

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XLII No. 46.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1911.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

BILLS ARE UP FOR CELEBRATION

THE BIG BILLS ARE BEING
POSTED.

And it Now Looks Like Big Day for
Northville

The big two color 4th of July bills for Northville's celebration have arrived and are being posted up about the town and neighboring villages.

The athletic sports up town will be one of the really big events and the fireworks in the evening will simply startle the natives with the "o-h-h" as the rockets burst way up beyond the air ships' tracks. The weather bureau has promised showers for that day and therefore the finest kind of weather is assured. Plymouth will not celebrate this year and all the natives from that burg are coming over here.

THE DETROIT WHOLESALE

Will Visit Northville Next Week
Thursday.

Detroit men, members of the Wholesalers' and Manufacturers' association, to the number of one hundred or more, will visit Northville next Thursday, June 22. The Detroit contingent will reach Northville at 11:00 a. m., coming in on special D. & M. cars, and will remain an hour or so.

While in Northville the visitors, who are engaged in wholesale and manufacturing lines, will call on our local merchants. It is not an order trip either. Order books will be left at home. Neither will any collections be made. The visitors are not out for money. They are out simply to meet the local merchants and to prove that Detroit appreciates their trade.



KING'S DAUGHTERS HAVE TAG DAY

The society of The King's Daughters have decided to have their annual tag sale day on July 4th as usual.

Twenty pretty young ladies will be on deck in the name of charity, with tags and money boxes and any one who fails to contribute to their worthy cause and wear the "Tag" on that day may be set down as being both unpatriotic and stingy. Everybody should help a little.

Lost articles quickly recovered through Record Want Ads

Allen, the Stove Man.

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

G. P. ALLEN

Many times a few cents spent for a Record Want Ad will bring as many dollars in return.

Dr. Paul C. Goodlove of Detroit

wishes to announce that he is devoting special attention to the treatment of all forms of Rheumatism. The treatment consists of the injections of a special preparation made in Germany, together with the latest approved remedial agents and Osteopathy. Office, 701 Henry Bldg., corner John St. and Broadway. Hours 12:30 to 5:00 p. m. 1654p

Special Bonus Inducements.

The time for the next count is fast approaching and with it interest in the result is growing daily more keen with a friendly rivalry among the contestants for first place. The remaining days will witness an active campaign for more votes. New subscriptions are coming in and the merchants are having wide and active demand for the merit hunt coupons.

If you are not a subscriber for the Record now is the time to start, or if you owe now is the time to pay. You have no doubt a friend among the contestants who would be delighted to have your votes.

Ten dollars in gold is worth considerable effort and then energy put forth to secure this, hands the winner much nearer success in the field when the piano will be awarded. There is nothing worth while obtaining in this world without energetic and thoughtful effort.

One of the beauties of this contest is that none are disappointed: there are many prizes. It is a time when you can ask your friends to show their friendship in a substantial way by assisting you.

The count on June 25th will be decisive as to the \$10 but its importance must not be overlooked for your standing on that occasion is a sort of barometer to your following of friends, and if you win it will be the result of yourself and friends.

The Record has the laudable ambition to improve right along and to regularly go into every home in Northville and vicinity, to stand for and promote those things which will be for the good of the community and to wield as great influence as possible for the upbuilding of the town we are justly proud of.

Others were nominated but as yet received no votes. These young ladies should by no means be considered out of the running as all have been doing some work and they will make the contest interesting for those who already have a good start.

Remember that many of our leading merchants are interested in this contest and give 25 vote coupons with every dollar purchase. Those who do not fully understand the rules and regulations of this contest can call at this office or write us and we will be pleased to go over the proposition with them.

For every seven new subscriptions handed in at one time, 10,000 extra votes, making a total of 11,200 votes. For every seven renewals at one time, 8,000 extra votes, making a total of 11,500 votes. For every seven back subscriptions at one time, 6,000 extra votes, making a total of 8,500 votes. For every bunch of forty merchants' coupons brought to this office and counted by the publisher or his assistant he will give 700 extra votes. This will make a total of 1,500 votes in all. These coupons may be collected from any and all merchants who are in the contest. Remember the \$10 in gold goes to the one who makes the GREATEST GAIN in number of votes.

The following young ladies have been nominated in this contest:

NORTHVILLE
Oran Hayes, Mae McCullough, Ida Morris, Mattie Pagel, Thelma Bennett, Madell Tiffin, Arnetta Masters, Gladys C. Morse, Helen Scherer, Helen Ward.
NORTHVILLE R. F. D.
Flora Hendryx, Mattie Kreeger, Helen Melsner, Lidia Kahrl, Mary Payne, Cecil Heinze, Mae French, Lola Roberts, Emma Tiffin, Myra Thompson, Blanche Clark, Oran Johnson, Lena Hunt, Jennie VanSickle.

NOVI
Mae McCowan, Lula Dandison, Miss Lee, Elsie Woodruff, Pearl Taylor.

WALL LANE
Bessie Chaff, Ruth Barrett.

ANNON
Retta Pearsall, Mrs. Will Witt, Lyle Fuller, Etta Mowrey.

PINNOTH
Ruth Huston, Frances Ford, Hazel Taylor, Charles Penny.

SALEM
Sadie Walker, Edith Buca, Lydia Stevens, Rachel Shipley.

NEW HUNTON
Miss Richards, Mrs. Bruce Shear.

FARMINGTON
Lillian Phelps, Nettie Dickerson, Lillian Gudemeyer.

The piano is here and is on exhibit at the furniture store of Schrader Bros.

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, 27-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
\$10.00 2-Burner, Hot Plate, less oven	\$8.00
\$15.00 3-Burner Quick Meal, (generator vapor) 24-inches High, less oven	\$11.00

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

No Coupon Vote Tickets Given on Sale Stoves.

Come to Northville July 4
BE A BOOSTER.

JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.

Solid as the Tower

our institution stands today among the financial strongholds of the community.

We Wish

that every responsible person in this city might have an account with us. Let us have your name on our books, Mr. Good Citizen. You are always welcome.

Northville
State Savings Bank
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

We are Headquarters for the
RICHELIEU BRAND
OF GOODS—nothing better.

Our Sales of
HOLSUM BREAD
is a surprise to us as well as our customers.

"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.

Fruit Jars!

BALL OR MASON

Pints, per dozen	=	60c
Quarts, per dozen,	=	65c
1-2 Gallon, per dozen,	=	85c

SEALFAST, GLASS TOPS.

Pints, doz., 80c	Quarts, doz., 90c
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Can Tops, per dozen,	=	25c
Can Rubbers, per dozen,	=	5c, 10c

B. A. WHEELER
Both Phones. NORTHVILLE.

It Pays To Advertise in the Record Want Column.

Wearing Glasses

is not a sign of old age nor is it a stylish fad. Wearing Proper Glasses is a mark of progression, signifying that you recognize the value of preserving a faculty with which Nature has endowed you.

GLASSES

as fitted by us, serve the purpose for which they were intended—that of assisting Nature in the work which strenuous, present day life imposes upon her.

G. W. & F. DOLPH
Dr. Swift Bldg. OPTOMETRISTS. Main St., NORTHVILLE.

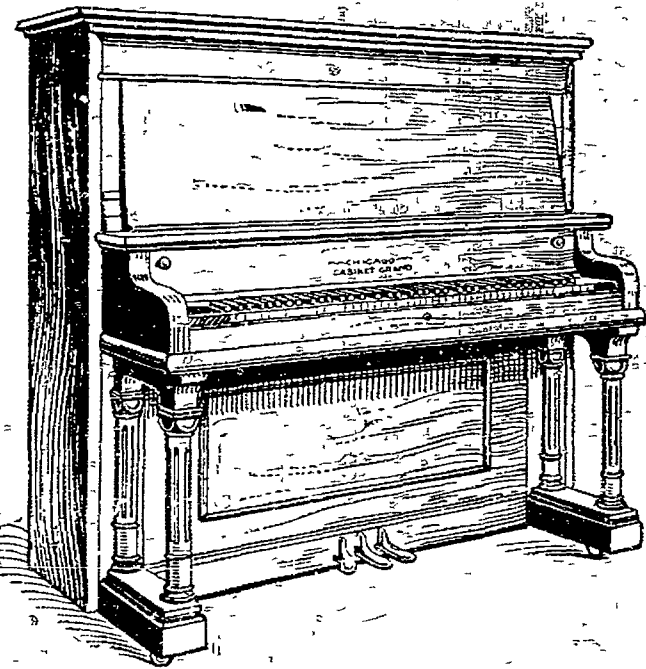
\$500 in Prizes

TO BE DISTRIBUTED BY

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD

In Its Great Prize Voting Contest.

The Capital Prize to be a
\$400 OAKLAND PIANO



Record Prize Vote Coupons
With \$1.00 Cash Purchases

RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING CONTEST ARE AS FOLLOWS:

- Announcement.**—This Piano and Popular Prizes Voting Contest will be conducted fairly and honestly, on business principles strictly, with justice and fairness to all concerned. As in 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.
- How to Vote.**—Should any of the contestants, the voters, the Publisher's Office, or will send a stub in accordance with standing at the final count.
- Votes Classified.**—Votes will be listed in the following categories: New Subscriptions, 100 votes; Renewal, 50 votes; Back Subscriptions, 400 votes; for 1.00 Five year new subscriptions, 5.00 Ten years new subscriptions, 10.00 Twenty years new subscriptions, 20.00
- Instructions.**—Results as to standing of votes will be posted 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 of vote for contestants.
- Votes after being voted.**—After being voted cannot be transferred to another. Be sure you know whom you are going to vote for before coming to the Publisher's Office, or any one with positive 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 prizes will be carefully locked or sealed, and take the time to the bank, where the same will be kept in place where the voting can be done during business hours and locked in a vault at night until close of contest, when the prizes will be taken charge of and sent safe and sound to the prize winners in their home.

The last ten days of voting must be done in a sealed box at bank. If you do not wish to vote in this way, you may prefer to place your cash for subscriptions together with your company in a sealed envelope, which will be furnished you and put same in ballot box. This will give everyone a fair and square deal.

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

POPULAR ELECTION OF U. S. SENATORS

SENATE PASSES MEASURE FOR DIRECT CHOICE OF SENATORS.

AMENDMENT KEEPING FEDERAL CONTROL IS PUT THROUGH.

Amendment Qualifying Bristow Measure Prohibiting Control Unless State Fails to Act, Defeated 46 to 43.

