

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XLII. No. 5.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1911.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

OPEN SEASON FOR DUCKS—ALSO FOR BALLOONS.



PUBLIC STILL LIKES TO BE HUMBUGGED

Buys Millions of Mail Order Articles Every Season that are not as Represented

People nowadays are no different than they were 25 years ago, when P. T. Barnum, the world-famous circus owner, said "The Public Likes to be Humbugged." One of the favorite methods nowadays for people to get humbugged is to try to drive a bargain with some distant mail-order concern. In their eagerness to get something for nothing (goods at half price), they make themselves ten times as much trouble and considerably more expense than if they had done business with their local dealers. They seem to forget that these mail-order houses are out to get the money and all they can.

If one of our local dealers would make the extravagant statements that the average mail order house does, he would immediately be set down as an outrageous exaggerator. People would not trade with him, because they would know they could never rely upon the accuracy of his statements. A mail-order house will advertise a store on "30 days' free trial," but when you ask to try the stove they ask you to send them the money first. Is that a free trial? Let some of our readers who have ordered goods on a "free trial" basis and tried to return them tell you how "free" it is. It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to make the average mail order concern return the money on such a deal.

Another wild claim made by mail-order houses is that they sell goods at half the retail dealer's price. The idea is simply ridiculous and any-

body who stops to think will see it. Suppose they could sell articles of equal quality at one-half the dealer's price. They wouldn't do it, for the very good reason that they wouldn't need to. A one-fourth reduction would be sufficient to get the business (if their goods were of good quality), and they could pocket the other fourth. Talk about legitimate profits! The average mail order article brings the seller an enormous profit. These concerns have grown rich, just because there are, and probably always will be, a certain class of people who hope to get something for nothing.

We do not ask the people of Northville and the surrounding country to trade with our home merchants simply to be patronizing home institutions, (although that is a good reason why they should.) We ask everybody to trade at home because it will pay them to do it. They will save money, in the end, by sticking to our local merchants and they'll save a lot of trouble, grief and inconvenience.

Senorita Sold.

M. N. Johnson has sold the promising two year old trotter he purchased at the Starkweather stock farm last February to Henry Thomas, proprietor of the Hodges House at Pontiac, Mich., for \$1,000. This colt has trotted a full mile in 2:25 with last quarter in 34 seconds. She is entered in the Mich. Breeders' stake for three year olds, to be raced at Kalamazoo next Wednesday and will be started in that event by her new owner.

Notice to Pensioners.

I will be at the Record office from Monday morning until noon, Sept. 4, for the purpose of making out pension papers for the old soldiers.

GRACE E. TREMPER, Notary Public.

Base Ball Notes.

There were a lot of disappointed fans hanging around town Saturday afternoon as the result of a cancelled game with the Eastern Athletics. The reason given for the cancellation was that the team was on a vacation. However, the "Circle N's" will try and make it up to the fans with two games Monday, Labor Day in the morning they will play Delray. In the afternoon they will cross bats with the famous Wyandotte team which is running neck and neck with our team in the Detroit News contest.

The "Circle N" boys will play the Carter-Lar boys of Pontiac here Saturday.

The "All Stars" defeated the Millford boys last Wednesday by the score of 6 to 2. Jay Stimpson pitched a grand game only allowing eight hits, while R. Stimpson did some bush work on short. The "All Stars" now claim the 15-year-old championship of Wayne and Oakland counties.

School Announcement.

(By I. D. LaRue - Sept.) School will call as usual, Monday morning, Sept. 4. The lessons will be given out for the following day when work will begin in earnest. As attendance promises to be large, it would be advisable to come early in the morning, get your schedule made out and seat assigned. New pupils in grades and High school should be on hand early. If work is finished Monday noon there will be no school in the afternoon. 4w2 The Superintendent will be in his office to meet new pupils Saturday, Sept. 2 from 3 to 5:30 p. m. Make arrangements to come at those hours for consultation. 4w2

Frank Stephens, Pianist.

Frank Stephens, pianist, and teacher of the Detroit Conservatory of Music, will visit Northville a part of each Saturday. He has a rapidly growing reputation throughout the state and many of his students hold positions as teachers in Detroit and suburban towns. Address all communications to Frank Stephens, 520 Woodward avenue, Detroit.

Did It Pay?

The gold pin which was advertised last week proved to belong to Mrs. N. A. Clapp. It seems that one-half of the people in Northville have, at various times, lost pins, as no less than a dozen ladies called at this office as a result of the advertisement. This proves that by a liter in the Record you will soon recover all lost articles.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank the L. O. T. M. M. for the beautiful plant sent during my illness. T. A. GARNICK.

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.) Regular services next Sunday. There are only three Sundays before conference which is to be held in Flint, Sept. 28-29.

The Ladies' Aid will hold a special meeting Thursday afternoon of next week in the church. This is in place of the regular meeting of the following week.

The first social meeting for the Epworth League will be held next Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. McLean. All of the young people are invited.

Baptist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.) There will be the regular church services here next Sunday 10:00 a. m. church service, subject, "The Red Heifer."

11:30 Sunday school and bible classes.

6:00 p. m. the B. Y. P. U. devotional meeting.

7:00 p. m. church service, subject: "Lessons From a Wasted Life." The pastor will conduct the church services. We shall be glad to see you. T. J. MURDOCK, Pastor.

The Woman's Home Missionary society will meet in the church Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Mrs. J. H. Scott of Osaka, Japan, will address the meeting. The society extends a cordial invitation to all interested in Missionary work.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the pastor.) The pastor has returned from his vacation and will preach next Sunday at the usual hours of service. The morning sermon will be on "The Old Truth and the New Telling," evening, "Such Were Some of You."

The Ladies' Aid association of the Presbyterian church will hold their first fall meeting next Wednesday, Sept. 6, at 2:30, at the home of Mrs. W. G. Yerkes on Dunlap street. A large attendance is earnestly requested as business of importance concerning the church is at hand.

Stops itching instantly. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, letter itch, hives, herpes, scabies—Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

Wanted to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Rent, For Sale, Lost, Found. Wanted notices inserted under this head for 1 cent per word for first insertion, and 1/2 cent per word for each subsequent insertion.

LOST—Pair gold bowed glasses in case, in Northville Monday between 10 o'clock and noon. Reward if returned to Albert Shurtliff. Nov. 7w1

FOUND—Lady's pocketbook containing a sum of money. Owner can obtain same by describing property to B. G. Gilbert and paying 25c for this ad. 7w1

FOUND—Society pin. Owner may have same by calling at Record office, describing property and paying 25c for this notice.

FOR SALE—Choice grapes; L. B. Charter. 5w2p

FOR SALE—One good work horse, one pair of two year old mules and two brood sows. H. B. Clark, R. F. D. No. 1. Ind. phone 185-J. 5w2p

FOR SALE—Wood or coal range cheap. Mrs. A. J. Rickel. 3w1

WANTED—Two rooms with use of bath, for man and wife. Answer lock box 404. 4w2

FOR RENT—House on Northside. Apply to C. J. Ball. 2w1

FOR SALE OR RENT—House and lot. Inquire of Dell Silver, Northville. 5w1

FOR SALE—Old papers in big clean packages, 5c. Just the thing for putting under carpets on pantry shelves. At the Record office. 1w1

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SAMUEL A. FORBES, Physician and Surgeon. Office and Residence, 1/2 mile west of Novi, on Grand River Road. Calls promptly answered night or day. Telephone No. 310 L.S.L. 45th.

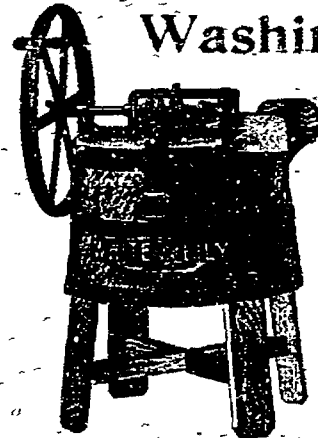
DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office and residence 315 Main street. Office hours 9:00 to 9:00 a. m. and 12:00 to 2:30 and 6:00 to 7:30 p. m. Both Phones.

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

DR. HERBERT RUTH-JEPSON, OSTEOPATH, will take patients at \$25.00 per week at her Sanitarium at 1751 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich. All kinds of cases except infectious or contagious diseases are handled here. For further information address Dr. R. R. Jepson, 1051 Woodward avenue, or call at Northville office at Mr. Pitts Johnson's residence Tuesday or Friday of any week. Detroit phone, Bell North 3596. Northville, phone Home 12-14. Nov. 19-10

A FEW WORDS ABOUT

Washing Machines



The "White Lily," a high speed Washer of the fly-wheel type, has greater speed than any other rotary washer on the market, and makes a full three-quarter turn of the dasher. Requiring only 2-3 revolutions of the fly-wheel to each turn and return of the dasher, it literally boils the soap into suds, and no other medium priced machine will do as fast or as good work with as little labor.

"White Lily," Price ... \$7.00
"White Daisy," Price ... \$8.50

We also stock the "White Daisy," which is a swinging, nail-bearing Washer and it is superior to any other machine of this style, both in price and make-up. All Washing Machines of the "White Line" are made of Louisiana Red Cypress and all machines bear with them a 5-year written guarantee.

