wish your old hunter hadn't strayed away that night. I wasn't alarmed about him before, and I was not rational ground for alarm about him now."

He did not go on until she prompted him with a question. "And has this sky-man, Philip Cayley, anything to do with the coincidence?"

Still, it was a little while before he spoke. "I suppose I'd better tell you the story—a part of it, at least. I couldn't tell it all to you. He turned to his father. 'You, I think, already know it.' Then with evident reluctance, he began telling the story to Jeanne.

"There was a man named Philip Cayley," he said, "in Hunter's class at An Point, three classes ahead of me, that was He and Hunter were chums, the David and Jonathan, you know, of their class. I remember what a stroke of luck for them everybody thought it was when they were assigned to service in the same regiment. It seems to me, as I think back to our days at the Point, of course, my memory may be playing me a trick—but it seems to me that even then Cayley was interested in the navigation of the air. Somebody kept a scrap-book of all that the newspapers and magazines reported on the subject, any way; I remember seeing it. I think it was Cayley.

"I lost sight of him and Hunter when they went to the Philippines. It is only justice to Hunter to say that I never heard a word of the thing that happened—out there from him. He never seemed to want to talk to me about it, and, of course, I never forced him. Well, I can make a short story of it, any way, though it has to be a nasty one.

"A man came into the post one day, the head man of one of the neighboring villages or there, a man with white blood in him—Spanish blood. They carried him in, for he couldn't walk. He was in horrible condition. He had been tortured—I won't go into the details of that—and flogged nearly to death. He said that Cayley had done it. He had remonstrated with Cayley, he said, because he feared for his daughter's safety—she was a pretty girl, whiter than her father—and it seems that the man's fears had some justification. It appears that Cayley had come out there, blind drunk, with a couple of troopers, who deserted that same night, and man-handled the old man. The girl joined in her father's accusation, at least she didn't deny anything.

"Cayley was away on scout duty at the time when the man came in—the thing had happened some days prior, just before he started out. It came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, for everybody liked Cayley and thought him an exceptionally decent, clean sort of chap, though he and Hunter both were drinking a good deal just then. Poor Hunter was all broken up about it. Everybody believed that he really knew some in-

criminating facts against Cayley, but he never would speak.

"As for Cayley himself, he made no defense whatever. He denied he did it, and that was all. There wasn't any real corroborative evidence against him, so the court-martial dismissed the case as not proved. But he wouldn't testify himself, nor have a single witness called in his behalf, and he resigned from the service then, and there, and disappeared, so far as I know, from the world. I heard he had a ranch down somewhere in New Mexico," near Sandoval, I think the place was."

His father saw a quick tightening in the girl's horror-stricken eyes at the sound of the name, which evidently, in some way, helped corroborate the story to her, but he did not question her about it.

"There was a silence after that, while the three out there on the Aurora's deck looked blankly into each other's faces.

The silence was broken at last, by none of them, but by a hail from the shore. 'Ahoy, Aurora!' cried the voice.

Mr. Fanshaw answered with a wave of his arm. 'That's Donovan,' he said to the others; then, 'Yes; what is it?' he cried.

"Will you send a dinghy for me, please?"

The boat was dispatched at once, and while they waited, Mr. Fanshaw borrowed Jeanne's fieldglasses for a look at the man who had hailed them. 'He's in a hurry,' said the old gentleman. 'He looks if he had news of one sort or another.' They all had felt it in the mere timber of his voice—something urgent; something ominous.

It seemed an interminable while before the returning boat came alongside the foot of the accommodation ladder. When the new comer appeared at the head of it, his face had plainly written on it the story of some tragedy.

"What is it?" Jeanne asked, not very steadily. 'Oh, please don't try to break it to me! Tell me, just as you do the others.'

"It's nothing concerning you, miss, not especially, I mean; nothing to do with your father." Then he turned to Mr. Fanshaw, 'I found Mr. Hunter—'

"Dead?" The tone in which Donovan had spoken made the question hardly necessary.

"Yes, sir. His body is lodged deep down in one of the ice fissures in the glacier. I could see it perfectly, though I couldn't get down to it."

Tom Fanshaw covered his face with his hands for a moment. Then he looked up and asked, steadily, "He slipped, I suppose?"

At the same moment his father asked, "Do you think we shall be able to recover the body?"

Donovan answered this question first.

"We can try, sir, though I've not much hope of our succeeding."

Then, after a moment's hesitation, he turned to the son.

"No, sir, he didn't fall; at least it wasn't the fall that killed him. I found this—in a cleft in the ice near by. It must have been driven clean through his throat, sir."

He held out, in a shaking hand, a long, slim ivory dart, sharp almost as steel could be, and stained brown with blood. 'He was murdered, sir,' Donovan concluded simply.

"Give me the dart," the old gentleman demanded. As he examined it, his fine old face hardened. "Do you see?" he asked, holding it out to his son. "There is no notch in the end for a bow-string, but it will be very truly in the groove of that throwing stick that Jeanne brought aboard the yacht this morning."

Then he turned to the girl. "I'm afraid your visitor last night was no vision, my dear, after all."

But the girl was looking and pointing skyward.

## CHAPTER V.

## The Dart.

High, high up in the clear opaline air was a broad, golden gleam. Near it came, and broader it grew, and as it grew, and as it caught more fully the slanting beams of the low-hanging arctic sun, it shone with prismatic, iridescent color along the gold, like an archangel's wings. The shining thing towered at last right above the mast-head, but high, high up in the sky.

Then the four watchers uttered, in one breath, a horror frozen cry, for, as a falcon does, it dropped, hurtling. But not to the destruction they foresaw; once more it darted forward, circled half round the yacht, so close to her rail that they heard the whining scream of the air as those mighty wings cleft through it. And then, as on the night before, his plans unobscured straight, Cayley leaped backward, clear of them; and alighted on the floe beside the yacht.

Old Mr. Fanshaw walked quickly around the deckhouse and balled the new arrival. "Won't you come aboard, sir?" Jeanne heard him call. "I'll send the dinghy for you."

"Thank you," they heard him an-



"Did You Ever Know a Man Named Philip Cayley, Tom?"

swer. "There wasn't much room for anything on the deck or I could have spared you the trouble."

Jeanne stole a glance into Tom Fanshaw's stern, set face, wondering if the tone and the inflection of that voice would impress him as it had her. "Don't you find it hard to believe that he could have done such a thing?" she asked; "a man with a voice like that?"

"I only wish I found it possible to believe he hasn't. Not every villain in this world looks and talks like a thug. If they did, life would be simpler." He paused a moment, then added: "And we know he did the other thing—out there in the Philippines."

Her face paled a little at that, stiffened, somehow, and she did not answer. They sat silent, listening to the receding oars of the dinghy as it made for the ice floe. Suddenly the girl saw an expression of perplexity come into Tom Fanshaw's face.

"When," she asked, "did you tell him our name? And our father's, I mean? Did you give him any hint who we were, or that we were people who might know him?"

"No, only my own, and who father was. He asked me about that."

"Ah," he said. "Then did accounts for his coming back."

She had hoped that in some way or other the tread of her answer might be in the sky-man's favor, and was disappointed at seeing that this reverse was true.

She had to repress a sudden impulse of fight when they heard the returning dinghy scrape alongside the accommodation ladder. And even though she resisted it, she shrank back, nevertheless, into a corner behind Tom Fanshaw's chair.

The old gentleman was waiting at the head of the ladder, blocking with the bulk of his body, the new-comer's view of the deck and those who were waiting there until he should have fairly come aboard.

"Mr. Philip Cayley?" he inquired stiffly. "My name is Fanshaw, sir; and I think my son, who sits yonder—" he stepped aside, and inclined his head a little in Tom's direction—"is, or was once, an acquaintance of yours." From her place in the back ground, Jeanne saw a look of perplexity—nothing more than that, she felt sure—come into Philip Cayley's face.

The old gentleman's manner was certainly an extraordinary one in which to greet a total stranger, 500 miles away from human habitation. Cayley seemed to be wondering whether it represented anything more than the individual eccentricity of the old gentleman, or not.

Evidently he recognized Tom Fanshaw at once, and, after an almost imperceptible hesitation, seemed to make up his mind to overlook the slight disparity of his welcome. "I remember Lieutenant Fanshaw well," he said, smiling and speaking pleasantly enough, though the girl thought she heard an underlying note of hardness in his voice. "You were at the Point while I was there, weren't you? But it's many years since I've seen you."

