

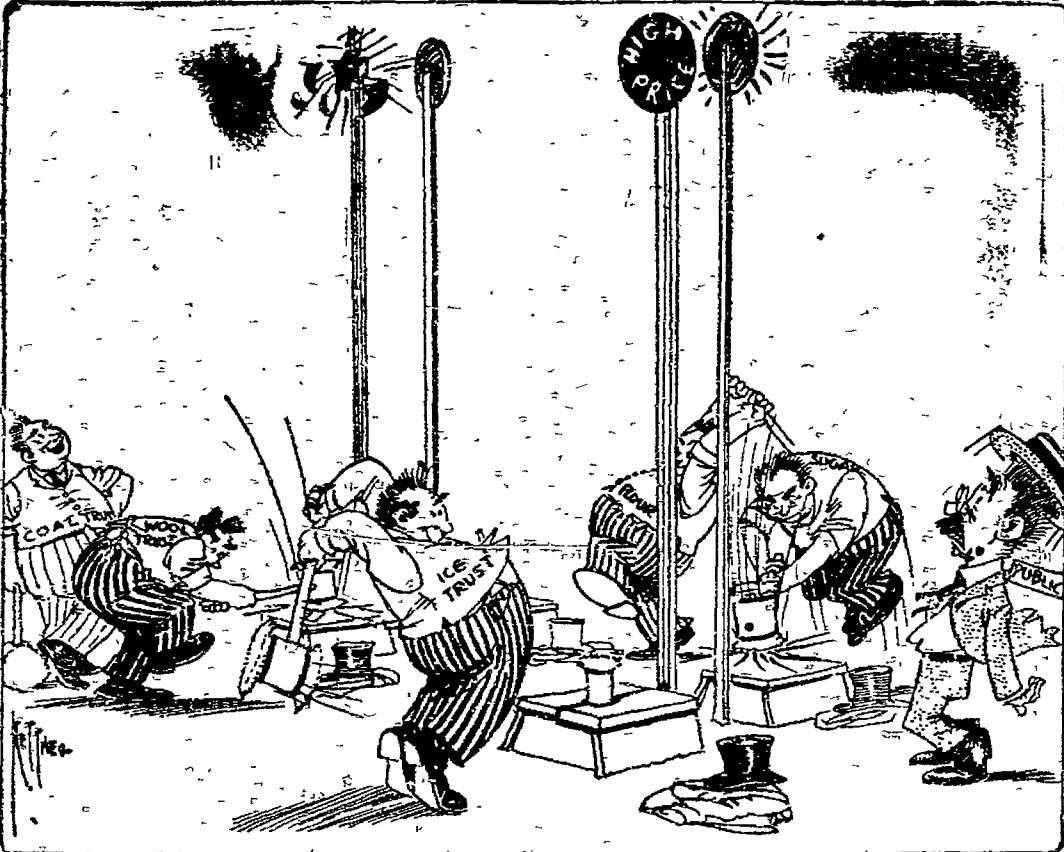
# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XLIII. No. 1.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1912.

\$1.00 Per Year in advance

## SUMMER AMUSEMENT—FOR SOME



(Copyright)

## L. & B. ASS'N ANNUAL MEET

### SECRETARY VAN ATTA PRESENTS FLATTERING REPORT

Which Shows Profit of from 7 to 8 1-2 Per Cent

Secretary VanAtta presented a very flattering report at the annual meeting of the Loan and Building association last Friday evening, a copy of which was published in last week's issue of the Record.

The report showed that one year old stock was earning seven per cent, and the eight year stock about eight and one half per cent.

It was decided to pay off all series to No. 32 inclusive at its full earned figure. The association has plenty of money on hand now to loan and can offer splendid inducements and an easy payments to any one desirous of buying or building a home. On a dollar a week payment there can be borrowed \$400 and at the end of about ten years it is all paid, principle and interest.

The new directors elected are S. E. Cranson, and J. W. Perkins. The following officers were chosen: J. A. Dubuar, president, Spencer Clark, vice-president, J. E. VanAtta, secretary, Frank Miller, treasurer; C. C. Yerkes, attorney.

### Presbyterian Church Notes.

The ladies of the church will hold a sale of baked goods in Stanley's drug store, Saturday, August 10.

### Methodist Church Notes.

There will be the regular Church and Monthly Communion Service in the morning, the pastor will preach Subject "What Men Are These With Thee?" Numbers 22, 9.

The union meeting in the evening will be held in the Methodist Church preaching by Rev. Pierce.

### Methodist Church Notes.

The Epworth League holds an ice cream social on the parsonage lawn this Saturday night.

Sunday Services 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. In the morning J. H. Giffin, M. A. Professor in St. Catherine's College will give the address. The pastor will preach in the evening. Subject: "The Sword Of God."

The Benevolences are due now. Only one month before conference.

The Evening Service on Sunday is union. Everybody is welcome to attend and partake in the service.

### Money Talks.

A mere man says an ounce of sympathy from the pocket is worth a ton from the heart.

## NOVI NEWS.

H. H. Jones is not as well this week.

Geo Goodell spent Tuesday in Pontiac.

Mrs. Elsie Kent spent Saturday and Sunday in Detroit.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. England, July 30 a 10 1/2 lb baby girl.

Philip Urledge of Detroit spent Saturday and Sunday among Novi relatives.

Mrs. Alice Flint and daughter Mary of Ypsilanti are residing at L. B. and W. D. Flint's.

Mrs. Frank Chapman went to Ypsilanti Saturday to visit her sister Mrs. J. Dunham.

Remember the ice-cream social on C. E. Goodells lawn Saturday evening by the Cheerful Workers.

Mrs. Mary Putman left Saturday for a month's visit with her daughter Mrs. J. Dunham at Ypsilanti.

Mrs. Chas. Moyer and son Earl spent the last of the week in Ann Arbor the guest of the former's aunt.

Mrs. Huey and Mrs. Burton Munro entertained their Sunday School at a picnic at Walled Lake Tuesday.

Mrs. Jas. Taylor who has been in poor health for so long, went to Detroit Saturday to undergo an operation.

Misses Margery Putman of Novi and Helen Hammond of Wixom went to Pontiac Thursday to spend a week with Miss Ruth Seeley.

Mrs. James L. and Mrs. J. O. Munro and son spent the week end at Ypsilanti the guests of Mrs. Delos Leavenworth. J. O. Munro spent Sunday with them.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will hold their annual picnic with Rev. and Mrs. Brase, on the parsonage lawn at Walled Lake Wednesday afternoon, August 7. A special invitation is extended to the ladies of the Walled Lake W. C. T. U. A splendid program is promised and all will be made welcome.

### Looking Far Into the Future.

Italy has added to her agricultural area by draining the great Fucina marshes and thus providing a living for hundreds of thousands of her poverty-stricken population. It will probably be hundreds of years before America is so thickly populated that additional area will of necessity have to be acquired for farming, but when the time arrives there will be engineers and willing to drain the great!

### Ideal of the Philistine.

"What is your idea of classical music?" "Well," replied Mr. Cumrox, "I don't profess to know much about it. But it always seems to me that when a man writes classical music he simply takes a tune and goes how much he can mussy it up."—Washington Star.