"Garland" Base Burners, Heaters, Ranges
"Peninsular" Base Burners, Heaters, Ranges
"Round Oak" Base Burners, Heaters, Ranges
"PERFECTION" Oil Heaters, just the thing for cool morning and evenings. They are light and can be carried by hand from one room to another, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5. "Air Tight" Stove \$1.50 to \$5.

YOURS FOR ANYTHING IN THE STOVE LINE.

JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.

Restful Scenes

are what busy men are in search of, after months or years of business toil. You always have a "restful scene before you when looking over

A Good Bank Balance At This Bank

We receive your deposits, or make loans—either way and as occasion demands.

OUR BANK HELPS YOU.

Northville
State Savings Bank
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Fruit Jars

The bumper crop of Pears, Peaches, Grapes, Tomatoes, etc., will make a big demand for Fruit Jars from now on, and the price is liable to advance. Our prices at present are—

Pints, Mason	60c doz.
Quarts, "	65c doz.
1-2 Gal., "	85c doz.
Pints, Sealfast	80c doz.
Quarts, "	90c doz.

REMEMBERS—Pickling Spices Mixed, Tumeric, Mustard Seed, Celery Seed, Ginger Root, Stick Cinnamon.

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.

LOOK!

Saturday, Sept. 2nd

We will give One School Bag with \$1.00 Cash Order—Only one in a family. These Bags are A1, Waterproof. See them in Our Window Display.

"GET THE HABIT"

TRADE AT RYDER'S

AUTOMOBILE SPEED KING OF THE WORLD.



THREE VIEWS OF "WILD" BOB BURMAN, WHO WILL BE AT THE MICHIGAN STATE FAIR AUTO RACES WITH HIS BIG BENZ CAR.

This is the man who has traveled through space faster than any human being ever traveled before and lived. He has dared to do something that no other mortal ever accomplished before, and through his daring has gained the title of the "World's Speed King." Robert Burman is shown here at the wheel of the monster Benz car which he will pilot in the Michigan State Fair auto races. Burman is the holder of the world's straightaway records for the kilometer, mile and

two-mile distances, and during the past five years has left behind him a trail of records broken and victories won. Burman is one of the most peculiarly constituted men in the world today, living what might be called a dual existence. In everyday life he is quiet and unassuming and a thorough business man, but behind the wheel of a racing motor a mania seems to seize him and Burman becomes a man transformed in his desire to conquer time and space at

naught. Unlike former drivers who have reached the pinnacle of fame in the world of speed, Burman refuses to retire from hard fought competition with others and relies upon exhibitions of his skill to increase his fame. Traveling through space at the rate of almost two and one-half miles a minute is not conducive to the best of complexions, so the speed king has devised the unique mask shown above to protect his face during his thrilling drives in his monster Benz car.

RACING PROGRAM IS BEST EVER OFFERED

Grand Circuit Dates for State Fair Will Bring Together Fastest Horses in World

No fair organization in the country has ever presented so elaborate and so extensive a program for horse racing events as that of the Grand Circuit Meeting for the Michigan State Fair this year. The program includes \$50,000.

Patrons of the Michigan State Fair will be treated to the highest class of horse racing in the world this year, as the management has secured dates in the Grand Circuit. This means that all the fastest horses in the world and all the famous drivers will participate in the big events that will be raced during the first week of the fair.

The stellar feature of attraction will be the great Michigan State, only \$10,000. The list of entries at each race guarantees a wonderful contest that should prove one of the great races of the year. There is also a \$5,000 prize race and class races for all the Grand Circuit horses. In recognition of Michigan as a center of horse breeding, the American Association of Trotting Horse Breeders has decided to award to the Michigan State Fair its maroon stake, one of the great colt races of the trotting turf.

The arrangement of the card showing the future events of each day is not completed and when it is published there will be five days of Grand Circuit races that will furnish some of the turf history of the season of 1911.

A LIVE STOCK SHOW OF THE HIGHEST ORDER

Every animal at the State Fair will be the pick of the farm, selected for the purpose of competing for a premium and the excellence of the show will be fully equal to its magnitude. The people will not only have an opportunity to see the animals but to learn the late and improved methods of rearing, feeding and caring for all kinds of live stock. The State Fair offers unexampled opportunities for sale and purchase of live stock, and buyers, as well as sellers, are cordially invited to attend and take advantage of this opportunity.

NO LIQUOR ON GROUNDS.

Its Sale is Positively Prohibited by the State Fair Management.

The sale of liquor of any kind or description anywhere on the grounds is positively prohibited by the state fair management for a number of years a bar was conducted under the grand stand, but last year the board adopted a resolution declaring against the liquor-concession and the resolution will be rigidly enforced again.

HOW FELICIA SHOWED HER.

When Mrs. Sildeil, who lived across the street from the Trentons and had two, in a long and difficult battle with the disease of tuberculosis, she was in a poor state of health.

"I remember Tom Hays said to me," continued Mrs. Sildeil, "that he had a great deal to say to this day that he was devotedly in love with Felicia, but on my own personal knowledge he never went near her the last time he was in town, and in fact, I understood from the very best authority that this was because she had a jar of rouge sitting on the mantel one night when he went there."

"Then there was George Gleason, George did go there a great deal and seemed perfectly devoted, but I know that they were almost engaged and one morning he went there unexpectedly. She had been doing some work around the house and had an enormous and dreadful old slipper and her hair up in curl papers and all that sort of thing, and George just turned around and went away, and never went back again."

It was odd, and of course very unfortunate that Mrs. Sildeil should have been taken so ill as to require the services of a physician just at the time when her own family doctor was out of town. Felicia Trenton laughed when she happened to look out of the window and see the doctor going up the Sidell front steps to make a professional call. She laughed again when she met him at her own door.

"What's the joke?" asked the doctor. "What did she say about me?" she asked. "Who?" the doctor began. Then he, too, laughed. "Conceited young woman," he said; "what makes you think she said anything about you?" "Precedent," responded Felicia lightly.

SPLENDID MUSIC.

State Fair Crowds Will Be Entertained by Two Great Bands.

Schmenig's Military Band, and Al Green's Military Band, both high-class musical organizations, will furnish the band music at the state fair this year. There will be daily concerts from the stand located in the grove and one of the bands will be in constant attendance in the grand stand.

Some people think they are guests, but others had them pass.

STATE FAIR EXCURSIONS.

All the Railroads Have Granted a Reduced Round Trip Fare.

Every railroad in Michigan has granted a reduced round trip rate to the Michigan state fair and will supply extra train service. Local ticket agents will supply information regarding train schedules and fares.

A man is never old enough to know enough not to marry a girl who is young enough to be his granddaughter.

25 KILLED BY A FALSE ALARM

CRY OF "FIRE" WHEN A FUSE BLOWS OUT STARTS STAMPEDE IN THEATER.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN HEAPED UP IN STEEP STAIRWAY.

Although There is No Real Danger, False Cry Sends Audience in Mad Rush to the Exits.

A senseless panic in a moving picture show in Canonsburg, Pa., occasioned by the blowing out of a fuse in the picture machine, resulted in the death of 25 and the injury of 60. There was no fire. The picture theater was on the second floor of the building and 700 people had just started to leave their seats after the first show, when the blowing out of the fuse started a cry of "fire" from back in the theater.

Just around the turn in the crooked second floor hallway were 150 people waiting to take their places for the second show. Into this closely packed hall jammed the 700 from within the house, and in a trice nearly a thousand persons, three-fourths of them women and children, crowded into the narrow, steeply lighted stairway leading to the street.

They piled up four and five deep at the foot of the stairs, a half-dozen children were smothered to death almost under the brightly shining arc lamps of the sidewalk. Fully 400 people packed into 30 feet of narrow stairway. Rescuees, endeavoring to reach the screaming unfortunates from the street, were unable to drag them out of the tangle of limbs and bodies. Speedily a rescue-brigade was formed from the rear and dead and dying were carried back through the theater and out by an alley way.

France Says Last Word.

France's final word to Germany on the Moroccan dispute was agreed upon at a cabinet council in Paris that is, admitted to work a most important point in French history. After a session of three hours a set of instructions to the French ambassador at Berlin were adopted and will be communicated to the German foreign office. Although the instructions cannot be regarded as suggesting an ultimatum, yet an important step has been taken toward a rupture or an accord depending upon how the German government receives the proposals. France is irrevocably determined not to concede to any German interest in Morocco and is equally determined not to give up to Germany as much French Congo territory as has been demanded.

Tells Story of Awful Deed.

William Lee, 22 years old, confessed that he murdered his father, Richard Lee, his mother and younger brother, Clarence, and then set fire to the house in the hope of concealing the crime in Hoochville, Ind. In the verbal and written statements to Sheriff Davis in the jail in Evansville Lee said his motive was anger because his parents would not consent to his marriage with Mina Taylor, of Newburg, which he had planned and would not give him money with which to set up housekeeping.

Atwood Ends Great Flight.

Sailing serenely over New York's myriad water craft, his ferry boats and ocean liners, Harry N. Atwood, the Boston aviator, arrived in New York on his aeroplane, the first man in history to travel as far as from St. Louis to New York by way of Chicago in a heavier-than-air machine. The distance covered by Atwood in an air line was 1,265 miles, beating previous world's record by 101 miles, not crediting him with the extra 166 miles which he claims for detours.