The senate passed the resolution amending the constitution to provide for election of senators by direct popular vote. The vote was 61 to 24. The Bristow amendment giving to the federal government supervision of such elections was adopted, 44 to 41, the vice-president casting the deciding ballot. The house already has passed the resolution.

Senator Reed, of Missouri, protested against the vice-president casting his deciding vote. An amendment by Senator Bacon, qualifying the Bristow amendment to prohibit federal supervision of election unless the state legislature refuse or fail to act was defeated, 46 to 43. The resolution as amended was then finally adopted, 64 to 24.

Adoption of the Bristow amendment, which omitted the house provision transferring supervision of senatorial elections from congress to the state legislature, was made possible by Mr. Clark of Arkansas, casting the only Democratic vote for the proposition. The tie on that ballot would have been prevented if his vote had been cast with his party, with whom he later voted on adoption of the resolution. On this first ballot, five Republicans, Messrs. Borah, Grounau, La Follette, Pomeroy and Works, all insurgents, voted against the provision. On the resolution as amended the vote, 64 to 24, was six more than the necessary two-thirds majority. Of the 24 negative votes, 8 were cast by Democrats and 16 by Republicans as follows:

Republican—Brandegee, Burnham, Crane, Dillingham, Gallahue, Heyburn, Lippitt, Lodge, Lorimer, Oliver, Page, Penrose, Richman, Root, Smoot and Wetmore.

Democrat—Bacon, Bankhead, Fletcher, Foster, Johnston, Percy, Tamm and Williams.

Dreadnoughts at Coronation.

The naval review by King George at Spithead June 21, two days after the coronation, will be remembered for the number of vessels of the dreadnought class ever assembled. Most of the new material will be in the line of the British navy, but the United States will be represented by the most powerful and modern battleship, the USS Oregon, in the review. The battleship, which is considered in mind, is expected to be the latest type of the dreadnought class.

It is up to the individual states to keep revenues and their budgets in line with the needs of the country, according to Republican and Democratic leaders in congress.

In their common view the federal government might be the shipping of foreign goods in interstate commerce to some extent, but not enough to make any loss to the states in the way of the war.

If the tax is to be supported by demanding more of the opportunity of containing this way to effect that result is for the states to enforce rigid prohibition of sales to children. Over time the government has no jurisdiction.

Grosscup Has Plans to Handle Trust. Declaring the Sherman act, even as now interpreted, an ineffective remedy in the just complaint of the ordinary man against monopolies, Judge Peter S. Grosscup of the United States circuit court of appeals proposed in the commencement address before the University of Iowa at Iowa City a new method of dealing with trusts.

To recognize combination and monopoly as something necessarily here—square the law to the fact—and then, as a condition to granting corporate power to all reserve the right to regulate dividends is the remedy Judge Grosscup advances.

Castro Is Found Off Haitian Coast. After a telegraphic hunting lasting several weeks Cipriano Castro, former president of Venezuela, has been located on board the steamship Consul Grostuck, an obsolete gunboat formerly owned by the Italian government which is now at Port de Paix Haiti flying the German flag. He is undoubtedly on his way back to Venezuela to stir up a revolution against the present government there. The state department will promptly take steps to thwart his plans.

Joseph D. Brennan former cashier of the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis who was arrested charged with being short in his accounts, has been rearrested and his bail was raised from \$2,500 to \$16,000.

The Bartlett Oxheart cherry tree at Rose and planted during the revolutionary war by Josiah Bartlett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was snatched off by a windsorm. The tree, now 15 feet in circumference, was one of the most noted landmarks in that section of the country.

BUNCKING HIS HARD LUCK

Sufferer From Toothache Summoned Philosophy to His Aid During Period of Trouble.

"Philosophers are not all dead yet," said the dentist. "I met one this morning who knocked me out of two hours' work on a day when I have nothing to do anyhow, and will make me work overtime tomorrow, when I shall be crowded with engagements. He was howling with a toothache."

"Better come around and have it attended to," I said.

"Can't do it today," he said, "I'm too busy."

"But you can't work when you are crazy with the toothache?" I argued.

"Oh, yes I can," said he. "There are half a dozen other things I want done to me that hurt pretty bad, and if I have them done when my tooth is on the rampage they won't seem so bad, because one hurt will neutralize the other. I always take advantage of a toothache to dispatch those disagreeable jobs."

"Maybe not many people could stand that kind of philosophy, but apparently that man is going to get away with it."

THE IDEA.



Peggy—Didn't the lawyer know you were an actress?

Kitty—Gracious, no! He offered to get my divorce without any publicity.

That Might Be Inducement.

It was during a hot spell and on the hottest night of the week that a South side teacher took a number of her little charges for a car ride. In the public square they piled out and were marched to the telescope set up by a man who vends peeps at the heavily bodied, as much as possible.

The children were told that they might look at the moon, a little lecture accompanying the lesson that the moon was a cold body.

"Teacher," spoke up one little South sinner, "when you look through this glass don't you have get cold?"

Cleveland, Ind.

What Was She Wearing?

The new firm was telling his wife about the firm.

"It broke out at midnight in the Vineland house on the avenue," he said, "and just as we got there Miss Van Duffer came stumbling out of the kitchen and smothered her little niece all wrapped up in her arms. It was the bravest act I ever saw."

"What was she wearing?" inquired the domestic wife.

Ungracious Drops.

Stella: Did they give the bride a shower?

Bella: Well, all her friends threw cold water on the bridegroom.

Many self-made men forget to make themselves agreeable.

When a laxative is needed, take the always potent GARDOL. Compound of Herbs.

Some people seem to make a specialty of thinking only near-thoughts.

WOMEN MAY AVOID OPERATIONS

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.

Here is her own statement:

"Paw Paw, Mich.—Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement of my uterus. I could not get on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for seven months without much relief and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it."

Orville Rock, R. B. No. 5, Paw Paw, Michigan.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for women's ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women. Why don't you try it?

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pleasant, Refreshing, Beneficial, Gentle and Effective.

NOTE THE NAME

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

In the Circle, on every Package of the Genuine.

DO NOT LET ANY DEALER DECEIVE YOU.

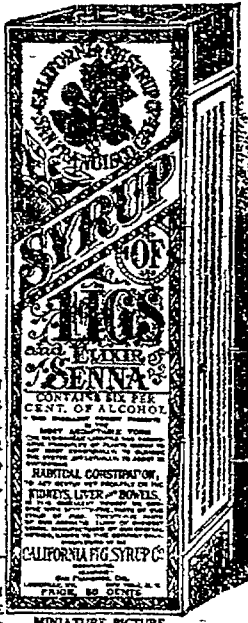
SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA HAS GIVEN UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS. PAST, AND ITS WONDERFUL SUCCESS HAS LED UNSCRUPULOUS MANUFACTURERS OF IMITATIONS TO OFFER INFERIOR PREPARATIONS UNDER SIMILAR NAMES AND COSTING THE DEALER LESS, THEREFORE, WHEN BUYING, Note the Full Name of the Company.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

PRINTED STRAIGHT ACROSS, NEAR THE BOTTOM, AND IN THE CIRCLE, NEAR THE TOP OF EVERY PACKAGE OF THE GENUINE. REGULAR PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE, ONE SIZE ONLY, FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA IS THE MOST PLEASANT, WHOLE, SOME AND EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR STOMACH TROUBLES, HEADACHES AND BILIOUSNESS DUE TO CONSTIPATION, AND TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS IT IS NECESSARY TO BUY THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE WHICH IS MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.





The SKY-MAN

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER
REDACTED BY J. CHAS. W. ROSSER
COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE CENTURY CO.
COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE SUCCESS CO.



SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace, and his affection for his friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a seriously sick man 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, the Aurora, north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an Arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making search ashore. After Cayley departs, Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curiously shaped stick. Captain Planck and 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 the load of gold. Jeanne tells Planck, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Planck declares that it is an Eskimo throwing stick, used to shoot karts. Tom Ranshaw returns from the beaching party with a sprained ankle. Perry Hunter is found murdered, and Cayley is accused of the crime by Jeanne, who believes him innocent. A relief party goes to find the searchers. Tom confesses his love for Jeanne. She rows ashore and enters an abandoned hut.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The sight of it might well have caused astonishment or alarm in the girl's mind. But it was neither alarm nor astonishment that her next act expressed. She dropped down on her knees beside the rude wooden bulk, drew the chest up close in the tight embrace of her young arms, laid her cheek against the cold polished surface of the blackened wood, and cried.

Every question that might have asked itself—how the thing could have come there, and what its coming might pretend to herself or to the other of the Aurora's people—was swept away in a sudden rush of filial affection and regret which the sight of it instantly awoke. It had reached her with that sudden poignant stab of memory which inanimate objects, familiar by long association, seem to be more potent to call up than the very persons of the friends with whom they are associated. The sight of her father himself could hardly have had so instantaneous and overwhelming an effect upon her as the sight of this old chest, which was one of the earliest of her associations with him. It had always stood, until he had taken it with him on that last voyage of his, upon a certain farther corner of his desk in the old library. It was one of those objects of a class that children always love—smooth, polished, beautiful and, at the same time, defying curiosity.

It was quite a mass of mahogany and work. No hinges were visible, and the cover fitted so closely upon the box itself that the line which separated them was hard to discover. And there was no trace of keyhole or lock. To those uninitiated into its secret, it defied any attempt to open it.

Presently she seated herself on the trunk, took the little chest on her knees and set about opening it. Between the cold and her excitement she found this rather a difficult thing to

do, though her mind never, never hesitated over the slightest detail of the necessary formula of procedure. She knew in just what order to press in those innocent-looking little ornamental tacks in the brass binding; remembered the right moment to turn the box up on its end and let the just released steel ball roll down its channel to the pocket, where it must lie before the last pressure upon the last spring would prove effective. She no more faltered over it than she would have faltered over her alphabet.

And at last, when her numb fingers had completed their task, the counter-weighted lid rose slowly by itself, just as it had used to, and revealed to her swimming eyes the contents of the interior.

Up to the moment she had not realized what the finding of the dispatch box meant. It had not occurred to her that a full account of her father's expedition, a narrative which would reach, perhaps, to the morning of the last day of all, was lying here, right under her eyes.

But now when the cover opened and she saw beneath it a thick volume, bound in red morocco, she realized that she was under the hand of the Aurora had set out upon her perilous voyage.