## MILFORD TO HAVE HOME-COMING

### WILL GREET OLD RESIDENTS AUGUST 8TH AND 9TH

And Many Attractions Will Be Furnished Visitors

Milford will pull off the first Homecoming in the history of the town on August 8th and 9th. The proposition is promoted by the Milford club and has the endorsement and co-operation of the entire community. Each department of the affair is in the hands of experts, who have had a world of experience, so that the public may rest assured that they will be accorded a hearty reception and shown "some time" during the visit. Milford will have a ball team, on the field each day, made up of the fast bunch of stars that played there in the palmy days of 1905. The management have, at a big expense, aligned for the occasion, Beachy, a famous aviator who will drive his aeroplane in view of all. The Milford Electric Company is now busy installing special wiring so that the business section will be some place when the lights are turned on each night. Any one who dares to stay home is sure to miss the best blow-out of the season.

### POINTERS FOR THE MOTORIST

#### How Brakes Often Cause Automobile Tire Trouble.

Sudden braking is harmful to tires. It causes the wheels to be dragged over the ground, with the result that the tire treads are quickly worn away. Occasionally motorists apply their brakes so forcibly that the wheels are locked. Not only is this absolutely ruinous to envelopes but according to the Michelin Tire man, it is not generally the quickest way to stop a car. A demonstration of the same principle is often seen in starting a railroad train. If the throttle is opened suddenly the wheels of the locomotive will spin around without gripping the rails and the train stands still, whereas if the steam be applied slowly the cars are set in motion at once.

Moreover, if the brakes act with unequal force, tire trouble is likely to result. One of the wheels will probably run free, while the other is checked suddenly. The tire on the latter wheel will soon show signs of wear.

### Killed With Billiard Ball.

M. Lefant and M. Melfant in September, 1911, quarreled over billiards and forthwith selected the balls of that game for a duel. They drew lots for the first throw. Melfant won, and so accurate was his aim that his missile struck Lefant in the forehead, killing him instantly.

## WIXOM NEWS.

Mable Stevens went to Flint Sunday on the P. M. excursion.

Mrs. H. VanVeen of Cleveland visited her son and family last week.

Mrs. Frank Howe of Lapeer is visiting her parents F. E. Burch and wife this week.

Mrs. Henry Perry left Monday for Rochester and Buffalo N. Y. and other Eastern cities.

Gladys, Fred and Lucile Thornton of Farmington are visiting. Miss Burch and other relatives here.

Floyd Taylor and family of Hand Station and Will Nixon of Detroit were over Sunday visitors at J. G. Madison's.

Mrs. Sayles and son Harry visited in Detroit the fore part last week. Mrs. Sayles returned Tuesday leaving Harry for a longer visit.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Burch and daughter, Miss Jennie Burch and Mrs. Mar. Brown were the guests of A. F. Spalding and wife at Lapeer Sunday.

Mrs. Frances M. Gaire who has been spending several weeks with her sister at Fenton since leaving the hospital at Pontiac, returned home last Thursday.

Monday was William Chamber's birthday and a number of neighbors gave him a surprise in the evening. Ice cream and cake were served. A very enjoyable time was reported by all.

### A Model Servant.

Miss Ann Ansell of Weybridge, Surrey, who recently died at the age of 87 years was an example of long and faithful domestic service. Throughout her whole lifetime she had only one "place." At the age of 14 she entered the service of the family of the late Sir Prescott Hewett and she remained in the same family, as nurse and faithful friend, for 71 years.

### 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 & French writing to do at the Record office by phone or by hour. 311

LOST—Thursday evening, July 19, at Absolut Theatre, brown leather hand bag. Finder leave at Record office and receive reward. 22w1

I have buyers for three small farms of 30 to 40 acres each, Northville or vicinity. Who has them for sale? E. A. Noble, Northville. 1w1p

FOR SALE—Chickens for brooding and trying, 20 lb. live weight, any size. Sam Dolph, MHI St., near South Center St. 1w1p

FOR SALE—Two No. 1 Jersey cows. Inquire of Mrs. Jennie Burrows, poultry farm. Bell phone. 1w1d

FOR RENT—Furnished cottage at Walled Lake. Apply by independent telephone 11, or Bellphone 28. 1w2

FOR SALE—Two new milch cows. Jay Leavenworth, Novi. 1w1

FOR SALE—House on Northside. Ed. Holden. Home phone 152J. 1w2p

FOR RENT—House on Plymouth avenue. Inquire Fred Ott, 1/2 mile east of Wilsey's corners. 52w1p1d

FOR SALE—Franco-American Hygienic toilet articles, perfumes, extracts and baking powders. Ind. phone, 165 L. G. E. Trempey. 52t

FOR SALE—Nice house and lot on Wing street, the Andrew Honk place. F. E. Fenn, 1347 Grand River avenue, or R. A. Grant, Northville. 52w4

FOR SALE—A few first-class stratified glass seed. Edward Martin, Wixom. 52w4

FOR SALE—Front door 7x2 1/2 ft. 11 1/2 in. with glass 3 1/2 ft. 10 in. 3 1/2 in. G. H. Baker, Northville. 48t

FOR SALE—House and lot on Dunlap street. Inquire of Charles Blackburn. 31t

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

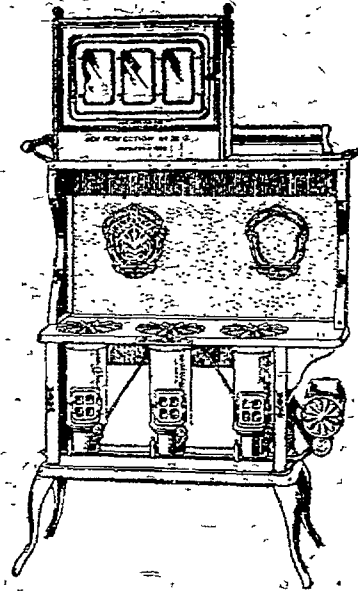
DR. P. K. ALEXANDER, DENTIST—Office over Stark Brothers' Store. Hours 9 to 12 and 1 to 5. Home phone 29. p13

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

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

DR. REBECCA RUTH JESPO, GYNECOLOGIC-Physician. Tuesday and Saturday. Office, Pitt Johnson's residence. Home phone 145-X. Aug 2p

## New Perfection Oil Cooking Stoves



just the thing for the housewife these summer months, absolutely no danger, no smoke, economical to use.

### HAMMOCKS

well just come in and take a look and you will find a handsome line at prices you cannot afford to pass up when you consider the comfort a family can get out of a good strong Hammock.

### Plymouth Binder Twine

for sale here only.

### REFRIGERATORS

Our line is still unbroken, but we have only one of each kind and style left. Don't put it off, buy now while we still have a good assortment. Everything in the Hardware Line.

JAMES A. HUFF

NORTHVILLE, (Both Phones.) MICHIGAN.

## IT'S THE FASHION NOW—DAKE FOR EVERY WOMAN TO HAVE A BANK ACCOUNT it's a great convenience



We respectfully solicit the accounts of the women of this community. If your husband has not thought of putting money in the bank for you, and giving you a bank book, urge him to do so today.

You can BUY CHEAPER when you pay bills regularly with checks; you have a record of just what you spend and what you spend it for, and a legal receipt for every bill you pay, you'll economize, you'll be independent.