Trimble is Head of G. A. R.

Judge Harvey M. Trimble of Illinois, was unanimously elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at Rochester, N. Y., when Col. John McElroy, of Washington, this opponent, ended a bitter contest by withdrawing from the race. On motion of Col. McElroy, the adjutant general cast one vote for Judge Trimble.

Tribe Never Saw White Man Before.

A face of people who had never before beheld a white man or an Indian has been discovered in the Arctic regions of British Columbia by Vilhjalm Stefansson, leader of the American Museum's scientific expedition which left in April, 1908, according to a letter received from him in Brooklyn.

Tanned by the summer sun and in excellent health, the seeking of which was the object of their tramp, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Woolf, of Kansas City, are in Boston after a 4,000 mile walk across country.

Eugene Labine, a Marshall county, Minnesota, farmer, is harvesting 500 acres of wheat with one machine, working day and night. The binder is run with eight horses, four to a shift and a headlight is used at night.

A \$1,500 silver trophy is the prize for the best peck of wheat exhibited at the Minnesota state fair next month.

For poking fun at two foreigners in Rankin, a suburb of Pittsburg, Harry Morgan, aged 21, and James Robbins, aged 24, were given unique punishment. Each of the foreigners picked up one of the men bodily, carried him to a nearby water trough, plunged him into the water and held him under. A crowd gathered, but feared to interfere owing to the foreigners' threats. The young men were taken from the water in a dazed condition.

MICHIGAN BREVITIES

Jackson.—Guards at Jackson prison are turning that institution upside down in an effort to discover Convict James Harry Boddy, No. 9324, who disappeared and is believed to have escaped over the walls. Boddy was employed as a night fireman in the engine room, which is located in the prison yard. He had a helper, and it is customary for the men to step outside the room into the yard for fresh air. Of late there have been many prowlers about the prison, and the warden has had one of the guards leave his post at intervals during the night and make a detour outside the walls. It is believed Boddy noticed that the guard was gone and took this opportunity to make his getaway. Boddy was sentenced from Alpena county April 9, 1911, to from two to fifteen years for burglary. He is twenty-three years old.

Lansing.—An alleged scheme for obtaining money under false pretenses has been nipped in the bud by Chief of Police Behrendt, with the aid of a Syrian by the name of Schuckey Auop, who came near being one of the victims. As a result a Greek, giving his name as George Gust, is in jail. Gust represented himself as of South Bend, Ind., and said he was here for the purpose of securing 50 or 75 laborers to go to South Bend to work. He said the wages would be \$2.50 per day. Gust induced Auop to interest several of his countrymen in the proposition and stated that all would procure positions, but before going they must give him five dollars each to be used in the payment of their railroad fares, the balance to be retained by him as his commission.

Grand Rapids.—In a letter to the common council Gov. Chase, Osborn states that he will carefully consider the request for better labor legislation should call for a special session of the legislature be issued. This response from the governor is in reply to a resolution adopted unanimously and forwarded to him, asking that he include in his special call the questions of compulsory arbitration and a law aimed against the importation of men from outside cities and states to take the places of striking workmen without their employer first having informed them of the true conditions existing in the city when they are hired.

Ann Arbor.—Several changes in the law course in the university have been made that will take effect next fall. One change is that all courses that were for two hours for two semesters have been changed to four hours for one semester, thus increasing the number of hours and lessening the number of weeks. Another change is that 19 hours of the 76 necessary for graduation will be required subjects, making 28 hours elective. Beginning with October, 1912, a year's literary work in some accredited college will be necessary before a student may enter the law department of Michigan.

Monroe.—David Stewart, one of the best known farmers of Monroe county, was the victim of a holdup while driving from the city to his home. When about half way to his home, a mile west on the Blue-bush road, three men jumped into his wagon and overpowering him, demanded his money and valuables. After securing what money he had, the robbers left their badly frightened victim and made their escape. Stewart notified the sheriff by telephone as soon as he reached his house and the latter started on the track of the highwaymen.

Lansing.—Capt. T. M. Wells, Eleventh infantry, U. S. A., who has been detailed as inspecting officer with the Michigan National Guard, has decided to take up his residence in Lansing. He is preparing to open a correspondence course for the officers of the Guard during the winter and will teach them the essentials of international law and mapmaking and drill them on army regulations and military formations.

Jackson.—Parties are searching the woods of Parma township for fifteen-year-old Myron Harrington, fears being entertained that the boy accidentally shot himself. He secured a revolver from his grandmother, saying that he wanted to shoot a woodchuck in his father's cornfield. He failed to return and no trace of him has been found.

Vassar.—Ila Reffer, seventeen years old, of Sebewing, was arrested charged with the larceny of a gold watch and chain and other articles of jewelry from the Columbia hotel here last July. The watch was found in a pawnshop in Saginaw. The case will be investigated by the prosecuting attorney.

Sturgis.—When Leo Butler arrived here from the south early in the spring he brought with him a large box which contained several varieties of snakes. One, a rattlesnake, was left too long in the bag, which woke him up and he escaped. He was found by a local coal dealer and was beaten to death with a club. The snake had been living under a house and had been seen several times by children. It measured six feet in length and eight inches around and had nine rattles. The skin was removed and will be mounted.

GOOD IDEA



Reggy—I wish I knew what character to assume at the masquerade party tomorrow night.

Cholly—Put a display head on yourself and go as a society column.

CHILD'S HEAD A MASS OF HUMOR

"I think the Cuticura remedies are the best remedies for eczema I have ever heard of. My mother had a child who had a rash on its head when it was real young. Doctor called it baby rash. He gave us medicine, but it did no good. In a few days the head was a solid mass, a running sore. It was awful; the child cried continually. We had to hold him and watch him to keep him from scratching the sore. His suffering was dreadful. At last we remembered Cuticura Remedies. We got a dollar bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and a bar of Cuticura Soap. We gave the Resolvent as directed, washed the head with the Cuticura Soap, and applied the Cuticura Ointment. We had not used half before the child's head was clear and free from eczema, and it has never come back again. His head was healthy and he had a beautiful head of hair. I think the Cuticura Ointment very good for the hair. It makes the hair grow and prevents falling hair." (Signed) Mrs. Francis Lund, Elgin City, Utah, Sept. 19, 1910.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32 page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 12 L, Boston.

Naughty, but Nice.

Edith, who is eight years old, is invited to a children's party. Her blonde hair was perfectly straight, but becomingly arranged, and she started off in high feather.

But on her return she was rather silent, and, on being questioned as to her experience, said:

"I had a nice time but it would have been nicer if my hair was kinky. All the other girls' hair was kinky, and I didn't go to another party unless my hair is fixed in kinky."

So the next week, when another invitation came for the little girl, her hair was curled and fluffed out in the most approved style.

"Then her mother led her to a mirror, and said: 'There, Edith, what do you think of it?'

Edith regarded herself soberly for a moment, and then, turning slowly around, she said: 'It's vain, but I like it!'

As Waists Used to Be.

A London paper prints an article from the ladies' treasury of 1866, in which a prize is offered for the woman with the smallest waist in proportion to her size. A silk dress was the first prize and a gold watch second prize. In the school in which the prize was offered by the principal the pupils were required to sleep in corsets, which could, however, be loosened when retiring.

Many a man who claims to be as honest as the day is long wouldn't want the searchlight turned on his night record.

The only way in which a man can have the last word with a woman is to say it over the phone, and then hang up.

Hurry Ends in Indigestion

Use your teeth on your food or your stomach will suffer. Quick lunches, hurried eating, bolting food, are sure to end, sooner or later, in some form of indigestion, more or less troublesome.

Beecham's Pills

quickly relieve the distress caused by hurried eating. They act directly on the stomach nerves and actually help the food to digest and assimilate. They are particularly good for nervous dyspepsia, bloating, hiccoughs, bitter taste in the mouth, and flatulence. With reasonable care in eating, Beecham's Pills will soon

Put an End to Stomach Ills

Sold Everywhere in boxes 10c. and 25c.

100 Years Old **Peters' Eye Salve**

The Sky-Man

HENRY KETCHUM WEBSTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS. W. ROSSER
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SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army and his commission, and his friend, Captain Fielding, turns to him. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over Arctic regions he becomes an assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending, he seeks the location of a girl on an ice floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that she is the daughter of the captain. Jeanne finds that he has dropped a curious-shaped stick. Captain Fielding and the surviving crew of his wrecked ship are in hiding on the coast. The man named Roscoe, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeanne tells Roscoe, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Roscoe declares that it is an enemy throwing-stick, used to shoot down the sky-man. Roscoe, from the searching party with a sprained ankle, is found murdered. Cayley is accused of the crime but Jeanne believes him innocent. A relief party goes to find the searchers. Tom professes his love for Jeanne. She, however, enters an abandoned hut and there finds her father's diary, which discloses the explorer's suspicion of Roscoe. The ruffian returns to the hut and Jeanne is intent on murder, when the sky-man swoops down and the ruffian flees. Jeanne gives her father's diary to read. The yacht disappears and Roscoe's plans to capture it are revealed. Jeanne's only hope is in Cayley. The seriousness of his situation becomes apparent to Jeanne and the sky-man. Cayley kills a polar bear. Next he finds a clue to the hiding place of the stores. Roscoe is about to attack the girl when he is sent fleeing to terror by the sight of the sky-man swooping down. Measures are taken to fortify the hut. Cayley kills a wounded polar bear and receives the first indication that Roscoe possesses a flying machine. He returns to the hut and finds Roscoe, finding it requires the dead man's rifle. He discovers that Cayley is a human being and not a spirit. The sky-man is baffled by the murder of Roscoe. When the latter and Jeanne take refuge in the cave where a furious storm keeps them imprisoned. They confound their foes. Roscoe, revolting to seek the ruffian and kill him, finds Roscoe's cave.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Probably no apparition of the monster he expected to find there—no sight of him towering expectant, armed, anticipating all that Cayley hoped to do, and ready to frustrate it, could have been so terrifying to Philip as the thing he actually saw, which was—nothing. At least, so far as a first glance into the cave would reveal, his enemy was not there.