The first sight of her father's clear, erect, precise handwriting warned her with a sudden courage. But even this new inspiration of courage did not make her strong enough to turn back and read the last entry in that tragic journal first. She tried to do it, but the lid fell her. So she began at the beginning. Once she had plunged into the fascinating narrative, the whole of the outside world faded away from her. She was oblivious to the fact that the darkness outside was no longer the mere darkness of the fog; oblivious to the rising wind that poured its icy stream through the leaky walls of the hut and made the candle flicker, oblivious, even to the very sound which she had meant to call up to her from the yacht, and the sound of other, more alarming, nearer voices.

They all fell on deaf ears as she turned page after page of that precious record of her father's life. It was written in the main, in the simple, clear, unimpassioned temper which she knew so well. He chided, he rebuked, he scolded, but when the ship, crushed in the ice, and only kept from sinking by that very ice, which had just destroyed her, was drifting along in the pack, to what seemed certain destruction, as quietly and as explicitly as he did. The unconfined voyage, through Bering strait. The man's courage was so deeply elemental in him that he could not be self-conscious about it.

He told of the land, the strange, uncharted shore, whose discovery offered them a respite, at least, from that destruction; told how he got his remaining stores ashore and built the hut, where, in all human probability, he and his companions were to spend the rest of their lives.

Finally she reached the record of the day when he had consigned to the

sea the bottle containing the chart of the coast and the account of his plight, together with the compass which the relief ship must take, should such a relief ship be sent out, to have any hope at all of reaching them.

"I suppose," his narrative for this day concluded, "there is hardly one chance in ten thousand that my message will ever be picked up, and certainly not one in a million that it will be found in time to bring an effective relief. However, it helps to keep the others cheerful, and that is the main thing."

At the close of the day's entry was a single line which contradicted her heart with a sharp spasm of pain. "This is Jeanne's birthday," it said.

She resumed her reading presently, and came to the point where the Walrus people entered into the narrative; their plight, their rescue and their welcome by the three men, who by now were the only survivors of the original expedition.

She was reading faster now, with none of those little meditative pauses that had marked her progress through the earlier pages of the journal, for the sinister termination of the narrative began to foreshadow itself darkly from the moment the first mention of the appearance of the Walrus people on the scene. Her father's description of the man Roscoe, of the expression that had been plain to read in his face as he had listened to the account of the gold-bearing ledge across the glacier, gave her a shuddering premonition; apparently, her father had experienced the same feeling himself. Day after day Roscoe's name appeared, always accompanied by some little phrase of misgiving.

For just one day this dread seemed to have been lifted from Captain Fielding's spirit. That was the day the sun came back to them, putting an end to their long Arctic night. "It has been a hard winter," he wrote, "and I am glad it is over. The hardest thing about it has been our sleeplessness, from which we have all suffered. To day we have enjoyed a change, having taken a walk along the beach. Even Roscoe seems humanized a little by a return of the frank sunshine and may, perhaps, develop into a tolerable companion. Tomorrow I have promised, if it is fine, to guide them across the glacier to the gold ledge."

It was the next to the last entry in the journal. She turned the page, and pressed her lips tight together when the entry of blank pages before her told her that she had reached the end. Then she read the last words her father had ever written.

"Look the Walrus people to the ledge today. Have no heart to do so. The scene that they enacted there. The man Roscoe certainly means to kill me. If it were not for my conviction that the danger from him is largely personal to myself, that he means me and no other, probably, for my victim, I think I should have him shot as a measure of justifiable prevention. He is not a man, but a great sinister brute—literally sinister, for he is left-handed. I shall walk warily, and hope the crisis may soon be over." Identically that part of his wish had come true.

The look slipped out of the girl's hands, and she sat, with horror-widened eyes, staring at the candle, until it guttered and went out. Slowly, the outside world began to take its place again around her. She knew that she was shivering, half-frozen, that the icy wind was whining through the cracks in her rude shelter.

She thought she heard some one moving about outside, and that thought brought her quickly to her feet. She made her way to the door of the hut, called out; waited a breathless instant—and cried aloud in sudden terror.

CHAPTER VIII.

Apparitions.

Roscoe did not pause to investigate the effect of his blow, nor to waste a second one. If the man who had confronted him there in the companion way was dead, so much the better. If he were only half-dead, the job could be finished at any time. He was out of the way for the present at least. Roscoe hurried on, searching state-rooms and passageways and finally the crew's quarters, forward.

When he had satisfied himself that he and his men were in undisputed possession of the yacht, he emerged on deck again by the forward hatchway, and found, Captain Planck already there. He directed him to go below with Schwarz, who had been engineer aboard the whaler, and get steam up as promptly as possible. He himself remained on deck, directing the unloading and stowage of those precious golden slabs that the rest of the party were bring out in boats from the shore.

"We've got it all, Roscoe, unless you want them barrels of whale oil," a man in the last boat sang out as they came alongside.

"We'll leave them to pay for this nickel-plated ship," Roscoe answered, "Come! Look alive and get aboard. We'll be ready to start as soon as we can get a little daylight."

He looked them over, numbered

them as if they had been so many sheep, noted that they were all here, except poor Miguel; Planck and Schwarz were down tolling at the boilers.

"Stay here till I come back," he commanded. "I'm going below to see that everything's stowed all right. When I come back I want to talk to you."

He disappeared down the after hatchway, switched on a light and indulged in a long, satisfied look at the great masses of precious metal which were stacked, according to his directions, in the strongroom.

His purpose in coming down here was, therefore, He meant to see that the gold was stored correctly and he meant to lock the room up, so that its precious contents would not be tampered with, and bring the key away with him. He was not afraid that any of his crew would try to steal it, but he thought the moral effect of having it locked away where it was inaccessible to them, and of his keeping the key in his own possession, would be a help in maintaining his prestige as a commander. They knew the sea better than he did, just as he knew the nature of gold-bearing rocks. It was necessary to do something to bolster up his position as chief of the party and keep it above dispute. He did not want to have to kill any of them yet. The Aurora would be short-handed enough as it was.

But there was one more reason for that hurried trip to the strongroom. He wanted to be sure that a certain rosewood box had come aboard along with the treasure and what few stores they were taking away with them. That little box had occupied much of his leisure since the day when he had murdered the owner of it. He had sometimes wished that when it came into his hands that day he had yielded to his first impulse to shatter it, for the thing had always mocked him—conquered with him.

He had often seen it lying open on Captain Fielding's table in the tiny cabin, but he had never dared to enter the captain's cabin, while the captain himself was writing up his journal or working upon his charts. He had, during that first winter, frequently thought of trying to open it, should the opportunity offer itself.

After the murder, when he took that little room for his own quarters, he found the box and preserved it with the idea that now, at least, he would get the better of it. He knew what its contents were well enough—Captain Fielding's charts and journal, and the secret mechanism of the box itself tantalized him, and he meant some day to solve it. Once he had done so he would kick the thing to pieces and destroy its contents.

That was all there was to it at first, but during the next winter, when the long night kept them prisoners in their narrow quarters, the mystery of that little rosewood box took on an added importance to him and to the others, out of all proportion to any effect which the solution of it could have. One by one, with the exception of the Portuguese, they tried. Hour after hour they labored with it, and invariably they failed.

The rest of them gave it up, and their admitted defeat gave Roscoe another incentive for solving the thing himself, for he meant to leave no stone unturned to convince them that they were fools and weaklings; that he, Roscoe, was the only man among them. Such a conviction was necessary to his leadership.

It was toward the end of that winter that the Portuguese made a suggestion destined to bear fruit. "It's a curse that has sealed up that box," he said. "You can't open it, and if you break it, the curse will kill you."

He evidently believed implicitly in this theory, for no persuasion could induce him to touch the box himself. Gradually the others had shown, by little involuntary acts, shrinkings and glances, that Miguel's belief was infecting them. Sometimes, after a long succession of sleepless, lightless days, Roscoe found himself believing it, too, and regarding that little box as the sealed up casket of the murder he had done upon the owner of it. The crime was there inside.

To overcome that feeling, he had worked all the harder trying to solve its secret.

His interest, now, however, in making sure that the box had really been brought aboard the Aurora was not superstitious, but wholly practical. They were leaving most of their stores behind them, as there was no time either to transport them to the Aurora or to destroy them. With these stores and with the shelter afforded by the hut and the little clump of surrounding out-buildings, it was probable that some members of the Aurora's party, at least, would survive the winter. If a relief ship should arrive the next summer, or even the summer thereafter, it would probably find some one on this desolate shore who could tell the story of the disappearance of the Aurora and form a more or less definite surmise as to the cause of it. That rosewood box had Captain Fielding's journal in it—a journal that had been written up to

the very morning, when Roscoe had murdered him. Its discovery would go a long way toward bridging the gap which Roscoe meant to leave in their departing trail. In short, if that rosewood box were left behind, Roscoe would always feel that he was in more or less danger of detection. And he didn't mean to have a thing like that hanging over him.

Consequently, when he discovered that the box was not on board, and that his particular inflections concerning it had been either neglected or disobeyed, he came raging up on deck again, a most formidable figure, which caused his companions, hardened ruffians though they were, to cower and shrink away from him.

In a torrent of furious blasphemy, he demanded to know why that box had not been brought aboard; and the concentrated furies of his rage he emptied at last upon the two men whom he had ordered to do it.

"Now," he concluded, when the torrent had spent itself, "you go ashore, you two. Yes, you, Carlson—I mean you—and you, Roser, go ashore now and get it."

Then, after a momentary silence, he raged out the command again, amid a fool flood of abuse.

But still they made no move to obey, and the big Swede, in evident terror, answered him, "I won't get it, Roscoe. If you want that box, you can get it yourself."

"What in hell do you mean?" the leader stormed. But his voice, even as he spoke, lost its confident tang of authority.

"You tell him," said Carlson, nodding to his companion, Rose. Evidently it was Rose who had told the story to the other members of the party. He was a squatly built man with a stubborn jaw, and Planck, in the days of his command, had always disliked him as that most undesirable pest that can be found in a forecabin—a sea lawyer.

"What did you leave the box in the hut for?" he demanded. "He might just have come back if you had left it in the cave."

"Come back!" echoed Roscoe, with a growl.

"That's what I said. We went to the hut to get it, and there was a light inside, and there he sat, just like he used to. And he had the box open."

"He? Who do you mean?" There was no trace of treachery in Roscoe's voice now. He spoke as though his throat was dry.