Let OUR Bank be YOUR Bank. We pay 3 per cent interest.

## Northville State Savings Bank.



### THE HOME Of Quality Groceries

If You Would Be  
Happy & Contented  
Buy  
Your Groceries Here

They Bring Peace To Every Family  
Make Hunger Disappear.

IT'S THE QUALITY!

Try These—They'll Please!

3 Rub-No-More Washing Powder.....10c  
Queen Flake Corn Starch.....5c  
Brooms.....29c  
Brooms.....39c  
Deer Head Sauce.....15c; 2 for 25c

TRADE AT RYDER'S



# The DIAMOND CIPHER

By W. A. PHELON

## A Baseball Romance

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## CHAPTER I.

"No use, Mr. Pinkwell, no use at all. I am beginning to believe what Von Schimmel, the German expert, said in this room two weeks ago. He maintained that there was never yet a cipher formulated that the genius of deductive energy could not solve, nor a cipher so guarded that it could not fall into hostile hands."

The able head of the secret service bureau almost snarled with vexation as he spoke, while the gray-mustached veteran in the huge leather chair looked at him sympathetically. "But gave no sign of his emotions. Pacing up and down the border of a Pueblo rug, Chief Wilkins tore up a few fragments of note-paper, and resumed his monologue.

"I don't know where the leak is, but I do know that there's a leak large enough to let 50 per cent of the war department's pet secrets go trickling through. That's why I am working with every bit of energy and every available man to help in the time of need—doing things that the secret service hasn't concerned itself with since 1865. That's why I am asking you to come into the hunt, you and the best men of your agency. I don't mind telling you that I shall commandeer the Barnes agency, too, Mr. Pinkwell, and I think that what it is a problem that concerns the policies and destinies of the whole nation there will be no professional jealousies between you."

"Emphatically none," growled old Pinkwell, setting his square jaw. "Bring Barnes right into this room, and Camera 13's Sherraton too. If you can get him, I'll confer with them like an older brother. I'll lend them the best men on my payroll, and I know that they will do as much for me if the good old U. S. & K. can be helped in any way."

Chief Wilkins' eyes were relaxed as he turned to the big chair and shook the old detective's head with jocular vigor. "Spoken as I thought you'd say it," he chuckled. "Spoken as old Billy Pinkwell would always speak when time and circumstances called for real men to click together. Barnes will be here tomorrow. He'll bring his bloodhound and Sherraton along with him, and we can thrash things out during the morning. This afternoon, Billy, I'll have a little talk with you. We can exchange secrets of state without interception—there won't be any cipher messages exchanged or stolen on the way."

Pinkwell carefully distributed the ash of his short, thin, pale yellow cigar upon a red design of the Pueblo rug.

"Suppose you tell me about the cipher messages, chief?" he suggested. "Inform me in full as to your troubles. Open confession is good for the soul, as I told the fellow who blew the Scotchbank."

"Did he agree with you, Pink?"

"Not exactly. He said open safe-



THE PERSON WHO TOOK THIS SHEET FROM YOUR DESK PLACED A CARBON BENEATH IT AND TRACED YOUR WRITING

were good for the wallet, and gave me the lightsome ha ha. Tell you about him some day—he was the fellow who opened safes with a surgeon's stethoscope. Some class to him."

"Tell me at dinner. Maybe he's the boy who has been pilfering our ciphers. When did he get out?"

Pinkwell laughed grimly. "I imagine it would take as clever a performer to read a government cipher," he responded, "but this lad has eight years, five months and fifteen days left to go, allowing for good conduct. But come on—come through

with the cipher story. Have the handwriting experts been turning tricks with the war department messages?"

"Emphatically yes. Two-thirds of the orders to the troops in the field along the Mexican border have been translated, either in transit or before leaving Washington. Telegraphs, wireless, sealed letters by trusted hands—some one gets to the more important messages. The ciphers have been changed, reversed, revamped, invented brand new by the most scientific experts."

"Who very probably sold out their process inside of an hour after transacting business with the war department," Pinkwell interjected.

"No, hardly. Because—and Wilkins almost snorted as he forced out the words—"I personally invented the latest cipher used—cooked it up from ancient Greek, my old college trigonometry and sixty words of the Comanche tongue, learned when I spent a vacation at Fort Sill. You'd think that would be some cipher, Billy. Some cipher it held them for two days—then I found good evidence that it had been translated."

"By whom, and for whom?"

"Billy, there's the toughest problem in the whole blamed affair. I can't even state, definitely, which government to accuse. All I know is that our army orders, our Mexican policy, and I don't know what else besides are being continually relayed to an unfriendly power, and I can't actually name the power."

"The process of elimination," said the old detective, slowly, "should easily demonstrate the location of the leak and the power to which such a leak is valuable. Which do you really figure in this equation—yellow men or wooden shags?"

"Yellow men or wooden shags—oh, either," snarled the chief. "I am a slow thinker today. Probably at all times, or I could have ended this whole business without calling for outside help. As you are perfectly aware, there are fifty agencies who Germany would be glad to keep in touch with our Mexican policy, and would pay well for our secret ciphers. Then, if you look at it in another light there are just as many reasons for Japan to grasp every chance of keeping close watch upon our troops, our naval movements and our general dealings with all other nations. I can't fix it right—I can't definitely assert that there is a cordon of Japanese spies from here to Los Angeles, with an intelligence bureau which can both obtain and interpret every cipher we have ever constructed. Neither can I say that there is a German system of the same pattern—I am, as yet, beautifully checked at all points. I have only this moral certainty: Nothing goes out of Washington concerning the movements of fleets or armies without heavy risk of transcription and interpretation by our enemies. There are only two avenues open—you can easily guess them both."

"Either find the leak—or devise a cipher that even a Japanese or German scientist cannot take apart and reassemble."

The chief nodded emphatically. "If we found the leak, we would stop the source of information—for a little while. If we devised an undecipherable cipher, we could make monkeys of either Kaiser or Mikado until our plans had matured, and our hands could not be forced on either the Atlantic or Pacific. After that, we could terret out the leak at leisure."

"Exactly," assented Pinkwell. "Then you think it would be best for my office to make some sort of bluff at digging up the guilty parties, while you devote your energies to the construction of a cipher that not even such a man as—well, we will say Von Schimmel—could possibly disentangle?"

The chief's nod was more emphatic than before. "I have thought of asking the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy to join us in formulating a new cipher. Among us, we might possibly turn out something that would be too much for the wisest fellow that ever combined or subtracted words and letters."

"Something like the Dancing Man in the Sherlock Holmes story?" queried the detective, with a reminiscent smile.

"That idea," returned the chief, "a tiny dancing figure, in a different position to represent each letter, was original and clever. You will remember, though, that it was finally turned into plain English, without much difficulty. I almost think Von Schimmel was right—that there is no cipher which cannot be read by the expert."

deliver into such fascinating subjects. Still, something must be done, and done in a hurry."

"Hurry is the proper word," assented Pinkwell. "You will have to get busy as rapidly as your affairs will let you."

Wilkins turned, opened a desk drawer, and began to fumble inside. "I was experimenting on a cipher this morning," he explained. "Nothing complete, and nothing elaborate. Bepicled it out, for a half hour's diversion. Here—see if you can read it."