At that no crossed the deck to where young Fanshaw was sitting, and held out his hand. Tom Fanshaw's hands remained clasped tightly on the two arms of his chair, and the stern lines of his face never relaxed, though he was looking straight into Cayley's eyes. "Remember you at the Point very well," he said, "but, unfortunately,"



"It Was a Moment Before He Spoke."



ly, there are some stories of your subsequent career which I remember all together too well."

The girl did not heed the sudden look of incandescent anger she saw in Philip Cayley's face to turn the sudden tide of her sympathy toward him. It was not for this old wrong of his that they had summoned him, as to a bar of justice, to the Aurora's deck, but to meet the accusation of the murder of Perry Hunter. Whether he was guilty of that murder, or not, this raking up of an old, unproved offense was a piece of unnecessary brutality. She could not understand how kind-hearted old Tom could have done such a thing. Thinking it over afterward, she was able to understand a little better.

From behind Tom's chair, she could see how heavily this blow he dealt had told. For one instant Philip Cayley's sensitive face had shown a look of unspeakable pain. Then it stiffened into a mere mask—icy, disdainful. It was a moment before he spoke. When he did, it was to her: "I don't know why this gentleman presumes to keep his seat," he said. "If it is as a precaution against a blow, perhaps, he need not let his prudence interfere with his courtesy."

"He has just met with an accident," she said quickly. "He can't stand—No, Tom. Sit still," and her hands upon his shoulders enforced the command.

Cayley bowed ever so slightly. "I suppose," he continued, "that since last night you also have heard the story which this gentleman protests he remembers so much too well?"

"Yes," she said.

At that, he turned to old Mr. Fanshaw. "Will you tell me, sir," he asked, "for what purpose I was invited to come aboard this yacht?"

Tom spoke before his father could answer—spoke with a short, ugly laugh. "You weren't invited. You were, as the police say, 'wanted.'"

"Be quiet, Tom!" his father commanded. "That's not the way to talk—to anybody."

Cayley's lips framed a faint, satirical smile; and again he bowed slowly. But he said nothing, and stood, waiting for the old gentleman to go on.

This Mr. Fanshaw seemed to find it rather difficult to do. At last, however, he appeared to find the words he wanted. "When Miss Fielding gave us an account, this morning, of the strange visitor she had received last night, we were—I was at least—informed that she had been dreaming of it without knowing it. To convince me that you were real and not a vision, she showed me a material and highly interesting souvenir of your call. It was an Eskimo throwing stick, Mr. Cayley, such as the Alaskan and Siberian Indians use to throw darts and harpoons with. It happens that I've had a good deal of experience among those people, and that I know how deadly an implement it is."

He made a little pause there, and then looked up suddenly into Cayley's face. "And I imagine," he continued very slowly, "that you know that as well as I do."

Cayley made no answer at all, but if Mr. Fanshaw hoped to find with those shrewd eyes of his, any look of guilt or consternation in the pale face that confronted him, he was disappointed.

Suddenly, he turned to his son: "Where is that thing that Donovan brought aboard with him just now?" he asked.

The blood-stained dart lay on the deck beside Tom's chair. He picked it up and held it out toward his father, but the elder man, with a gesture, indicated to Cayley that he was to take it in his hand; then: "Jeanne, my dear," he asked, "will you fetch out from the cabin the stick which dropped from Mr. Cayley's belt last night?"

When she had departed on the errand, he spoke to Cayley: "You will observe that the butt of this dart is not notched, as it would have to be if it were sent from a bow."

He did not look at Cayley's face as he spoke, but at his hands. Could he possibly, he wondered, that those hands could hold the thing with that sinister brown stain upon it—the stain of Perry Hunter's blood—without trembling? They were steady enough, though, so far as he could see.

When Jeanne came out with the stick, he handed that to Cayley also. "You will notice," he said, "that that dart and the groove in this stick were evidently made for each other, Mr. Cayley."

The pupils of Jeanne's eyes dilated as she watched the accused man fit them together, and then balance the stick in his hand, as if trying to discover how it could be put to so deadly a use as Mr. Fanshaw had indicated. He seemed preoccupied by nothing more than a purely intellectual curiosity.

His coolness seemed to anger Mr. Fanshaw, as it had formerly angered his son. For a moment this sudden anger of his rendered him almost inarticulate. Then:

"We don't want a demonstration," came like the explosions of a quick-firing gun. "And you have no need for

trying experiments. You knew how nicely that dart would fit in the groove that was cut for it. You know, altogether too well, what the stain is that discolors it. You know where we found that dart. You're only surprised that it was ever found at all—and the body of the man it slew."

"Everything you say is perfectly true," said Cayley, very quietly. "I am surprised that the body of the man was ever recovered. I'm a little surprised, also, that you should think because this stick fell from my belt last night, and this dart, which you found transfixing a man's throat this morning—"

Tom Fanshaw interrupted him. His eyes were blazing, with excitement. "It was not from us that you learned that that dart transfigured the murdered man's throat!" he cried.

"I knew it, nevertheless," said Cayley in that quiet voice, not looking toward the man he answered, but still keeping his eyes on old Mr. Fanshaw. "And also a little surprised," he went on, as if he had not been interrupted, "that you should think, because this stick and this dart fit together, that I am, necessarily, a murderer."

"You have admitted it now, at all events," Mr. Fanshaw replied. His voice grew quieter, too, as the intensity of his purpose steadied it. "I suppose that is because, upon this 'No-Man's-Land,' you are outside the pale of law and statute—beyond the jurisdiction of any court. I tell you this; I think we would be justified in giving you a trial and hanging you from that yard there. We will not do it. We will not even take you back to the states to prison. You may live outlaw here and enjoy, undisturbed, your freedom, such as it is, and your thoughts and your conscience, such as they must be. But if ever you try to return to the world of men—"

Cayley interrupted the threat before it was spoken: "I have no wish to return to the world of men," he said. "I wish the world were empty of men, as this part of it is, or as I thought it was. I abandoned mankind once before, but yesterday when I saw men here, I felt a stirring of the blood—the call of what was in my own veins. Last night when I took to the air again after the hour I had spent on that ice-floe yonder, I thought I wanted to come back to my own kind; wanted, in spite of the past, to be one of them again. Perhaps it is well that I should be rid of that, of that, of that—"

"You, with all my horror of you, my disdain at you, I should not expect one of you to do murder, without some sort of motive, some paltry hope of gain, upon the body of a stranger. It is of that that you accuse me—"

A stranger! Tom Fanshaw echoed. Why, when you confess to so much, do you try to live at the end? You can't think we don't know that the man you murdered was once your friend—or thought he was. God help him! Why try to make us believe that Perry Hunter was a stranger to you?"

The girl's wide eyes had never left Cayley's face since the moment of her return to the deck with the throwing stick. Through it all—through Fanshaw's hot accusation, and his own reply—through those last words of Tom's, it had never changed. There had been contempt and anger in it, subdued by an iron self-control, no other emotions than those two, until the very end. Until the mention of that name—"Perry Hunter."

But at the sound of that name—just then, the girl saw his face go bloodless, not all at once, slowly rather. And then after a little while he uttered a great sob; not of grief, but such a sob as both the Fanshaws had heard before, when, in battle or skirmish, a soft-nosed bullet smashes its way through some great, knotted nerve center. His hands went out in a convulsive gesture, both the sick and the dart which he held falling from them, the stick at the girl's feet, the dart at his own. Then leaning back against the rail for support, he covered his face with his hands. At last, when they lifted again, he drew a deep, straight, and looked dazedly into her face.

Suddenly, to the amazement of the other two men, she crossed the deck to where he stood. "I'm perfectly sure, for my part, that you didn't do it; that you are not the murderer of Mr. Hunter. Won't you shake hands?"

He made no move to take hers, and though his eyes were turned upon her, he seemed to be looking through, rather than at her, so intense was his preoccupation.

Seeing that this was so, she laid her hand upon his forearm: "You didn't do it," she repeated; "but you know something about it, don't you? You saw it done, from a long way off—saw the murder, without knowing who its victim was."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Restoring Color to a Stone. A turquoise which has lost its blue color, and becomes green may be restored by soaking it in pure alcohol for two weeks and drying carefully in sawdust for a week. If the color changes again repeat.





## Go to the Rescue.

Don't Wait Till It's Too Late—Follow the Example of a Northville Citizen.

Rescue the aching back. If it keeps on aching, trouble comes. Backache is kidney ache. If you neglect the kidneys' warning, look out for urinary trouble—dropsey.

