

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

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NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1911.

\$1.00 Per Year in advance

Guests At Yule

Edmund
Clarence
Stedman



NOEL! NOEL!

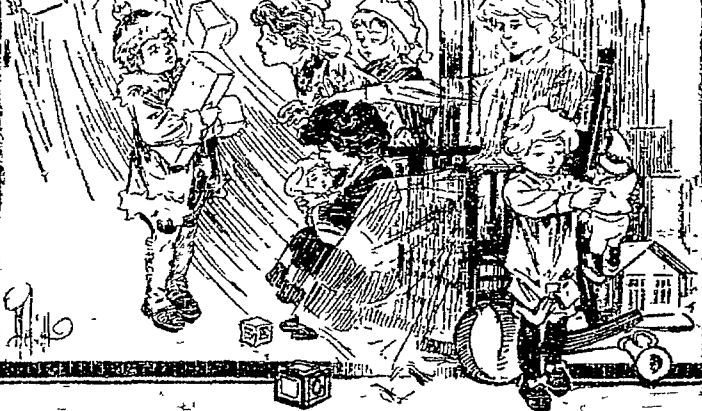
Thus sounds each Christmas bell
Across the winter snow.
But what are the little footprints all
That mark the path from the churchyard wall?
They are those of the children wakened tonight
From sleep by the Christmas bells and light.
Ring, sweetly, chimes! Soft, soft, my rhymes!
Their beds are under the snow.

Noel! Noel!

Carols each Christmas bell
What are the wafts of mist
That gather near the window-pane
Where the winter frost all day has lain?
They are soulless elves, who vain would peer
Within, and laugh at our Christmas cheer.
Ring fleetly, chimes! Swift, swift, my rhymes!
They are made of the mocking mist.

Noel! Noel!

Cease, cease, each Christmas bell!
Under the holly bough,
Where the happy children throng and shout,
What shadow seems to flit about?
Is it the mother, then, who died
Ere the greens were set last Christmas-tide?
Hush, falling chimes! Cease, cease, my rhymes!
The guests are gathered now.



Come to Us For Your

Christmas
Candies
Nuts
Fruits and
Fancy Groceries
Sealskipt Oysters

GET OUR PRICES.

"GET THE HABIT"

TRADE AT RYDER'S



TELLS OF DANGER OF GASO AND NAPHTHA

NATIONAL PETROLEUM PRINTS INTERVIEW.

All Liquid Stove Polish Being Re-
labeled in Michigan.

So frequent were accidents reported as the result of using liquid stove polish that the State Oil Department is now making a canvass of the state with a view of seeing that all cans and packages containing liquid polish have the "Naphtha" caution label printed thereon in big red letters. The department found upwards of two hundred in Detroit recently which had either no label telling the inflammable contents or the label denoted a turpentine mixture instead of naphtha.

"Liquid stove polish is all right," says the State Oil Inspector. "In fact, I know of no better polish made. The only trouble is to impress upon people that it must not be used while the stove is hot or when there are coals in the stove or a-burnt, or while there is a lighted lamp or a flame in the same room."

"By insisting on a prominent red letter caution label on each can, calling attention to this fact, the oil department hopes to lessen these accidents. To this end we have started a canvass of the state and are insisting that merchants sell only cans which are properly labeled. Manufacturers are aiding the department in this work by printing and sending out new labels as fast as we notify them of the location of their cans."

GASOLINE LARIES PUT OUT.
Naphtha and gasoline are practically the same thing except that the former is a little less inflammable. Either can be handled with entire safety if people will use ordinary care. Gasoline when lighted is a good deal like a hive of bees. If it blows or is smothered out, the damage will rarely result, but attempt to fight it, and it becomes active, and, like the bees, it will sting in all directions.

"A gasoline or kerosene explosion is rare, and yet almost every day the daily press records one or more 'explosions.' Gasoline is highly inflammable, and so is kerosene, cotton, and the like, but one never speaks of these as exploding. A lighted match dropped in a five gallon can of gasoline would not cause an explosion, and the result would only be a huge bonfire. If left burning long enough, while the dropping of a handkerchief over the top of the can would instantly put out the fire. On the contrary, to throw the can outdoors might cause death and disaster."

"Take the same five-gallon can and put a small teaspoonful of gasoline into it, drop a match in the opening, and off goes your head, and out go your windows. It's the vapor that explodes, and not the liquid; even at that the vapor must be mixed with just the right amount of air to get any explosion."

"The so-called gasoline and kerosene explosions are almost invariably simply cases of the oil catching fire because of its high inflammability, and then the person upon whom some of the oil has been spilled, or the furniture or home, is more or less seriously burned. But there is no explosion, and as soon as the public can be educated to the fact that gasoline fires are very easy to put out by the smothering process and very hard to extinguish by any other means, fewer accidents will result."

CHILDREN!



A real live Santa Claus will arrive in Northville Saturday morning and can be seen on our streets all day. Come and see him and give him your order.

If you would like to know how Record Want Ads can make money for you, phone Record Office.

BAPTIST Church Notes.

For the Pastor's

There will be appropriate Christmas services next Sunday, subject in the morning, "The Birth that Changed the Destiny of the Ages." Evening: "No Room in the Inn."

The Sunday school Christmas tree and entertainment will be held on Friday evening of this week. The public is invited to these services Sunday school and B. Y. P. U. at the usual hours.

The ladies will hold their regular business meeting in the church parlor Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2 o'clock. A good attendance is desired to close up the year's work.

Newly Elected M. W. A. Officers.

A regular meeting of the Modern Woodmen of America was held last Thursday evening, at which time the following officers were elected: V. C. W. H. Lincoln, W. A.; John Scholtz, Banker; Carl Benton, Clerk; J. W. Perkins, Escort; Sam McLean, Watchman; E. J. Cobb, Sentry; James Woolley, Physician; Dr. T. S. Murdock, Board of Trustees; T. E. Murdock, R. L. Lambing and J. D. Miller. After the election and installation, everyone present did his share in enjoying a roast pig and its accessories.

The next regular meeting is Thursday evening, Dec. 28, work.

Card of Thanks.

I am extremely thankful for the beautiful flowers sent me by the K. of P. and the Christian Endeavor societies during my illness.

I. N. STARK PATER.

Have a Purpose

It is not enough to be industrious; so are ants. What are you industrious about?—Thoreau.

Auction Sale.

George B. Rattenbury will hold another auction sale of Michigan horses and other stock at Exchange Hotel barn, Friday, Dec. 29.

Notice.

Beginning Monday, Dec. 5, and every Tuesday and Friday until January 10, I will be at the Northville State Savings Bank to receive loans for 1911. M. H. STONE, Township Treasurer.

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.

WANTED—Stenography & Type writing to do at the Record office by piece or by hour. Sit

WANTED—Typewriting & Stenography to do at the Record office by hour or by the letter. Sit

FOR SALE—1 narrow tire Lansing wagon, complete; set bob sleighs, jacket cooker, bearing mower, lever harrow, Birch plow; double harness; single harness, Planet Jr. drill and wheel hoe, new. D. E. Ellis, on Peter McGraw place. 17w2pt

FOR SALE OR RENT—House on Linden street. Apply to W. G. Yerkes. Ind phone, 444. 20w2p

FOR SALE—Old papers in big cheap packages, 5c. Just the thing for putting under carpets or on pantry shelves. At the Record office. 11f

FOR SALE—House, barn, extra large lot. Cheap for cash. Ches Blunk, Northville. 17w13p

FOR SALE—A No. 1 porcelain lined steel bath tub, 6 ft. and used but little. Good as new, cheap. Enquire at Jas Huff's hardware store. 14f

FOR RENT—House on Northside. Apply to W. A. Parmenter. Both phones. 19f

FOR RENT—Good house. Enquire of Emory VanValkenburg, Northville. Phone 41. 15w1ptf

FOR RENT—The Northside coal sheds. T. E. Mateau. 16f

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

DR. T. G. 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. R. RUTH JEPSON, OSTEOPATH, 1951 Woodward Ave., Detroit. Northville office, Mrs. Pitt Johnson's, Tuesdays and Fridays. Home phone, 145 R. c. 136f

A FEW HINTS.

For Christmas Shopping in the Hardware Line.

Get Mother—a Roaster, Food Chopper, Nettle Tea or Coffee Pot, a piece of Aluminum Ware, Set of Sad Irons.
Get Father—Good Pocket Knife, Razor and Strop, Maydale Hammer, Diston Saw or some other useful tool.

Get the Young Lady—Set Nut Picks and Crack Pr. Trimming, Embroidery or Manicure Shears, Chafing Dish.

Get the Young Man—a Leslie or Gillette Safety Razor, Pearl Handled Knife, Stevens Rifle, a good steel Fish Rod.

For the Little Girl—a Steel Doll Cart, Fancy Sled, Little Wagon, Pair of Girl's Skates or Cheap Pair Shears.

For the Little Boy—Anything will do for the Boy. Jack Knife, Skates, Flexible Flyer Sled, Hobby Horse, Tools, etc.

For the Baby—a Sand Pail or Cart, Little Broom or Chair, and for a nice present an "1847" Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon Set.

For the Whole Family—Garland, Penninsular or Round Oak Kitchen Range or Heater, a Carving Set, Coffee Percolator.

For You All a Very Happy Xmas all the time.

JAS. A. HUFF, Northville.

A New Year's Caller

is especially acceptable if in the "set" you move in. Money is a powerful element to draw the lines that society demands and to insure you a gracious entree in its charmed circle.

Banking

at a popular, money making bank like this one is evidence that you're traveling in the line of prosperity. For that reason it's to your advantage to have your account here. Money subject to check at all times.

Northville

State Savings Bank

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Fruit

California Navel Oranges are juicy, thin-skinned and of good color and the prices are right per doz. 20c, 30c, 40c, 45c, 60c
Grape Fruit, good size, each 10c
Malaga Grapes, best quality, per lb 20p
California Figs, per package 10c
Imported Figs, per lb 20c
Dates—Persian Haljooi, very choice, per lb 10c
Dromedary, per package 10c
Nuts of all kinds. Mixed Nuts 20c, 25c
We have plenty of that good pure mixed Taffy Candy, per lb 10c

B. A. WHEELER

Both Phones.

NORTHVILLE.

Your Appearance

will not suffer if you have to wear spectacles. They are improving to most people's looks when fitted by one who understands how. Your eyesight is too precious to neglect. You owe them all the attention and care that they may need.

THEY GET CAREFUL
ATTENTION HERE.

G. W. & F. DOLPH

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

It Pays to Advertise in the Record Want Column.