Cayley shuddered, not with fear, and yet with a sensation stronger than that. It was as if a leopard had been standing over the deserted fair of a hyena. A wild beast's lair, it was not a human habitation.

The floor was littered with feathers and half-eaten bones. The rocky walls dripped with all sorts of his horrible cooking. The foul air of the place was actually intolerable. But the real horror of it lay in the fact that Roscoe was not there.

Cayley's reasoning faculties attack that blind, irrational horror with all their force. From the condition of the fire it was evident that Roscoe had been gone several hours. It was almost certain that he would return soon. Cayley's arrival in his absence really gave him an immense advantage. A man always comes unwarily into the place he calls home. If Roscoe came back now he would have no chance at all against Cayley's quick spring and the flash of the long knife-blade.

Certainly it was reasonable to expect that Roscoe would wait for another moonrise before setting out on any serious sort of expedition, and, at that assumption, were correct, he might be returning to the cave at any moment.

He strode abruptly back to the cave-mouth. As he did so, however, his eye alighted on something that made him pause—something so strangely out of keeping with its surroundings that it caused him—or he thought that, was the reason—a sense of recognition, almost of familiarity.

The thing which so evidently did not belong to Roscoe that it seemed almost to belong to Philip himself, was a gold clock. It lay on a flat bit of rock, which seemed to serve Roscoe's purpose as a table. The objects which surrounded it—an irregular piece of raw walrus hide, an overturned bottle of whale oil, with a smudgy wick in it, a sailmaker's reedle and some ravelings of canvas, together with some scraps of food—all spoke so loud of Roscoe and made such a contrast with this bit of jewelry that Cayley's action in stooping to pick it up was automatic.

He held it in his hand a moment as if he did not know quite what to do with it, then put it in his pocket and went out of the cave. Only during the moment when it had first caught his eye had it really commanded his attention at all. By the time he got outside of the cave he had forgotten it.

Two or three breaths of the clear air outside of the cave were all he needed to revive him, physically. But to his surprise they did not suffice to rid him of the feeling which he regarded as superstitious, namely, the impulse to fly back to Jeanne as fast as a wing could carry him.

He had every reason to believe that

she was safe, he told himself. She was armed with a heavy revolver, was a good shot and had plenty of nerve. She was in a place, the only avenue of access to which would give her a tremendous advantage over any invader. So that, even supposing the worst—supposing that Roscoe's absence were taken to mean that he had gone to make an attack on the pilot house, there could hardly be a doubt that Jeanne would kill him.

His reasoning was all based on the assumption that the pilot house was inaccessible to any wingless creature except by way of the ice chimney. Even now, when his fear for the girl was amounting to a superstition of almost irresistible intensity, it did not occur to him to question that.

He steadied himself as best he could and crouched down in the shelter of the big rock to await Roscoe's return. He had hardly settled himself here when he saw something that made him shake his head impatiently, and swear a little. It was the winking glow of an aurora borealis, off to the north.

Cayley gazed at the spectacle unwillingly, but still he gazed. And, somehow, though he fought the feeling desperately, it began to assume a personal significance to him—a significance of mockery. The whole sky was quivering with vast, silent laughter. Was it because he, with his fancied cleverness and daring in finding Roscoe's lair and waiting for his return to it, was really doing precisely the thing that Roscoe would have him do? Were those sky-witches laughing over what was happening up at the pilot house while he sat here and waited? No intelligence, no sane power of consecutive reasoning can resist this sort of thing definitely, and at last Cayley's power of resistance came to an end.

He sprang to his feet, at last, dripping with sweat, in spite of the cold, caught up his bundled wings, unfurled them and took the air with a rush. Once he had jerked himself aloft to a height a little above the crest of the cliff, it was hardly more than a matter of seconds before he came opposite the dome-like mound of snow which covered the pilot house.

There was no light shining out of the tunnel entrance. But that was as he had expected it to be. He made it out easily enough, and in another moment had alighted there.

"Jeanne!" he called.

It was not the exertion of flight, but a sudden intolerable apprehension that made him breathless. The word had halted a little in his throat. Exactly as he uttered it he saw down the tunnel, and in the pilot house itself, a tiny spark of fire, and heard the click of steel against flint.

What the spark illuminated were two fingers of a gigantic, hairy hand. "Jeanne!" he called again, and now his voice came clear enough. "Wait a minute and I'll make a light for you!"

CHAPTER XXII.

in the Pilot House.

Cayley had been right in assuming, as he did in his conversation with Jeanne, upon the subject, that Roscoe and the other people of the Walrus had never noticed the ice chimney, nor suspected the existence of the pilot house upon the cliff head. Also, he had followed correctly the track of Roscoe's mind in the deduction that the two latest castaways upon this land—that is, Philip and Jeanne—must have perished in the great storm which began on the night when he fired the hut, and continued for so many weeks that he, like them, lost all trace of reckoning.

During the storm he had lived in the cave, much as Philip and Jeanne had lived in the pilot house on the cliff; he had, that is to say, in some purely automatic fashion, kept on existing. The mere momentum of a mature man's vitality makes it hard for him to die. But when the storm abated and milder weather came, he bestirred himself, as Cayley did, and set about digging a tunnel of his own through the great drift which had blocked the entrance to his cave.

The next time the moon came up, after he had completed the tunnel from the cave, he set out down the beach toward the ruins of the hut.

It was not mere curiosity which attracted him, nor any lurking fear, but simply the hope of making some salvage from the wreckage of the hut, or possibly, from the bodies of his two victims, in case he was lucky enough to find them. He had no doubt at all that they were dead.

His pressure over the quantity and condition of the stores he found in the ice cave compensated for his disappointment over not finding the bodies of his two latest victims.

Evidently they had not even attempted to use such shelter as the ice chamber afforded; for it showed no mark of human habitation at all. They had probably wandered outside and died in one of the near-by drifts. Perhaps he would find them some day.

For the present, however, the stores occupied his whole attention.

Very methodically he set to work, carrying them off to his own cave.



Watched Cayley's Flight to His Landing Place.

working without fatigue and without intermission—working so long as the moonlight lasted.

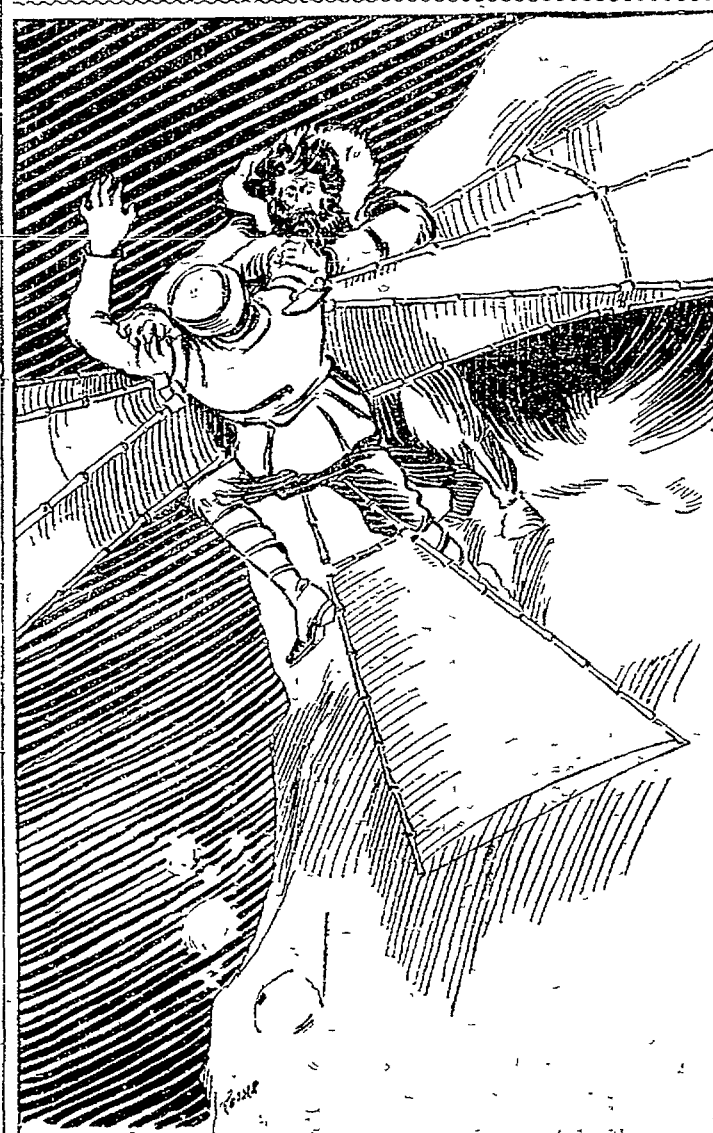
He was just setting out with his last load when, glancing skyward to see how long the light would hold, he caught a glimpse of Cayley on the wing. The sight occasioned him no return—not even momentary—of the old terror. He cursed a little because he had not his rifle with him; the sky-man soaring slowly and not very high, presented a mark he could almost certainly have hit.