It was Captain Fielding, him to the life. And, yet, it was different from the way he used to be. We couldn't see it very well. His face was old and the light was behind it and it looked smaller and thinner—more like a woman. (If Rose had had the word "spiritual" in his vocabulary, he would have used it in default of it, he gave up trying to express just what he meant.) Anyway, there he sat with the box open beside him, and that red book of his open on his knees. Go back for it? Well, I guess not.

There was a momentary silence after he had finished, and Roscoe could feel it, as it stretched itself out to the length of half a minute or so, the chill of their terror enveloping him. To

throw it off, he blustered, stormed, at and abused them for a pack of hares. But in the end he sprang down into one of the boats, and said he would fetch the box himself. Whether he believed their story, or not, it was the only thing for him to do.

As he pulled shoreward he tried hard to convince himself that he did not believe it; that Rose and Carlson had probably forgotten all about the box, and had trumped up the story to avoid the necessity of going back for it.

He beached his boat, scrambled ashore and set out walking doggedly along in the direction of the hut. The fog was still all but impenetrable, even to his practiced vision, but he knew the shore like the palm of his hand, and he trudged on without a pause, until he was within ten paces, perhaps, of his destination.

But there he faltered and stopped, turned about, under an irresistible impulse of fear, and would have fled had not sheer necessity compelled him to stop again. There was a light, a diffused yellow glow, faint but unmistakable, shining out of the windows of the hut.

He knew he could not go back to the Aurora without that box; it was necessary both to his future safety and his present command of the situation. His one hold upon those sullen followers of his depended upon his being invulnerable alike to terror and to defeat. If he were to go back now without accomplishing his purpose, it would only be a question of days before they murdered him. They all hated him, enough for that, he knew.

Yet, even under that necessity, it was three or four minutes before, at the command of his burly will, he began creeping forward on hands and knees toward the lighted window of the hut.

And when he reached a point where he could command its interior, his knees slipped out from under him and he lay prone upon the icy beach, his face buried in his outstretched arms. For those two sailors had told the truth.

Presently he drew himself up and squatted back on his haunches, staring human or not, the figure there in the hut seemed unaware of his presence. It was staring at the expiring flame of the candle in profound abstraction. When it stirred, as presently it did, it was with a natural, human motion. And then the candle went out.

In the few seconds of silence which followed his terror returned upon him with full force. But it went away as suddenly as it had come, and with its recession there surged up in him a wave of British anger. "It was no ghost that had sat in contemplation over the contents of that box, for it was moving now, with human footstep—faltering, uncertain footstep, at that. And when it appeared, just visible and no more, outside the doorway, it called aloud in a human voice—a woman's voice."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Circumstantial Evidence.

"He says that he thought all day yesterday that it was Saturday." "Do you think he really did?" "I guess so, he took a bath."



Neither Alarm Nor Astonishment That Her Next Act Expressed.



Indulged in a Long, Satisfied Look.

The Northville Record

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.

Established.....1869

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

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

Practical, progressive, clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentionally published that cannot be personally endorsed.

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

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

No fake advertising, nor undue able to make advertisements or anything bordering on the objectionable accepted at any price.

Notices for religious and benevolent societies of reasonable length, one insertion free. Copy for change of address should be received not later than Tuesday, 6 p.m.

For Rent, For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, 1 cent per word for first 14 days; for subsequent insertions, 1/2 cent; and death notices free.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JUNE 16, 1911

"Senator McRae." Indeed?

Wouldn't it make you tired—this attitude of the Detroit Board of Commerce and some Detroit newspapers on the reciprocity question? Just because Senator Wm Alden Smith comes out that looted against the "unfair measure," as he terms it, the Detroit press, and B. of C. are threatening the Senator with opposition for reelection in the shape of a person named McRae. We take it that Mr. McRae is a member of the B. of C. and is interested directly or indirectly in either the newspaper or automobile business. Even the Detroit newspapers of Monday do not seem to know him well enough to give his first name and the Record has no means therefore of locating the gentleman in the Detroit City directory and the other guess is founded on the information that most Detroit people who favor making the farmers the goat in the free trade with Canada movement are interested in some way in the auto business. Mr. McRae would stand about as much show of being elected U. S. Senator against William Alden as would a fellow from one of the 1911 May days. Detroit being big city, and a most charming one at that, but the B. of C. has taken the whole city and it is much less the whole state. The Record will gamble that the gentleman named could not be elected anywhere in his own ward and would offer another wager that he is known to less than one hundred voters in his ward and still another that William Alden can call personally on name in the city of Detroit ten persons to Mr. McRae's one. Now Mr. McRae is a splendid citizen of Detroit—a splendid citizen we say—but when he allows his name to be used by the press in an endeavor to threaten the senator Senator of Michigan with extermination because that senator happens to be on the opposite side of the reciprocity question from the auto industry and the daily newspapers, he is a joke. William Alden will have the unanimous support of Michigan people when it comes to renomination and his stand for what he believes to be right in the state will never lose him a single vote. He is not at Washington just to represent the city of Detroit or the B. of C. and, anyhow, William Alden is the kind of man who will vote for what he believes to be fair and right for his constituency no matter if every member of the B. of C. of Detroit is going to be candidate "Senator McRae." Indeed. Rate.

Reciprocity pact is endorsed by millers—Detroit News Item.

Sure thing. The "Fact" removes the duty on the wheat the millers buy and place 50 cents a barrel duty on the flour they sell Hurrah for the U. S. Millers' association and its millions. Why not take off that 50 cents a barrel duty on flour and let the laboring man have his flour or bread that much less. The laboring man doesn't eat wheat.

The street cars of Detroit killed two and smashed up three or four more Sunday. Why not pass a Littlefield ordinance now to compel all street cars to come to a full stop before running over anyone

NORTHVILLE.

Purely Personal.

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

Mrs. Geo. Johnston is visiting her sister in Jackson.

Otto Loomis visited his parents at Pewamo last week.

Mrs. Melvina Carpenter is visiting her sister in North Star.

Mrs. E. Martin of Wixom was a Northville visitor Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macomber visited friends in Orion Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Lewis of Detroit called on friends in Northville Sunday.

Mrs. Richard Leadbeater called on friends in Northville last week.

Mrs. Jessie Welch is enjoying a boat trip up to the Soo this week.

Wm. Richards of Fowler was the guest of Otto Loomis over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Treat left Saturday for their new home in Hudson.

Mrs. Augusta Murdock of Detroit visited her brother, A. K. Dolph, and wife over Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Evans and son, Floyd, of Holly were guests of relatives here over Sunday.

Mrs. J. N. VanDyke and little son, Wayne, visited her mother in Detroit one day last week.

Miss Ida Price of Ypsilanti visited Miss Lida Richardson from Friday until Sunday night.

Miss Jessie Allen of Detroit spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Edward Wood and family.

Rev. Ralph Pierce and wife have been visiting a part of the week with his parents at Jackson.

Elizabeth Lapham took her mama and papa to Detroit Tuesday to see, for the first time, a big circus.

Mr. and Mrs. Burch of Plymouth and Mr. and Mrs. VanHove of Detroit spent Sunday at W. A. Ely's.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Bullen of Novi and Dr. E. B. Cavell, wife and daughter leave Saturday for a week at Walled Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Willis of Detroit came out in their auto Sunday and spent the day with J. N. VanDyke and family.

Miss Jennie Scarlet, who has been staying with Mrs. J. B. Henson the past two months, returned to her home in Melvor, last week.

Mrs. A. I. Carle, niece of James Clark of this place, and daughter, Dorothy, of Spokane, Washington, arrived Monday for a few weeks' visit among relatives and friends in Northville and vicinity.

THE DETROIT BASE BALL CLUB

Showing the dates when the Tigers will play in Detroit.

June 15—With Chicago
June 20—With Cleveland
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Bust of Early English Bishop.

A sculptured bust of an early bishop has been discovered in the Cheviot Hills. It is beautifully cut in Scotch marble, which has been rendered almost chalky by age; and the figure suggests that it may represent Paulinus, the great apostle of Christianity to Northumbria in 625-633 A. D., who stayed in the Cheviot district at Yeavering, where King Edwin had a palace.—London Telegraph

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

For summer diarrhoea in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, and a speedy cure is certain. For sale by all dealers.

School Notes.

(By a Pupil.)

You may be able to get more tickets for Commencement week reserved at Murdock's drug store. The board was put up Thursday morning.

Five of the Normal class went to Detroit Thursday to take the teachers' examination while two of them went to Pontiac. They all expect to attend the Normal this summer and undoubtedly will make good in their chosen profession.

The program for Commencement week is as follows:

Monday p. m., Primary grades.
Monday Eve., Junior and Freshmen.
Tuesday p. m., Grammar grades.
Tuesday Eve., 8th Grade exercises.
Wednesday p. m., Sophomore play.
Wednesday Eve., Senior Class exercises.

Thursday Eve. Commencement.

Friday p. m.; Ball Game.

Office hours of the Superintendent during Commencement week are from 9 to 10 a. m. Call at that hour if there are any misunderstandings or any adjustments to make.

A Good Word.

We wish to send word to those who failed in the preceding eighth grade state examinations and say that the best preparation for the High school is our eighth grade A division, and with our methods and a stiff amount of work no time need be lost because of the failure. The only tuition that it will be necessary to pay will be \$5 for the first semester and when you graduate into the High school in February the law takes effect and your district pays your tuition from then on. Get busy and save time and money. See the superintendent.

DEATH OF MRS. DORA MATHEWS.

Mrs. Dora Mathews, daughter of Mrs. Andrew Houk and mother of Mrs. Ralph Willis, formerly of this place, died in Harper hospital last Thursday. Undertaker N. C. Schrader was called to the hospital and brought the remains to his home on Main street where the funeral was held Saturday afternoon. Rev. F. J. Murdock officiating. Deceased was forty-seven years old. The burial was in Oakwood cemetery.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Houk and family wish to thank their many friends and societies for the many acts of kindness extended them during their late bereavement.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION of the Lapham State Savings Bank at Northville, Michigan, at the close of business June 7th, 1911, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts, viz:	
Commercial Department	\$ 87,014.97
Savings Department	14,753.50
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities	19,677.50
Commercial Department	97,812.77
Savings Department	4,864.73
Overdrafts	12,150.00
Banking House	4,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	2,645.11
Due from banks in reserve cities, Commercial	11,287.50
Savings	1,367.50
U. S. and National Bank Currency	6,599.00
Gold coin, Savings	271.05
Nicks and cents	1.57
Checks and other items	271.43
Total	\$256,312.49

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$25,000.00
Surplus fund	2,500.00
Undivided profits net	640.59
Commercial Deposits	50,004.44
Commercial Certificates of Deposit	73,289.55
Savings Deposits (book accounts)	134,527.10
Total	\$256,312.49

STATE OF MICHIGAN,
County of Wayne.
I, E. H. Lapham, cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained as shown by the books of the bank.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of June, 1911.
My commission expires Nov. 18, 1912.
WM. H. AMBLER
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest
F. S. HARMON, Directors
A. B. SMITH,
F. S. NEAL,
Commercial business April 15, 1907.