MY LADY OF THE NORTH

The Love Story of a Gray Jacket
by RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR T. WILLIAMSON

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SYNOPSIS

The story opens in a Confederate camp at a critical stage of the Civil War. General Lee imparts to Captain Wayne an important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sergeant O'Grady, an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. He is met by the lines of the enemy and in the darkness Wayne is taken for a Federal officer. He is given in his charge a young lady, a Northern girl, and attempts to escape. One of the horses belonging to the Confederates goes through with the dispatch. Wayne and the young lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a hut and entering it in the dark a huge mastiff attacks Wayne. The girl shoots the brute just in time. The owner of the hut, Jed Bungay, and his wife appear and soon a party of Federal officers, who are looking for a spy, arrive. He is brought before Sheridan, who threatens him with death unless he reveals the whereabouts of Wayne and the young lady. Wayne is rescued by Jed Bungay, who starts to reach Gen. Lee. While Wayne is in the hands of the Federal officers, the young lady is introduced to a Miss Minor and barely escaped being kidnapped. Edith Brennan, who had been imprisoned, is introduced to a Miss Minor and barely escaped being kidnapped. Edith Brennan, who had been imprisoned, is introduced to a Miss Minor and barely escaped being kidnapped.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

"With the ardor of a young manhood I looked forward to the coming battle, when I knew the mighty armies of North and South would once again contest for the fertile Shenandoah. It was to be a struggle ever worthy of the gods. Slowly I rode back down the files of my men, marking their alignment and accoutrements with practiced eye, smiling grimly as I noted their eager faces, war-worn and bronzed by exposure, yet reanimated by hope of active service. As I watched them thus, I thought again of those many other faces who once rode as these men did now but who had died for duty even as these also might yet be called upon to die. One hundred and three strong, gay in bright new uniforms, with unstained banners kissing the breeze above our proud young heads, we rode hopefully forth from Charlottesville three years before, untried and undisciplined, to place our lives willingly upon the scared altar of our native State. What speechless years of horror these had been; what history we had written with our naked steel, what scenes of suffering and death lay along that bloody path we travelled! To-day, down the same red road, our eyes still set grimly to the northward, our faces a tanned and rugged remnant, but forty men were the 1,100 between the crossed sabres on their shrouded brown horses, in spite of all recruiting. The cheer in my heart was for the living, the tear in my eye was for the dead."

"Colgate," I said gravely, as I ranged up beside him at the rear of the troop, "the men look exceedingly well, and do not appear to have suffered greatly because of short rations."

"Oh, the kids are always in fine fettle when they expect a fight," he answered, his own eyes dancing as he swept them over that straight line of backs in his front. "They'll scrap the better for being a bit hungry—it makes them savage. Beat's all, Captain, what foolish notions some of those people on the other side have of us Southerners. They seem to think we are entirely different from themselves; yet I reckon it would puzzle any recruiting officer to ponder to show a finer lot of fighting men than those fellows ahead there."

Rode slowly forward to my own position at the head of the troop. As I swung my horse into our accustomed position I was too deeply buried in reflection to be clearly conscious of much that was occurring about me. Suddenly, however, I became aware that some one, nearly obscured by the enveloping cloud of dust, was riding without the column, in an independence of military discipline not to be permitted. In the state of mind I was then in this discovery strangely irritated me.

"Sergeant," I questioned sharply, of the raw-boned trooper at the end of the first platoon, "what fellow is that riding out yonder?"

"It's that pesky little cuss as come in with ye yesterday, sir," he returned with a grin. "He's confiscated a mule somewhere an' says he's a goin' back 'um 'long o' us uns."

Curious to learn how Jed had emerged from his arduous adventures, I spurred my horse alongside of him. The little man, bending forward dubiously, as if fearful of accident, was riding bareback on a gaunt, long-legged mule, which, judging from all outward appearances, must have been some discarded asset of the quartermaster's department.

"Going home, Ted?" I asked, as he glanced up and saw me.

"Just as darn quick as I kin, git 'thar," he returned emphatically. "By gum, Cap, I ain't bin 'way from Marlar long as this afore in twelve year. Reckon she thinks I've skeddaddled fer good 'this time, an' 'll be a takin' up with some other mule, critter, lest I git back 'thar mighty sudden. Wome'n's odd, Cap, darn nigh as ornery

'bout some things as a mule."

He eyed his mule critically. "Durned if ever I thought I'd git astraddle of any four-legged critter agin," he said, rubbing himself as if in sudden and painful recollection of the past. "But I sort o' picked up this yere mule down at her corral, an' he's tew durn wore out a jolly things fer you uns fer ever 'nove offen a walk."

"Sorter reckon it's a heap easier a sittin' yere than ter take it afut all ther way ter ther soundings."

It was long after dark the second day when, thoroughly wearied, we turned into an old tobacco field and made camp for the night. To right and left of our position glowed the cheery fires, telling where Early's command bivouached in line of battle. From the low range of hills in front of where we rested, one could look across an intervening valley, and see far off to the northward the dim flames which marked the position of the enemy. Down in the mysterious darkness between, divided only by a swift and narrow stream, were the blue and gray pickets. The opposing forces were sleeping on their arms, making ready for the death grip on the morrow.

As I lay there thinking, wondering what might be my fate before another nightfall, feeling constantly in my half-dreams the fair face of a woman, which made me more of a coward than I had ever felt myself before, I was partially aroused by the drooping tones of a voice close at hand. Lifting myself on one elbow I glanced curiously around to see where it originated, what was occurring. Clustered about a roaring fire of rails were a dozen troopers, and in the midst of them, occupying the post of honor upon an empty powder keg was Bungay, enthusiastically reciting Scott. I caught a line or two.

"At Once there rose so wild a yell Within that dark and narrow dell As all the fiends from Heaven that fell Had pealed the battery of hell!"

And then the drowsy god pressed down my heavy eyelids, and I fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Battle in the Shenandoah.

To me it has always seemed remarkable that after all my other battles, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, even including that first fierce baptism of fire at Manassas, no action in which I ever participated should remain so clearly photographed upon memory as this last desperate struggle for supremacy in the Shenandoah. Every intricate detail of the conflict, at least as far as I changed to be a personal participant, rises before me as I write, and I doubt not I could trace today each step taken upon that stricken field.

The reveille had not sounded when I first awoke, and, rolling from my blanket, looked about me. Already a faint, dim line of gray, heralding the dawn, was growing clearly defined in the east and making manifest those heavy fog banks which, hanging dank and low, obscured the valley. The tired men of my troop were yet lying upon the ground, wrapped tightly in their blankets, oblivious of the deadly work before them; but I could hear the horses already moving uneasily at their picket-ropes, and observed here and there the chitied figure of a sentry leaning upon his gun, oddly distorted in form by the enveloping mist.

Directly in advance of where we rested, a long hill sloped gently upward for perhaps a hundred yards, its crest topped with a thick growth of young oak trees, yet seemingly devoid of underbrush. No troops were camped in our immediate front, and feeling curious to ascertain something of our formation, as well as to examine the lay of the land between us and the position occupied by the enemy, I walked slowly forward, unbidden, until I attained the crest. The fog yet held the secrets of the valley safely locked within its brown hand, and I could penetrate none of its mysteries. It was like gazing down from some headland into a silent, untroubled sea. But directly across from where I stood, apparently along the summit of another chain of low hills similar to those we occupied, I could perceive the flames of numerous campfires leaping up into sudden radiance, while against the brightening sky a great flag lazily flapped its folds to the freshening breeze. Evidently our opponents were first astir, and the headquarters of some division of the enemy must be across yonder. As I gazed, other fires burst forth to left and right, as far as the unaided eye could carry through the gloom, and I was thus enabled to trace distinctly those advanced lines opposing us. Experience told me their position must be a strong one, and their force heavy.

As I turned to mark our own formation, the roll of drums rang out, while the quickening notes of the reveille sounded down the long lines of slumbering men. Life returned, as if by magic, to those motionless forms, and almost in a moment all below me became astir, and I could clearly distinguish the various branches of

the service, as they stretched away commingled upon either hand. We were evidently stationed close to the center of our own position. The intervening ground sloped so gently forward, while the hill crest was so thickly crowned with trees, it looked an ideal position from which to advance in line of attack. Upon my right there appeared a break in the solidity of our line, but even as I noted it, wondering at the oversight, the dense front of an infantry column debouched from a ravine and, marching steadily forward, filled the gap. I could distinctly mark the wearied manner in which the men composing it flung themselves prostrate on the hard ground the moment they were halted—doubtless all through the long hours of the black night they had been toiling on to be in time.

Aides were galloping furiously now among the scattered commands. The obscuring fog slowly rose from off the face of the valley, but all the central portion remained veiled from view. Suddenly, as I watched, the brown cloud beneath me was rent asunder here and there by little spits of fire, and it was curious to observe how those quick spitting darts of flame swept the full length of my vista. I could distinguish no reports, it was too far away, but realized that the opposing pickets had caught sight of each other through the gloom. Then a big gun boomed almost direct-

ly behind the drifting powder cloud. The ever-deepening roar of ceaseless contest had moved westward down the valley, when an aide wheeled his smoking horse in front of the Colonel, spoke a dozen hasty words, pointed impetuously to the left, and dashed off down the line. The men leaped to their feet in eager expectancy, and as the "Fall in," fall in there, lads," echoed joyously from lip to lip, the kindling eyes and rapid movements voiced unmistakably the soldier's spirit. We moved westward down the long, bare slope in the sunshine, through a half-dozen deserted, desolate fields, and along a narrow, rocky defile leading into a deep ravine. At the mouth of the ravine we came forth into the broad valley, and halted. Just in front of us, scarcely a half-mile distant, were the fighting lines, partially enveloped in dense smoke, out from which broke patches of blue or gray, as charge succeeded charge, or the wind swept aside the fog of battle. The firing was one continuous crash, while plunging bullets, overreaching their mark, began to chug into our own ranks, dealing death impartially to horse and man. The captain of the troop next mine wheeled suddenly, a look of surprise upon his face, and fell backward into the arms of one of his men; with an intense scream of agony, almost human, the horse of my first sergeant reared and came over, crushing the rider before he could loosen foot from stirrup; the Lieutenant-Colonel rode slowly past us to the rear; his face deathly white, one arm, dripping blood, dangling helpless at his side. This was the hardest work of war that silent agony which tried men in helpless bondage to unyielding discipline. I glanced anxiously along the front of my troop, but they required no word from me; with tightly set lips, and pale, stern faces, they held their line steady as granite, closing up silently the ragged gaps torn by plunging balls.

"Captain," said Colgate, riding where I sat my horse, "you will see that the paper I gave you reaches

behind the drifting powder cloud. The ever-deepening roar of ceaseless contest had moved westward down the valley, when an aide wheeled his smoking horse in front of the Colonel, spoke a dozen hasty words, pointed impetuously to the left, and dashed off down the line. The men leaped to their feet in eager expectancy, and as the "Fall in," fall in there, lads," echoed joyously from lip to lip, the kindling eyes and rapid movements voiced unmistakably the soldier's spirit. We moved westward down the long, bare slope in the sunshine, through a half-dozen deserted, desolate fields, and along a narrow, rocky defile leading into a deep ravine. At the mouth of the ravine we came forth into the broad valley, and halted. Just in front of us, scarcely a half-mile distant, were the fighting lines, partially enveloped in dense smoke, out from which broke patches of blue or gray, as charge succeeded charge, or the wind swept aside the fog of battle. The firing was one continuous crash, while plunging bullets, overreaching their mark, began to chug into our own ranks, dealing death impartially to horse and man. The captain of the troop next mine wheeled suddenly, a look of surprise upon his face, and fell backward into the arms of one of his men; with an intense scream of agony, almost human, the horse of my first sergeant reared and came over, crushing the rider before he could loosen foot from stirrup; the Lieutenant-Colonel rode slowly past us to the rear; his face deathly white, one arm, dripping blood, dangling helpless at his side. This was the hardest work of war that silent agony which tried men in helpless bondage to unyielding discipline. I glanced anxiously along the front of my troop, but they required no word from me; with tightly set lips, and pale, stern faces, they held their line steady as granite, closing up silently the ragged gaps torn by plunging balls.