Pinkwell took the sheet, inspected it for an instant, and then turned it over. "I don't think I can read your hieroglyphs on short notice, John," he remarked, snarling. "Still, I think the person who took this sheet from your desk, placed a carbon beneath it, and then traced your writing with a No. 8 pencil will be able to do so, or will find some one who can."

The chief seized the paper, held it to the light, and stared through a magnifying glass. Crumpling up the sheet, he flung it into the waste basket, only to have the detective fish it out, smooth it neatly, and tuck it into his pocketbook. The chief, at most inarticulate with wrath, examined the desk, the drawer, the keyhole, and finally sat down disgusted and disgruntled.

"Forget it, John," admonished Pinkwell. "Forget it absolutely. Don't let a clerk or stenographer in the office see you with as much as a nod upon your lovely countenance. Send some one—some one you think you can talk pleasantly to at this annoying moment—to the esteemed secretaries. Don't use the phone."

A push button buzzed shrilly. The door of the private office opened, and a tall young fellow, with a much tanned face and a shock of tangled brown hair, stepped in.

"Did you call me, Mr. Wilkins?" he asked, respectfully.

The chief looked him over rapidly. "Are you the only clerk remaining this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir. Everyone else went away at four."

"Oh, huh. Gonna to the ball park as usual, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. Good game today. The White Sox are left, and—"

"Never mind about the White Sox, or the Pink Ear Muffs either," growled the chief. "You are as bad as the rest of them—how does it happen you are not going out to the game?"

The boy grinned, and flung a red cap against his knee, in some little confusion.

"Fact is, Mr. Wilkins, I expected to meet a few friends, and have a little practice of our own this afternoon."

"Oh, huh. I might have known there was some earth shaking reason for your not disappearing with the rest. Well, can you forego a few minutes of your valuable time, even if it is after office hours?"

The boy bobbed an assenting head, tried to thrust the red cap into a pocket and dislodged some folded papers, which fell rustling to the floor. As he bent for the papers, Pinkwell anticipated his hurried grasp, and caught them up. The detective calmly unfolded the papers, finding them covered with some freakish letterings, while the boy turned red, and the chief looked quizzically on.

"I beg your pardon," spoke up Pinkwell. "I earnestly beg your pardon for such rudeness, Mr.—"

"Brockett, sir," Harry Brockett, answered the youngster.

"I apologize once more, Mr. Brockett. I have grown so suspicious of everything and everyone in my old age that I really imagined these papers were plans of a Pacific fort, or the details of the new rifle. Translation of an Aztec scroll, son?"

"Well, hardly, sir," laughed young Brockett, self-confidence returning. "It was amusing myself with building a cipher—something that would be rather hard for anyone who wasn't engaged in the building of it to make out."

The grim face of the chief relaxed into a semi-smile.

"How did the experiment work out?"

Brockett grinned frankly. "I'm no expert practitioner in such subjects, Mr. Wilkins. Still, I think I would take a pretty capable scientist to pick it apart and put it together again. He'd have to be an American, too—or possibly a Cuban."

"Why so?" questioned Pinkwell. "Is the cipher written in Spanish?"

"No, sir. Plain English. Would you like to go over it, some time when you have a little leisure?"

"Always glad to encourage youthful talent," smilingly responded Pinkwell. "Let me look through it to-

night, son? Thank you. And now, I believe, Mr. Wilkins would address you."

"Just a small errand, Mr. Brockett. Kindly run over to the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy. Ask them if they can come over here within the next hour. Then go and attend to your baseball difficulties with a clear conscience. That's all."

Brockett was opening the door, when Pinkwell reached out a detaining hand. "Son," remarked the old detective, "this cipher of yours is certainly bewildering. That is supposed to be the best point about successful ciphers, I believe. Tell me, my boy—can you read it yourself?"

"Why, of course. It is so simple that I don't even need a written key."

"Indeed? Suppose you demonstrate it to us, just for a moment. Are you agreeable, chief?"

"Go as far as you like, Billy," the chief assented. "I'll confess—considering our conversation of a little while ago—that I'm interested too. Mr. Brockett, suppose you write, in your cipher, a transcription of a few words I will give you and then let us try to dissect it."

The young fellow took the chair at which the chief mentioned, drew a pencil from his pocket, and ripped the top sheet from a paper pad. Chief Wilkins studied for a moment, and then dictated, slowly and consciously: "Watch below Langtry till further orders. Reported force of 300 insurgents near by."

Brockett wrote briskly for a few moments, and then handed the chief a strange conglomeration: BB Pos TO R-BH AB SH PO TC BE PO Pos E 2BH TO W WP TO HR PO, PO SB Fin W TO 3BH SH W TC W BH SH W L W SH FA TC W TO, SH BH SB TC WR SH LB Paskert.

Wilkins and Pinkwell gazed at that strange document for several minutes, with faces which changed from good-natured rally to perplexity, and then to keenest interest. Young Brockett, hand upon the doorknob, waited for the verdict. The chief folded the slip of paper, and thrust it in a pocket.

"Shall I leave you the key to the cipher, Mr. Wilkins?" asked the youngster.

"No. We'll see what we can do with it just from the original dictation. On your way now, my boy—kindly tend to your errand. And—and—will you report to me, personally, half an hour before your usual time tomorrow?"

Brockett was almost across the threshold, when the voice of Pinkwell halted him.

"Sok," asked the old detective, "what do you call this chart of yours?"

"The Diamond Cipher, sir."

## CHAPTER II.

Brockett, eager to conclude his errand and join his companions, but no more on the road. By five o'clock the tall youngster was busily engaged in an argument, accompanied by practical demonstration, pro and con, as to the utility of the Langtry report. Some twenty of Brockett's friends, clerks like himself, colleagues home on vacation and even the two sons of a Slamese legation official debated the practicability of the trick by which Langtry had made the great star of the long ago went to touch the middle station. Brockett and half the crowd maintained that the steel was not only possible but almost unobtainable, the Slamese youngster and the cent

marked didactically. "If you make it, you are a hero, and if you don't make it you are a bone-head."

Darkness dispersed the crowd, and Brockett, dead tired but full of the sheer joy of living, strolled away with Ramon Solano—his chosen friend and confident, and linked in comradeship by that strongest of youthful ties—the brotherhood of the ball field.

Brockett was an underpaid clerk, doing his best to care for a widowed mother and a younger sister. Solano's father was the lord of broad acres in Matanzas and Havana, and the junior Solano had an independent income, aside from his liberal salary, that would have turned the brain of the average American boy. As far as the friendship went between Cuban and American however, Solano's wealth counted exactly as much in the grade as Brockett's poverty nothing what ever. The alliance cemented when both played on a team of ten-year-olds had only grown firmer with the lapse of time, until Ramon Solano, pitcher, considered Harry Brockett, center fielder, the finest fellow of his number and acquaintance, while Brockett looked on the Cuban as his most loyal friend.

"We go for a vacation to the Yellows," said Solano, as the boys neared Brockett's home. "My father, brother, and two or three friends will come over to get me. It will be a jolly crowd. If I could persuade you!"

Brockett laughed gaily. "Some day, Ramon, but hardly this year. If I stick to my desk, I'll climb up to the



PINKWELL ANTICIPATED HIS HURRIED GRASP AND CAUGHT THEM UP

of the little gathering declared that an alert battery, backed by quick-thinking infielders, would make the play a certain loser.