Finding Easter Date.

Easter day is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of March; and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after. Easter day, therefore, can never fall earlier than March 22 nor later than April 25.

Cataract Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best blood purifiers acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients—that produce such wonderful results in curing Cataract. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION of the Northville State Savings Bank at Northville, Wayne county, Michigan, at the close of business June 7th, 1911, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts, viz:	
Commercial Department	\$69,702.72
Savings Department	84,394.69
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities	98,491.70
Commercial Department	545.29
Savings	7,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	4,000.00
Other real estate	363.03
Due from banks in reserve cities, Commercial	8,578.67
Savings	27,768.39
U. S. and National Bank Currency	1,665.00
Commercial	1,175.00
Savings	10,000.00
Gold coin, Commercial	225.00
Nicks and cents	305.00
Checks and other items	114.10
Total	\$325,324.03

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	25,000.00
Surplus fund	2,500.00
Undivided profits net	7,004.12
Commercial deposits	50,508.62
Subject to check	32,024.56
Commercial certificates of deposit	144,538.61
Savings deposits (book accounts)	31,249.72
Savings Certificates of deposit	31,249.72
Total	\$325,324.03

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

County of Wayne.
I, L. A. Babitt, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of June, 1911.
DARWIN B. NORTHROP
Notary Public.

My commission expires July 11th, 1913.
Correct—Attest
L. W. SIMMONS, Directors
H. C. DODGEN,
FRANK A. MILLER,
Bank No. 145. Organized Dec. 4, 1892.

W. C. T. U. Notes.

(By Press Correspondent.)

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the home of Mrs. R. R. McKahan on Dunlap street June 18, at 2:00 p. m. Subject: "Our National Motto and What it Means." Roll call, bible quotations. Mrs. Adella Brock attended the state convention of the W. C. T. U. at Petoskey last week. She was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Edna Sterling. A report of the deliberations and business transacted at the convention will be given at our next meeting.

No Possibility of Over-Supply.
Too much fresh air is only just enough fresh air for any of us.

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

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Sale—For Sale, Lost—Found. Wanted in this—Insured—Under, this. For Rent—1 room per ward for first 3 months, and 4 cent per ward for each subsequent month.

TYPEWRITING—Letter-writing and copying neatly done, reasonable terms. Mrs. J. B. Cook, first door west of M. C. Church. 453p.

WANTED—About July 1st, 2 furnished rooms, with use of bath, with or without board, for two people. Inquire at record office. 453p.

WANTED—Man to work on farm; married man preferred. Tenant house furnished. Chas. Whipple, Northville, Mich. Phone 453p.

FOR SALE—Old papers by the day load. Just the thing for putting under carpets or pantry shelves, at the record office. 29t.

FOR SALE—Well established coal and ice business. Mrs. J. Matson. 29t.

FOR RENT—Part of my house on North Center street. Mrs. Sara Lapham. Bell phone 13. 43t.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SAMUEL A. FORBES, Physician and Surgeon, Office and Residence, 2 1/2 mile west of North on Grand River Road. Calls promptly answered night or day. Telephone No. 310 L. S. I.

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

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

DR. HEBER RUTH JEPSON, OSTEO-PATH, will take patients at \$25.00 per week, at her Sanitarium at 1931 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich. All kinds of cases except infectious or contagious diseases are handled here. For further information address Dr. E. R. Jepson, 1931 Woodward avenue, or call at Northville office at Mr. Pitt Johnson's residence Tuesday or Friday of any week. Detroit phone, Bell North 3896. Northville phone, Home 145 R. Nov. 19 11.

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market collected up to date.
Wheat, white—\$ 82. Wheat, red—\$ 83
Oats, New—46c
Shelled corn—55c
Baled hay per ton—\$15.00
Hogs dressed—\$8.50
Cattle—\$6.00
Lamb—\$5.00
Beef hides—\$ 50
Veal calves live—\$5.00
Eggs—11c-12c Butter—22c

THE WHITE HOUSE

One hundred pair of one of the best numbers of \$1.50 Royal Worcester Corsets, white they last, \$1. These are no old stock but are got out especially to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Royal Worcester Corset Co. \$1.50 Corsets for \$1.

Choice styles Chiffons and Foulards... 25c to 35c yd
Drapes, good values in green and Red... \$1.75 up
15-inch Embroideries for Dresses... 75c yd
Well worth \$1.00

Laws from... 5c to 25c yd
Carpets, excellent values... 25c to 75c yd
Carpets Made Promptly.

Wrappers... 98c House Dresses... 98c, \$1.25

PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER

EDWIN WHITE,

Main Street. NORTHVILLE.

10 Lbs Lard for \$1.20

Our Own Rendering

Picnic Hams, pr lb 11c

PALACE MEAT MARKET

Both Phones. NORTHVILLE.

4 Reasons Why one Practical Housewife Uses only Columbus Flour

- It gives me splendid results for all kinds of baking.
- I have been complimented time and time again upon the bread and pastry which I bake with Columbus.
- I go at my baking without worry, with confidence that I shall meet with good results.
- Columbus Flour makes more loaves to the sack, than some flour I have used, whose price is practically the same.

Are these not good reasons for you to think over?
Your grocer will supply you with Columbus Flour.

DAVID STOTT, Miller,
Detroit, Mich.
For Sale by C. E. RYDER, A. F. KOHLER, FRED OLDENBURG.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

P. A. MILLER, Propr.
209 Main St. NORTHVILLE.
TELEPHONE.

OSCAR S. HARGER

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

Say, You!

DIAMOND DAIRY

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

WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE.
G. C. BENTON

W. L. B. CLARK'S MILK ROUTE

Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.

HOW about that printing job you're in need of?

Come in and see us about it at your first opportunity. Don't wait until the very last moment but give us a little time and we'll show you what high grade work we can turn out.

Happy Results

Have Made Many Northville Residents Enthusiastic.

No wonder scores of Northville citizens grow enthusiastic. It is enough to make anyone happy to find relief after years of suffering. Public statements like the following are but faithful representations of the daily work done in Northville by Doan's Kidney Pills.

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

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBum 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. 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
Handling at Reasonable Rates.
Office over J. Lapham Bank
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

EXCURSIONS

PERE MARQUETTE

ON
SUNDAY, JUNE 25, 1911
TOLEDO

Train will leave Northville at 10:15 a. m.
Returning, leave Toledo at 6:00 p. m.

FARE:

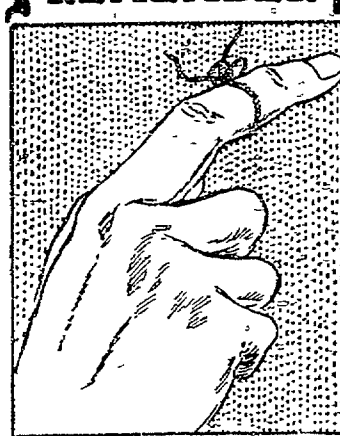
Round Trip, 60 Cents.

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS

J. M. DIXON, Propr. Both Phones.

REMEMBER



That we have every facility for turning out neat printing of all kinds. Letter heads, bill heads, office stationery, etc., furnished at the lowest prices first class work will permit.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIARRHOEA PILLS
Ladies! Ask your druggist for Chichester's Diarrhoea Pills. It is the only medicine that cures in 10 to 15 minutes. It is the only medicine that cures in 10 to 15 minutes. It is the only medicine that cures in 10 to 15 minutes.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Mrs. Lizzie Teagan entertained the first "500" club Tuesday evening. Miss Georgia Barton of Milford is recovering from a severe attack of scarlet fever.

R. F. Willis and family were called to Covington, Ky., last week by the death of Mrs. Willis' father.

Mrs. Lillian Ambler closed a successful term of school in the Waterford district today with a picnic.

Dr. A. B. Avery of Pontiac, well known in Northville, died very suddenly at his home in Pontiac Monday.

Mrs. Hinkley has more applications for board by young ladies between the ages of 20 and 30 than she can take care of.

A large number of the Knights Templar of this place attended the Grand Conclave which was held at Saginaw this week.

The piano in the Record voting contest has arrived and is on exhibition at the store of Schrader Bros. It is certainly a beauty.

The North End Republican club base ball team of Detroit vs. the "Circle N." team will play here Saturday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock.

Cards are out announcing the wedding of Supt. J. D. LaRue of the Northville schools, to Miss Beale L. Seely, to take place at the bride's home, June 27.

Regular meeting of Orient Chapter, O. E. S., this (Friday) evening. As this is a business meeting of special importance all members are earnestly requested to be present.

Milt Burrows and E. K. Stark, weather both have horses entered at the big Blue Ribbon races this year and expect to bring home some of the C. C. or M. & M. money.

Elwood Knapp is quite ill as the result of an operation which he underwent Friday. Drs. Burgess and Patterson were the surgeons and Mr. Knapp is getting along nicely.

Mrs. A. K. Dolph and E. C. Murdock received a telegram Friday evening telling them of the serious illness from typhoid fever of their nephew, Carl Murdock, at El Paso, Texas.

The Mutual Fire Prevention Bureau of Oxford recommends as follows: "Before the Fourth of July all cities and towns should be given a thorough cleaning of rubbish and all use of explosives restricted to time and place."

Mrs. Merrill Franklin and sister, Miss Leah Brogman, gave a miscellaneous shower at the former's home Tuesday afternoon for Miss Ethel Annis. There were fourteen present and all had a fine time. The bride-to-be was the recipient of many nice presents.

Notice to Northville Merchants—You are hereby notified to sell, until after July 5, any fire crackers, bigger crackers, roman candles or pop wheels to the following young Northville boys: Mattie Green, Mitty Burrows, Johnnie Tinsman, Josie Montgomery, Willie Ely.

By ORDER PEACE AND QUIET LEAGUE.