"Steady, men; steady there, lads!" called the old Colonel, sternly, his own eyes filled with tears. "Our turn will come."

Turn, rent, shattered, bleeding, treading upon the dead and mangled in rows, those from men in blue came on. They were as demons laughing at death. No rain of lead, no hail of canister, no certainty of destruction could check now the fierce impetus of that forward rush. God knows it was magnificent, the supreme effort of men intoxicated with the enthusiasm of war! Even where we were we could see and feel the giant power of those grim ranks of steel—the tattered flags, the stern, set faces, the deep-toned chorus of "Glory, glory, hallelujah," that echoed to their tread. These men meant to win, or die, and they rolled on as Cromwell's Ironsides at Marston Moor. Twice they staggered, when the mad volleys ploughed ragged red lanes through them, but only to rally, and press sternly on. They struck that crouching gray line of infantry, fairly buried it with their dense blue folds, and, with one fierce hurrah of triumph, closed down upon the guns. Even as they blotted them from sight, an aide, hatless and bleeding, his horse wounded and staggering from weakness, tore down toward us along the crest. A hundred feet away his mount fell headlong, but on foot and dying, he reached our front.

"Colonel Carter," he panted, pressing one hand upon his breast to keep back the welling blood, "charge, and hold that battery until we can bring infantry to your support."

No man among us doubted the full meaning of the words he gave. The army! The very horses seemed to feel a sense of relief, hands clinched more tightly on their reins to hold them in check; under the old battered hats the eyes of the troopers gleamed hungrily.

"Virginians!" and the old Colonel's voice rang like a clarion down the breathless line, "there is where you die! Follow me!"

Slowly, like some mighty mountain torrent gaining force, we rode forth—a walk, each trooper lined to precision or review, yet instinctively taking distance for sword play. Halfway down the slight slope our line broke into a saar-trot, then, as the thrilling notes of the charge sounded above us, we swept forward in wild, impetuous tumult.

Who can tell the story of those seconds that so swiftly followed? Surely not one who saw but the vivid flash of steel, the agonized faces, the flames of blinding fire. I recall the frenzied leap of my horse as we struck the line, as it could form into square, the blood dealt bravely to right and left, the throes of a volley crashing on faces, the look of the big infantry man I rode down, the sudden thud that reared me from a fallen gun, the quick, swerving of our horses as they came in contact with the cannon, the shouts of rage; the blows, the screams of pain; the white face of Colgate as he reeled and fell. These are all in my memory, blurred, commingled, indistinct, yet distressful as my nightmare. In some way, how I know not, I realized that we had hurried them back, that they were once again ours; that fifty dismounted troopers were tugging desperately at their wheels. Then that dense blue mass surged forward once again, engulfed us in its deadly folds, and with steel and bullet, sword and clubbed musket, ploughed through our broken ranks, rending us in twain, fairly smothering us by sheer force of numbers. I saw the old Colonel plunge head down into a ruck beneath the horses' feet; the Major riding stone dead in his saddle, a ghastly red stain in the center of his forehead; then Hunter, of E, went down screaming, and I knew I was the senior captain left. About me scarce a hundred men battled like demons for their lives in the midst of the guns. Even as I glanced aside at them, shielding my head with upturned sabre from the blows rained upon me, the color sergeant lunged up his hand, and grasped his saddle pommel to keep from falling. Out of his opening fingers I snatched the splintered staff, lifted it high up, until the rent folds of the old flag caught the dull glow of the sunlight.

"—th' Virginias!" I shouted. "Rally on the colors!"

I could see them coming—all that was left of them—flying their way through the press, cleaving the mass with their blows as the prow of a ship cuts the sea. With one vicious jab of the spur I led them, a thin wedge of tempered gray steel, battering, gouging, rending a passage up that solid blue wall, inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard, slashing madly with our broken sabres, battling as men crazed with lust of blood, our very horses fighting for us with teeth and hoofs, we ploughed a lane of death through a dozen files. Then the vast mass closed in upon us, rolled completely over us. There was a flash, a vision of frenzied faces, and I knew no more.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

An Inspiration.

"Professor McMuddle is very ingenious in twisting things around to illustrate his theories, is he not?" "Yes, I believe he proposes to take the fact of the champagne troubles in France nearly overturning the government, to illustrate the curse of drink."

COSTS LESS THAN 55 CENTS A BUSHEL TO RAISE WHEAT IN CANADA.

A FREQUENT QUESTION ANSWERED.

Western Canada probably suffered less from weather conditions during the year of 1911 than did almost any other portion of the country. Seeding was most successful and the growing conditions up to July were never better. Crops of all kinds showed wonderful growth at that time and were universally good, but there was not the usually excellent ripening weather in August and the effects of this were felt. Many fields that late in July promised 40 and 50 bushels yield of wheat were reduced to 25 and 20 bushels, while some of course gave the full expectancy and others somewhat less. The quality was also lowered. In face of these conditions, it is found that during the months of September and October, the total amount of contract wheat marketed and inspected was about 20 million bushels, which realized a total of 18 1/2 million dollars, the average price for this wheat being 9 1/4 cents; that below contract for the two months was a little over 15 million bushels, which at an average price of 8 1/4 cents per bushel realized a little over eleven million dollars, or a grand total for all wheat of 35 million bushels, which realized a total of a little over thirty-one million dollars.

On the first of November, there was in the hands of the farmers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, for sale and seed about 130 million bushels of wheat, from which fact some idea may be had of the value of the wheat crop of 1911.

A careful canvass made by the Winnipeg Free Press made of a number of men farming in a large way indicates that even with the extreme expense of harvesting the crop, which has been caused by the bad weather and difficulty in threshing, wheat has been produced and put on the market for less than 55 cts. a bushel. The average freight rate is not over 13 cts per bushel. This would make the cost of production and freight 68 cts. and would leave the farmer an actual margin on his low-grade wheat of 17 1/4 cts. and for his high-grade wheat of 19 1/4 cts.; and though this is not as large a profit as the farmer has every right to expect, it is a profit not to be despised, and which should leave a very fair amount of money to his credit when all the expense of the year have been paid, unless the value of low-grade wheat sinks very much below its present level.

More Like It
Do you wish to call your husband up on the phone?
No! I don't. I want to call him down.

Many Children Are Sick
Mamma! I want to call my husband up on the phone?
No! I don't. I want to call him down.

Pericles wore his hair pretty close to his eyes but nobody ever called him a leech!

Why Rent a Farm

and be compelled to pay to your landlord rent of 300 to 400 dollars per year? Own your own farm. Secure a Free Homestead in Canada, Saskatchewan or Alberta, or purchase land in one of these provinces for as little as \$10.00 or \$12.00 an acre every year.

Land purchased 3 years ago at \$10.00 an acre has recently been sold at \$25.00 an acre. The crops grown on these lands warrant the advance. Yes, sir.

Become Rich

by cultivating dairy farming, farming and dairying in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Free homestead and pre-emption lands, as well as land held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions.

Adapted soil, healthy climate, splendid schools and churches, good railways. For full particulars, descriptive literature, send for the "Free Homestead" booklet to the Canadian Government Agent.

M. J. McLean, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, or C. A. Langer, Marquette, Michigan. Please write to the agent nearest you.

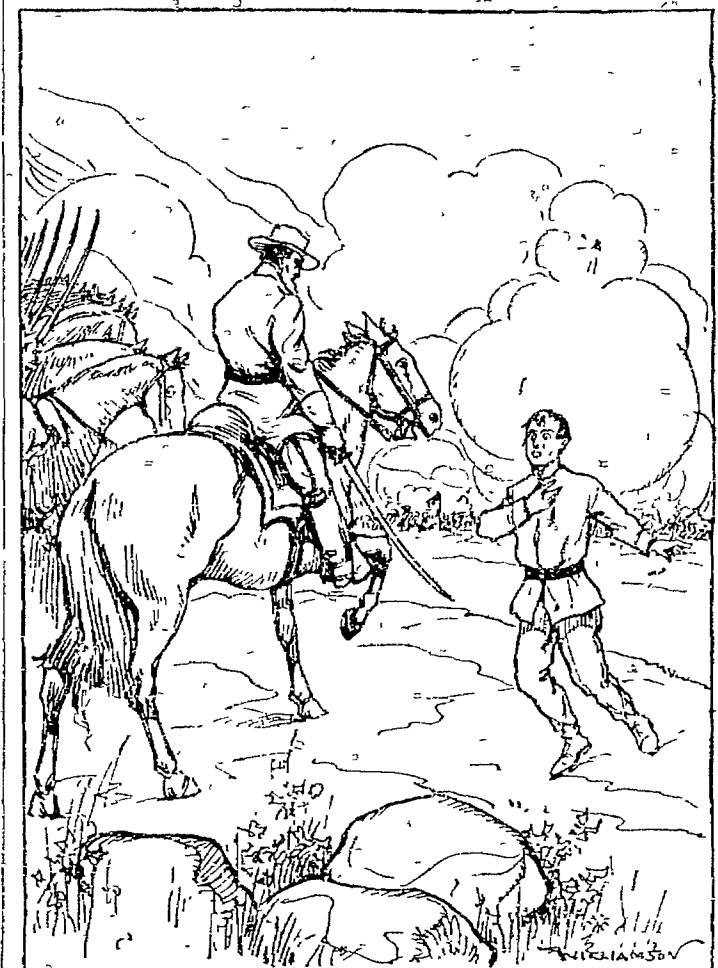
HENKEL'S

BREAD FLOUR
VELVET PASTRY
COMMERCIAL
PANCAKE

Popular with the trade before many of us were born and gaining new friends every day. Let your next order be for Henkel's

FLOUR

TAKE A DOSE OF PISO'S THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS



On Foot and Dying He Reached Our Front.

The Northville Record

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.

Established.....1889

NORTHVILLE, MICH., DEC. 22, '11.

School Notes.

(By a Pupil)

Flora Cross of the Second grade is sick.

Mrs. Bloom was a visitor in the First grade Monday.

Vivien Houghton has returned to the Second grade after a week's illness.

C. A. Dolph was a welcome visitor in the Seventh grade Tuesday morning.

Henry Holmes of grade Five placed a winter scene on the Fourth grade blackboard Friday.

The Fourth grade has some nice winter scenes which they drew last week, mounted upon the wall.

Jan. 15 will be the next game of basket ball here, when Pontiac High school meets the local High school team.

The Senior class has selected their play and from the present outlook it will be one of the best given.

There are now nine "A B's out of the seventeen B's who have overcome the difficulties of long division sufficiently to have their names in the list of conquerors on the board in grade Four.

School closed Thursday afternoon for the holiday vacation. At the time of the writing of these notes it is not certainly known, but most of the rooms get their half holiday. School will again resume its work Tuesday, Jan. 2.

A joke—School had called after recess; there were ten minutes before the teacher to use the time, was just saying: "Now I want every pupil in the room in grade Four to study the tables." She paused at the word "to" because some were coughing and a boy called out "cough."