"You have a catcher with any head and any arm at all," declaimed Chula San Kon of Slap and Princeton, "and a second baseman who can come up fast to the bag, and you'll put it over. No chance excepting on a miff or a wild throw."

"You don't grasp the point," Brockett responded. "The catcher doesn't figure in this steal at all. He is a dead end. He is exactly as if he had never existed. The trick in the Lange steal is to stop on first till the pitch is over, and then, when the catcher begins to return the ball to the pitcher, you go down. It's three to one

office. Probably, in thirty-six or forty three years, I'll have a rollopp desk and the right to take two months off whenever I feel inclined that way."

"But I would—on, well, we will talk no more of it. I know you wouldn't accept even a Shylack loan from me, Harry. Oh—excuse me—one of the young ladies at your office, I believe?"

A slim, neatly dressed young woman, whose white shirtwaist showed trimly through the gathering dusk, had smiled recognition upon Brockett as they approached. The boys doffed their hats, and Brockett explained, as they stepped by, "Miss Lawson, the chief's stenographer. A wonder on a typewriter—fastest work I've ever seen."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

easy, that the pitcher will get rattled and throw wide, or that the second baseman, not figuring on a steal, has moved away to play for the batman."

"A pitcher who keeps his wits about him," negatived Ramon Solano, the junior cashier of the Cuban tobacco house, "wouldn't fall for that play at all. Try it, with me on the slab, and see how it goes through."

The experiment was immediately made. Chula San Kon, donning the mask, went behind the plate; Solano took a pitching attitude on the slab, and Brockett impersonated the daring base runner. Second was covered by a fast little infielder from Annapolis, and a Dartmouth shortstop prepared to take alternate throws. It took fifteen minutes to fully work out the theories of the Lange steal, and the sentiments of the whole throng were voiced when Chula San Kon re-



MISS LAWSON, THE CHIEF'S STENOGRAPHER, EXPLAINED BROCKETT.

marked didactically. "If you make it, you are a hero, and if you don't make it you are a bone-head."

Darkness dispersed the crowd, and Brockett, dead tired but full of the sheer joy of living, strolled away with Ramon Solano—his chosen friend and confident, and linked in comradeship by that strongest of youthful ties—the brotherhood of the ball field.

Brockett was an underpaid clerk, doing his best to care for a widowed mother and a younger sister. Solano's father was the lord of broad acres in Matanzas and Havana, and the junior Solano had an independent income, aside from his liberal salary, that would have turned the brain of the average American boy. As far as the friendship went between Cuban and American however, Solano's wealth counted exactly as much in the grade as Brockett's poverty nothing what ever. The alliance cemented when both played on a team of ten-year-olds had only grown firmer with the lapse of time, until Ramon Solano, pitcher, considered Harry Brockett, center fielder, the finest fellow of his number and acquaintance, while Brockett looked on the Cuban as his most loyal friend.

"We go for a vacation to the Yellows," said Solano, as the boys neared Brockett's home. "My father, brother, and two or three friends will come over to get me. It will be a jolly crowd. If I could persuade you!"

Brockett laughed gaily. "Some day, Ramon, but hardly this year. If I stick to my desk, I'll climb up to the

of the little gathering declared that an alert battery, backed by quick-thinking infielders, would make the play a certain loser.

"You have a catcher with any head and any arm at all," declaimed Chula San Kon of Slap and Princeton, "and a second baseman who can come up fast to the bag, and you'll put it over. No chance excepting on a miff or a wild throw."

"You don't grasp the point," Brockett responded. "The catcher doesn't figure in this steal at all. He is a dead end. He is exactly as if he had never existed. The trick in the Lange steal is to stop on first till the pitch is over, and then, when the catcher begins to return the ball to the pitcher, you go down. It's three to one

office. Probably, in thirty-six or forty three years, I'll have a rollopp desk and the right to take two months off whenever I feel inclined that way."

"But I would—on, well, we will talk no more of it. I know you wouldn't accept even a Shylack loan from me, Harry. Oh—excuse me—one of the young ladies at your office, I believe?"

A slim, neatly dressed young woman, whose white shirtwaist showed trimly through the gathering dusk, had smiled recognition upon Brockett as they approached. The boys doffed their hats, and Brockett explained, as they stepped by, "Miss Lawson, the chief's stenographer. A wonder on a typewriter—fastest work I've ever seen."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

One Form of It.

"I thought you said Mrs. Gribbet didn't gamble?"

"She doesn't gamble. The idea of such a thing!"

"Umph! She's been married three times."

HOW THEY GROW.

A ten-year-old lad by the name of James Something had his first glimpse of country life last summer. He learned a lot of new things about what a cow or sheep or a colt will do or will not do under a given set of circumstances, but he got the greatest surprise of his rural sojourn when he walked by a swampy place next morning and saw a bunch of cattails growing.

He took one more look to make sure he saw aright, and then he broke into a lops for the farmhouse.

"Say!" he yelled excitedly at the farmhouse. "I never knew them things grew on long stems like that! I've e't a lot of 'em, but I never seen 'em growing before. Do they all grow that way?"

The farmer asked him what he was talking about.

"Why, them sausages!" he replied. "Ain't you noticed 'em?"

What Makes the Valet.

"It's so ridiculous," said Cholly Say-head, "to say that 'clothes don't make the man.'"

"Indeed?" said Mrs. Peppery.

"Yass. You see if a fellow like me didn't have such lots of clothes he wouldn't need a man." — Catholic Standard and Times.

## VAUDEVILLE

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

## TEMPLE

## THEATRE.

Two Performances Daily  
2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

## DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads  
received at the Northville  
Record Office.

## Needed the Stimulant.

They were on a winter shooting trip in Maine, says a magazine. Early the second morning the colonel's voice sounded from the kitchen of the bark shelter. "What in thunder has become of all our whiskey?" he demanded. "I've d—drunk it," admitted the thin member of the party, with chattering teeth. Well, I'll be—the colonel passed. "Why in heaven's name did you do that?" he managed to finish. "I had to, old chap. I was writing home last night, telling the folks what a fine time we were having."

## America's Oldest Windmill.

Nantucket possesses what is believed to be the oldest windmill for grinding corn in actual operation in America. Nathan Wibbur, a Nantucket sailor, who had seen the busy windmills of Holland as he sailed abroad, built it out of timbers of wrecked ships in 1746. There has never been a day in all the 165 years since that time when the mill has not been busy. There is always a wind to turn its outstretched wings.

## The New Billiardist.

"Don't imagine that we lack entertainment in the suburbs," remarked the commuter. "For several days now on my way to the station I have noticed flaming placards of an exhibition to which we will shortly be treated. It consists of a performance by Professor So-and-so, the 'only living man who plays a perfect game of billiards with his nose.'"



# The DIAMOND CIPHER

A Baseball Romance

By W. A. PHELON

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## SYNOPSIS.

Secret Service Chief, Wilkins, puzzled over the theft of the government's cipher, calls to his aid Detective Pinkwell. They think they have discovered a new cipher, when the office boy, Brockett, tells them the "Diamond Cipher" and starts for the ball park. Brockett, Chula Lon Kan, a Siamese, Ramon Solano, a Cuban, together with some twenty other youngsters, practice baseball playing until dark. One of Wilkins' stenographers is seen to pass a paper to a mysterious stranger.