The ball game Saturday was a thrilling affair but Northville won by a score of 10 to 8 against the Oakland Motor team of Pontiac. There was a regular Ty Cobb vs. Philadelphia scrap in which fists and ball clubs threatened but didn't reach the climax very seriously, to the credit of the local team, be it said.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Johnson left yesterday for their new home in Manette, Washington. They have been Northville residents for several years and their many friends regret to lose them. They will also be greatly missed in the G. A. R. and W. R. C. where they each held prominent offices and were faithful workers.

Reciprocity would benefit the Record plant by probably \$200 a year in the reduction of printers' paper by half a cent a pound. And yet we are dead "agin" the free trade agreement with Canada even though it helps the newspapers financially, because we believe it unfair and unjust towards Michigan farmers.

Miss Lucile Calkins left Monday afternoon to visit her brother, LaVern, in North Attleboro, Mass. She was given a farewell surprise by Mrs. G. W. Hills and Miss Lida Richardson at the home of the former last Thursday evening. After several games of cards and refreshments were served. Miss Calkins was the recipient of a number of little gifts, useful in traveling.

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

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.

The Knights and Lady Maccabees decorated the graves of deceased members last Sunday.

Special communication of Northville lodge, No. 186, Monday evening, June 19. Work on F. C. Degree.

Miss Mary Hill, living west of town, has been seriously ill with diphtheria the past week. She is a little better.

That limp of Geo. Hotelling's was caused by his not being able to boost a 300 pound radiator up stairs. Geo. says: "never again."

Mr. and Mrs. Louie Miller were given a serenade Wednesday evening and it cost Louie \$2.00 before he got rid of the bunch.

Mrs. J. W. Perkins entertained the "Funny Bunch" at a five o'clock luncheon Wednesday, in honor of her daughter Hazel's 15th birthday.

The B. Y. P. U. will have charge of Pinckney's Ice Cream parlors this (Friday) evening. Cake will be served extra, also extra music. Regular prices.

The next regular meeting of The King's Daughters at Mrs. Bloom's Tuesday afternoon, June 20. Picnic on the lawn. All members are asked to be present.

Mrs. Sam Willinson underwent a slight, but painful, operation on her eye recently and, although she is getting along nicely, she is still confined to the house.

Northville Commandery will participate in the funeral services of Sir James Findlater, Past Grand Commander, Knights Templar, in Detroit this afternoon, in a body.

Northville Chapter of the American Woman's League met at the home of Mrs. Ida E. Joslin Monday evening and elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Ida E. Joslin; 1st vice, Mrs. Ardella Brooks; 2nd vice, Mrs. J. H. Johnson; secretary, Mrs. Linda Robertson; treasurer, Miss Ruth E. Gilles; member of executive board, Mrs. Georgia Yerkes.

Mark Seely had a narrow escape Monday. His team backed off the high embankment on Hutton avenue near the foot of Dunlap street and the horses, dray and Mark took a whirl at a line of acrobatic stunts that neither Barnum's circus nor Lyne Brooks' 4th of July attractions can duplicate. The escape of Mark and the team without injury is simply miraculous.

The "All Stars" went to Farmington last Saturday and won by a score of 20 to 0. Ferguson, our pitcher, didn't allow the Farmington a hit, and not any of them saw first. They will play the "Elm Juniors" tomorrow and will clash with the "Salem Tigers" Monday. These are the last games the Newmann boys will play with the "All Stars." Everybody should turn out and give them a good send off.

Soon we will be getting our farm products from Canada and Michigan farmers can go out of business, next the U. S. government will make a bank of the Northville postoffice and the banks can quit, then comes the U. S. parcel post and we will have our groceries, clothing, hardware and furniture of the Chicago mail-order houses and the Northville stores can shut up shop. Another year and the government will probably operate the blacksmiths shops.

Miller—Wagner.

Louie Miller of this place and Miss Julia Wagner of Monroe were married at the home of the bride's mother Tuesday afternoon by Rev. Frinke, in the presence of about sixty relatives and friends. After congratulations and a bountiful wedding supper, the happy couple left for Northville, where they immediately started housekeeping in their new home on High street, recently purchased of M. E. Johnson.

VILLAGE TAXES NOW PAYABLE

The tax roll for the Village of Northville, for the year 1911, is now in the hands of the treasurer at the Lapham State Savings Bank. Taxes may be paid on or before August 1st 1911, without any additional per cent for collection.

E. H. LAPHAM,
Village Treasurer.

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

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. FLETCHER

ANDREW J. WELSH DIED WEDNESDAY

WAS PIONEER CITIZEN OF THIS VICINITY.

Funeral From Late Home Saturday Afternoon.

Andrew J. Welsh, one of Northville's oldest and pioneer citizens, died at his home on Dunlap street Wednesday of heart failure.

For one of his years he had been enjoying good health, so that his death was really unexpected.

He was born in New York state April 15, 1824, and with his parents settled in Livonia township a year later. At the age of 22, when this part of Michigan was rather much of a wilderness, he bought a farm in Novi town where he lived until about twenty-five years ago when he moved to Northville.

His first wife, Laura Dennis, died twenty-four years ago. Of that union there are three children living: Mrs. E. W. Porter of Bay City, Chas. N. and Mrs. Fred Ward of this village. In 1891 he was united in marriage with Miss Helen Chapman, who has been his constant companion and who has so kindly cared for him in his declining years.

Mr. Welsh was a good citizen and an earnest, conscientious Christian and will be much missed in the home, the neighborhood and about the village.

The funeral will occur from the home at two o'clock Saturday afternoon, Rev. T. J. Murdock officiating.

Capture of Fort Dingman.

Tuesday evening was the occasion of a very pleasant surprise when a detachment of Allen M. Harmon Post marched to the residence of E. Dingman, and captured Commander Johnson. After a pleasant hour spent in recalling old time camp scenes and repeated raids upon the commissary supplies of cigars and lemonade, Chaplain Simonds, in a few well chosen remarks, presented Commander Johnson with a beautiful watch for a parting token of esteem. Though an old fighter, Commander Johnson was utterly routed for the moment but soon recovered and responded in a brief address of thanks and words of encouragement. Following, Department Commander Lawrence voiced the sentiment of all in hopes for the future success of the Post and our departing Commander to his new home in the west. After warm hand-clasps and heart-felt goodbyes, the attacking party retreated in good order leaving the field in quiet possession of its former occupants.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The baccalaureate sermon before the High school graduating class will be preached next Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

The Children's Day exercises were largely attended and as interesting as usual. All did well, reflecting great credit upon their teachers. Two infants were baptized and two young people received into full membership.

Baptist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The Sunday school and young people's meetings at the usual hours. On account of the baccalaureate sermon in the Presbyterian church there will be no evening service.

There will be morning service in this church Sunday. The pastor will preach Subject: "A Castaway."

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

Sunday morning the Knights of Pythias will attend our church in a body. The local lodge observe this Sunday as Memorial day in honor of their dead.

At an official board meeting held Thursday night a committee was appointed and empowered to purchase new chairs for the parlors of the church. These chairs will fill a long felt need.

German Lutheran Church Notes.

There will be church services with Holy Communion in the forenoon at 10:00 o'clock Sunday, June 18th. Our usual services are in the afternoon, but next Sunday they will be held at 10:00 a. m. with communion.

Right in your busiest season when you have the least time to spare you are most likely to take diarrhoea and lose several days' time, unless you have Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand and take a dose on the first appearance of the disease. For sale by all dealers.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Condensed Report of the condition of

Lapham State Savings Bank

at the close of business June 7th, 1911.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$ 109,818.47
Bonds, mortgages and securities	116,900.17
Overdrafts	4.68
Bank Building	12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures	4,000.00
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities	35,532.61
Cash and Cash Items	16,186.55
Total	\$284,812.44

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus Fund	2,500.00
Undivided Profits	940.50
Deposits	257,871.94
Total	\$286,112.44

We offer the best in Banking service.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

F. S. HARMON, PRES.	FRANK S. NEAL
ASA B. SMITH, VICE-PRES.	P. OMR. STENSEN
W. G. YERKES	FRANCIS G. JERRILL
EDWARD H. LAPHAM, CASHIER.	

Interest is paid twice each year

This is one of the convenient features of Certificates of Deposit issued by the Union Trust Company. Interest yield is 4 PER CENT ANNUALLY

Simply by retaining the Certificate, the deposit is continued to the credit of the holder, from period to period. The merit of this plan attracts an increasing number of patrons. Will you join them?

Union Trust Company

Detroit, Michigan



THE GORTON POLICY.

The Strongest Possible Clothing proposition for the consumer.

Every garment at \$15.00 pure wool and hand tailored.

Very best value at every price.

Price refunded if any garment bearing the Gorton label fails to give satisfaction.

When visiting Detroit don't fail to see the finest Vaudeville Theatre in the world

VAUDEVILLE

TEMPLE

THEATRE.

Two Performances Daily
2:15 and 8:15 p. m.
Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

HOTEL GRISWOLD

CORNER GRAND RIVER AVE. AND GRISWOLD ST.

FRED POSTAL, PRESIDENT. POSTAL HOTEL COMPANY. FRED A. GOODMAN, SECRETARY.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE WOLVERINE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

\$125,000 Expended in Remodeling, Furnishing and Decorating.

The Finest Cafe west of New York. Service a la Carte, at Popular Prices.

A strictly modern up to date Hotel. Centrally located in the very heart of the city. "Where life is worth living."

DETROIT'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL

EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY

RATES, \$1.50 PER DAY AND UP

NOTHING BETTER AT OUR RATES. DETROIT, MICH.

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, Quail, comes upon a young lady, a stranger 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 Chatterji, the appointed mouthpiece of the Bell—addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a mysterious little bronze box, "The Token," into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name. He in turn addresses her as Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quails. Several nights later the Quail home is burglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quail go hunting on an island and become lost and Amber is left marooned. He wanders about, finally reaching a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in England, and who appears to be in hiding. When Miss Farrell is mentioned Rutton is strangely agitated. Chatterji appears and summons Amber to a meeting of a mysterious body. Rutton seizes a revolver and dashes after Chatterji.

CHAPTER V. (Continued).

Suddenly Rutton started and wheeled round, every trace of excitement smoothed away. Meeting Amber's gaze he nodded as if casually, and said, "Oh, Amber, quietly, with an effect of faint surprise. Then he dropped heavily into a chair by the table.

"Well," he said, slowly, "that is over."

Amber, without speaking, went to his side and touched his shoulder with that pitifully inadequate gesture of sympathy which men so frequently employ.