This Northville citizen will show you how to go to the rescue. Mrs. John Raymond, of Linden Ave., Northville, Mich., says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Murdoch Bros. Drug Store and they did me a wonderful amount of good. I suffered from dull, nagging backaches, felt tired and languid and had no strength or energy. I was unable to rest well and in the morning on arising my back was lame and sore. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first, and soon after beginning their use, the disagreeable symptoms of my trouble disappeared. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as a remedy of great merit in cases of kidney complaint."

For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

## 3 MINUTES

In the morning and three minutes at night, with a good TOOTH BRUSH and PASTE, will keep your teeth clean and white. Let us recommend

## Euthymol Tooth Paste

for the care of your teeth. More economical than a powder or liquid. EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE will accomplish just what it was made for. It will make the teeth white, purify the breath and keep the mouth in a clean, healthy condition. This product is no experiment. We use it and we know what we claim to be a fact. Try Euthymol Tooth Paste on your teeth to-night.

Price, 25 Cents a Tube.

## Murdock Bros., DRUGGISTS

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

**J. O. KNAPP**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE  
Insurance, Real Estate, Collecting and Renting at Reasonable Rates.  
Office over Lapham Bank  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## EXCURSIONS VIA PERE MARQUETTE ON SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1911 DETROIT

Train will leave Northville at 9:33 a. m. Returning, leave Detroit at 7:00 p. m.

FARE: Round Trip, 25 Cents.

## EXCURSIONS VIA PERE MARQUETTE ON SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1911 BAY CITY.

Train will leave Northville at 8:42 a. m. Returning, leave Bay City at 6:15 p. m.

ROUND TRIP RATES  
FLINT.....\$1.90  
SAGINAW & BAY CITY \$1.40

## SPRING BRINGS SORE FEET HERE IS A POSITIVE CURE

With the advent of warm weather comes foot troubles to thousands of people. The increased temperature and heaviness of the atmosphere causes swelling and excess perspiration. This brings on a series of foot troubles. The treatment given below will be welcomed with joy by an army of sufferers. "Acids like magic." Dissolve two tablespoonsfuls of Calocide compound in a basin of hot water; soak the feet in this for full fifteen minutes, gently massaging the sore parts. Less time will not give the desired results. Repeat this each night until the cure is permanent. All soreness disappears immediately. Corns and callouses can be peeled right off. Bunions are reduced to normal and the inflammation drawn out. Sweaty and smelly feet, tender and swollen feet need but a few treatments. This Calocide is a remarkable drug. Formerly used only by doctors but, any druggist now has it in stock or will quickly get it from his wholesale house. A twenty-five cent package is claimed to cure the worst feet.

## NORTHVILLE

### The City in Brief.

Fine rain that of Wednesday. Mrs. Myron Taylor has been quite ill the past week.

Hot and cold weather this week. Everybody had his or her choice.

W. Judd Lanning is building a pretty new house on Rouge avenue.

Reginald Hills, who has been ill with measles, is able to be out again.

Just before the thunder storm Wednesday forenoon it was almost as dark as night.

Regular communication of Northville lodge, No. 136, F. & A. M., on Monday evening, June 5.

The Pontiac churches have all united in an effort to clean the city of all kinds of slot machines.

Mrs. E. C. Murdoch was called to Sheldon's Corners Thursday to attend the funeral of an uncle.

Mrs. Floyd Carl of Detroit is here caring for her brother, Truman Garfield, who is ill with measles.

R. R. McKahan took an auto trip up through the sands of Holly, Rose Center and other Oakland points last week.

Mrs. Carr, the nurse, has returned from the Mt. Clemens hospital, where she underwent an operation. She is much improved in health.

Regular meeting of The King's Daughters in Ambler's hall Tuesday afternoon, June 6, at 3:30. All members requested to be present.

The Royal Neighbors would like a full attendance at their regular meeting Thursday afternoon, June 8, as there is work. A banquet will be served.

The barn on the Ryel farm north of town was struck by lightning Wednesday morning and burned. Mr. Ryel had just sold the farm and moved to Detroit.

Ask the merchants for Plano Contest coupons at the time of the purchase. Coupons cannot be expected several days after the purchase is made.

The members of the High School who presented "Tomkins, Hired Man" in the Opera house and at Salem wish to thank the people who did their part in helping them out.

The K. O. T. M. M. surprised the I. O. T. M. M. last Tuesday evening by going to their regular meeting in a body, loaded with ice cream and cake which everyone thoroughly enjoyed.

Twenty-five little school friends of Leona Whipple were entertained in honor of her birthday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Whipple, last Thursday. Ice cream and cake were served.

Owing to the continued serious illness of her mother, Miss Erwin has been obliged to give up her position in the State Oil Inspector's office and return to her home in Mariette. She has been in that office here for almost two years.

Mrs. Hendryx and Mrs. Tarr will serve one of their famous dinners here July 4th to the general public. Don't bother about cooking at home for they will be prepared to serve all comers in short order a la carte or table d'hôte. Notice of place next week.

Merchants who are giving Plano contest coupons cannot also give cash trade discounts. And if their customers get the regular cash trade discount they cannot expect to get the Plano coupons in addition. These coupons cost the merchants money and it is asking too much that they also give an additional cash discount even on large sales.

George Young, living at the corner of Randolph street and the Base Line, suffered a stroke of paralysis the fore part of last week and passed away Friday afternoon. The remains were taken to the home of his son, Harry, in Farmington where the funeral was held Sunday, Rev. Geo. Gillen officiating. He leaves a widow and several children.

A young man named Roy Rutao was arrested here Wednesday by Marshal Bogart for having borrowed a new Hupp auto of the Detroit factory without license. A representative of the company came here in the evening with an officer and took the car and Rutao to Detroit. Rutao at first claimed the car belonged to a relative but finally owned to Officer Bogart that he "borrowed" it to have a joy ride. He is but 18 years of age and was very penitent after he had been placed under arrest.

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

Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed and cannot be obtained when on board the cars or steamships. For sale by all dealers.

Clint Wilbur of Farmington and one of left field catches in Tuesday's game.



He Needed a Basket.

Through some oversight last week the name of Mattie Kreger was left out of the list of piano contestants, but she is one of 'em as will be seen by the number of votes she has secured.

Lester Cook's house on Duhiap street was entered by a thief Tuesday while the family was away, and was ransacked but so far as could be learned only a hand bag, containing \$3.00 in money, some bills and calling cards, was taken. Before going away that morning Mrs. Cook had taken \$40 from the bag and carried it with her, for which she was very thankful.

What might have been a very serious accident was narrowly averted Saturday evening when a bus load of young High School scholars and two instructors slipped over an embankment on the Salem road. As it was, all suffered bruises. One young lady sprained an ankle and another sustained a sprained arm. The party were returning home after giving "Tomkins, Hired Man" at the Salem town hall.

Talk about your Pinkertons, Burns and Scotland Yard men, Marshal Bogart has them all beat to a standstill. He just took a smell at the exhausts smoke of a Hupp car running around town Wednesday morning and on the instant knew the car was stolen and he induced the driver. In the city jail and notified the owners in just eleven minutes and seventeen seconds attended them.

Deputy Sheriff Springer of Plymouth has captured the young man who was here about May 1 securing subscriptions to the Woman's World of Chicago. The fellow's name was A. R. Jarvis, alias Paul Jones alias H. Howard. He went by the name of Jones while here. He would collect 50c, also secure a photograph with the promise of a 3 years' subscription to the magazine, and a pillow top with the photo on it. He was fined \$50 and 90 days in the Detroit House of Correction. The photos belonging to Northville people will be left at Mr. Plackney's store here Saturday and the owners may have them by calling there for them. The editor of the Woman's World has notified Mr. Springer that those who subscribed for the magazine will be sent a copy free of charge if they will send their names and addresses to him (Geo. W. Springer) Plymouth.

### BADIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The subjects for Sunday: In the morning, "Consecration"; in the evening, "A Sinner on the Run." Communion service will be held in the morning. The public cordially welcome to these services.

### You Take No Risk

Our Reputation and Money is Back of this Offer.

We pay for all the medicine used during the trial, if our remedy fails to completely relieve you of constipation. We take all the risk. You are not obligated to us in any way whatever, if you accept our offer. Could anything be more fair for you? Is there any reason why you should hesitate to put our claims to a practical test?

The most scientific, common sense treatment is Rexall Orderlies, which are eaten like candy. They are very pronounced, gentle and pleasant in action, and particularly agreeable in every way. They do not cause diarrhoea, nausea, flatulence, griping or any inconvenience whatever. Rexall Orderlies are particularly good for children, aged and delicate persons.