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Solano half-turned, and peered through the twilight. "Rude form, I know," he spoke, half-apologetically, "to stare after a young lady. I was just wondering, though, where I had seen her lately—several times, in fact. Ah-hem, Harry—she has met a friend."

Half's block up the street, a little man, his head scarcely up to the stenographer's shoulder, had emerged from the shelter of a doorway. He lifted his hat with ceremonious precision, and bowed over the young woman's extended hand. Miss Lawson checked her onward walk for the fraction of an instant, and the young men, idly glancing towards the couple, saw a flash of white passing from the girl's hand into that of her new-met friend. The little man bowed again; Miss Lawson, walked on, and the little man came down the street with a rapid, jaunty stride. As he passed the boys, his face was for an instant in the dying light of the day, and the strong, brown features, with a wide scar across one cheek, were clearly outlined.

He was a Japanese.

When Brockett presented himself at Chief Wilkins' private office in the morning, none of the other clerks had as yet appeared. Miss Lawson, however, was already at her desk—it had long been her custom to come early and work late, with an intelligence, a faithfulness, and an attention to detail which had won her repeated commendations from the chief. As Brockett crossed the office and halted at the chief's private door, the girl looked up, threw the boy a sunny smile, and resumed the polishing of some small factor of her typewriter. Brockett returned the smile, knocked lightly on the frosted glass, and heard a loud "Come in."

Chief Wilkins sat at his desk flanked by the burly Mr. Pinkwell. Three big leather chairs nearby were occupied by three stately gentlemen, whom Brockett, with natural surprise, recognized as the secretary of war, the secretary of the navy, and General Cole, commander of the army. The boy, thus precipitated into a distinguished conference could only struggle against sudden disarray of his thoughts and senses into the bewilderment of a cloud of wandering bees, and, in default of a clear comprehension of the situation, could only stare inquiringly at the grim face of the chief.

"Mr. Brockett," came the incisive tones of the chief, cutting through the boy's understanding like a spear-point thrown from a long, long distance, "will you give these gentlemen another demonstration of your cipher?"

The spear-point went clear through, and Brockett woke up.

"Why—yes—of course. How shall I demonstrate it?"

"Suppose," explained the chief, "we have General Cole dictate a sentence to you. Write out that sentence in your cipher. Then read the sentence back again to us—just to show that the cipher is clearly intelligible to you yourself. After that—if you so wish—explain the key of the cipher."

Brockett had shaken himself together, and the group of dignitaries no longer overawed him. Pad and pencil ready, he waited for the general's words, and the soldier, slowly, sentimentally, dictated.

"Send Eighth cavalry, 355 men, to Laredo. Support with First Infantry by Friday. No guns at present."

Brockett pencilled briskly, and handed the general a sheet scribbled with wiggling lines in this fashion:

L-SH E-BH BOSTON R Pos T pos PO W WP COBB TO TC PO pos W SH BH TC L-SH FA FC pos W BH HR TO 3BH CUBS HR E SB Pos E TO W WP AB WP SB W HR BH pos WP UMP 2BH in E L pos TO FA W SH L SH E TO.

The sheet of paper went around the circle, and then back to Brockett, who promptly read off the general's original dictation. Silence followed for a moment, and then the general, slapping his hand sharply on his knee, exclaimed: "By blazes! Gentlemen, it's too much for me!" A general burst of laughter followed, and Brockett felt the last traces of embarrassment melt rapidly away.

"Mr. Brockett," interrogated the chief, after the merriment died down, "how old are you?"

"Nineteen, sir."

"What education, if I may ask?"

"High school, sir. Then one year at Columbia. Had to leave when my father died."

"Yes, I see—making it essential for you to support the family, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Speak any languages besides English?"

"Brockett, my boy," said the general, pleasantly enough, but with something governing the tone of the calm, even voice—something that seemed to electrify both young men like the current of a mighty battery—"I believe that I can make you—and your young friend—quite useful in the immediate future."

Solano gasped, astounded, and fixed his big black eyes upon the general's face. Brockett nodded, and leaned forward, expectantly.

"I have had considerable experience with government and military ciphers," the soldier continued, "and I must say that yours is the most extraordinary jumble and most weirdly mangled collection of hieroglyphics I ever looked upon. For that very reason, my boy, I am forced to believe that you have stumbled upon something of real value to the army, the nation—and your own personal future. I can't figure where any expert in the world could read that cipher without a key, and an untranslatable cipher, right now, is imperatively needed. If, during the next thirty days, the war department—yes, and the navy, too—can transmit certain important messages, without danger of their being transcribed by hostile influences, a service of the most notable kind will have been performed for the country. Do you follow me?"

Brockett nodded eagerly, but Solano could not shift his great black eyes from the general's visage. The old warrior resumed his speech.

"Mr. Brockett, a key of your cipher, and a message, written in that cipher, must be carried by a messenger on whom we can unhesitatingly rely, to a person—a person whose name can be revealed only to the messenger and one companion—in the City of Mexico. You are the inventor of the cipher, and can instruct in the use of its key more rapidly, more successfully than any other man. You are also, I believe, honest, loyal, and fairly resourceful. Furthermore, you say that you have learned to speak a little Spanish. How would you like to carry a message of importance, and a key to your cipher, as far as the capital of Mexico?"

Brockett choked up, flushed, and stammered a vague sentence which he in all probability meant to signify a defiance of the proffered honor. The general smiled, reassuringly.

"You don't say it very clearly, son, but your meaning is easily understood. Now, then, something along the same line. If you had a companion on this journey, a man who spoke Spanish by right of birth and blood, and who could be trusted as absolutely as yourself, the chances of success would be more than doubled."

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"Chief," he exclaimed, rapidly, "I'll make out the duplicate copies of the key myself. Anyone who was unused to that sort of work might confuse the symbols. I will have them done early in the afternoon."

Very well, the chief assented. "Bring the two copies, and then go to my headquarters. General Cole will be awaiting you at three o'clock. If possible, get your friend, Solano, and take him with you. General Cole will explain to you both just what he wishes you to do."

Brockett bowed respectfully to the group of notables, and walked out. Going to his desk, he attended to a few matters of routine duty and then, with hard pencil and carbon papers, began laboriously copying the key to his bewildering cipher. His hands became smudged with carbon and pencil dust, and Brockett, who was meticulously neat about his work, went to the washroom. Returning after an absence of but a few minutes, he was just in time to see the stenographer, Miss Lawson, moving away from his desk, empty handed and with the most innocent demeanor. A glance at his cipher reassured him—none of the sheets were disturbed; none of the carbon papers missing. Brockett finished copying the key, and then waited, apparently busy in other work, until Miss Lawson was called away to take dictation. Then, rapidly slipping the completed work and the used carbons into his inner pocket, he took five fresh sheets, four fresh carbons, and proceeded to carefully inscribe the top sheet with the words of an old Columbia college song, mangling and jumbling words, lines and rhythm. When Miss Lawson returned the boy was still laboriously scribing the hard pencil into the topmost sheet. When the boy went out for lunch, Miss Lawson remained, absorbed in earnest efforts at her typewriter.