"I killed him," said Rutton dully. "Yes," replied Amber. He was not surprised; he had apprehended the tragedy from the moment that Rutton had fled him.

After a bit Rutton turned to the table and drew an automatic pistol from his pocket, opening the magazine. Five cartridges remained in the clip, showing that two had been expended. "I was not sure," he said thoughtfully, "how many times I had fired." His curiosity satisfied, he reloaded the weapon and returned it to his pocket. "He died like a dog," he said, "whimpering and blaspheming in the face of eternity." Out there in the cold and the night it was screaming the sound of the bullets tearing through his flesh.

He shuddered. "Didn't he perish?" Amber asked involuntarily. "He tried to," said Rutton, "but with his revolver until it was empty. Then—"

"What made him do it?" "I didn't care," said Rutton, "but I should have known that when I refused to accompany him back to the house, he was hungry for his bullet more than for his life. I gave him every chance. But it had to be as it was. That was fate."

With a wrench, Amber pulled himself together. Rutton, he decided suddenly, without premeditation, "What are you going to do?" "Do?" Rutton looked up, his eyes perplexed. "Why, what is there to do? Get away as best I can, I presume—seek another hole to hide in."

"But how about the law?" "The law?" said Rutton, "it never bothers me. What has happened tonight? I can count on your silence—I have to need to ask. Doggott would be rather than betray me. He and I can dispose of it. No one comes here at this time of the year save hunting parties, and their eyes are not upon the ground. You will go your way in the morning. We'll clear out immediately after."

"You'd better take no chances." Suddenly Rutton wrote the table with his left hand. "By Jove!" he swore, "strangely his voice quavered with joy. 'I had not thought of that!' He jumped up and began to move excitedly to and fro. 'I am free! None but you and I know of the passing of the Token and the delivery of the message—none can possibly know for days, perhaps weeks. For so much time at least I am in no danger of—'"

He stopped, his mouth open as if he had been struck by a bolt of lightning. "What?" "Let me see, there are still waste places in the world where a man may lose himself. There's Canada—the Hudson bay region, Labrador."

A discreet knock sounded on the door in the partition, and it was opened gently. Doggott appeared on the threshold, pale and careworn. Rutton paused, facing him.

"Well?" "Any orders, sir?" "Yes, begin packing up. We leave tomorrow."

"Very good, sir." Rutton replenished the fire and stood with his back to it, smiling almost happily. All evidence of remorse had disappeared. "Free," he cried softly. "And by the simplest of solutions. Strange that I should never have thought before tonight of—"

He glanced carelessly toward the window, and it was as if his lips had been wiped clean of speech.

the spectral shadow of a turbaned head—moved and was stationary for the space of 20 heartbeats. Beneath the turban Amber seemed to see two eyes, wide staring and terribly bright. "God!" cried Rutton thickly, jerking forth his pistol.

The shadow vanished. With a single thought, Amber sprang upon Rutton, snatched the weapon from his nerveless fingers, and, leaping to the door, let himself out.

The snow had ceased; only the wind raved with untempered force. Cautiously, and, to be frank, a bit dismayed, Amber made a reconnaissance, circling the building, but discovered nothing to reward his pains. Only, before the window, through which he had seen the peering turbaned head, he found the impressions of two feet, rather deep and definite, as though some one had lingered there, looking in. The sight of them reassured him ridiculously.

"At least," he reflected, "disembodied spirits leave no footprints!" He found Rutton precisely as he had left him, his very attitude an unuttered question.

"No," Amber told him, "he'd made a quick getaway. The marks of his feet were plain enough, outside the window, but he was gone; and somehow, I wasn't overkeen to follow him up."

"Right," said the elder man dejectedly. "I might have known Chatterji would not have come alone. So my crime was futile." He spoke without spirit as if completely fagged, and moved slowly to the door.

"David, a little while ago I promised to ask your aid if ever the time should come when I might be free, to do so, I said, 'That hour will never strike.' Yet already it is here. I need you. Will you help me?"

"You know that?" "I know." One moment's pause, then Rutton glanced at the clock. "Time for my medicine," he said, "that heart trouble I mentioned."

He drew from a waistcoat pocket a small silver tube, or phial, and uncorking this measured out a certain number of drops into a silver spoon. As he swallowed the dose the phial slipped from his fingers and rang upon the hearthstone, spilling its contents in the ashes. A pungent and heady odor floated in the air.

No matter, said Rutton, indifferently. "I don't need it again for some time." He picked up and restored the phial to his pocket. Now let me think a bit. He took a quick turn up the front and down again.

A third time, he observed thoughtfully, "This thing we call life, we move, and what wonder, motion in a machine. Tonight David's close to throw us together for a little space, tomorrow we shall be irretrievably parted, for all time."

"Don't say that, Rutton." "It is so written, David." The man's smile was strangely pained. "After this night, we'll never meet. In the morning Doggott will ferry you over."

"Shan't we go together?" "No," said Rutton, "I must leave before you."

"Without Doggott?" "Without Doggott, I wish him to go with you."

"Where?" "On the errand I am going to ask you to do for me. You are free to leave this country for several months."

"Quite." I corrected the final galley of my Analysis of Sanskrit Literature just before I came down. Now I've nothing on my mind—or hands. Go on."

"Wait." Rutton went a second time to the leather trunk, lifted the lid, and came back with two small parcels. The one, which appeared to contain documents of some sort, he cast negligently on the fire, with the air of one who destroys that which is no longer of value to him. I caught immediately and began to flame and smoke and smolder. The other was a small leather satchel and fat wrapped in plain paper without inscription, and sealed with several heavy blobs of red wax.

Rutton drew a chair close to Amber and sat down, breaking the seals methodically.

"You shall go on a long journey, David," he said slowly—"a long journey, to a far land, where you shall brave perils that I may not warn you against. It will put your friendship to the test."

"I'm ready." The elder man tipped the cover from the packet, exposing the back of what seemed to be a photograph. Holding this to the light, its face invisible to Amber, he studied it for several minutes, in silence, a tender light kindling in his eyes to soften the almost ascetic austerity of his expression. "In the end, if you live, you shall win rich reward," he said at length. He placed the photograph face down upon the table.

"How—a reward?" "The love of a woman worthy of you, David."

"But—" In consternation Amber rose, almost knocking over his chair. "But—Great Scott, man!"

"Bear with me, David, for yet a little while," Rutton begged. "Sit down."

"All right, but—" Amber resumed his seat, staring.

"You and Doggott are to seek her out, wherever she may be, and rescue her from what may be worse than death. And it shall come to pass that you shall love one another and marry and live happily ever after—just as though you were a prince and she an enchanted princess in a fairy tale, David."

"I must say you seem pretty damn sure about it."

"It must be so, David; it shall be so! I am an old man—older than you think, perhaps—and with age there sometimes comes something strange—akin to the gift of second-sight. So I know it will be so, though you think me a madman."

"I don't, indeed, but you—"

"Well! I give it up." Amber laughed uneasily. "Go on. Where's this maiden in distress?"

"In India—I'm not sure just where. You'll find her, however."

"And then—?" "Then you are to bring her home with you, without delay."

"But suppose—"

"You must win her first; then she will come gladly."

"But I've just told you I loved another woman, Rutton, and besides—"

"You mean the Miss Farrell you mentioned?"

"Yes."

"That will be no obstacle."

"What! How in thunder d'you know it?" Amber expostulated. A faint suspicion of the truth quickened his wit. "Who is this woman you want me to marry?"

"My daughter."

"Your daughter?"

"My only child, David."

"Then why won't my love for Sophia Farrell interfere?"

"Because," said Rutton slowly, "my daughter and Sophia Farrell are the same."

No, listen to me, I'm not raving. Here is my proof—her latest photograph." He put it into Amber's hands.

Dazed the younger man stared blankly at the likeness of the woman he loved. It was unquestionably she. He gasped, trembling astounded. "Sophia," he said thickly, coloring hotly. He was conscious of a brightening of his throat muscles, making speech a matter of difficulty. "But—"

"But—" he stammered.

"Her mother," said Rutton softly, looking away, "was a Russian noblewoman. Sophia is Farrell's daughter by adoption only. Farrell was once my closest friend. When my wife died—"

He covered his eyes with his hand and remained silent for a few seconds. When Sophia was left motherless, an infant in arms, Farrell offered to adopt her. Because I became, about that time, aware of this horror that has poisoned my life—this thing of which you have seen something tonight—I accepted on condition that the truth should never be revealed to her. It cost me the friendship of Farrell; he was then but a child, married, and—and I thought it dangerous to be seen with him too much. I left England, having settled upon my daughter the best part of my fortune, retaining only enough for my needs. From that day I never saw her or heard from Farrell. Yet I knew I could trust him. Last summer, when my daughter was presented at court, I was in London. I discovered the name of her photographer and bribed him to sell me this." He indicated the photograph.

"And she doesn't know?"

"She must never know." Rutton leaned forward and caught Amber's hand in a compelling grasp. "Remember that! Whatever you do, my name must never pass your lips—with reference to herself, at least. No one must even suspect that you know me—Farrell least of all."

"Sophia knows that now," said Amber. "Quail and I spoke of you one night, but the name made no impression on her. I'm sure of that."

"That is good; Farrell has been true. Now—"

"I will go," Amber promised.

"You will be kind to her, and true, David. You'll love her faithfully and make her love you."

"I'll do my best," said the young man humbly.

"It must be so—she must be taught to love you. It is essential, imperative, that she marry you and leave India with you without a day's delay."

Amber sat back in his chair, breathing quickly, his mouth tense. "I'll do my best. But Rutton, why? Won't you tell me? Shouldn't I know—I, who am to be her husband, her protector?"

"Not from me. I am bound by an oath, David. Some day it may be that you will know. Perhaps not. You may guess what you will—you have much to go on. But from me, nothing. Now, let us settle the details. I've very little time."

He glanced again at the shoddy tin clock, with a slight but noticeable shiver.

"How's that? It's hours till morning."

"I shall never see the dawn, David," said Rutton quietly.

"What?"

"I have but ten minutes more of life. . . . If you must know—in a word—poison. That I be saved a blacker sin, David!"

"You mean that medicine—the silver phial?" Amber stammered, sick with horror.

"Yes. Don't be alarmed; it's slow but sure and painless, dear boy. It works infallibly within half an hour. There'll be no agony—merely the drawing of the curtain. Best of all, it leaves no traces; a diagnostician would call it heart-failure."

And thus I escape that." He nodded coolly toward the door.