It was surprising, of course, to see him alive, but Roscoe, in his present state, never thought of looking to supernatural means to account for the fact. Indeed, he was hardly more than a moment in approximating the true explanation. There might well be, he supposed, up somewhere in the face of the cliff a cave, or shelter, of which he knew nothing, and easily accessible to anyone who happened to possess a flying machine.

Skirting the cliff and keeping well in its shadow, he made his way with his last load, back to his cave. Here he spent a few minutes cleaning his rifle, making sure that the mechanism of the breach was working perfectly, and filling its magazine full of cartridges.

The moon was just setting, but the sky was still bright enough to give him a good hope of making out Cayley's winged figure against it.

Roscoe squatted down in the lee of the great hummock of ice, surveyed the heavens with keen, practised eyes, munching on a strip of dried walrus-meat which he had brought with him and waited very contentedly.



Went Down Together.

and make out clearly enough two figures there.

Once more he was tempted to fire, and might have yielded to the temptation had not the light been put out before he had fairly got his eyes adjusted to the distance.

It is to be remembered, always, that he knew nothing whatever of the ice chimney, and suspected no connection between the hut and the pilot house, except by the air. For anything he knew to the contrary, Jeanne might be able to fly, as well as Philip, or he to carry her with him upon his flights. Consequently, he did not suspect, when he saw Cayley take to flight again, that this action had any reference to himself; nor that the woman who was left alone would be on her guard against him.

The moment he glimpsed the shadow of Cayley's wings against the stars—he began making his way, cautiously over the crusted snow, toward the pilot house. The door was closed, but there was a light, shining out through a crack beneath it. It was a glass door, but something had been hung over the glass so that he could not see into the interior.

Both Jeanne and Philip had made the mistake of assuming that the only way of access to the pilot house, except to Philip with his wings, was the ice chimney. It was a natural mistake enough—one that almost any but a practised mountaineer would have made.

Furthermore they had no reason, either of them—for anticipating an attack upon the pilot house while Philip was gone. They had been living here, now for weeks, in unbroken security. So, though the girl obeyed Philip's injunction literally and scrupulously, she did it without the slightest sense of personal danger, and indeed she would hardly have had room for such an emotion even if there had been a much more reasonable ground for it.

She was sitting beside the oil stove, in one of the farther corners of the room. The chimney hole was in the corresponding corner. The revolver lay on the table in the middle of the room, a few paces behind her. The pilot house door was directly in line with it, and almost exactly behind her back. The door was hinged to swing inward.

When it burst open she attributed the fact to no other agency than the wind. She laid down the red round book upon the bench beside her and rose, rather deliberately, before she turned round.

As she did so Roscoe sprang forward to the table and seized the revolver. Her failure to turn immediately had given him the second he needed to take in the strategic possibilities of the room.

His rifle was a clumsy weapon in close quarters. So, as he sprang forward, he dropped it and made for the revolver instead. It only needed a glance at the girl to convince him that she was unarmed. Quite deliberately he broke open the breach of the revolver and gazed into it, as if it were loaded. Then he looked up again, blinking at the girl.

It was no wonder that Carlsen and Rose had mistaken her for the ghost of the man they had heard and seen. She looked like her father, a woman may resemble a man, and her white, her fineness, her delicate all in contrast rather than diminished the similarity of the idea that she was in fact his spirit.

The hand which held the revolver dropped nervously at his side. He swallowed hard, and wrung his cruel lips with his other, great hand. It was then that the girl looked up into his face. It was then she uttered her first cry.

For she saw that he did not mean to kill her.

Suddenly Jeanne's eyes detached themselves from his face. A look of sudden alarm came into them, and she raised her hand to her throat, as though she were choking. She was looking past Roscoe, and straight down the snow tunnel.

"Philip!" she cried, "take care; he's here!"

The snow tunnel was empty, and for a moment she knew her lover's body might be lying mangled in the monster's cave. She had thought of that before she tried the trick. But, even if that were so, that cry of hers might lead the monster to steal one uneasy glance at the door behind him, and even that would give her time enough. If he had not killed Philip, but simply eluded him, he would turn instantly.

That was what he did. He sprang round with a suddenness which bespoke a perfectly genuine, common-sense alarm. And then he found himself in darkness.

He understood at once that he had been tricked. Without wasting the time to turn back and look at Jeanne, he sprang toward the pilot house door. He thought she meant to attempt to rush by him, gain the snow-tunnel and taro herself over the crest of the cliff. He had not misread the sudden loathing he had seen in her eyes when they met his face.

In the open doorway he wheeled round, triumphantly. She had not got ahead of him that time. He laughed aloud into the darkness, and then spoke to her, with a vile, jocular familiarity.

But he got no answer, in words or otherwise. There was no outcry, no stifled sobbing. Nothing at all but sigh and wince of the wind.

He moved forward, groping in the dark, but stopped when he felt the pressure of the table across his thighs. He could do nothing without a light. He would re-light the candle, first of all, and then he would find her.

He took a bit of flint, a nail and a rope of tow from his pocket. He struck a spark, but it failed to kindle the tow.

It was at that instant that Philip alighted.

Philip sprang clear of his planes, left them as they were there at the tunnel mouth, and waited steadily up toward the pilot house door.

Roscoe, on hearing his voice, the first time, had dropped the articles which encumbered his hands and groped on the table for the revolver. Before he could put his hand on it Cayley spoke the second time.

At that, wanting no weapon, confident that he needed none, his great arms aching for the feel of the sky-man's flesh beneath their grasp, he moved a step nearer the door and waited.

He saw Philip cross the threshold, unseeing—suspecting—apparently, nothing; saw him, at last, within hand's reach.

Just as he touched him he uttered a sobbing oath, and his great hand faltered; for Philip's knife had struck through, clean to the hilt, and just below the heart.

The effect of the shock was only momentary. With a yell of rage, he sprang upon Cayley, crowded him back against the wall, tore at him blindly, like a wild beast, and finally getting Philip's right fore-arm fairly in the grip of both hands, he snapped it like a pipestem.

In a moment Cayley got round behind him and with the crook of his good arm round Roscoe's neck, he succeeded in forcing him to release his grip and in throwing him heavily.

As he lay, his body projected through the doorway, out into the tunnel.

Philip left him huddled there, and went back to the table. He found Roscoe's flint and steel beneath his hand; but it was a full minute before he could summon his courage to strike a light, for the interferences from Roscoe's presence here in the pilot house began to crowd upon him now, grim and horrible. But he struck a spark at last, lighted a candle and looked around.

The reaction of relief turned him, for a moment, giddy, as the glance about the room convinced him that what he feared worst had not happened. But another thought occurred to him, almost at once, when he saw the cover had been removed from the top of the ice chimney.

In his mind, of course, that represented the way Roscoe had come. What, if Jeanne, unable for some reason to defend herself, had chosen, as the lesser evil, to fling herself over the cliff from the tunnel mouth?

The moment he thought of that he went out into the tunnel, stepping over Roscoe's body to do so. He went to the edge and looked over, but it was too dark to see. The light of the aurora which still blazed in the sky, dazzled his eyes, without lighting the surface of the world below.

He stooped down then, in order to be sure—He had not stopped to furl his planes when he alighted, and they had wadded themselves sideways into the tunnel, still extended and ready for flight in an emergency.

He righted them and slipped his arms through the loops that awaited them. He stood for a moment, testing the right wing carefully. There was a play about it that he did not understand. So far as he could see nothing was broken. The fact that it was his own arm did not occur to him.

He was just turning to dive off the cliff head when, suddenly, he saw the great form of the man he had supposed to be dead, rise and rush upon him.

Philip's knife had, indeed, inflicted a mortal wound, but a man of Roscoe's physique lets go of life slowly. He was bleeding to death, internally, but the process was probably retarded by his huddled position as he lay there in the tunnel.

So he had lain still and awaited his chance. Cayley was standing quite at the edge of the cliff, and the man's momentum carried him over. His clutching hands grasped Cayley's shoulders, and they went down together, over 600 feet of empty space.

For Cayley the space was all too little. As they went over he thought that he and his gigantic enemy were going down to death together. Instantly, and much quicker than a man can think, he swept his great-santali forward and flung himself back in an attempt to correct the balance destroyed by the great weight that was clinging to his shoulders.