There were twenty-five ladies present at the "Mothers' Day exercises" in the Seventh grade Friday afternoon. The room was very prettily decorated with holly and evergreen, with the class motto "Rowing, not Drifting." In the class colors, lavender and white. A very neat little program was given by the pupils after which a surprise treat for the mothers and children of popcorn and candy was enjoyed.

We would be pleased to talk with any of the parents concerning the work of their boys and girls in the grades or high school. If things are not satisfactory in their studies come up and have a frank talk and get matters straightened out. We do not pretend to do the impossible in educating boys or girls to a mold but every teacher is striving the best they know how to get the most results and will be willing to listen to any suggestions given in a friendly spirit. It is a question entirely of co-operation between parents, pupils and teachers as to the quality and quantity of the work done.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

(By the pastor)

The sermon and music next Sunday will be appropriate to Christmas. The Christmas tree and exercises of the Sunday school Saturday evening, Dec. 21, at 7 o'clock.

The annual meeting of the congregation will be held on Monday, Jan. 1, at 2:00 p. m. Adjournment will be taken probably to Friday evening, Jan. 5, when the annual supper will be served in the church parlors, and reports presented from the various officers and organizations of the church.

Methodist Church Notes.

(By the pastor)

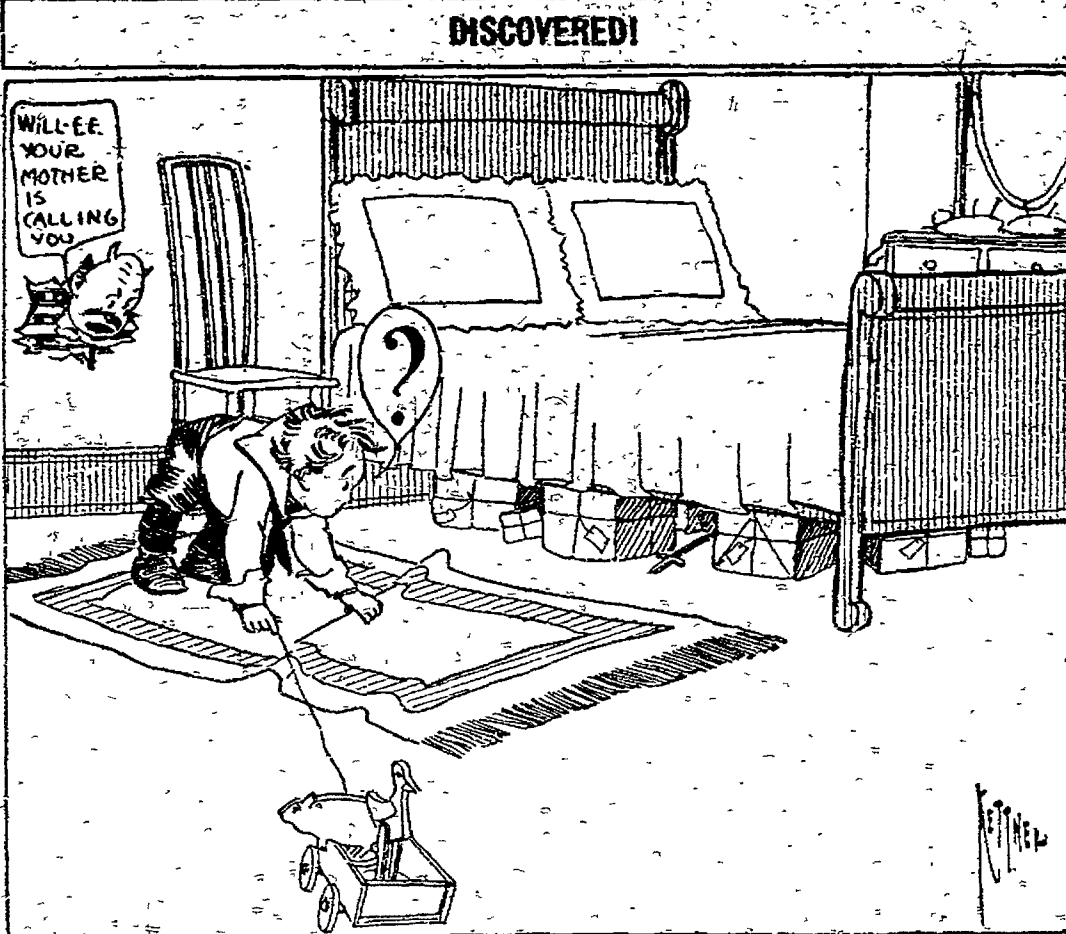
It is with a profound feeling of gratitude to Almighty God for his leadership in my life and to the church for its helpfulness and staid spirit shows that I say to you, one and all, may God bless the last few hours of the Old Year, and may He give you a heartfelt purpose to swell the tide of Christlike deeds in the home and everywhere in the coming year.

Do not forget our Christmas prayer service Thursday, Dec. 23. Subject: "Jesus Born in My Heart."

Morning theme next Sunday will be "The Sower." Extracts from my father's book of the same title will illustrate the sermon. In the evening the subject will be taken from Dr. Vandye's book entitled "The Other Wise Man."

Don't forget the Christmas tree and exercises in our church this (Friday) evening at 7:30 o'clock.

"My child was burned terribly about the face, neck and chest. I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The pain ceased and the child sank into a restful sleep."—Mrs. Nancy M. Hanson, Hamburg, N. Y.



(Copyright, 1911.)

NORTHVILLE.

Purely Personal.

(Contributions to this column are earnestly solicited. If you are a visitor, or are visiting elsewhere, drop a line to that effect in the Record-Item Box in the north room.)

John Hayes of Detroit was home over Sunday.

Miss Hazel Vansickle will spend Christmas with her parents in Caro.

Miss Hazel Bishop will spend the holidays with her sister in Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Panels visiting her sister, Mrs. Rudy Eggert, at Milan.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Olde of Detroit were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Morris.

Mrs. Booth and friend spent Sunday with her daughter and family at Novi.

Rudy Eggert of Milan was the guest of his brother-in-law, Percy Meyer, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. LaRue left today for a week's visit with relatives at Lakeview.

The Northville school teachers left Thursday for their respective homes to spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Pashy of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Macomber Sunday.

Mrs. John Horen of Wyandotte is visiting at the home of her son, Palmer Rhodes, and family.

Miss May Bond of Farmington was the guest of Mrs. Tremper and daughter from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Fowler are spending some time with relatives in Milan, having been called there by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank White and little son of Detroit spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin White.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Wilson of South Lyon visited at the home of N. E. Bogart and family Monday and Tuesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Misner of Ann Arbor were in town this week. Mrs. Misner was formerly an Eighth grade teacher in our schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Harger and daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Harger, left Wednesday for Philadelphia, Pa., where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. W. V. Foster and mother, Mrs. Hastings, who spent the summer here with the former's daughter, Mrs. F. E. VanAtta, left Monday for Pittsburg, where they will spend the holidays, afterward going to Florida for the winter.

My hardware store will be closed all day Monday, Christmas Day.

JAMES A. HUFF

Letters for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week:

C. A. Smith
E. S. Colvin
Mrs. Geo. Falls
Miss Mary Tubbs

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank all friends, the W. C. T. U., L. O. T. M. M. and The King's Daughters Circle for all kindness shown me during my recent illness.

INA WOOD.

Here is a woman who speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, viz., Mrs. P. H. Brown, of Wilson, Pa., who says, "I know from experience that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is far superior to any other. For croup there is nothing that exceeds it." For sale by all dealers.

READ for PROFIT

Use for Results

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

They work directly on the KIDNEYS, BLADDER and URINARY PASSAGES, and their beneficial effect is felt from the start. For BACKACHE, KIDNEY and BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM, CONGESTION of the KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION of the BLADDER and URINARY IRREGULARITIES they exercise a permanent benefit. TONIC in ACTION - QUICK in RESULTS.

For Sale by All Druggists.

City in Brief.

Mrs. Lou Van Valkenburg entertained the Monday Night club at her home Monday evening. A very pleasant time was had.

Oscar Harger has sold the Mary Power farm of 120 acres, just north of the Warner cheese factory at Powers station, to R. D. Clark of Milford for \$9,000.

The Record Printing office will commence its annual distribution of 1912 calendars to its subscribers next Thursday. You will please call in person. Do not send children.

It certainly is mighty hard luck for girls to have to be without the enjoyment of leap year privileges for eight long years. However, this eight year period will not occur again for one hundred years.

The Kelley Colored Minstrel-twenty in all—with a brass band and other appliances of a fetching nature, will be at the Northville Opera House, Jan. 19. Manager Thompson says this company comes well recommended and the patrons are assured of a rare treat.

The Methodist Sunday school will give their Christmas exercises this (Friday) evening in the church. The program consists of songs, recitations, a playlet, a Christmas tree and Santa Claus. The little ones are trying their very best to make the evening's entertainment a success and they hope for a large attendance. Everyone is invited.

The "Man on the Box" given in the local Opera House Tuesday night was 3rd class in every way and Northville people who stayed away missed a real treat. The play was deserving of a much larger attendance and the staying away of so many people can only be explained by the busy holiday week people are now undergoing.

By special request the Record will publish a list of Northville's eligible bachelors next week for the benefit of our village girls as next year will be leap year. We already have received biographies from a number of the eligibles and will include others who may send in theirs in time for the publication. Northville young ladies will do well to hold off acceptance of proposals until this list is published.

On the occasion of his seventy-third birthday, I. N. Starkweather celebrated it in an unpleasant manner by taking to his bed with a severe illness caused by poor circulation and a weak heart. He is somewhat better now and hopes soon to be out again. Mrs. Starkweather is also past seventy but is enjoying rather good health. They celebrated their golden wedding on July 3, last. Mr. Starkweather's mother is still enjoying good health at the age of ninety-three.

UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS AND CANES.

Buy These Useful Holiday Gifts at "Lingemann's," Detroit.

A neat umbrella, a nice parasol, or a substantial or fancy cane makes a very acceptable holiday gift to any relative or friend. The latest ideas in these articles are displayed by the well known firm of C. Lingemann & Co. in their showrooms, Breitmeyer Building, corner Gratiot avenue and Broadway, Pingree square, Detroit. This firm are among the oldest established manufacturers of umbrellas and parasols in the West. Making their own goods they can afford to sell at lower prices than other dealers as, and their experience in Michigan trade has given them a complete knowledge of the wants of customers throughout the State. The reputation always been high, and satisfaction may be assured to all purchasers. The firm extend a cordial invitation to all our readers to view their holiday display, and will show every courtesy to visitors, whether they purchase or not.

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

Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach. Take Chamberlain's Tablets and correct that and the headache will disappear. For sale by all dealers.

Can't look well, eat well or feel well with impure blood feeding your body. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Purifiers. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean and you will have long life.

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

Choice Violets a doz. 25c for

J. M. DIXON, Propr. Both Phones.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Ladies' Coats, extra good values.

Ladies' Dress Skirts from \$2.50, \$3.25, \$4.50
Ladies' Bath Robe.....\$1.50 to \$2.00
Blankets for Bath Robes.....\$1, \$1.50
Drapes in green and brown \$2.75, 3.50, 4.50 to \$8
Men's Bathrobes.....\$2 and \$2.25
Blankets.....45c, 55c, 75c, \$1, 1.25, 1.50 to \$7
Dress Goods' Serges, Panamas, Danish Cloths, Poplins
Choice lot of Belt Pins.....25c ones 15c; 50c ones 29c
Table Spreads.....50c, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.25
Lounge Robes.....69c, 99c, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.25
Handkerchiefs.....3c, 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c
Aprons.....10c, 25c, 50c
Rugs.....98c, \$1.48, \$2, \$2.25
Feather Pillows.....\$1.75, \$2.50, \$3.50 pr
Hand Bags.....50c, \$1, 1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50
Silk Waists.....\$2.75 to \$5

EDWIN WHITE.