We urge you to try Rexall Orderlies at our risk. Two sizes, 10c and 25c. Remember, you can get Rexall Remedies in this community only at our store—The Rexall store, A. E. Stanley & Co., Northville.

## EAGLE SCREAMS

HERE ON JULY 4

DOINGS EVERY MINUTE FROM 9:00 A. M.

Sports, Parades, Ball Games and Races Galore.

Commenting about 9:00 o'clock, July 4, the celebration of the nation's great holiday will be officially inaugurated in Northville.

Of course Eddie Hunkley, Hank DesAutels, Billy Lanning and a lot of other kids over in our neighborhood may be expected to be touching off cannon crackers soon after midnight of the third, but the big show will not commence till 9:00 o'clock when young Lyma Brooks and Beechy Northrop will begin to tell off a program from the tall feathers of the American Eagle that will make both Plymouth and Waterford sit up and take notice.

Anyhow the boys say Northville will have the real works in the way of parades, ball games, horse races, auto parades and athletic sports. In the words of the late P. T. Barnum, "Watch for the Big Bills."

## MRS THOS. MURDOCK DIED SAT'DAY NIGHT

Mrs. Thomas E. Murdock, who has been seriously ill for some time past, and who underwent an operation a short time ago, died at her home on West Main street in this village last Saturday night.

Mrs. Murdock was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Blackburn of this place and was very popular among the young people of the village. She leaves, besides, the husband and two young children, two sisters and two brothers.

Much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved family and especially the husband upon whom the loss falls most heavily just at this time. Mrs. Murdock was about thirty-two years of age and had lived in Northville nearly all her life.

The funeral occurred from the home Tuesday afternoon and the interment was made in the cemetery at Ypsilanti.

Allen, the Stone 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 sizes of parts, in stove. Second hand gasolene stoves for sale. Phone, residence, 177 s.

G. P. ALLEN.

## You Have Worked for your Money

Now make your money

## Work for You.

Your success largely depends on a systematic saving of a part of your earnings, which if deposited with the

## Lapham State Savings Bank

work for the full time and earn a profit of 3 per cent per annum.

## On June first

every Savings account was credited with its earnings for the past six months.

## Buy Flour

## Steady Satisfaction

YOU'LL get good results always (not sometimes) when you use matchless STOTT Flour. Because the most exacting care is taken to keep its quality unfalteringly up to its high standard of goodness.

## Stott Flour

never fluctuates in quality. Our expert buyers select the finest of plump, full-ripened wheat. Our careful millers wash and scour it thoroughly and watch it vigilantly during its journey through our modern system of grinding and bolting machinery. It's always as good as it can be made.



Enquire of your Grocer or

## DAVID STOTT Miller

Detroit - Mich.

For Sale by C. E. RYDER, A. H. KOHLER, IRELL OF DENBURG.

## JOB PRINTING

We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do that class just as little cheaper than the other fellow. Wedding invitations, letter heads, bill heads, sale bills, stationery, dodgers, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment—just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.

## Doc Says==

The moment you sell Something Better than your competitors at the same price you create a sensation in buying circles.

That is the Reason We Are Selling

## Kirschbaum's Clothing

With Every Suit This Pledge is Given. We Guarantee this garment to be Right. If it is not right, you have no right to keep it; what we mean by right is this: Right Fit, Right Fabrics, Right Tailoring, Right Workmanship, Right Style, Right Value and Right Price.

Let us prove to you we are Headquarters for Porosknit Underwear. We are showing Two Colors, and All Styles. Positively the Best Wear that was ever put on the market.

## The Brandt Suspender

Elasticity without the disagreeable rubber feature to contend with. The far famed President Suspender without the clumsy wheels to wear out. Let us prove its worth to you.

## Hot Weather Shirts

What is more Attractive or Dressy on a Hot Summer Day than a Pure White Soft Shirt? We have them with Soft Collars of the same and French Cuffs, Coat Style or without Collars and Attached Laundered Cuffs. It will be worth while to look at them.

77 Main Street  
North Side  
NORTHVILLE.

## WM. GORTON





# The BRONZE BELL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL" ETC.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS  
COPYRIGHT BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

## SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady, Quain's daughter, who has been dismounted by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is Behari Lal Chatterjee, the appointed mouthpiece of the "Bell," addresses Amber as a man of high rank and presents a mysterious little bronze bell. The "Bell" is the daughter of Col. Farrall, daughter of Col. Farrall of the British diplomatic service in India and the Quain family. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and the bronze bell stolen. Amber and Quain go hunting on an island and become lost and Amber is left marooned.

## CHAPTER III. (Continued).

He had, then, these alternatives: he might either compose himself to hug the leeward side of a dune till day-break (or till relief should come) or else undertake a five-mile tramp on the desperate hope of finding at the end of it the tide-out and the sandbar a safe footway from shore to shore. Between the two he vacillated not at all; anything—were preferable to a night in the dunes, beaten by the implacable storm, haunted by the thought of Quain; and even though he were to find the eastern causeway under water, at least the exercise would have served to keep him from freezing.

Ten minutes after his last cartridge had been fruitlessly discharged, he set out for the ocean beach, pausing at the first dune he came upon to scrape a shallow trench in the sand and cache therein both guns and his game-bag. Marking the spot with a bit of driftwood stuck upright, he pressed on, eventually pausing on the overhanging lip of a 20-foot bluff. To its foot the beach below was awash knee-deep with wash of breakers.

Awed and disappointed, Amber drew back. The beach was impassable, here was no wide and easy road to the east, such as he had thought to find, to gain the sandbar he had now to thread a tortuous and uncertain way through the bewildering dunes.

A demon of anxiety prodded him on, he must learn Quain's fate, or go mad! Once off the mainland it was a matter of fact to find his way to the village of Shrapton, telephone Tanglewood and charter a "team" to convey him thither. He shut his teeth on his determination and set his face to the east.

Heed and roughly buffeted by the gale, the snow settling in rippling drifts in the folds of his clothing and upon his shoulders, he trudged like a cloth his face cut by clouds of swirling horizontally with well-nigh the force of blizzard from a gun he bowed to the blast and plodded steadily on.

Imperceptibly fatigue benumbed his senses, blunted the keen edge of his emotions, even the care for Quain he came a mere dull act in the back of his perceptions, of physical suffering he was unconscious. He fell a prey to freakish fancies. For a long time he moped on in stupid, wondering contemplation of a shining crescent of sand backed by a green, steaming wall of jungle. Many visions formed and dissolved in dreamlike phantasmagoria, but of them all the strongest and most recurrent was that of the girl in the black riding-habit, walking by his side down the aisle of trees. So that presently the tired and overwrought man believed himself talking with her, reasoning, arguing, pleading desperately for his heart's desire.

— and wakened with a start, to hear the echo of her voice as though she had spoken but the instant gone, to find his own lips rattling the syllables of her name—Sophia!

Abruptly he regained consciousness of his plight, and with an effort shook his senses back into his head. It was not precisely a time when he could afford to let his wits go wool-gathering. Inflexible of purpose in the face of all his weariness and discouragement, he was on the point of resuming his march when he was struck by the circumstance that the whitened shoulder of a dune quite near at hand should seem as if it bore the name—Sophia!

So passing strange he held it, indeed, that he was conscious of a singular reluctance to question the phenomenon. He had positively to force himself on to seek the door, and even when he had stumbled against its step, he twice lifted his hand and ret it fall without knocking.

There was not a sound within that he could hear above the clamour of the goblin night.

In the end, however, he knocked stoutly enough.

## CHAPTER IV.

### The Man Perdu.

A shadow swept swiftly across one of the windows, and the stranger at the door was aware of a slight jarring, as though some more than ordinarily brutal gust of wind had shaken the house upon its foundation, of an inner door had been slammed violently. But otherwise he had so little evidence that his summons had fallen on aught but empty walls or dead ears that he had begun to debate his right to enter without permission, when a chain rattled, a bolt grated, and the door swung wide. A flood of radiance together with a gust of heated air struck him in the face. Dazzled, he reeled across the threshold.

Three paces within the room, Amber paused, waiting for his eyes to adjust themselves to the light. Vaguely conscious of a presence behind him, he faced another—the slight, spare silhouette of a man's figure between him and the lamp; and at the same time felt that he was being subjected to a close scrutiny—both searching and, at its outset, the reverse of hospitable. But he had no more than become sensitive to this than the man, before stepped quickly forward and with two strong hands clasped his shoulders.