## CHAPTER III.

Brockett returned at one o'clock, accompanied by Ramon Solano. He lifted the sheets on which he had been last working from the desk drawer, and quickly looked them over. All five of the sheets were in proper place, but the third carbon from the top had been removed, and a fresh carbon substituted.

General Cole, kindly and affable, had the boys feeling thoroughly at home before they had been in his office for five minutes. The old soldier was in cheery spirits, and his genial mood communicated itself to his young visitors, who—long counted among the most ardent admirers of the general—were at first inclined to bashfulness when actually in the presence of their ideal fighter. Solano, whose father had often spoken of General Cole and his prowess as shown in the rush up San Juan Hill, was almost in raptures over the unexpected interview, while Brockett, wondering much over the events of the past four hours, was trying to figure out what on earth would happen next. He was not long left in suspense, for the old warrior plunged into his reasons for requiring their attendance in his office.

THEY SAW A FLASH OF WHITE PASSING FROM THE GIRL'S HAND INTO THAT OF HER NEW-MET FRIEND.

Ramon Solano, I knew your father. I have heard good reports of you. If you are even half the man your father was a dozen years ago, you are already selected for this commission."

The Cuban gazed straight into the eyes of the fighting man, and the general understood.

"Now, boys," the veteran continued, "let's get busy without delay. You will please make arrangements with the folks at home for a somewhat prolonged absence. While you are gone, Mr. Brockett, your mother will receive your salary—and perhaps a little more. Mr. Solano, you are not in government employ."

The Cuban waved a supple hand. "I have ample resources of my own, general, and shall consider it a pleasure to expend them on such a mission."

"Nevertheless," answered General Cole, "the government will take the liberty of supplying you both with the funds needed in the completion of the enterprise. Enough money to cover all probable expenses will be advanced you, and when you reach the frontier, arms, horses, general equipments, and trustworthy guides will be found. Tonight, Mr. Brockett, you will receive full instructions at your home. Read them over carefully; you also, Mr. Solano. Be ready to start tomorrow afternoon. I need hardly remark that

you are not supposed to speak of the commission with which you are entrusted—not even to your most intimate friends. As to your parents—that, of course, is a different question. I think that as all boys—go home and bid your good-byes. You will know all further details in the evening."

Brockett hurried home to break the strange news to his mother, while Solano agreed to notify his father that he had decided to preface his vacation by a few extra weeks of travel, and made all possible speed to the nearest Western Union office. The Cuban picked up a pad of cable blanks, and reached for a pen. It was broken. Another pen proved equally useless, and Solano fumbled in his pocket for a pencil. A little man seated on the next stool turned quickly, and proffered him an ink-pencil, one of those annoying contrivances which were invented a few years ago to displace both lead pencils and fountain pens—and which are now a memory, and nothing more.

"Very annoying, the unpleasant delay," said the little man, amiably. "Permit me that I am of a little assistance."

And Solano, as he scribbled his brief cablegram, gave thanks, with true Latin politeness, to the stocky, scar-cheeked Japanese who had walked past Brockett and himself the previous evening. When the Cuban left the telegraph office, the little brown man caught up the pad of cable blanks, scrutinized the impressions left by his message, and, despite the fact that the cablegram had been written in Spanish, seemed to have no trouble in deciphering its meaning. Whatever information he gained, however, seemed to afford but small satisfaction. He smiled, mirthlessly, tossed the pad back upon the counter, and walked out into the busy thoroughfare.

Brockett's mother, a sweet-faced, thoroughly feminine, but thoroughly sensible woman, did not offer any serious objections to her son's acceptance of the strange commission so shortly to be entrusted to his care. Mr. Brockett, in fact, cherished an abiding belief in the foresight and the cleverness of her boy—a belief that he could take care of himself under almost any circumstances. Bertha Brockett, Harry's only sister, was much more worried over the possible dangers of the journey than either her mother or the young athlete himself. She foreboded terrors of the road and hobgoblins of the passes. In her sixteen-year-old imagination, Mexico teemed with bandits, Yaqui savages, and ferocious insurgents. As Miss Brockett was not only eloquent, but extremely pretty her arguments might

"I thank you, yes. May I speak of the business that brings me to you, Mr. Brockett?"

Brockett, wondering, nodded his assent, and the Japanese spoke suavely. "Mr. Brockett, I am a man who has much, very much, of business trouble. There are many who are competitors with me in the honorable occupation of importing Oriental wares. You doubtless can comprehend it so?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Yazimoto."

"There are, of these who are competitors against me, some, whom I do not know by name definitely, who resort to means not wholly honest. I am sorry, much, that I say this of my own countrymen, but it is truth I tell



AN DEEPLY SORRY THAT YOU SHOULD LOSE THE OPPORTUNITY OF ENLARGEMENT OF FORTUNE.

you. I have reason to believe that my correspondence, both in Japanese and in English, is as you say it, held up, read by these not so honorable competitors. So I have come to you, Mr. Brockett."

"To me? Why, what can I do for you?"

"That shall now be told you, Mr. Brockett. I could now make use of some new, some very difficult correspondence cipher. If in English, that would be very good—my firm has at home most admirable English educated clerks. Friends of mine tell me that you, Mr. Brockett, have devised such cipher. A cipher of most honorable excellence. If this cipher were to be adaptive to the use of commerce, I would pay you, I say, in fact, Mr. Brockett, I pay modestly high money. Suppose that you demonstrate for me the idea of your cipher. If it shall prove satisfactory for the commercial purpose, I pay you \$5,000. And, that I show I am a man of business, and that I do not waste the valuable time, I pay you if satisfactory or no, \$500 that you only demonstrate for me the idea of the cipher."

The smiling Japanese had drawn forth a thick, prosperous-looking wallet, and was fumbling with it when Brockett spoke, but emphatically shook his head.

"Mr. Yazimoto, you have been misinformed. I cannot imagine where you gained your information, but it is wrong, completely wrong. I have no cipher for sale, and am sorry that I cannot oblige you."

Mr. Yazimoto signed as he replaced the portly pocketbook.

"I am deeply sorry, Mr. Brockett, that you should lose the opportunity for enlargement of fortune. Perhaps you will reconsider. Maybe I call upon you another time. I will bid you the honorable good evening."

The Japanese had hardly departed when Ramon Solano put in an appearance, much to the delight of the Brockett family, with whom the Cuban was a prime favorite. Greetings exchanged, the boys plunged promptly into the subject of mutual interest, Solano firing the first gun.

"No message yet from General Cole?"

"Not yet. Just had an odd caller, though."

"The Jap we saw talking with that stenographer last night? I passed him as I came in. Curious thing; when I called to Havana this afternoon, he was beside me at the Western Union office, and loaned me an ink-pencil."

"He did? Was there anything specially important in the message?"

"Nothing at all aside from informing my father that I would take an extra month for my vacation, beginning now. Even if he could have read it—it was in Spanish, too—that wouldn't be of much value to him."

"Hardly. I am beginning to do some extensive thinking about that Jap, though. Listen to the proposition he made me ten minutes ago. And Brockett rapidly outlined the tempting offer made by Mr. Yazimoto."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Circumstantial Evidence.

There was considerable chill in the air, and Sniffley didn't know whether it would be wise to begin a conversation with Mrs. Sniffley or not. Finally, however, the silence became too arctic for comfort, and he decided to risk it.