They were, of course, bound to go down. Neither his strength nor the area of his planes was sufficient to support them both in the air. But in the position into which he had flung himself they would go down a little more slowly. He would gain, perhaps, a precious second more.

But he did not waste even an infinitesimal moment in any struggle against the force of gravity. Twice, with all his might, he sent his left fist crashing against the face, the starting, horrible force, that confronted his own. But still that convulsive, dying grasp held fast.

They were now more than a bare 200 feet above the ice. With a supreme effort, an effort whose suddenness availed it better than its strength, he yrenched himself free and the great weight dropped off. Another effort, the instantaneous exertion of every ounce of force he possessed, corrected the sudden change of balance and prevented him from falling, like the great inert mass he had just cast off.

Trembling, exhausted, he managed to blunder around in a half-circle, slanted down inland and stumbled to a landing on the beach, not 50 yards from the ice-clad ruins of the hut.

As he did so, the thought was in his mind that during his struggle in the air with Roscoe, he had heard a cry, which neither he nor his antagonist had uttered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The BRONZE BELL

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

SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting with a duck shooting, visits his friend, Quain, 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, Lail 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. This girl, Amber, by name, is the daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and is visiting the Quains. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quain go hunting on an island and become lost. Amber is left alone. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as his 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, warning the Quains. Several nights later a mysterious body. Rutton seizes a revolver and dashes after Chatterji. He returns wildly excited, saying he has killed the Hindu, takes poison, and when dying asks Amber to go to India on a mysterious errand. "Amber decides to leave at once for India. On the way he sends a letter to Mr. Labertouche, a scientific friend in Calcutta, by a quicker route. Upon arriving he finds a note awaiting him. It directs Amber to meet his friend at a certain place. The latter tells him he knows his mission is to get Miss Farrell out of the country. Amber attempts to dispose of the Token to a money-lender, is mistaken for Rutton and barely escapes being mobbed. A message from Labertouche causes him to start for Darjeeling, on the way he meets Miss Farrell, and at their journey's end learns her to become his wife. He conducts Amber to a secret place, and in the presence of a beautiful woman who takes him for Rutton.

CHAPTER XV. (Continued)

"See, my king!" she cried, her voice vibrant, her eyes kindling as they met his. "Look down upon thy kingdom North, south, east, west—look!" she commanded. "Wherever thine eyes may turn, and farther than they can see upon the clearest day, this land is all thine . . . for the taking. Look and tell me thou hast strength to renounce it . . . and me, beloved!"

She opened her arms with infinite allure. "It is so little that is asked of thee—only to ascend thy father's throne and be honored of all Bharuta, only to visit the creper that is thine by right, only to reign an undisputed king in two kingdoms—Khandawar and thy Naraini's heart!"

I am very sorry, he returned. "It is quite impossible. Besides, it seems that you leave this likar altogether out of your calculations. It may not have occurred to you that the supreme government of India may have something to say about the contemplated change."

He saw her bite her lips with a grin, and the look she flashed to his face was anything but kind and tender. "Naraini!" she laughed derisively. "And of what account is this trifling, tottering likar's will besides the Will of the body? Of what avail its dicta against the ruins of the Bell? Thou knowest."

"Pardon, I know nothing. I have told thee, hence, that I am not Har Dyal Rutton."

She was mistress of a thousand artifices. Brought to a standstill on the one side of attack, she diverged to another without a quiver of an eyelid to betray her discomfiture.

"Nay, thou hast told me," she purred. "But I, Naraini, I know what I know. Thou dost deny thyself even as thou dost deny me, but . . . art thou willing to be put to the proof, my king?"

"If you're any means of proving my identity, I would thank you for making use of it, Rance."

"There is the test of the Token, Lail!"

"I am not aware of it."

"The test of the Token—the ring that was brought to thee, the signet of thy house. Surely thou hast it with thee?"

He thrust a hand within his shirt and brought forth the emerald. "Here it is," he told the woman, cheerfully. "Now this test?"

"Place it upon thy finger—so, even upon thy little finger, as was thy father's wont with it. Now lift up thine arm, so, and turn the stone to the west, toward Kathapur."

Without comprehension he yielded to this whim, holding up his right arm and turning the emerald to the quarter indicated by Naraini.

The hour had drawn close upon dawn. A cold air breathed down the valley and was chill to them in that lofty eyrie. The moon, dipping towards the rim of the world, was poised, a globe of dull silver, upon the ridge of a far, dark hill. As they watched it dropped out of sight and everything was suddenly very bleak and black.

And a curious thing happened. Naraini cried out sharply, "Aho!"—as if unable to contain her excitement. Somewhere in the palace behind them a great gong boomed like thunder.

A pause ensued, disturbed only by the fluttering of the woman's breath; for the space of thirty pulses—beats nothing happened. Then Naraini's fingers closed like bands of steel about Amber's left wrist.

"See!" she cried in a voice of awe, while the bracelets shivered and clashed upon her outstretched arm. "The eye, my king, the eye!"

Amber found his way out of the garden without difficulty; at the doorway an eunuch waited. The maharajah himself, perhaps in deference to the dictates of discretion, did not reappear, and Amber had no desire to see him again. He was eager only to get away, to find a place and time to think, and to get into communication with Labertouche.

In the cavern-like chamber at the water level Dulla Dad had the boat in readiness. Amber embarked, not without a sign of relief, and the Mohammedi with his double-spaded

paddle drove the boat out of the secret entrance, in an impressive silence. In the stern Amber watched the indelible grey light of dawn wavering over the face of the waters and wondered.

The boat swung in gently to the marble steps of the bund. Amber rose and stepped ashore, very tired and very much inclined to believe he would presently wake up to a sane and normal world.

"Hazzor," the voice of Dulla Dad hailed him. He turned. "Hazzor, I was to say that at the third hour after sunset tonight this boat will be waiting. You are to call me by name, and I will put in for you, hazzor."

"What's that? I don't understand. Oh, very well."

"And I was to say further, my lord, these words: 'You shall find but one way to Kathapur.'"

Amber shook his head, smiling. "If you don't mind getting yourself disliked on my account, Dulla Dad, you may take back to the author of that epigram this answer: 'You shall find but one way to Jehannum, and that right speedily.' Good morning, Dulla Dad."

"The peace of God abide always with the heaven-born!"

Amber entered the bungalow, to find the khansamah already awake and moving about. At the Virginian's request he shuffled off to prepare coffee—much coffee, very strong and black and hot, Amber stipulated. He needed the stimulant badly. He was sleepy and his head was in a whirl.

He sat lost in thought until the khansamah brought the decoction, then roused and drank it as it came from the pot, without sugar, gulping down huge bitter mouthfuls of the scalding black fluid. But the effect that he expected and desired was strangely long in making itself felt. He marveled at his drowsiness, nodding and blinking over his empty cup.

Out of doors the skies were hot and blue-white with forebushers of the sun, and the world of men was stirring and making preparations against the business of the day; but Amber, who had a work so serious and so instant to his hand, sat on in drowsy lethargy, musing.

The faces of two women stood out vividly against the misty formless void before his eyes, the face of Naraini and that of Sophia Farrell. He looked from one to the other, stupidly contrasting them, trying to determine which was the lovelier, until their features blurred and ran together and the two became as one and

The khansamah tiptoed cautiously into the room and found the Virginian sleeping like a log, his head upon the table. His face was deeply colored with crimson, as if a fever burned him, and his breathing was loud and stertorous.

Pausing, the native beckoned to one who skulked without, and the latter entering, the two laid hold of the unconscious man and bore him to the charpoy. The second native slipped silver money into the khansamah's palm.

"He will sleep till evening," he said. "If any come asking for him, say that he has gone abroad, leaving no word. More than this you do not know. The sepoys have an order to prevent all from entrance."

II. Beneath the spreading banian, by the cistern of the goldfish, Naraini with smouldering eyes watched Amber disappear in the wilderness of shrubbery. He walked as a man with a set purpose, never glancing back. She laughed uneasily but waited motionless where he had left her, until the echo of his footsteps on the marble slabs had ceased to ring in the neighboring corridor. Then, lifting a flower-like hand to her mouth, she touched her lips gently and with an air of curiosity. The resentment in her eyes gave place to an emotion less superficial. "By Indur and by Har!" she swore softly. "In one thing at least he is like a rajput; he kisses as a man kisses."

The east was gray with dusk of dawn—a light that grew apace, making

sunrise for two.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sunrise for Two.

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"The peace of God abide always with the heaven-born!"

Amber entered the bungalow, to find the khansamah already awake and moving about. At the Virginian's request he shuffled off to prepare coffee—much coffee, very strong and black and hot, Amber stipulated. He needed the stimulant badly. He was sleepy and his head was in a whirl.

He sat lost in thought until the khansamah brought the decoction, then roused and drank it as it came from the pot, without sugar, gulping down huge bitter mouthfuls of the scalding black fluid. But the effect that he expected and desired was strangely long in making itself felt. He marveled at his drowsiness, nodding and blinking over his empty cup.

Out of doors the skies were hot and blue-white with forebushers of the sun, and the world of men was stirring and making preparations against the business of the day; but Amber, who had a work so serious and so instant to his hand, sat on in drowsy lethargy, musing.