"David Amber!" he heard his name pronounced in a voice singularly resonant and pleasant. "So you've run me to earth at last!"

Amber's face was blank with incredulity as he recognized the speaker. "Rutton!" he stammered. "Rutton—why—by all that's strange!"

"Guilty," said the other with a quiet laugh. "But sit down." He swung Amber about, gently guiding him to a chair. "You look pretty well done up. How long have you been out in this infernal night? But never mind answering, I can wait." Doggott!

"Take Mr Amber's coat and boots and bring him my dressing gown and slippers."

"Yes, sir."

"And a hot toddy and something to eat—and be quick about it."

"Very good, sir."

Rutton's body, every inch moved noiselessly to Amber's side, dully helping him remove his shooting jacket, whereon snow had caked in thick and brittle sheets. His eyes, grey and shallow, flickered recognition and softened, but he did not speak in recognition of Amber's kindly good evening. Doggott! To which he responded quietly. "Good evening, Mr. Amber. It is a pleasure to see you again. I trust you are well."

"Quite, thank you. And you?"

"I'm very fit, thank you, sir."

"And—Amber sat down, and Doggott kneeling at his feet to remove his heavy, furred hunting boots—and your brother?"

"For a moment the man did not answer. His head was lowered so that his features were invisible, but a dull, warm flush overspread his cheeks."

"And your brother, Doggott?"

"I'm sorry, sir, about that, but it was Mr Rutton's orders," muttered the man.

"You're talking of the day you met Doggott at Nokomis station?" interposed his employer from the stand he had taken at one side of the fireplace, his back to the broad hearth whereon blazed a grateful driftwood fire.

Amber looked up inquiringly, nodding an unspoken affirmative.

"It was my fault that he—er—prevaricated, I'm afraid; as he says, it was by my order."

Rutton's expression was masked by the shadows; Amber could make nothing of his curious reticence, and remained silent, waiting a further explanation. It came, presently, with an effect of embarrassment.

"I had—have peculiar reasons for not wishing my refuge here to be disclosed. I told Doggott to be careful, should he meet any one we knew. Although, of course, no truer of us anticipated."

"I don't think Doggott was any more embarrassed than I," said Amber. "I couldn't believe he'd left you, yet it seemed impossible that you should be here—of all places—in the neighborhood of Nokomis, I mean. As for that—Amber shook his head expressively, glancing round the mean room in which he had found this man of such extraordinary qualities. "It's altogether inconceivable," he summed up his bewilderment.

"It does seem so—even to me, at times."

"Then why—in heaven's name—"

"I see I must tell you something—a little, as little as I can help—of the truth."

"I'm afraid you must; though I'm damned if I can detect a glimmer of either rhyme or reason in this preposterous situation."

"In three words," Rutton said deliberately. "I am hiding."

"Hiding!"

"Obviously."

Amber bent forward, studying the elder man's face intently. Thin and dark—not tanned like Amber's, but with a native darkness of skin like

that of the Spaniard—it was strongly marked. His features at once prominent, and finely modeled. The hair intensely black, the eyes as dark and of peculiar fire, the lips broad, full, and sympathetic, the cheekbones high, the forehead high and somewhat narrow; these combined to form a strangely striking ensemble, and none the less striking for its weird resemblance to Amber's own cast of countenance.

Indeed, their likeness one to the other was nothing less than weird in that it could be so superficially strong, yet elusive. No two men were ever more unlike than these gave in this superficial accident of facial contours and complexion. No one knowing Amber (let us say) could ever have mistaken him for Rutton, and yet any one, strange to both, armed with a description of Rutton, might pardonably have believed Amber to be his man. Yet manifestly they were products of alien races, even of different climes—their individualities as dissimilar as the poles.

"Hiding!" Amber reiterated in a tone scarcely louder than a whisper. "And you have found me out, my friend?"

"But—but I don't—"

Rutton lifted a hand in deprecation; and as he did so the door in the rear of the room opened and Doggott entered. Cat-like, passing behind Amber, he placed upon the table a small tray, and from a steaming pitcher poured him a glass of hot spiced wine. At a look from his employer he filled a second.

Amber lifted his fragrant glass. "You're joining me, Rutton?"

"With all my heart!" The man came forward to his glass. "For old sake's sake, David. Shall we drink a toast?" He hesitated, with a marked air of embarrassment, then impulsively swung his glass aloft. "Drink standing!" he cried, his voice oddly vibrant. "And Amber rose. 'To the king—the king, God bless him!'"

"To the king!" It was more an exclamation of surprise than an echo to the toast; nevertheless Amber drained his drink to the final drop. As he resumed his seat, the room rang with the crash of splintering glass.

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"And a hot toddy and something to eat—and be quick about it."

"Very good, sir."

Rutton's body, every inch moved noiselessly to Amber's side, dully helping him remove his shooting jacket, whereon snow had caked in thick and brittle sheets. His eyes, grey and shallow, flickered recognition and softened, but he did not speak in recognition of Amber's kindly good evening. Doggott! To which he responded quietly. "Good evening, Mr. Amber. It is a pleasure to see you again. I trust you are well."

"Quite, thank you. And you?"

"I'm very fit, thank you, sir."

"And—Amber sat down, and Doggott kneeling at his feet to remove his heavy, furred hunting boots—and your brother?"

"For a moment the man did not answer. His head was lowered so that his features were invisible, but a dull, warm flush overspread his cheeks."

"And your brother, Doggott?"

"I'm sorry, sir, about that, but it was Mr Rutton's orders," muttered the man.

"You're talking of the day you met Doggott at Nokomis station?" interposed his employer from the stand he had taken at one side of the fireplace, his back to the broad hearth whereon blazed a grateful driftwood fire.

Amber looked up inquiringly, nodding an unspoken affirmative.

"It was my fault that he—er—prevaricated, I'm afraid; as he says, it was by my order."

Rutton's expression was masked by the shadows; Amber could make nothing of his curious reticence, and remained silent, waiting a further explanation. It came, presently, with an effect of embarrassment.

"I had—have peculiar reasons for not wishing my refuge here to be disclosed. I told Doggott to be careful, should he meet any one we knew. Although, of course, no truer of us anticipated."

"I don't think Doggott was any more embarrassed than I," said Amber. "I couldn't believe he'd left you, yet it seemed impossible that you should be here—of all places—in the neighborhood of Nokomis, I mean. As for that—Amber shook his head expressively, glancing round the mean room in which he had found this man of such extraordinary qualities. "It's altogether inconceivable," he summed up his bewilderment.

"It does seem so—even to me, at times."

"Then why—in heaven's name—"

"I see I must tell you something—a little, as little as I can help—of the truth."

"I'm afraid you must; though I'm damned if I can detect a glimmer of either rhyme or reason in this preposterous situation."

"In three words," Rutton said deliberately. "I am hiding."

"Hiding!"

"Obviously."

Amber bent forward, studying the elder man's face intently. Thin and dark—not tanned like Amber's, but with a native darkness of skin like

the Spaniard—it was strongly marked. His features at once prominent, and finely modeled. The hair intensely black, the eyes as dark and of peculiar fire, the lips broad, full, and sympathetic, the cheekbones high, the forehead high and somewhat narrow; these combined to form a strangely striking ensemble, and none the less striking for its weird resemblance to Amber's own cast of countenance.

Indeed, their likeness one to the other was nothing less than weird in that it could be so superficially strong, yet elusive. No two men were ever more unlike than these gave in this superficial accident of facial contours and complexion. No one knowing Amber (let us say) could ever have mistaken him for Rutton, and yet any one, strange to both, armed with a description of Rutton, might pardonably have believed Amber to be his man. Yet manifestly they were products of alien races, even of different climes—their individualities as dissimilar as the poles.

"Hiding!" Amber reiterated in a tone scarcely louder than a whisper. "And you have found me out, my friend?"

"But—but I don't—"

Rutton lifted a hand in deprecation; and as he did so the door in the rear of the room opened and Doggott entered. Cat-like, passing behind Amber, he placed upon the table a small tray, and from a steaming pitcher poured him a glass of hot spiced wine. At a look from his employer he filled a second.

Amber's face was blank with incredulity as he recognized the speaker. "Rutton!" he stammered. "Rutton—why—by all that's strange!"

"Guilty," said the other with a quiet laugh. "But sit down." He swung Amber about, gently guiding him to a chair. "You look pretty well done up. How long have you been out in this infernal night? But never mind answering, I can wait." Doggott!

"Take Mr Amber's coat and boots and bring him my dressing gown and slippers."

"Yes, sir."