Christmas and New Years!

We have a fine line of Christmas and New Years Candies, cigars, etc.

Ice Cream

The Celebrated "Velvet" Brand delivered at your house day or night

FRED PINCKNEY

D. U. R. Waiting Room. NORTHVILLE.

HOTEL GRISWOLD

CORNER GRAND RIVER AVE. AND GRISWOLD ST.

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

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

The Finest Hotel 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."

HEADQUARTERS OF THE WOLVERINE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

DETROIT'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL

EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY

RATES, \$1.50 PER DAY AND UP

NOTHING BETTER AT OUR RATES. DETROIT, MICH.

"When All Has Been Said"

regarding "Early Shopping" our welcome to you remains the same. We will be just as pleased to see you now and just as anxious to wait upon you as in the past. Our stock of Holiday Merchandise was so large that as yet it is unbroken.

Handkerchiefs direct from the importer (all kinds) from 1c to 75c

Our Department of Giftable Novelties at from 25c to 50c is very popular these days. Some very dainty gifts at a small cost may be purchased here.

An exquisite line of fine Hosiery for both Men and Women awaits your inspection.

Neckwear and Suspender Sets in Holiday Attire.

SPECIAL.

All Men's \$1.00 Dress Gloves, 69c
All Men's \$1.50 Dress Gloves, \$1.05

CHARLES A. PONSFORD

NORTHVILLE.

MICHIGAN.

Don't Wait

Take Advantage of a Northville Citizen's Experience Before It's Too Late.

When the back begins to ache, Don't wait until backache becomes chronic. Thorough kidney trouble develops. Urinary troubles destroy night's rest. Profit by a Northville citizen's experience.

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

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

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

3 MINUTES

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

Euthymol Tooth Paste

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

Price, 25 Cents a Tube.

Murdock Bros.,

DRUGGISTS

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Fresh Fruits!

Our shipment of Oranges has arrived and they are dandy for the season, all sizes.

Also have a recent shipment of all kinds of Nuts at right prices.

We have a fine line of Christmas Candles, (mostly Lowneys) in Fancy Boxes at from 10c to \$2 Box

A. FATA

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Pianos At Right Prices

GOOD STANDARD MAKES

HARDMAN, KROEGER, HARRINGTON, PEASE and Other Pianos

Detroit Music Co.

288 Woodward, DETROIT.

W. D. STARK, General Salesman

7 Randolph St. NORTHVILLE
Bell Phone No. 63.
ORDERS TAKEN FOR TUNING
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

F. A. MILLER, Propr.
109 Main St. NORTHVILLE.
TELEPHONE.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Merry Christmas to one and all. Linton Haddock is ill with whooping cough.

M. A. Porter is recovering from a severe attack of lumbago.

Mrs. Lou Van Valkenburg entertained the Masonic sisters Monday evening.

Miss Viola McCully is the new clerk in the Otto Loomis jewelry store.

Charlie Shipley, who has been on the sick list for the past few weeks, is better.

Mrs. Souper Power entertained the Pricille club at a twelve o'clock luncheon Saturday.

Mrs. E. S. Atkins, who was quite ill the latter part of last week with pleurisy, is much better.

The Normal students are home for a two weeks' vacation. Of course they are sorry, but then—

Mr. and Mrs. Will Stark entertained the Merry Go Round club at a six o'clock turkey dinner Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Katherine Strong, assisted by her pupils and others, gave a very enjoyable musical in the Ladies' Library Friday evening.

The merchants of Northville seem to be unusually lavish in the decoration of their stores for Christmas this year and with fine results.

This is a very busy week at the post office. Miss Myrtle Phillips, the regular substitute, being needed to help Santa Claus in his work.

Mrs. Irene Randall, who has been assisting Mrs. Belle McCully as a trial in her billiard store, has returned to her home near Romulus.

Catholic services will be held in Catherine's hall Sunday morning at 8:00 o'clock standard time Christmas morning at 10 standard.

W. D. Killett has returned home after laying up his boat at Cleveland, and reports having a very successful season. He says Northville looks good to him.

Mrs. J. D. LaDue and Miss Ella Power entertained the Pricille club at the home of the former, last Thursday evening. It was a very enjoyable affair.

Before going west Linn Northrup might at least have waited till he had got started, and given Northville girls an equal chance with the girls on the Pacific coast.

Rev. R. M. Pierce's Sunday school class was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Jan Savage Wednesday evening. About 68 people were present and a jolly good time was had.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dolph will entertain, the Atkins families and Mr. and Mrs. Murphy of Cleveland, Ohio, at the annual Christmas dinner in their home on Main street.

The West End "500" club was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blum in Plymouth Monday evening. They afterward attended a dancing party in that town.

A. F. Neal, manager of the Acme White Lead company and one of Detroit's most prominent business men, died very suddenly at his home last week. He was a brother of Mrs. L. B. Reynolds of this place.

The Criterion "500" club held their first meeting Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chardigman and a fine time was had. Mrs. S. D. Meenan was elected president and Mrs. E. Kohler, secretary.

When Rev. R. M. Pierce and family returned Saturday night from a two weeks' stay in Jackson, they found a new steel range in the kitchen and a house filled with table delicacies. Needless to say, they were greatly surprised as well as gratified.

State Oil Inspector, F. S. Neal, turned into the state treasury, this week, \$14,000, that being a part of the net receipts to the state for oil inspection collected since June 23, when \$2,000 was sent to the treasury. It is expected that in January he will turn in \$4,000, making a total of \$20,000 net, collected in revenues this year.—Detroit Journal.

Redford was quarantined for small pox. For some time Roy Burgess of that place has been ill but the doctors could not ascertain the nature of the disease. Calling in another doctor, it was pronounced small pox. Many of the residents had visited Roy during his sickness and as a consequence nearly the whole town had been exposed. The quarantine was lifted Wednesday.

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulax. They operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

If you have young children you have perhaps noticed that disorders of the stomach are their most common ailment. To correct this you will find Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets excellent. They are easy and pleasant to take, and mild and gentle in effect. For sale by all dealers.

The Joys of Christmas Time

By Kennett Harris



Hark! the merry chimes are warning us that this is Christmas morning. And it's time that we were rising, though the hour isn't late. Still, the kiddies will be flocking, each to overhaul his stockings. And there's scads of things we've got to do that really cannot wait.

Yet, before we kick the clothes off (quite determined not to doze off), let's indulge in dreamy musing on this joyous Christmas tide. Let us, while the bells are pealing, get on some real Christmas feeling. Fill ourselves with sweet emotions that are not quite cur and dried. True, the minutes fast are gliding, but, consarn 'em, let 'em glide.

Think of these long weeks of waiting, all the glad anticipating of the gay and festive season that at last, at last, is here. Never resting, never stopping in our mad career of shopping. Searching over the ideal, not too cheap and not too dear. Crushed and elbowed in the reeking crowds, that like ourselves are seeking just the very thing of all things that their loved ones most desired. Limp and dragged then emerging from the pushing, struggling, surging mob, with parcels overladen, reaching home at last, dog tired. Those experiences may be best described as "most all-fired."

Yet no antiquated stoic showed endurance more heroic.

Than we've manifested through the weary ordeal of that time; We have stood the stress of barter with the courage of a martyr;

Now we find sweet compensation listening to the Christmas chime, whose clear cadence, soft and mellow, seems to whisper to a fellow that the worst is nearly over, that we soon may breathe again. Soon may find surcease of sorrow, and that, maybe by tomorrow. Or the next day, may be lifted something of this mental strain. That a blessed sense of rest may soothe the tissues of our brain.



We have done with haste and flurry, no occasion now to worry. Let some sensitive relation may have been quite overlooked. All the lists of names are checked and all the walls with green are decked, and now within a few short hours the Christmas dinner will be cooked. Hail to Christmas! happy season! There is some substantial reason to be gleeful at the advent—the beginning of the end. As thou comest wreathed with holly, we can certainly be jolly. Welcome thee with feast and merriment, and in general unbend, For we know that we have spent for thee the last cent we can spend!



Now the door bell will cease ringing to the people who were bringing an endless string of packages from morn to dewy eve; We no longer will be running to conceal those things with cunning. And we'll lose our wonted air of having something up our sleeve. There will be a denuded litter, when the gewgaws gleam and glitter. Of waste paper, string and cotton, from the kitchen to the hall; But, with cancellous elastic, we will grow enthusiastic. And "wonder how they guessed," as on the donors' necks we fall, Looking blissful over dewdrops that we didn't want at all.

Ab, this blessed thing of giving! It is half the joy of living. To watch the looks of gratitude, and pleasure and surprise. That, at least to outward seeming, are upon loved faces beaming. As the loved one opens his parcel and digs out his gaudy thing. And the gentle wife and mother her emotion tries to smother. When conducted by her husband, to some secret corner, where, As a proof of tend affection, he has hid from her detection, His gift to her, a cozy, costly, well upholstered chair. (Of whose comforts, in the future, you may bet he'll get his share).

Now this Christmas spirit moves us to sense that it behooves us To keep Poverty's bare platter and fill Destitution's cup.

Bring turk and pie and gladness to the homes of empty sadness! To help out sweet Christmas charity who would not loosen up?

But it's highly aggravating not to say exasperating. When we've given most nobly and without thought of stint, To find out, as we expected, that the modest are neglected. And our princely benefaction hasn't found its way to print. (Certainly we didn't ask it, but a man might take a hint).

But away with sad reflection! This is no time for dejection. Merry Christmas, happy Christmas, as we said, has come at last! All the many tribulations, all the trials and vexations That have crowded thick upon us for the last six weeks, are past. Not a protest shall be uttered, though the house with toys is cluttered. And the kids are all parading to the sound of horn and drum, Lusty lung and larynx voicing the extent of their rejoicing. We will have to stand the racket now that Christmas day is come. (Later tone our nervous system at some sanitarium).



Thank the Giver if we're able to sit round a well-spread table, Where the plump white-bosomed turkey sheds its savor through the room. And pudding comes on smoking, and there's no end to the joking, And no heart that harbors malice and no mind overcast with gloom.

Let us be profoundly grateful that we have at least a plateful, Grateful for the pepsin tablets that correct our Christmas cheer; Hold it as among our mercies if there's coin left in our purses. Be thankful for those dear to us and those who hold us dear. (And most supremely thankful Christmas comes but once a year).

(Copyright, 1911, Western Newspaper Union)

CHRISTMAS IS A PROPHECY

It Forecasts the Perfect Social Conditions Which Will Fulfill the Promises of Christ.