The faces of two women stood out vividly against the misty formless void before his eyes, the face of Naraini and that of Sophia Farrell. He looked from one to the other, stupidly contrasting them, trying to determine which was the lovelier, until their features blurred and ran together and the two became as one and

The khansamah tiptoed cautiously into the room and found the Virginian sleeping like a log, his head upon the table. His face was deeply colored with crimson, as if a fever burned him, and his breathing was loud and stertorous.

Pausing, the native beckoned to one who skulked without, and the latter entering, the two laid hold of the unconscious man and bore him to the charpoy. The second native slipped silver money into the khansamah's palm.

"He will sleep till evening," he said. "If any come asking for him, say that he has gone abroad, leaving no word. More than this you do not know. The sepoys have an order to prevent all from entrance."

II. Beneath the spreading banian, by the cistern of the goldfish, Naraini with smouldering eyes watched Amber disappear in the wilderness of shrubbery. He walked as a man with a set purpose, never glancing back. She laughed uneasily but waited motionless where he had left her, until the echo of his footsteps on the marble slabs had ceased to ring in the neighboring corridor. Then, lifting a flower-like hand to her mouth, she touched her lips gently and with an air of curiosity. The resentment in her eyes gave place to an emotion less superficial. "By Indur and by Har!" she swore softly. "In one thing at least he is like a rajput; he kisses as a man kisses."

The east was gray with dusk of dawn—a light that grew apace, making

sunrise for two.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sunrise for Two.

Amber found his way out of the garden without difficulty; at the doorway an eunuch waited. The maharajah himself, perhaps in deference to the dictates of discretion, did not reappear, and Amber had no desire to see him again. He was eager only to get away, to find a place and time to think, and to get into communication with Labertouche.

In the cavern-like chamber at the water level Dulla Dad had the boat in readiness. Amber embarked, not without a sign of relief, and the Mohammedi with his double-spaded

paddle drove the boat out of the secret entrance, in an impressive silence. In the stern Amber watched the indelible grey light of dawn wavering over the face of the waters and wondered.

The boat swung in gently to the marble steps of the bund. Amber rose and stepped ashore, very tired and very much inclined to believe he would presently wake up to a sane and normal world.

"Hazzor," the voice of Dulla Dad hailed him. He turned. "Hazzor, I was to say that at the third hour after sunset tonight this boat will be waiting. You are to call me by name, and I will put in for you, hazzor."

"What's that? I don't understand. Oh, very well."

"And I was to say further, my lord, these words: 'You shall find but one way to Kathapur.'"

Amber shook his head, smiling. "If you don't mind getting yourself disliked on my account, Dulla Dad, you may take back to the author of that epigram this answer: 'You shall find but one way to Jehannum, and that right speedily.' Good morning, Dulla Dad."

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king, garish the illumination of the flickering, smoking, many-colored lamps in the garden. Naraini clasped her hands. Soft footsteps sounded in the gallery and one of her handmaids threaded the shrubbery to her side.

"The lamps, Unda," said the queen; "their light I think, little becomes me. Put them out." And when this was done, she composedly ordered her pipe and threw herself lazily at length upon a pile of kinocob cushions, her posture the more careless since she knew herself secure from observation; the garden being private to her use.

The tread of boots, with "jingling" spurs, sounded in the gallery, warning her. She sighed, smiled, dangerously to herself, and carelessly adjusted her veil, leaving rather more than half her face bare. Salig Singh entered the garden and found his way to her, towering over her beneath the canopy, brave in his green and tinsel uniform. She looked up with a listless hauteur that expressed her attitude toward the man.

"Achoha!" she said, sharply. "Thou art tardy, heaven-born. Yet have I waited for thee this half-hour gone, heavy with sleep though I be—waited to know the pleasure of my lord."

"There was a mockery, but faintly disguised in her tone. The maharajah seemed to find it not unpleasant, for he smiled grimly beneath his mustache."

"There was work to be done," he said briefly, "for the cause. And thou—how has thou wrought, O Breaker of Hearts?"

The woman clasped her hands behind her head. "Am I not Naraini?"

"The man is ours?"

"Mine," she corrected amiably. His face darkened with a scowl of jealousy and she laughed in open derision. Were Naraini could I not divine the heart of a man?"

"By what means?"

"What is that to thee, O heaven-born?" She snuggled her body complacently into the luxurious pile of cushions. "If I have accomplished the task thou didst set for me, what concern hast thou with the means I did employ? Thou art only Salig Singh, maharajah of Khandawar, but I am Naraini, a free woman."

"Thou—!" Rage choked the rajput. "Thou," he sputtered—"thou art—"

"Softly, heaven-born, softly—lest I loose a thunderbolt for thy destruction. Is it wise to forget that Naraini holds thy fate in the hollow of her hands?" She sat forward, speaking swiftly and with violence. "Thou art pledged to produce Har Dyal Rutton in the Hall of the Bell before another

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"There was work to be done," he repeated. "I went to take measures against thy failure."

"O thou of little faith!"

"Nay, why should I neglect proper precautions? Whether thy confidence be justified or not, this night, will Har Dyal Rutton—or so he like him—cross the ordeal of the Gateway."

"So I have told thee," she assented equally. "He will come, because Naraini bids him."

"It may be so. If not, another lure shall draw him."

She started with annoyance. "The Englishwoman of the picture?"

"Have I named her?" He lifted his heavy brows in affected surprise. "Nay, but—"

"Secret for secret," he offered; "mine for thine. Is it a bargain, O Pearl of Khandawar?"

"Keep thy silly secret, then, as I will keep mine own counsel," she said.

She raised her arms and stretched them wide.

with assumed disdain. It was no part of wisdom, in her understanding, to tell him of her interview with Amber. A man's jealousy is a potent weapon in a woman's hands, but must be wielded with discretion.

"Be of good heart," she comforted him. "If he doth fail to survive the ordeal—Har Dyal Rutton hath died if he doth survive."

"Har Dyal Rutton shall die within the hour," Salig Singh concluded, grimly. "But . . . I am troubled? I cannot but ask myself continually: Were it not wiser to confess failure and abjure the outcome?"

"How long wouldst thou abide the outcome, my king, after thou hadst informed the council of this deception to which thou hast been too willing and ready a party?"

"Unless the other name be Death, Naraini."

"Or if the council should spare thee—as is unlikely. The patience of the body is as the patience of kings—"

—and its mercy is like unto its patience. . . . But say thou art apayed; what then? How long art thou prepared to wait until the Mem bers of the body shall again be in such complete accord as now? When again shall all Hindustan be ripe for revolt?"

Aho! Thou wouldst have sweet patience in the waiting, Salig Singh! . . . Let matter rest as they be, my lord—this a trace imperceptibly. "Leave the man to me; I stand sponsor for him until the Gateway shall be received him and—perhaps for a little afterwards."

"Thou art right as ever." He lifted his gaze to meet hers and his eyes flamed. "I leave my life on your knees, Naraini. I love thee and . . . by all the gods, thou art altogether a woman!"

"And thou . . . a man, your highness?" she countered provokingly. "Nay!" she concluded, evading him with a supple squirm. "Be content at all this affair be consummated. Wait until the time when an empress shall reign over all Bharuta and thou, my lord, shall be her minister of state."

The man's voice shook. "That hour is not far off, my queen. Thou wilt not keep me waiting longer?"

She gave him the quick promise of her eyes.

She swept away from him, toward the parapet. He took a single step in pursuit and halted, following her with a glance that was at once careless and a threat.

With eyes half-veiled by long, languorous lashes the woman threw back her head until her swelling throat was tense. She raised her arms and stretched them wide. The sun, soaring suddenly, a crimson disk above the ridge, seemed to strike fire from her strange, savage beauty as from a jewel.

Her parted lips moved, but the man, who had drawn near enough to hear, caught two words only.

"Naraini! . . . Empress!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Instruction in Cartoons.

I have found that one of the easiest and most interesting ways of teaching my growing boys current events is by having them make a scrapbook of the cartoons that appear in the daily papers and magazines. As soon as the papers have been read, the cartoons and pictures that bear on the leading questions of the day are carefully cut out and put in a special place till the end of the month. Then we look over them together and save for the scrapbook only the best and cleverest.

RIGHT HEAVY.

Novelist—I'm so sleepy I can hardly keep my eyes open, and I must finish this chapter tonight.

His Wife—Wait till I get the butcher's bill; I'm sure that will open your eyes.

A Grandson of Burns.

James Glencairn Thomson, a grandson of Robert Burns, died in Glasgow recently in his eighty-fourth year. He was the son of Betty Burns, daughter of the poet, and was a bachelor. Mr. Thomson resided nearly all his life in the suburbs of Glasgow and was a frequent guest at social gatherings, where his singing of Burns' songs was a feature. He possessed a small civil list pension.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Strained.

"What are 'strained relations,' ma?"

"Well, your pa is an awful strain on the pocketbooks of my relations."

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Not so Much.

"Is he a captain of industry?"

"No—nothing more than a second lieutenant."

The next time you feel that swallowing sensation, gargle Hamlin's Wizard Oil immediately with three parts water. It will save you days and perhaps weeks of misery from sore throat.

The trouble with giving advice is not many want to take it.