"And a hot toddy and something to eat—and be quick about it."

"Very good, sir."

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Amber lifted his fragrant glass. "You're joining me, Rutton?"

"With all my heart!" The man came forward to his glass. "For old sake's sake, David. Shall we drink a toast?" He hesitated, with a marked air of embarrassment, then impulsively swung his glass aloft. "Drink standing!" he cried, his voice oddly vibrant. "And Amber rose. 'To the king—the king, God bless him!'"

"To the king!" It was more an exclamation of surprise than an echo to the toast; nevertheless Amber drained his drink to the final drop. As he resumed his seat, the room rang with the crash of splintering glass.

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"Take Mr Amber's coat and boots and bring him my dressing gown and slippers."



## TRUE COURAGE.



Nathaniel—Yes, he was paying attention to her quite a long time.

Estelle—Perhaps he hadn't the courage to propose.

Nathaniel—Oh, I don't know. Perhaps he had the courage not to propose.

## WELCOMED BY MEN WHO SMOKE

Particular men who smoke realize how offensive to people of refinement is a strong tobacco breath, and how objectionable to themselves is that "dark brown taste" in the mouth after smoking.

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic is worth its weight in gold for this purpose. Just a little in a glass of water—rinse the mouth and brush the teeth. The mouth is thoroughly deodorized, the breath becomes pure and sweet and a delightful sense of mouth cleanliness replaces that dark brown tobacco taste.

Paxtine is far superior to liquid antiseptics and Peroxide for all toilet and hygienic uses and may be obtained at any drug store 25 and 50c a box or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by The Paxtine Toilet Co., Boston, Mass. Send for a free sample.

He Used Good Material.

Rembrandt and Michael Angelo were playing checkers under a spreading tree in the golden sunlight of the Elysian Fields.

The famous Italian looked up.

"Remmy," he said "did you notice the price somebody has just paid for that 'Milk of yours'?"

"I heard about it."

"Well,"

"Well, I'm glad I had enough money when I painted that picture to buy a good quality of canvas. It's your move, Mike."

And the game went on—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Unless he is home where he can rage before the family about it, a bald headed man will pretend he doesn't know there are such things as flies.

Some men will do more for a cheap cigar than they will do for a dollar.

## DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP HER

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Found, Wis.—"I am glad to announce that I have been cured of dyspepsia and female troubles by your medicine. I had been troubled with both for fourteen years and consulted different doctors, but failed to get any relief. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, I can say I am a well woman."

I can't find words to express my thanks for the good your medicine has done me. You may publish this if you wish."

—Mrs. HERMAN STERN, Pound, Wis.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

For Headaches

Caused by sick stomach, ill-regulated bile, sluggish bowels, nervous strain or overwork, the safest and surest remedy is

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

## MACCABEES' FATHER MAJ. BOYNTON DEAD

CIVIL WAR VETERAN AND VALI-  
ANT FIGHTER FOR PRINCIPLES OF ORDER PASSES  
AWAY AT FT. HURON.

WAS NESTOR OF FRATERNALISM IN MICHIGAN.

The Major Relieved From the effects of an Operation in a Detroit Hospital and "Twas Thought He Would Recover.

Nathan S. Boynton, "Father of the Maccabees," veteran of the civil war, nestor of the fraternalism in Michigan, pioneer resident of Port Huron and a man whose name is a household word over the entire United States, died at his home in Port Huron following an illness of only a few weeks.

Since the Modern Maccabee reunion held in Toledo, O., four years ago, when the major was taken on the eve of his flight to retain the office of great commander of the order which he founded, the major had grown physically weak, so much in fact that several months ago it was necessary for him to undergo an operation in a Detroit hospital.

He quickly recovered, however, from the effects of the operation and it was generally believed that "he would regain his former vigor and health, the major being in his seventies, his health gradually failed until a few days ago it was necessary for him to take to his bed.

"I am ready for the final summons," said the major to his sons and daughters. Then he passed into an unconscious sleep in which he remained until death came.

Governor and the Tax Commissioners.

Now that the governor has named a commission to investigate tax conditions in the state it is expected that he will lay before them his program for a separation of state and local taxes. It is well understood that he believes that this should be brought about as a means of reducing the cost of collecting taxes, eliminating fiction, and bettering conditions both from a state as well as a local standpoint. Many other state officials are giving the same subject considerable consideration. When a person takes into consideration the huge amount of money that is yearly apportioned among the various school districts and the fact that last year the state of Michigan turned over to the counties \$1,155,000 more in primary school money than was paid into the state treasury by these counties in state taxes and taken into consideration the large amount of money that the state expends in the collection of this money that is turned over to the counties, the point is reached as to where it will all end.

Taft and Laurier at Port Huron.

The United T. & L. accepted an invitation to visit Port Huron in September. The invitation came from the Young Business Men's Association of Port Huron and was presented through Senator William Allen Smith. The plan as outlined by the senator to the president, John W. Smith, of the Young Business Men's Association, was to visit the city and the surrounding country in a big international meeting of good will. The Canadian side to be conducted by Sir William Laurier, and the American side by the president and he accepted the invitation. He will discuss reciprocity in a speech which he is particularly anxious to lay before the farmers of Michigan.

M. N. G. to Camp at Port Huron.

After the military band and Gen. Abbey and staff had viewed the site which Port Huron proposed to offer for the Michigan National Guard encampment for 1911, they announced that they were in favor of holding the encampment in that city.

A formal letter setting forth the necessary requirements will be mailed later to the proper officials, and upon receipt of it, active work will be started by the business men and others to care for the thousands of people who will visit the city and the soldier boys who will go into camp.

Governor Reviews M. A. C. Cadet Corps.

For the first time since 1907 a governor reviewed the M. A. C. corps of cadets when Gov. Osborn inspected the battalion at East Lansing. The occasion was the unveiling of a bronze tablet to the memory of the M. A. C. students who left the school to enlist in the civil war.

Aeronaut Drowns at Lansing.

In plain view of several hundred people, who gathered at Waverly park to witness the first balloon ascension of the season at the local resort, Glenn Farrell, aged 25, a Lansing aeronaut, met death by drowning in Grand river when his parachute landed in the water after his successful trip.

Foreign furniture makers will exhibit at the annual show in Grand Rapids in July.

Robert Campbell, former Jackson attorney, in Jackson prison for forgery, is paroled.

Herbert L. Wall, managing editor of the Port Huron Times Herald, has bought the Alliance. O. Leader and will move to that city. He was formerly a Detroit newspaper man. His qualifications are bound to win him success in Alliance.

Suit has been started by the city of Niles on behalf of a number of citizens to cause the removal of a tuberculosis hospital, run by a former mayor, from the residential district on the grounds that its location makes it a public nuisance.

Escanaba has adopted the slogan, "Escanaba Discourages Fertilizer."

C. L. White, steward of the state hospital in Traverse City, and L. C. Smith, steward of the state asylum in Pontiac, were re-elected president and secretary of the Michigan Stewards' association at a meeting in Kalamazoo.

Henry Merritt, aged 77, for 60 years a resident of Bennington township, Saginaw county, died as the result of an overdose of laudanum. He took the poison Thursday night and efforts to neutralize the effect of the drug were fruitless. He leaves a widow and seven children.

## MICHIGAN NEWS IN BRIEF

Burglars robbed the Sawyer Goodman Co. at Goodman of \$300.

The town of South Frankfort has changed its name to Alberta.

Mrs. Claude Green of Shattburg hanged herself in a stairway because of the death of a sister.

Frank Peck and Wm. McFall broke out of Grand Rapids jail with tools supplied by a woman. They are at large.

The electors of Alger county will vote on the proposition to bond the county for \$50,000 to build good-roads June 15.

The state military board says the Michigan National Guard will camp this year on the Avery farm near Port Huron.

Allen J. Chittenden, business man and councilman of Eaton Rapids, took his own life because of illness in his family.

Michigan United Railways has decided to go ahead with the extension of its Lansing to Owosso branch, to Saginaw.

Before the State Y. W. C. A. meets in Saginaw Nov. 2 to 5, the local branch of the organization will have its new \$65,000 home finished.

Sentence was suspended on Pete Dondono and Joe Maylew, arrested for vagrancy in Ludington, provided they left the state on the run.

Forty priests attended the consecration of the Sacred Heart church in Saginaw. The church cost \$70,000 and was started 20 years ago.

Prof. F. D. Davis, formerly superintendent of schools of Escanaba, has been appointed superintendent of schools at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Secretary of War Shinn approved plans to acquire lands adjoining the Canadian boundary, line for the completion of the works at the Soo locks.