Christmas is not only a fact commemorating the one sacred festival in the world's calendar, but the glorious prophecy of a coming day, surpassing all the brightest social dreams that have ever visited the most advanced human mind. He sprang on His human nature side, from kings and peasants, from saints and sinners. He is yet to lift every peasant to the kindest throne of character and transform the chief of sinners into the holiest of saints. He allied Himself with poverty and the common people. He is yet to banish poverty with all

its ills, from the world, and to give to common humanity their rightful sovereignty. He worked with His hands for His daily bread. He is yet to dignify and glorify in the thought of mankind all honest toil. He honored woman with His sympathetic and appreciative regard. He is yet to relieve her from every form of serfdom created by the past ages. He took little children in His arms and blessed them. He is yet to make blessed the child life in every welcoming home. He gave His peace to His distracted disciples. He is yet to make wars cease unto the end of the earth. He united His brethren with Himself and His Father in one unbroken oneness. He is yet to make every man a brother to his fellowman and at one with his Father in Heaven.

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT PERMANENT

By giving any member of your family one of our Savings Pass Books representing a deposit of such an amount as the donor wishes.

UNLIKE MANY GIFTS

it increases in value from month to month by the addition of interest earned.

One dollar starts an account.

Lapham

State Savings Bank

Your Attention One Moment!

We have secured the services of a first-class Milliner and are prepared to make Fur Hats and Caps in any form, as desired. If you want a Fur or Fur-Lined coat we will get it for you and save you money.

GENTLEMEN—We have Fur Coats, both new and second-hand; also do repair work.

LADIES—We make Fur Garments of all kinds and keep Furs in stock to make them from.

MISSES—We will sell you a good serviceable Fur Set for **\$6 to \$10**

We mean what we say. Come and look at them. No trouble to show goods.

W. B. MOSHER

Cady St., Northville. THE FURRIER.

MACAULEY BROS., DETROIT.

Now in Their New Store—Attractive Display of Holiday Books, Cards, Etc.

Michigan has many book stores, but only one "Macaulay's." This widely known house has just removed to new and magnificent quarters at 78 Library Avenue, King Building, one block east of Grand River and Woodward, in the new shopping district, Detroit. Here the display of books, calendars, cards, and other fancy articles for Christmas gifts in larger and finer than ever shown before. These articles are always gladly accepted, and the range of choice is all that could be wished. The firm display the latest and best holiday books including standard authors, novels, travel, biography, books for gifts to suit every taste and need. The display of Christmas cards, booklets, calendars, etc., is worthy of the reputation of "Macaulay's." The firm extend a cordial invitation to all our readers to view the fine display in their new store, and visitors may be assured of every attention, whether purchasing or not. A call at this fine bookstore will prove highly interesting and instructive.

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market (corrected up to date)
Wheat, white—\$8.50 Wheat (red)—\$8.00
Oats—\$4.00
Shelled corn—6c
Baled hay per ton—\$15.00
Hogs alive—\$7.50
Cattle—\$5.00
Lamb—\$5.00
Butter on foot—\$5.00
Central cash—\$7.50
Eggs—12c
Butter—10c

J. O. KNAPP

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Insurance, Real Estate, Collecting and Fencing at Reasonable Rates.

Office over Lapham Bank

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

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.

Young Men Wanted

TO ATTEND OUR PRACTICAL ELECTRIC COLLEGE
Learn by experience. We teach you and have you do the work yourself.
Our College is the only one of its kind in the country. Complete in every detail. There is no line of business where there is such demand for ability, as in the Electrical field. Short hours and good wages. Write at once for descriptive circular, or visit our College and be convinced.
THE ELECTRIC COLLEGE
183 Jefferson Ave., Corner Woodward. DETROIT, MICH.



At NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

HOLLY and BOQUET GREEN

Loose Holly.....25 lb

Boquet Green, 25c lb

J. M. DIXON, Proprietor.

DO IT NOW

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the City of Detroit, on the thirtieth day of December in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven. Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of JAMES DUBUAK and MARTHA A. DUBUAK, deceased persons. The final account of Martha A. Dubuak, as administratrix of the estate of James Dubuak, have been rendered to this court and James A. Dubuak having filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned to the persons entitled thereto; and said James A. Dubuak having rendered to this court his final account as administrator of the estate of Martha A. Dubuak, and also filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.

It is ordered that the sixteenth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court Room, be appointed for examining and allowing said accounts and hearing said petitions.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Wayne.

HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.) CHAS. C. CHADWICK, Probate Clerk.

21-23

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the City of Detroit, on the thirtieth day of December in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven. Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of EDWARD F. MILLER, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Alice Miller praying that administration of said estate be granted to Frank A. Miller or some other suitable person.

It is ordered that the seventeenth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court Room, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Wayne.

HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.) CHAS. C. CHADWICK, Probate Clerk.

21-23

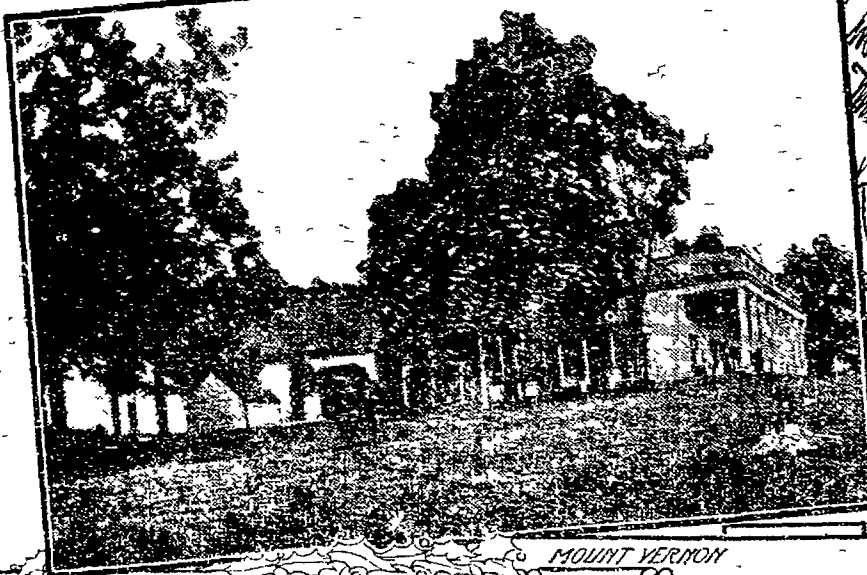
Christmas at Mount Vernon

CHRISTMAS at Mount Vernon in the peaceful days which followed the Revolution was always exceedingly merry. The Virginians of those days, being cavaliers, made the most of the holiday which the grim Puritans of New England ignored.

It was a season of profuse hospitality. But in all the northern neck of Virginia no house was the scene of more joyous doings than that of George Washington. Often mere strangers, seeking letters of introduction, came and went at will, sometimes staying for weeks, or even months.

Though stern, Washington could unbend considerably on such an occasion. He was getting to be an old man, and his adopted son, George Custis, describes him as wearing habitually at that period plain drab clothes, with a broad-brimmed white hat, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff attached to his saddle-bow when he rode to shelter him from the sun, his skin being tender and burning easily.

While yet a young man he had inherited the Mount Vernon estate from his half-brother. The house was much smaller than it is today, being what was then called a "four-room cottage"—that is to say, with only that many rooms on the ground floor. It had been built in 1743 by Lawrence Washington by the labor of transported convicts from



England the white timbers being cut from the nearby forest while the outer sheathing of North Carolina pine was hewn into blocks to resemble stone.

There were about a dozen bedrooms, all of them small, and doubtless they were rather crowded at Christmas time—some of the people, very likely "doubling up." All of the rooms had low ceilings, there was no paper on the walls, water pipes of all kinds were conspicuous by their absence; no furnace heated the mansion (there were no stoves indeed), and the only illumination in the evening was furnished by candles. Yet as things went in those days, this was a luxurious establishment.

The Christmas dinner was at 3 o'clock in the "banquet hall," and probably twenty-five or thirty people sat down to the repast. The table was covered with a snowy damask cloth, and there were fine linen napkins—both being luxuries rather exceptional in those days. But this was by no means all. There was a handsome service of pure silver, most of which had belonged to the widow Custis when she married Mr. Washington, and also there was a big display of cut glass even more precious. Most remarkable of all, however, there were real silver forks—a rarity indeed!

Ladies and gentlemen ate with their knives in those days in a way that would now be considered shocking. It was a matter almost of necessity, inasmuch as the forks they used, which had only three tines, did not serve very well for some purposes such as the carrying of peas to the mouth, for example. It is painful to think of the father of his country at his Christmas dinner putting his knife into the mouth, but there is no doubt that he did so. Another oddity, as nowadays it would be considered, was the arrangement of the table, upon which all the dishes to be served including even the puddings and pies, were placed at once. No wonder that in those times a festive board was said to "groan" beneath the weight of the viands!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Christmas brings the remembrance of a gift so great and wonderful that all who realize what it meant to the world feel the desire to give something in return though it may be nothing more than the expression of a wish for a merry Christmas. No one was anxious to receive the gift at first. People do not always know the value of what is given them. The only door opened to receive it, led into a cattle stable! But now, whose door does not fly open at Christmas to send out some blessing, some word of good will?

The old carol, sung to a few shepherds, has gone around the world

now, and the message of peace and good will has been carried everywhere. Somehow, when you lay a new-born babe in a man's arms, you are pretty sure to bring a smile to his face, and a softening to his heart as well. An infant is a great peace-bringer. What has touched and softened the heart of this grim world more than anything else, is the remembrance that Christmas brought a blessed child down to earth and laid him "confidingly in the arms of humanity, brought him from home, and left him outcast, that the opportunity might be given to every man to take him in and give him the love and tenderness which is every child's birthright.

This it is, which moves us to strive to make children happy at Christmas. They may be like those who float along with the river, knowing nothing of its lovely source high up in the everlasting hills. But even if they do not know why, most of us do want to make it a merry time for children. It is emphatically the children's festival. No one ever regrets it who goes out of the way to help some little ones to be happy at Christmas. They are the special friends of the Christmas child, and it is well to be able to entertain the king's friends, if not the king himself.

It does the world good to open its heart and take in the season's greeting. Business goes on all the happier,

because there is a warm charitable feeling in a man's soul towards his employers, or employees, or acquaintances. We are all so busy we are apt to forget to be considerate, forgiving, and kind. It is well to let the brain rest, and allow the heart to rule sometimes, or men may lose the faculty of loving and being charitable.

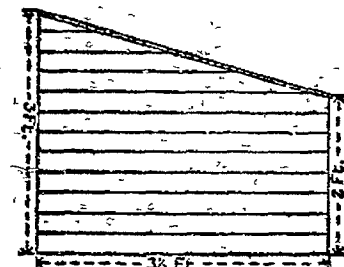
Centuries of experience have proved that it is well also to make a clearing house of the season, to square accounts by wiping off all the old grudges and settling old quarrels, and listen once again to the message of peace and good will. Anger and malice never gave a man happiness; nothing but forgiveness and charity can do that.

POULTRY

COLONY HOUSES PROVE BEST

Have Many Advantages Because They Can Be Moved From Place to Place With Little Trouble.