MY DAUGHTER WAS CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Baltimore, Md.—"I send you here, with the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

She was pale, with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. Two different doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles.—Mrs. L. A. COLEMAN, 1103 Rutland Street, Baltimore, Md.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Vacation Days Are Over

Educators all agree that a pupil will do far better school work if properly clad. The well dressed pupils have far more confidence in themselves than those who are ever conscious of their shabby appearance. We can help you greatly in the above with merchandise quoted below:

New Galateas Cloths

For Girls' Dresses or Boys' Waists.
Pretty Percales
In attractive patterns, 1-yard wide.

New Fall Gingham

Some very new designs 10c, 12 1/2c, 15c
Danish Cloths
Good staple colors, 36-in. wide, just the thing for a fall dress 25cts pr yard

Hosiery

Why bother with any other stocking when you can get Cadets with an absolute guarantee, 25c pr.
Bear Brand Hosiery 15c

Ferris Waists

Mothers who are particular are demanding Ferris Waists for their little girls. We carry them in Children's as well as Ladies and Misses.
All widths in Velvet Ribbons.

PONSFORD'S, Northville.

30 Years of Good Deeds

is the Proved and Proud Record of the
Knights Of The Modern Maccabees

Organized 1881

Benefits Paid - \$17,500,000.00
Membership - 103,000

Prompt Payment of All Claims

Term Protection, Whole Life Protection, Old Age and Total Disability Protection, are granted all members. Health and Accident Protection is a Special Feature; in fact, the K. O. T. M. affords all kinds of protection needed by the average man, as well as extending to members the enjoyments of social life.

Protect Your Wife and Children From Want and Misery by Becoming a Knight of the Modern Maccabees.

For further information, inquire of any member of the order or write to

GEORGE S. LOVELACE
Great Commander
Port Huron, Mich.

A. M. SLAY
Great Record Keeper
Port Huron, Mich.

CONSERVATIVE AND PROGRESSIVE MANAGEMENT

WINCHESTER
Repeating Shotguns
USED IN THE U. S. ARMY.
The U. S. Army authorities know a gun; that is why, when they decided to equip some troops with repeating shotguns, they selected the Winchester in preference to all other makes. The experts of the U. S. Ordnance Board also know a gun; that's why, after submitting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun to all sorts of tests, they pronounced it safe, sure, strong and simple. If you want a shotgun—buy the one whose strength and reliability led the U. S. Army authorities to select it and the U. S. Ordnance Board to endorse it—that's the Winchester.
THE RELIABLE REPEATERS

JOB PRINTING

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

HOTEL GRISWOLD

CORNER GRAND RIVER AVE. AND GRISWOLD ST.

FRED POSTAL, 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.

6. This is Mothers' meeting and everyone is urged to be present.

Miss Lulu Dandison spent Thursday with Pontiac friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Joy and daughter, Ruby, Miss Cain of Lansing and James Hamilton of Northville were entertained at the home of Frank Hamilton Wednesday.

"Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. Has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. I. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Mrs. F. L. Cook is able to be out after her illness of typhoid fever.

Miss Leola Ike has returned from her visit with relatives at Interlaken, N. Y.

Dexter Riley has sold his stock, farm implements and household goods and will move to Valdosta, Ga.

C. D. Potter and wife have been spending the past week with their daughter, Mrs. Harry Helmer, at Mt Pleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spaller are entertaining the latter's sister, Miss Frances Soper, and friend, Earl Wolfinger, of Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Horton of St. Louis, Mo., are visiting the former's aunts, Mrs. W. T. Daines and Mrs. B. McIlwain, and other relatives in this vicinity.

Last month this village paid its last sewer bond, and Monday by a vote of 128 to 23 decided to have a water system. The line gang reached the town Monday setting poles for electric lights.

Eugene Utley, a highly respected farmer living northeast of this village, dropped dead in the depot at Pontiac Saturday, where he had gone with some friends. The funeral was held Tuesday. Ray George Guilen officiating. The deceased leaves a wife and two adopted sons, besides a host of friends.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Miss May Bentley has returned from Chicago.

Mr. Brewer of Troy, N. Y., was in town Tuesday.

Dr. J. D. Compton of Pontiac was in town Sunday.

Red Church visited relatives at Linden last week.

Leon Clutz has returned from a week's visit with friends in Detroit.

Mrs. L. M. Gould has returned from a visit with friends in South Lyon.

Mrs. Ellen Gilchrist is entertaining her sister, Miss Georgia Taylor of Detroit.

The Epworth league will hold a bazaar Saturday afternoon at Gage's store.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Merrithew entertained relatives from Detroit and Howell Sunday.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Nellie Smith to Ira Carnes Wednesday, Sept. 6.

Mrs. H. S. Saxon of Milford and Mrs. Louise Monroe of Dayton, O. called on friends here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Win Dandison of Detroit visited at the homes of Harry Nichols and Dr. Chapman last week.

Roy Donaldson expects about 100 bushels of peaches from his young orchard. There is also a nice crop of lugerod's trees.

Clarence Owen who has been spending several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Will Joy has returned to his home in Detroit.

The Annual Home coming will be held here Saturday, Sept. 9. Dinner is served on the Baptist church lawn by the Aid societies.

Ralph Ryder of Northville called on relatives here Tuesday. He is stopping with a party of boys at the Woodman cottage.

Mrs. Ada Button of Ann Arbor and Mrs. Helen Welch of Northville have been visiting their brother, Dr. Chapman, and family.

Quite a number from this place attended the S. S. convention at Wyom last week and report a very helpful meeting and most pleasant entertainment.

Jaunita Green was taken very ill Sunday evening and Monday it was feared that she would have to have an operation for appendicitis, but the pain became less severe and she is now recovering.

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.

NOVI NEWS.

The B. Y. P. U. will meet at Burton Munro's Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Root are spending the week camping.

Miss Blanche Hazen of Ypsilanti spent Saturday and Sunday with her uncle, Clyde Putnam.

Levi Dandison of Pontiac and Frank Malcolma of Commerce staid at the home of George Dandison Sunday.

The Huff sisters of Canada will give a temperance program in the Novi Baptist church Sunday evening Sept. 3. Come and hear them.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Eva Gleason Wednesday, Sept.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher
In Use For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTRAL PHARMACY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 Drops
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
Facsimile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Hatcher
NEW YORK.
30 B. 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

A Concrete Lawn Vase

Will make your Lawn or Cemetery lot more beautiful at slight expense. Far superior in every way to the metal or pottery lawn vase and one-fifth less in cost. Two sizes: bowl 20-in. in diameter and 27-in. high, \$3.50. With pedestal to make the complete vase 48-ins. in height, \$5.00. Every vase guaranteed. Place your order now for an early delivery next season.

A. A. Houghton

Hortn Ave. & State Line.

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR

DETROIT, SEPT. 18-27.

KEEP THESE DATES IN MIND.



Building Goods Roads at the Michigan State Fair. This Work is done under the Direction of Experts and is a Great Educational Feature

When and Where

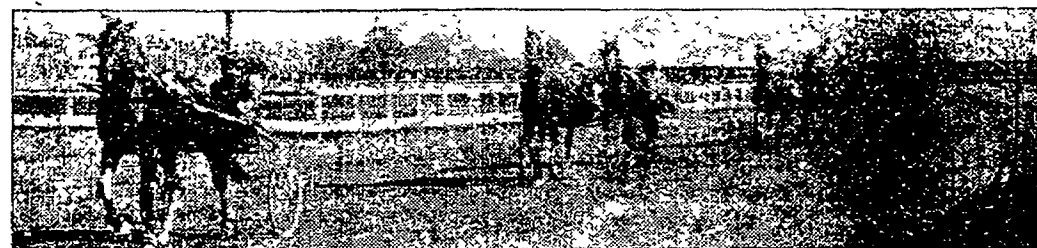
to spend a dollar and get full value for it is a problem that confronts every individual seeking a day or a week of recreation. Interests You Don't It? Well then here is a suggestion you can profit by.

THE PLACE—**MICHIGAN STATE FAIR, AT DETROIT**
THE TIME—**September 18th to 27th**

Nine big days with something doing every minute. Gorgeous horse show and magnificent, unrivaled, \$10,000 fireworks display and historical spectacle "Chief Pontiac's Attack on Fort Detroit" at night. Five days of Grand Circuit Horse Racing, Automobile and Motor Cycle Races, Aeroplanes, and Balloons. Immense exhibits of Livestock, Farm Products and Fruit. \$85,000.00 in Premiums and Purses.

THE MICHIGAN STATE FAIR

Is the Farmer's Short Course Summer School. It has become a great educational institution and amusement enterprise combined. Nowhere can the farmer and the business man get so much real worth for his money. It's a show for every member of the family. Here one can see the products of the farm, orchard and factory in endless variety, and the very latest development of their inventors' mind portrayed in working machinery. Here one can see the speed kings of the earth and air in trials for supremacy, and at the same time enjoy the environment of beautiful grounds and all they contain. A day and an evening spent at the State Fair is a day and an evening spent in wonderland. Ask your ticket agent for information regarding excursion rates and special train service.



Ready for a Fast Heat on the Great Mile Track at the Michigan State Fair. All the Great Drivers and the Fastest Horses in the World will be at the Fair this Year. Turf History will be made at the Grand Circuit Races.