James Gaffney, saloonkeeper, of Negaunee, was shot and killed by John McAnally, whom he angered a year ago by refusing to sell him a drink.

Joseph Kellner, a Menominee street car conductor on the Ogden avenue line, stopped his car long enough to rescue a man who was drowning in the Menominee river.

J. L. Fisher who has just completed eight years at Marquette for stealing \$2,600 from Mrs. Caroline Cameron of Marshall, has just been convicted of a similar crime at Newark, O.

The new saw and wood mill of the Lee Sprague & Son Chemical Co. at Newberry, is in commission. The mill has a capacity of 60,000 feet of lumber and 100 cords of wood a day.

The consolidation of the Bank of Saginaw and the Saginaw County Savings bank was formally completed when the firm opened in their hand some new building on the east side.

James McGaffney, a saloonkeeper of Negaunee, was that through the abduction of John McAnally, 22, a veteran of the Spanish war. The shooting was the outcome of an old grudge.

Harry W. Lule, farmer of Grand county, is in the county jail in Bay city awaiting trial on a charge of being an accomplice in the kidnapping and robbery of George McAnally, at Cass City, Mich.

In Norton, Osborn and Thelma Thomas were eloping when a police man arrested the girl at the R. R. station in Sturgis on a charge of stealing the clothes of her lover from a roommate.

E. W. Reed & Co., Detroit were the new holders of a new hotel at Forest Home, formerly Saginaw, in an effort to get a hotel established on the job the city council must now reconsider.

Under Parsons, one of the attorneys for the minority stockholders, charged during the hearing of the C. & N. & H. C. mine merger case in Lansing that the company is using fraudulent means to effect the merger.

The upper peninsula will be represented in the Michigan war relic contest at St. Louis, Mo., on June 2 by Irving J. Toppen of Lake Linden in explanation, and as Peter Monechich of Calumet is secretary.

A number of representatives of the Commonwealth Power Co. visited B. S. Hanchett of Grand Rapids as Michigan's next governor while at dinner at Burt's Creek. Mr. Hanchett had merely happened in on the party.

The American Searing Co. of Grand Rapids, has conceded a nine-hour day with 16 hours' pay to the strikers who voted to return to work at once.

After laying out her burial robes and attending to other details, Miss Dora Gray, of Oregon township, near Lapeer, shot herself through the head. The body was found by a neighbor, who passed by later. She had been in poor health.

Prof. Bradley M. Thompson, one of the oldest professors at the University of Michigan who is to be placed on the Carnegie foundation pension list was presented with a handsome silver loving cup the gift of members of the law classes at the university.

The Western Land Securities Co., which purchased 700,000 acres of farmland in the upper peninsula this year has already sold \$9,000. Eight hundred acres has been sold to W. B. Northrup of the wholesale commission firm of W. B. Northrup & Co. of Minneapolis.

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## HADN'T MUCH BRAIN.



He—That fellow has got more money than brains.

She—That so?

He—Yes, I lent him a ten spot this morning.

## CRIMINAL NEGLECT OF SKIN AND HAIR

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little that it is almost criminal not to use them. Think of the suffering entailed by neglected skin troubles—mental because of disfigurement—physical because of pain. Think of the pleasure of a clear skin, soft white hands and good hair. These blessings are often only a matter of a little thoughtful, timely care, viz.:—warm baths with Cuticura Soap, assisted when necessary by gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment. The latest Cuticura book, an invaluable guide to skin and hair health, will be mailed free, on application to the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass.

The Passing of the Wife.

We have known for some time that the wife would have to go. We have held off as long as possible the inevitable moment, but it might just as well be over with at once.

The wife was a very desirable article while she lasted. She mended the hose and did the housework when necessary and sat up patiently and waited for hubby's return. A useful person certainly—one to love, to honor and obey.

Now the suffragette age is upon us and the wife is rapidly becoming extinct, says Life.

In a few more years she will be exhibited in museums.

Adieu, madam! We respect your memory!

## Her Offering.

A young lady boarder in a country household lamented the absence of letters. Catching little Mollie, the pet of the household, up in her arms, she said:

"Precious, nobody loves me; I guess I'll go out in the garden and cut worms."

The next day Miss Alice was interrupted by a low knocking at the door. In answer to her summons, Mollie entered grasping a large chip carefully in both hands, the child said:

"Miss Alice, had old postman not bring you any letter, here's free big worms. Now you won't have to go out in the garden."

Clean Sanitary Floors.

Varnish, which is commonly regarded only as a beautifier, is an efficient sanitary agent. Varnished surfaces can be cleaned by wiping, and the microbe-laden dust is thus kept out of the air. A varnished floor is therefore not only up to date, beautiful and easily cleaned, but is wholesome. The National Association of Varnish Manufacturers, 636 The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa., are distributing free a booklet entitled "Modern Floors," which tells how floors may be made and kept wholesome and attractive. Send for one. Varnish is cheaper than carpet and far more satisfactory.

A Tame Substitute.

It begins to look as if those adventurous young men who went to Mexico in hopes of seeing some real fighting will be denied that pleasure.

"Yes—There is nothing left for them to do now but to come back home and jump on the umpire."

Where They All Happen.

"I heard of a remarkable adventure with a boa constrictor."

"Where did it happen?"

"At a cafe table."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. A bottle.

Anyway, there is nothing monotonous about the weather.

## A Drop of Blood

Or a little water from the human system when thoroughly tested by the chief chemist at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., tells the story of impoverished blood—nervous exhaustion or some kidney trouble. Such examinations are made without cost and is only a small part of the work of the staff of physicians and surgeons under the direction of Dr. R. V. Pierce giving the best medical advice possible without cost to those who wish to write and make a full statement of symptoms. An imitation of nature's method of restoring waste of tissue and impoverishment of the blood and nervous force is used when you take an alternative and glyceric extract of roots, without the use of alcohol, such as

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Which makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men great in body, active in mind and cool in judgment. Get what you ask for!

## GOOD WORK WELL SUPPORTED

People Are Liberal in Their Contributions to Young Men's Christian Associations.

This year Young Men's Christian associations are likely, it is said, to break all records in amount of money raised for new buildings. The success at Philadelphia, when \$1,020,000 was secured in twelve days, has given stimulus both to Young Men's and Young Women's Associations. Added to it was the \$2,000,000 campaign for buildings in foreign capitals, Brooklyn Women, with the aid of a few men, have just secured \$415,000; Atlanta men, \$600,000; Reading, \$217,000; Elvira, Ohio, \$127,000, where the committee asked for but \$100,000; Charleston, S. C., \$150,000; Raleigh, N. C., \$75,000; Walla Walla, Wash., \$48,000, and Ishpeming, Mich., \$22,500. Association leaders say three things help them in getting these large sums: Christian unity, a short and public appeal, and real results accomplished in buildings already erected.

A Wily Judge.

At an assizes court, according to the London Times, a juror claimed exemption from serving on the ground that he was deaf. The judge held a conversation with the clerk of arraigns on the subject, and then, turning to the man, at whom he looked intently, he asked in a whisper: "Are you very deaf?" "Very," was the unguarded reply. "So I perceive," was the rejoinder of the judge, "but not whisper deaf. You had better go into the box. The witness shall speak low."—Case and Comment.

Very Like.

"Did Hawkins take his punishment like a man?" asked Lollyberry.

"You bet he did," laughed Dubbleigh. "He hollered and yelled and used strong language, to beat creation."—Harper's Weekly.

Garfield Tea will regulate the liver, giving freedom from sick headache and bilious attacks. It overcomes constipation.

Some men are anxious to get money because they think it will enable them to get more.

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## SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA

Cleanses the System effectually; Dispels colds and Headaches due to constipation.

Best for men, women and children; young and old.

To get its Beneficial effects, always note the name of the Company.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. plainly printed on the front of every package of the Genuine

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shank Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, tender, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest sanitary discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It's a certain relief for itervises and perspiring, callous and tired, aching feet. It's over 20,000,000 pairs of shoes sold in the U. S. A. Sold everywhere. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail in a box for 10c. Allen's Foot-Ease, 100 So. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

WILLIAM GLAXO'S SWEET POWDER

For babies and children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Free booklet from WILLIAM GLAXO, Ltd., 130 So. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

DAISY FLY KILLER

Patented Fly Killer. Kills all flies, mosquitoes, etc. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Free booklet from WILLIAM GLAXO, Ltd., 130 So. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

PATENTS

For inventions and patents. Free booklet from WILLIAM GLAXO, Ltd., 130 So. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

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For inventions and patents.