I like colony houses because they can be moved easily from place to place and thus insure clean surroundings for the chicks. They also enable one to take the broods from an undesirable place such as the dooryard or

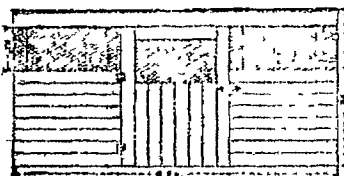


Side Elevation.

the garden and keep them in a field where there is plenty of insect food or scattered grain left by the binder or the reaper, writes W. J. Judson in the Orange, Va. Farmer in such surroundings the chicks can save considerable outlay for food by converting into flesh what would otherwise go to waste. Young chickens can be removed from the house or the brooders when about six weeks old. If taken from hens, they should be dusted thoroughly for lice at that time and if not already marked should be marked with a poultry punch.

At first they should be confined to a temporary yard by wire, netting not less than two feet high. A convenient size for this yard is one rod each way. Of course, the larger the enclosure, the more grass there will be for the chicks. It is best to keep them here for three or four days, or a week, depending upon their age and the distance they are removed from their former location. When they become accustomed to the place the fence may be removed by using

hoppers, which contain one half to one bushel of feed, but considerable



Front of Colony House.

time may be saved in feeding, it being necessary to fill the hoppers only once or twice a week.

A very convenient steel house for 50 to 70 chicks is shown in the accompanying illustration. It is six by three and one half feet on the ground, three feet high in front and two feet behind. Then roofing or building paper may be used, both on the top and on the sides. For floors, one inch match or stuff is best. The bottom may be made of rough boards, the upper side planned. In the summer the chicks need an opening about ten inches wide, running the entire length of the front. This may be covered on the inside with one-inch mesh poultry wire. Where the door is full high, three feet, it is much handier to have a screened opening on the top, ten inches in width, as shown in the drawing. Two men can carry such houses from place to place or one person can shift them by moving one end at a time. By using colony houses, I believe the farmer can produce healthier chicks with less expense and better than by the ordinary methods practiced on most farms.

MUSCOVY DUCK IS PECULIAR

They Are Very Tame and Easier to Raise Than Chickens—Make Excellent Fowl for the Table.

To appreciate the beauty of Muscovy ducks it is necessary to see them. There are two varieties, the "colored" and the "white." The colored may be either blue, black, green or fawn, but whichever shade they chance to be they are lustrous and shiny, and the dark coloring is relieved by underwings and sides of snowy white, says the Prairie Farmer. They have scarlet faces all around their eyes down to their bills; on their heads is a crescent of feathers that lays flat until the bird is excited or angry, then those short, soft feathers stand up straight, forming a cap. The hen duck is about the size of a Pekin, dainty and very beautiful. The drake is extremely large, weighing when matured between ten and twelve pounds. The white Muscovies are the same as the colored excepting that they are entirely white. The peculiarities of the Muscovies are numerous and interesting. They never "quack," but make a queer husky, hissing sound. Both ducks and drakes fly like pigeons, but the ducks being of lighter weight, can fly a greater distance. They will rise from the barnyard, circle a forty-acre field and finally alight in almost the same spot from which they started. They roost on barns and other high places. The ducks are splendid layers. They usually build their nests in lots and in the high noxes in the henhouse

A FEDERAL HEALTH BOARD.

It is gratifying to note that the bill for the creation of a federal health board will not be allowed to pass without a protest. Reports of organized resistance come from all parts of the country, and it may be that the opposition will soon be sufficiently solidified to defeat a project that promises infinite mischief for the community, and suffering and injustice for the individual.

The proposal is based upon those specious claims that are notoriously hard to controvert, "If a federal health board were to confine its activities to the promulgation of salutary advice upon hygienic matters, to the abatement of quackery, and to the purity of drugs, it might be possible to say much in its favor, although it would still be difficult to say that such an organization is needed. But we know that it will attempt to do far more than this, seeing that its adherents have loudly proclaimed their intentions. Indeed, there is no secrecy about them. It is confidently expected that the board will consist of advocates of one school of medicine only and that the methods of that school will be not only recommended, but enforced upon the nation. Indeed a board that was in any way representative of the medical profession as a whole would be stultified by its own disagreements. Outside the domain of simple hygiene, for which we need no federal board at all, there is no single point of medical practice upon which allopaths, homeopaths, eclectics and osteopaths could be in unison. Any board that could be devised by the wit of man must be composed of representatives of one school only, and this means that all other schools are branded as of an inferior caste, even though nothing worse happened to them. And something worse would happen to them. If we are to establish a school of medicine, if we are to assert that the government of the United States favors one variety of practice more than others, why not establish also a sect of religion and bestow special authorities upon Baptists, Methodists and Episcopalians? An established school of religious conjecture seems somewhat less objectionable than an established sect of pseudo-scientific conjecture.

Those who suppose that a federal board of health would have no concern with individual rights are likely to find themselves undeceived. It is for the purpose of interfering with individual rights that the proposal has been made. We need no special knowledge of conditions to be aware that what they are called unorthodox methods of healing have made sad inroads into the orthodox. Homeopathy claims a vast number of adherents who are just as well educated and just as intelligent as those who adhere to the older school. Osteopathy, eclecticism and half a dozen other methods of practice are certainly not losing ground. Beyond them is the vast and increasing army of those who may be classed under the general and vague name of mental healers. Those who are addicted to any of these forms of unorthodoxy need have no doubt as to the purpose of the federal health board. Their purposes are to make it difficult for them to follow their particular fads and fancies, to lead them, and if necessary to drive them, from medical unorthodoxy to medical orthodoxy.

Now the argument holds no brief for any of the excesses and the superstitions connected with the care of the body in which this age is so rife. But it does feel concerned for the preservation of human liberty and for the rights of the individual to doctor himself in any way he pleases so long as he does not unduly threaten the health of the community. He may take large doses or small ones, or no doses at all, he may be massaged, anointed with oil, or prayed over, just as the whim of the moment may dictate, and probably it makes no particle of difference which he does. But he has the right to choose, just as he chooses the color of his necktie or the character of his underclothing. It is not a matter in which any wise government will seek to interfere. This is precisely the liberty that the health board intends to take from him. Orthodox medicine, conscious of its losses, is trying to buttress itself by federal statute, to exalt allopathy to the status of a privileged caste, and to create an established school of medicine just as some other countries have allowed themselves to create an established school of religion. It is for the common sense of the community to rebuke that effort and to repel an unwarranted invasion upon elementary human rights.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Drain of the Company.

On his way home from the theater, where he had seen a performance of "Othello," Bobby was unusually quiet. "Didn't you enjoy the play," his grandfather asked at last.

"Oh, yes, very much," replied Bobby. "But, grandpapa, there's one thing I don't quite understand. Does the black man kill a lady every night?"—Youth's Companion.

Natural Deduction.

"Papa, are lawyers always bad-tempered?"

"No, daughter; why do you ask that?"

"Because I read so much in the papers about their cross examinations."

Kindred Spirits.

"Lady," said Plooding Pete, "I ain't had a square meal in two days."

"Well," said the resolute woman, as she turned the dog loose, "whether has Towser, so I know you'll excuse him."

In Old Bill's Camp

By MARJORIE W. MERRITT

(Copyright, 1917, by Associated Literary Press.)

Old Bill's camp nestled down on the edge of a lake in the heart of the Maine woods. It was built of logs and had been, originally, a lumberman's camp. After all the desirable lumber had been cut and the camp abandoned, Old Bill had found it and made application to its owners for it. Being granted permission to live in it, he had taken up his solitary abode in the woods, and for five years, winter and summer, he had lived within the small log house.

Old Bill was a guide and in his younger days no guide of the Maine woods had been more popular. He was tall six feet in height and he knew the woods and trails, the lakes and mountains like a book. Then there had come a time when he could no longer tramp from morning till night with young, enthusiastic fishermen or hunters, and carry their packs and cook their meals. But when that time came he found that he could not leave the woods. He loved them—every foot of them—whether they were strewn with fragrant pine needles or carpeted with the snows of winter.

The old guide had a small pension from the United States. He had served his time in the civil war and this monthly sum, small though it was, was sufficient for his wants, together with what he was able to find for his table in the woods and lakes. In summer he lived off fish and the berries that grew wild all about his camp. In winter, he fared well; venison and game were plentiful.

It was December—early December—but the winter was well under way in the north of Maine. Old Bill sat by the stove in his cook house, reading a six months' old magazine, when he heard the unfamiliar jingle of sleigh bells on the crisp air.

He took his feet from the stove and stood upright, listening. The jingling sounds came closer. Some one had



Stood Upright Listening.

found the way to the isolated log camp and Bill made haste to throw on his great fur coat and step out of doors.

In the distance, picking their way slowly between the bows that marked the trail across the frozen lake, came two horses drawing a sled. The road was well marked by the green branches Old Bill himself had helped to place in the ice, but a heavy snow of the night before had made sleighing heavy. Old Bill closed the cabin door and walked through the narrow footpath to the foot of the lake. He had a few friends in the village, six miles away, but he little thought of their coming on a day like this.

"Hello Bill!" came across the cold air to him.

Bill waved his great hand. As yet he could see nothing but the sled and some muffled creatures within. "We've got a surprise for you, Old Bill," said one of the men as the sled drew up.

"You sure have," replied the guide, helping to hold the horses, while four persons crawled out from beneath the fur rugs and stepped into the deep snow. "You sure have! I haven't seen a living soul for three weeks—nor used my voice for as long. Put the horses up in the shed and blanket them well. Have you got food?"

Frank Allen, for it was he, attended to the animals and then made his way with the others to the warm little cook shanty of the camp.

"Now, Old Bill," he began, putting his arm on a little figure all wrapped in a great coat, fur cap, veil and mittens. "Here is the surprise." He took off the heavy garments and a lovely girl stood before him. "This, Old Bill, is your granddaughter, Isabel Rogers—from Omaha, Nebraska."

Old Bill rubbed his eyes—he did not wear glasses. Not—not my daughter Belle's girl?" he cried, looking closely at her.

The girl nodded. "Yes, grandfather, your daughter Belle was my mother," she said.

The old man put out a hand that trembled. "I—I have not heard from her for—how—long—since she married

that ranchman Rogers and went out west to live," he said.

"The others had stepped aside, seeing the old man's emotion."

"My mother has—has gone," the girl faltered, "and it was her last request—she made me promise to find you and live with you. She was afraid of my health and she knew the cold mountain air and the out-of-door life would be good for me. Oh, but that I'm not all right," the girl hastened to explain, "but mother was afraid father died that I might not be strong. I wrote to you and each time my letters were returned from the postoffice in Greenville, so I determined to come and find you. Mr. Allen took me into his home when I arrived and promised to find you for me. He says he has known you for years, grandfather."

The old guide nodded repeatedly as if just coming to a realization of what had taken place. His own granddaughter had come to live with him—his daughter Belle's child! It seemed incredible but there she stood, a living proof of the truth—for Isabel was like her dead mother.

"Well, well, let's get some supper and celebrate," the old guide began, turning to the others. His heart was too full for further words with the girl; there would be time enough for that.

Frank Allen rubbed his hands together in front of the stove. "In that basket there is enough plain food for a week and with the aid of your venison, Old Bill, I guess we'll make out. These boys are starved and I promised them if they'd drive us out here they should have such a dinner as they've never had in camp before."

Old Bill's eyes twinkled. "I'll show them some venison steaks that will make your word good to them and I'll make some of Old Bill's corn bread," the guide added, laughing, as he went about the cook shack getting down pots and pans. "Isabel you'll have to stay right here till I get a fire made in the little camp out yonder. If you will stay that's your home from this minute."