"But this must not be, Rutton!" Amber rose suddenly, pushing back his chair. "Something must be done. Doggott—"

"Not so loud, please—you might alarm him. After it's all over, call him. But now—it's useless, the thing is done; there's no known antidote. Be kind to me, David in this hour of mine extremity. There's much still to be said between us."

and in

Stood it for several minutes, in silence.

seven minutes more.

Rutton retained his clutch upon Amber's hand, and his eyes, their tuster dimmed, held Amber's, pitiful, passionate, inexorable in their entreaty. Amber sat down, his soul shaken with the pity of it.

"Ah-h!" sighed Rutton. Relieved, the tension relaxed; he released Amber's hand. His body sank a little in the chair. Becoming conscious of this, he pulled himself together.

"Enter India by way of Calcutta," he said in a dull and heavy voice.

"There, in the Machu bazar, you will find a goldsmith and money lender called Dhola Bakshi. Go to him secretly, show him the Token—the Token. He will understand and do all in his power to aid you, should there be any trouble about your leaving with Sophia. To no one else in India are you to mention my name. Deny me if asked with knowing me. Do you understand?"

"No why?"

"Never mind—but remember these two things. You do not know me and you must under no circumstances have anything to do with the police. They could do nothing to help you; on the other hand, to be seen with them, to have it known that you communicate with them, would be the equivalent of a seal upon your death warrant. You remember the money lender's name?"

"Dhola Bakshi of the Machu bazar."

"Trust him—and trust Doggott."

"Four minutes more!"

"Rutton!" cried Amber in a broken voice. Cold sweat broke out upon his forehead.

The man smiled fearlessly. "Believe me, this is the better way—the only way."

"Some day you may meet a little chap named Labertouche—a queer fish I once knew in Calcutta. Put I daresay he's dead by now. But if you should meet him, tell him that you've seen his B-Formula work bravely in one instance at least. You see, he dabbled in chemistry and entomology and a lot of uncommon pursuits—a collector by pro-

fession, he never seemed to have any practise to speak of—and he invented this stuff, and named it the B-Formula." Rutton tapped the silver phial in his waistcoat pocket, smiling faintly. "He was a good little man."

Two minutes. Strange how little one cares, when it's inevitable.

He ceased to speak and closed his eyes. A great stillness made itself felt within the room. In the other, Doggott was silent—probably asleep. "It was close upon two in the morning."

"Amber," said Rutton suddenly and very clearly, "you'll find a will in my dispatch box. Doggott is to have all I possess. The emerald ring—the Token—I give to you."

"Yes, I—I—"

"Your hand." Mine is cold? No? I fancied it was," said the man drowsily. And later "Sophia. You will be kind to her, David?"

"On my faith!"

Rutton's fingers tightened cruelly upon his, then relaxed suddenly. He began to nod, his chin drooping toward his breast.

"The Gateway . . . the Bell . . ."

The words were no more than whispers dying on lips that stilled as they spoke.

For a long time Amber sat unmoving, his fingers imprisoned in that quiet, cooling grasp, his thoughts astray in a black mist of mourning and bewilderment.

Out of doors something made a circuit of the cabin, like a beast of the night, stealthy footsteps muffled by the snow: pad—pad—pad.

In the emerald ring on Amber's finger the deathless fire leaped and pulsed.

CHAPTER VI.

Red Dawn.

Presently Amber rose and quietly exchanged dressing gown and slippers for his own shooting jacket and boots—which by now were dry, thanks to Doggott's thoughtfulness in placing them near the fire.

The shabby tin clock had drowned through 30 minutes since Rutton had spoken his last word. In that interval, sitting face to face, and for a little time hand in hand, with the man to whom he had pledged his honor, Amber had thought deeply, carefully weighing ways and means, nor did he move until he believed his plans mature and definite.

But before he could take one step toward redeeming his word to Rutton, he had many cares to dispose of. In the hat, Rutton lay dead of poison; somewhere among the dunes the baby lay in his blood, shot to death—foully murdered, the world would say. Should these things become known, he would be detained indefinitely. In no home as a witness—if, indeed, he escaped a graver charge.

It was, then, with a mind burdened with black anxiety that he went to arouse Doggott.

"Mr. Rutton is dead, Doggott," he murmured to say with some difficulty. Doggott, exclaiming beneath his breath "Dead!" he cried in a tone of awe. In two strides he had left Amber and was kneeling by Rutton's side. The faint cursory examination, however, sufficed to resolve his every doubt.

"He'd" whispered the servant. He rose and stood swaying, his lips tremble, his eyes blinking through a mist, his head bowed. "E always was uncommon good to me, Mr. Amber," he said brokenly. "It's a bit 'ard, comin' this w'y 'Ow—ow did it." He broke down completely for a time.

When he had himself in more control Amber told him as briefly as possible of the head at the window and of his sequel—Rutton's appalling suicide.

Doggott listened in silence, nodding his comprehension. "I've always looked for it, sir," he commented. "I'd warned me never to touch that silver tube; 'e never said poison, but I suspected it, 'e being blue and melancholy-like, by 'is face and turns—'e never told me why."

Then, reverently, they took up the body and laid it on upon the hammock bed. Doggott arranging the limbs and closing the eyes before spreading a sheet over the rigid form.

"And now, what, Mr. Amber?" he asked.

"Mr. Rutton spoke of a dispatch box, Doggott. You know where to find it?"

"Yes, sir."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Salutary Example.

Every legal expedient for delay having been exhausted, and their appeal for executive clemency having been made in vain to the president, five wealthy Alabama lumbermen have entered the federal prison at Atlanta to serve penal sentences for the crime of peonage. Pity will be extended to the families of these men, but the event itself cannot but be regarded as one of the most important and significant in the whole course of the recent awakening of the public conscience. It is a demonstration to the country that only by holding to personal accountability the men responsible for violation of the law can respect and obedience to law be enforced. The utility of fines as a punishment in such cases has been shown, but it will only require a few such applications of the law as in these Alabama convictions to instill a wholesome regard for law everywhere.—Exchange.

Contrary Enthusiasm.

"Funny, wasn't it, how that lecturer warmed up to his subject?"

"Why so?"

"Because it was on cold storage."

Baltimore American.

FREE



MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

TRADE MARK

A trial package of Munyon's Paw Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address Professor Munyon, 533 & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to write Professor Munyon. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be diagnosed as carefully as though you had a personal interview.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They cook the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, they do not grip, they do not weaken, but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 28 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged, causing biliousness, indigestion and impure blood, which often produce rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine tenths of the cathartics that are now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, setting up serious forms of indigestion, and so paralyze the bowels that they refuse to act unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken, they enrich the blood instead of impoverish it, they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no calomel, no dope; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physics.

Regular size bottle, containing 45 pills, 25 cents. Munyon's Laboratory, 533 & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia.

Some Contrast.

"Mornin' Jim Judy," called a neighbor a cook to our good old mammy. "I hear, dat Skooter Jim is dun got him a new wife. I hope she lovel fat 'n' dat phillda, no' count strank-o-loun!"

"Fatter 'n' him?" Mammy replied, rolling her eyes and clapping her own fat hands. "Lawdy chile, dey jus lak a needle an' a haystack!"

CREATING ENVY.

BRONSON—What do you find is the greatest pleasure in living in the country?

WOODSON—Getting in town and telling people about the cool breezes, whether there are any or not.

COMES A TIME

When Coffee Shows What It Has Seen Doing.

"Of late years coffee has disagreed with me," writes a matron from Rome, N. Y.

"Its lightest punishment being to make me 'foggy' and dizzy, and it seemed to thicken up my blood."

"The heaviest was when it upset my stomach completely, destroying my appetite and making me nervous and irritable, and sent me to my bed. After one of these attacks, in which I nearly lost my life, I concluded to quit the coffee and try Postum."

"It went right to the spot! I found it not only a most palatable and refreshing beverage, but a food as well. All my ailments, the 'foginess' and dizziness, the unsatisfactory condition of my blood, my nervousness and irritability disappeared in short order and my sorely afflicted stomach began quickly to recover. I began to rebuild and have steadily continued until now. Have a good appetite and am rejoicing in sound health which I owe to the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Illustration of two men, one in a suit and hat, the other in a more casual outfit, standing and talking.

Illustration of a man in a suit and hat, standing and looking towards the right.

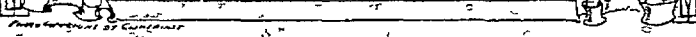
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Illustration of a man in a suit and hat, standing and looking towards the right.



Robbing his mother who had toiled to support him 18-year-old Clarence Waller was arrested in Kalamazoo, charged with forging a check. Efforts will be made to send him to a reformatory. The mother works in a local factory and the youth is said to have stolen a pay check made out to her.

at by former President Diaz of Mexico, is the feature of a display of wedding gifts presented to Miss Fannie Qualey, who was married in Haintree, Mass. to Alfred Joseph Arcum, of Mexico City, son of Walter Arcum, president of the Mexican Railroad Co.

Famous Wielder of Hatchet Dies

THE MARKETS.

The attempt of the management of the Baldwin Locomotive Works at Philadelphia, where a strike began last week, to resume work in all departments met with only a partial success. It is estimated that only about 2,000 men out of 19,000 reported for work.

stamps to pay expense of wrapping a
stamps for the French cloth-bound bo.

POOR RETURN FOR CHIVALRY

JAMES BRAID SAYS:

Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of
d mailing *only*. Send 31 one-cent
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the BOSS—a polished black steel oven lined with tin and asbestos.

Look for Name
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on Every Oven

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THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

1. The first group of respondents (n = 10) was composed of students who had completed the course and were currently employed in a related field. 2. The second group (n = 10) was composed of students who had completed the course and were currently employed in a related field. 3. The third group (n = 10) was composed of students who had completed the course and were currently employed in a related field. 4. The fourth group (n = 10) was composed of students who had completed the course and were currently employed in a related field. 5. The fifth group (n = 10) was composed of students who had completed the course and were currently employed in a related field. 6. The sixth group (n = 10) was composed of students who had completed the course and were currently employed in a related field. 7. The seventh group (n = 10) was composed of students who had completed the course and were currently employed in a related field. 8. The eighth group (n = 10) was composed of students who had completed the course and were currently employed in a related field. 9. The ninth group (n = 10) was composed of students who had completed the course and were currently employed in a related field. 10. The tenth group (n = 10) was composed of students who had completed the course and were currently employed in a related field.