### NOVI NEWS.

Arthur Moree of Detroit called on friends here this week.

Mrs. Jay Leavenworth, spent part of the week in Detroit.

Warner and Jay Leavenworth visited their mother over Sunday.

Mrs. Biery and children of Pontiac visited relatives here over Sunday.

Mrs. Sarah Root has been the guest of South Lyon friends this week.

The WCTU will meet with Mrs. Batherick, June 7, from 2 to 4 p. m.

The program is in charge of the flower mission and press superintendent.

Wm. Mairs and wife of Walled Lake spent Sunday with Herman Taylor and wife.

Eugene Root and wife attended the wedding of Miss Lucile Curtis at Salem Wednesday.

The Misses Katie White and Margaret Severance of Northville visited at P. Taylor's over Sunday.

Wm. Linger of West Novi entered.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

tailed his two sisters and two children of Detroit from Saturday until Tuesday.

Little, Millie Kingsley, aged eight years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kingsley, died of diphtheria last Thursday. The burial was in Rural Hill, following a prayer service outside the house Friday morning.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the  
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

BE SURE AND ASK FOR PIANO COUPONS.

Forecasters predict the warmest summer we have had in years. We are ready and waiting for it with a stock of Seasonable Merchandise that will accommodate every demand that is made upon it.

**American Lady Corsets,**  
for the Lady who  
cares.....\$1 to \$3

**Cadet Hosiery,** for Men,  
Women and Children;  
every pair guaranteed, 25c



Why not demand the Standard? Kayser's Gloves are the standard.

**Summer Muslins—A big showing and all new,**  
5-7-10-12½-15-20-25c

**Fancy Colored Parasols**  
for Children. 25, 50c, \$1

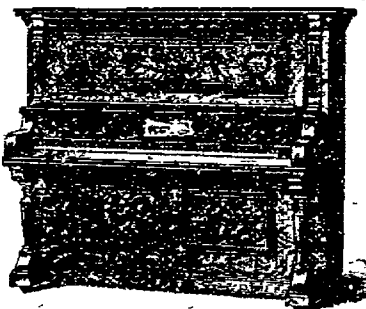
Do not fail to inspect our line of Shirt Waists, over one hundred different styles and no two alike.

**PONSFORD, Northville.**

# \$500 in Prizes

TO BE DISTRIBUTED BY  
**THE NORTHVILLE RECORD**  
In Its Great Prize Voting Contest.

The Capital Prize to be a  
**\$400.00 OAKLAND PIANO**



**Record Prize Vote Coupons**  
With \$1.00 Cash Purchases

**RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING CONTEST ARE AS FOLLOWS:**

- Announcement**—This Piano and Popular Ladies Voting contest will be conducted fairly and honestly on business principles strictly, with justice and fairness to all concerned. With the above principles the contest will be an assured success.
- Prizes**—The capital prize will be an Oakland Piano. Also other valuable prizes will be given which are announced herewith.
- Candidates**—Young ladies in this and adjoining towns are eligible to enter this contest and the party receiving the largest number of votes shall receive the beautiful \$400 Oakland Piano and other premiums will be distributed in accordance with contestants standing at the final count.
- Tie in Votes**—Should any of the contestants tie in votes, the Publisher's Music Co. will award a similar prize in accordance with standing at the final count.
- Votes Classed**—Votes will be issued in the following denominations: New Subscriptions, 600 votes, \$1.00; Renewals, 500 votes for \$1.00.

Renewals, more than one year, 600 votes, for \$1.00  
Back subscriptions, 400 votes, for \$1.00  
Five year new subscriptions, 5,000 votes, \$5.00  
Ten years new subscriptions, 10,000 votes, \$10.00  
Twenty years new subscriptions, 30,000 votes, \$30.00

6. **Instructions**—Results as to standing of votes will be issued after 30 days. No votes will be accepted at less than regular price of paper concerned in this contest. No one connected with this paper will be allowed to become a candidate in this contest or work for contestants.

Votes after being voted cannot be transferred to another. Be sure you know whom you are going to vote for before coming to the ballot box, as the editor of any one will positively not give you any information on the subject. The keys to government ballot box shall be in possession of the awarding committee during the contest.

For the first thirty days the paper will run a 25 vote coupon which can be voted free for any lady contestant. Contest to run not less than 90 days. Closing of contest will be announced 25 days in advance of closing. The right to postpone date of closing is reserved if sufficient cause should occur.

The contest shall close on a day which will be announced later. Ten days prior to closing contest the judges will carefully look over seal ballot box and take the same to the bank where the voting can be kept during business hours and locked in a vault at night until close of contest, when the judges will take charge and count same and announce the young ladies winning in their turn.

The last ten days of voting must be done in a sealed box at bank. If you do not wish anyone to know whom you are voting for place your cash for subscriptions together with your coupons in a sealed envelope, which will be furnished you and put same in ballot box. This will give everyone a fair and equal deal.

### WIXOM NEWS.

Richard McDougal is home from the lakes for a few days.

Zella Hopkins was home from Detroit for Decoration day.

Mrs. J. E. Chambers of Belding visited relatives here the first of the week.

Rose Hees of Ames has been visiting Lyla Fuller part of last week and this.

B. J. Burch and family went to Holloway in their auto, returning Monday evening.

Robert Chamberlain and family visited W. T. Danton and wife at Redford over Sunday.

The Lady Macabees gave a surprise kitchen shower for Miss Alice Wisom Thursday afternoon at their hall.

Mrs. Lucinda Fisher of Saginaw visited her niece, Mrs. H. E. Richardson, part of this week.

Frank Bay and wife and James Calhoun and wife of South Lyon were callers here Sunday.

J. W. McLaren and family made an auto trip to Saginaw, Ionia, Clare and Charlotte with his father, J. D. McLaren of Plymouth, last week.

Mrs. Mary Banfield and son, Wilfred and family, attended the funeral of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Reed (nee Flossie Banfield) Tuesday at South Lyon.

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

**NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE**  
CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS  
J. M. DIXON, Propr. Both Phones.

**Turn Over a New Leaf**  
By subscribing for THIS PAPER

<b>Ladies' Bicycle</b> Value \$25.00 DONATED BY <b>James A. Huff</b> HARDWARE We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. No Cash Discount Given. Coupons are taken.	<b>42-pc Dinner Set</b> Value \$10.00 DONATED BY <b>C. E. Ryder</b> Staple and Fancy Groceries We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
<b>Pair Ladies' Hunting Shoes</b> Value \$10.00 DONATED BY <b>Will L. Tinnam</b> EXCLUSIVE SHOE STORE We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	<b>Ladies' Knit Coat</b> Value \$10.00 DONATED BY <b>Wm. Gorton</b> CLOTHIER We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
<b>2-Pr. Lace Curtains</b> Value \$10.00 DONATED BY <b>Chas. A. Ponsford</b> DRY GOODS We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	<b>Leather Rocker</b> Value \$15.00 DONATED BY <b>Schrader Brothers</b> FURNITURE—UNDERTAKING We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
<b>Willow Rocker</b> Value \$10.00 DONATED BY <b>Fred Oldenburg</b> Staple and Fancy Groceries We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	<b>Solid Brass Rayo Lamp</b> Value \$7.50 DONATED BY <b>A. E. Stanley</b> DRUGGIST—REXALL STORE We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
<b>In Trade</b> Value \$15.00 DONATED BY <b>Wm. H. Cattermole</b> HARNESS, IMPLEMENTS, ETC. We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	<b>Black Plume</b> Value \$5.00 DONATED BY <b>Mrs. G. A. Tinnam</b> MILLINERY We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.
<b>Ladies' Watch</b> Value \$10.00 DONATED BY <b>Otto Loomis</b> JEWELER We give a 25 Vote Coupon with each \$1.00 cash purchase. Ask for Coupons.	<b>ANOTHER \$10.00 IN GOLD</b> to Contestant having Gain in Votes at second count, June 28.

## Make the Home Bright

Worn, shabby floors, marred, scratched woodwork, dingy, scuffed furniture can all be refinished and made to look like new. You can do it yourself at a trifling cost.

### ACME QUALITY VARNOLAC

stains and varnishes at one operation, imparting to all kinds of surfaces the elegant effect and durable, lustrous surface of beautifully finished oak, mahogany, walnut, or other expensive woods.

If it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished, or finished in any way there's an Acme Quality Kind to fit the purpose.

**WM. H. CATTERMOLE Northville, Michigan**