Isabel looked out of the tiny window at the adjoining cabin of logs. It was piled high with snow banks—to keep out the cold, they told her. If a little shudder passed through her at the thought of sleeping out there she did not give evidence of it. She was brave and she had promised her mother.

Old Bill's camp rang with merriment that night as the five gathered about the red covered table and ate of the guides' cooking and welcomed to the camp the pretty, well-dressed granddaughter.

The visitors were not long on their way the next morning before Isabel and her grandfather were out making footpaths in the snow and exploring. The girl took readily to the cold weather and helped to make her little cabin comfortable. The guide had made a great fire for her in the stove and she had unpacked the few home-like things she had brought with her.

"Do many hunters come this way?" asked the girl, hearing shots in the woods far off.

"Yes—plenty," replied the guide. "It is a good season for deer."

And even as they sat at supper that night they heard a knock at the cook room door.

"Come in!" roared Old Bill, with out rising. This was the hospitality of the woods.

A lone man, blue and cold and tired, flung open the great door. He sank into a chair, exhausted.

Old Bill rose hastily and went to him. "Lost?" he asked, unbuckling the man's fur coat.

"Yes—I got lost, from my party this morning and have been tramping ever since I saw your light."

"A lucky light for you, my boy," said Old Bill, in kindly tones. "Come over and have supper with me and my—granddaughter," he said.

And after a while when the man was warmed and had become rested, he joined them.

"This often happens, Isabel, my girl," explained the old man, "so don't be surprised. I've been a refuge for many a lost hunter."

"You've been mine, indeed," added the grateful man as he drank the coffee Isabel had heated for him.

When Isabel went to her lonely little cabin that night it did not seem lonely. In all that great dense snow-covered forest she did not feel alone. Something told her that she would never feel alone again and though it was a year later that she realized just what had taken place on that night, she felt at peace with all the world, just now, and slept.

And Old Bill still has his camp, but it is enlivened during fishing and hunting season by visits from his granddaughter and the husband he gave shelter to on one cold December night.

Lefty.

"Did he speak in high terms of the doctor?"

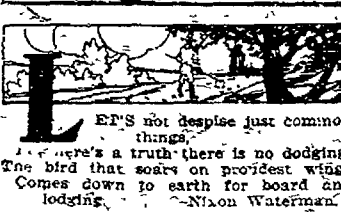
"Yes, he said he charged ten dollars a visit."—Town Topics

Presumptive Evidence.

"They say Gilly carries his devotion to science to an extreme."

"Well, he married a chemical blonde."

The Kitchen Cabinet



It's not despise just common things.

There's a truth there is no denying. The bird that soars on provident wings comes down to earth for food and lodging.

—Nixon Waterman

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

When a clock refuses to run, it is often because it needs oiling, and an easy way to oil it is to saturate a piece of absorbent cotton and place it in the bottom of the clock. The oil will evaporate and oil the works.

A whisk broom is a great convenience in sprinkling clothes.

Old bedspreads are useful for many things. A large part may be used for silence cloths on card tables, or if enough is good, one for a dining table. The smaller pieces may be made double and used as bath mats. The small pieces make fine wash cloths; so every bit may be used.

A small-sized baking powder can, with a few holes punched in the bottom, makes a fine food chopper, and can be used to chop potatoes while they are frying.

If a coffee or spice mill is needed for other grinding, it can be nicely cleaned by running a few dry crackers through it or a little rice.

If velvet bows get matted on hat or gown, wrap the heated curling tongs with a wet cloth and steam them into shape again.

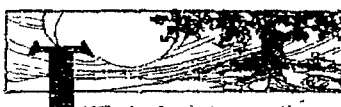
If sweaters and knitted garments are dried on coat hangers they will look much more shapely.

Bake pumpkin pie in small patty tins and serve with a spoonful of whipped cream on each.

Save all fruit juices to use in frozen dishes or for pudding sauces.

Puffed rice makes much more delicious balls than popcorn, as there are never any hard kernels in the rice to cause discomfort when eating.

When steel knives are laid away, if wrapped in tissue paper they will keep bright.



It clouds that cover the windows. The sun is the best cleanser. When the earth shines on the window, the sun is the best cleanser. We must wait till the sun is out. And after the sun is out, we must wait till the sun is out. And after the sun is out, we must wait till the sun is out.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

This is the season of the year when we get our best nuts, and those who are living without meat find they prove a good substitute.

Olives, oil, cream and butter are all valuable foods and should be used freely.

The plan of keeping a house clean downstairs near at hand will save many steps and much time.

Cookies and cakes in store jars with pieces of orange or lemon peel will find them delicately flavored.

A child's broom will be found most useful in sweeping under heavy pieces of furniture or in small spaces where it is not easy to use a broom.

Keep two calendars at hand; they will be found most useful, one to tear off, the other to keep to refer back to past dates when necessary.

A dainty little ruching for the house dress is made of the footing of lace used a good deal a few years ago. Paste or paint on double to a narrow binding, and put into the necks of all the washable morning dresses. These ruchings launder well.

A very easy way to tint lace any desired color is to use oil paints, the kind which comes in small tubes used by artists. Thin it with gasoline and dip a small piece of lace to get the right shade.

To make handkerchiefs look like new that have been washed, iron when very damp, or add a very little starch to the rinse water.

Instead of sweeping the carpets so much with a broom, cover the broom with a bag, dampen slightly and rub it over the carpet in the direction of the pile. It will not be necessary to sweep it so often.

Before writing a letter, a great help is to jot down items which may be written about; in that way a good letter is written and when it is sealed and on its way one is not so apt to remember that the most important thing was left unsaid.

Nellie Maxwell.

Getting His Bearings.

A man—who had been making a night of it zigzagged up Broadway in the first dawn of a morning not long ago. The traveler seemed so uncertain as to his destination that a policeman standing at Thirtieth street and Broadway went over to inquire.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"I'm in out o' town," replied the stranger.

"What hotel are you stopping at then?"

"If this is Cleveland it's the Hollenden; if I'm in New York it's the Waldorf."—New York Sun

JUDGED BY THEIR CLOTHES

Smart Cigar Store Clerk Ready With Apology That by No Means Merited Situation.

Herman Fellner tells this story on himself, according to the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times Star. He was in Washington on business recently and met three or four friends on the street. After a moment's chat he beckoned them to come with him. "I'm off the stuff," said he, "but I want to buy you each a cigar."

They happened to be in front of a combination cigar and news stand at the moment. Led by Mr. Fellner, they all trooped in. The clerk hurried to the cigar case to wait upon them. Before Mr. Fellner could indicate his wishes the clerk had slapped a box on the glass case. "Here y' are," said he. "Best dime smoker in town."

Mr. Fellner is sort of fussy about his smokes. He looked at the cigar then shoved the box away. "Have you no other price?" he asked.

The clerk shoved the box in the case. "Sure thing," said he. "My mistake and your treat."

Having pulled off this time-worn witticism, he addressed Mr. Fellner confidentially. "Your clothes sort of fooled me," said he. "You fellows are a pretty well-dressed lot, you know."

Then he put another box on the counter. "Here," said he, "is the best nickel smoker in the village."

ECZEMA DISFIGURED BABY

"Our little boy Gilbert was troubled with eczema when but a few weeks old. His little face was covered with sores even to back of his ears. The poor little fellow suffered very much. The sores began as pimples, his little face was disfigured very much. We hardly knew what he looked like. The face looked like raw meat. We tied little bags of cloth over his hands to prevent him from scratching. He was very restless at night, his little face itched."

"We consulted two doctors at Chicago, where we resided at that time. After trying all the medicine of the two doctors without any result, we read of the Cuticura Remedies, and at once bought Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Following the directions carefully and promptly we saw the result, and after four weeks, the dear child's face was as fine and clean as any little baby's face. Every one who saw Gilbert after using the Cuticura Remedies was surprised. He has a head of hair which is a pride for any boy of his age, three years. We can only recommend the Cuticura Remedies to everybody." (Signed) Mrs. H. Albrecht, Box 873, West Point, Neb., Oct. 26, 1914. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32 page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 14, Boston.

What Happened.

"Did he have any substance in writing that successful play?"

"A substance? Why, man, the stage copywriter and the head usher I wrote it for him!"

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, and note the name of the manufacturer, and see that it is the Signature of J. C. F. Fitch.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fitch's Castoria.

Excitement.

"What's that racket out there?"

"That's Fido. He's chased your fuzzy hat up the hall tree."

Tightness across the chest means a cold on the lungs. That's the danger signal. Cure that cold with H. W. W. Ward Oil before it runs into Consumption or Pneumonia.

A man has reached the age of discretion when he is willing to admit that other men may have opinions different from his without being fools.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules, easy to take. Do not gripe.

The easiest thing we do is to convince ourselves that we are overworked—but the family is skeptical!

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures that colic with H. W. W. Ward Oil before it runs into Consumption or Pneumonia.

A girl can get more by putting during courtship than she can by shouting after marriage.

Housework Drudgery.

Housework is drudgery for the weak woman. She brushes, dusts and scrubs, or is on her feet all day attending to the many details of the household, her back aching, her temples throbbing, nerves quivering under the stress of pain, possibly dizzy feelings. Sometimes rest in bed is not refreshing, because the poor tired nerves do not permit of refreshing sleep. The real need of weak, nervous women is satisfied by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It Makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

This "Prescription" removes the cause of women's weaknesses; heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures those troubles peculiar to women. It tranquilizes the nerves, counteracts the appetite and induces restful sleep.

Dr. Pierce is perfectly willing to let every one know what his "Favorite Prescription" contains, a complete list of ingredients on the bottle-wrapper. Do not let any unscrupulous druggist persuade you that his substitute of unknown composition is "just as good" in order that he may make a bigger profit. Just smile and shake your head!

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cures liver ills.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

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 INDIGESTION 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.

Rayo Lamps and Lanterns

Scientifically constructed to give most light for the oil they burn.

Easy to light, clean and rewick.

In numerous finishes and styles, each the best of its kind.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo Lamps and Lanterns, or write for illustrated booklet direct to any agency of the

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

Be Wise in Time

You cannot keep well unless the bowels are regular. Neglect of this rule of health invites half the sicknesses from which we suffer. Keep the bowels right; otherwise waste matter and poisons which should pass out of the body, find their way into the blood and sicken the whole system. Don't wait until the bowels are constipated; take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They are the finest natural laxative in the world—gentle, safe, prompt and thorough. They strengthen the stomach muscles, and will not injure the delicate mucous lining of the bowels. Beecham's Pills have a constitutional action. That is, the longer you take them the less frequently you need them. They help Nature help herself and

Keep the Bowels Healthy

Bile Active & Stomach Well

In Boxes 10c. and 25c. with full directions

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Always ready for use. Safest and most reliable.

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is just like a portable fireplace.

It gives quick, glowing heat wherever, whenever, you want it.

A necessity in fall and spring, when it is not cold enough for the furnace. Invaluable as an auxiliary heater in cold weather.

Drums of blue enamel or plain steel, with nickel trimmings.

Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater, or write to any agency of the

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

W. N. C., DETROIT, NO. 51-1917.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Classified and Termed the Best. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color. Cures itching scalp and dandruff. 25c. and 50c. at Druggists.

Thompson's Eye Water

W. N. C., DETROIT, NO. 51-1917.