"Beautiful morning, my dear," he observed, as he lathered his chin.

"Don't you talk to me, Mr. Sniffley," retorted the lady. "I am disgusted with you. You needn't fool yourself into think I don't know in what condition you and Mr. Bagley came home last night. I overheard your conversation."

"Conversation!" said Sniffley. "What did I say?"

"You said you didn't know, when Mr. Bagley asked you which keyhole was the right one, and there's only one on the door," said Mrs. Sniffley.

Effective Background.

"Do you think your audiences enjoy the statistics you quote in your speeches?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum; "I just put 'em in to make the rest of my remarks seem more interesting by contrast."

Still Hoping.

"Pa, are you an optimist?"

"Yes. I am still hoping to be able some time to attend a national convention at which no band will be permitted to play 'Dixie.'"

He Knew.

The owners of a certain farm had butter and eggs brought them daily by the daughter of the farm. A trained nurse had a case at the owner's home. One day the farmer's wife and daughter were discussing this. "Then the little boy, who had been listening, said: 'Rita, if I go with you tomorrow, will you show me the trained nurse?'" The girl said she would, and the next day he accompanied her. The nurse came into the kitchen, said a few words to him, and went out. He ran home at once, and arrived breathless. "Mother," he cried, "the trained nurse is nothing but a girl!"—Harper's Bazar.

Charlotte J. Cipriani of the University of Paris says: "It may prove instructive to call attention to the fact that of the three oldest universities in Christian western Europe, Salerno, Bologna and Paris, two—Salerno and Bologna—were thrown open from their origin to women, both as students and professors. Nor did the women fall to take advantage of this opportunity."

High-Handed Justice at the Canal.

Mr. Bishop, characterizing Col. G. W. Goethals, emphasizes especially the big man's many-sidedness. Besides putting through the biggest engineering job in the world, he has been, during his years at Panama, a staunch fighter for the laws of economic decency.

Colonel Goethals is a fighter and he will fight a trust as readily as he will fight a labor union. Whole cargoes of tainted meat have been shipped back by the commissary, because the beef trusts' goods were not up to sample. Thousands of square yards of screening were condemned and left unpaid for, as soon as it was discovered that the copper trust had put in so much iron that they were rapidly falling to pieces with rust. Colonel Goethals is determined that no contractors shall become rich by supplying the Panama canal with rotten food and shoddy material as so many did in the days of the De Lesseps company.

World's Debt to Books.

How safely we lay bare the poverty of human ignorance to books without feeling any shame. They are masters who instruct us without rod or flogging, without angry words, without clothes or money. If we come to them they are not asleep. If you ask and inquire of them they do not withdraw themselves; they do not chide you if you make mistakes, they do not laugh at you if you are ignorant.—Richard De Bury.

Love Element in Writer's Lives.

Alfred de Musset's love for Irresponsible George Sand gave his thoughtless an extraordinary elevation that he wrote many brilliant poems in consequence. Chaucer sang the praises of many queens, but his one great love was Philippa Picard de Recet, the Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Anne of Bohemia. He waited nine years to marry her, but made it a matter of complaint in several poems.

The Downtrodden Farmer.

An Ottawa man heard that a farmer wanted to sell a motor car. He sympathized with the poor farmer and his family because they were forced to part with the machine for financial reasons he believed, and went out to the farm to buy it. The farmer was not at home, but his daughter was there. "I came out to buy your car," he said. "Which one?" asked the girl.—Kansas City Star.

Sight of the Color Blind.

A color blind person sees light as either white or gray and dark colors appear either as dark gray or black. This natural sensitiveness is due to the fact that the light nerves and color nerves are closely interbound, but there is a different set of nerves for both light and color, just as there are different sets of nerves for temperature and for touch.

For Itching Skins and Pimples Faces Try Resinol Free

If you suffer from eczema, salt rheum, ringworm, pimples and blackheads, or other distressing skin or scalp trouble, you should send at once for a generous free trial of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. These will prove to you how Resinol stops itching instantly and quickly clears away eruptions.

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NORTHVILLE, MICH., AUG. 2, '12

## IT'S THE PARTY, NOT MEN.

The following letter to the Record from one of Michigan's most prominent citizens and business men will be of interest to our readers.

Editor Record:—I am pleased to acknowledge receipt of your issue of July 12th of the Record wherein I have directed my attention to an article headed "Why not talk straight Wilson?" and I believe that you have stated the facts exactly as they are. I believe it is just as applicable to matters in State, County and City as it is to President. If we are going to be Democrats, let us be Democrats all the way through; if we are going to be Republicans, let us stand on our feet as Republicans. It is my judgment, that regardless of what theories a man may entertain as to the man, that the success of today, and the splendid growth of the past, and the Nation of which we are proud at the present time, is the work of a Republican party embodying certain principles which seem to have contributed to the welfare of our Nation at large and therefore, while we may entertain some personal differences, if it comes down to a point where it will mean the voting for Taft as a Republican or Wilson as a Democrat it is simply the Republican's duty to stand by the principles of his party and allow the party to make the necessary concessions to meet the view of the great majority rather than destroy the party and appeal to something which has no principles involved. While many of us may admire the broad view which Mr. Wilson takes of many things, we must not forget the fact that he is not the Democratic Party and that the party may not permit him to deviate from the old rule of standing for those Democratic principles which they have observed for a century past. Therefore, we must realize that not all the promises of Mr. Wilson can be made effective in the future as in the past, those things which stand for the very best in government both for the individual and for the community at large. I agree with you fully, as I stated in your setting forth of the fact that if we are going to do so on one thing we may as well do so on all things.

BUSINESS MAN.

DATED JULY 29, 1912.

## Power of Radium.

Suppose that the energy of a ton of radium could be utilized in 30 years, instead of being evolved at its invariable slow rate of 1,769 years for half disintegration, it would suffice to propel a ship of 15,000 tons, with engines of 15,000 horsepower, at the rate of 15 knots an hour for 39 years—practically the lifetime of the ship. To do this actually requires one and one-half million tons of coal.—New York World.

## BASE BALL GAMES.

The following are the 1912 dates when the Tigers play in Detroit and the names of the clubs with whom they play:

July 27, Aug. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Sept. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Oct. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Nov. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Dec. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jan. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Feb. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Mar. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Apr. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-May 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jun. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jul. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Aug. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Sep. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Oct. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Nov. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Dec. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jan. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Feb. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Mar. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Apr. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-May 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jun. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jul. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Aug. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Sep. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Oct. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Nov. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Dec. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jan. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Feb. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Mar. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Apr. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-May 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jun. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jul. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Aug. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Sep. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Oct. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Nov. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Dec. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jan. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Feb. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Mar. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Apr. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-May 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jun. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jul. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Aug. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Sep. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Oct. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Nov. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Dec. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jan. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Feb. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Mar. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Apr. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-May 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jun. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jul. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Aug. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Sep. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Oct. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Nov. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Dec. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jan. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Feb. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Mar. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Apr. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-May 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jun. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jul. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Aug. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Sep. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Oct. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Nov. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Dec. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jan. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Feb. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Mar. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Apr. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-May 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jun. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jul. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Aug. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Sep. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Oct. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Nov. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Dec. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jan. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Feb. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Mar. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Apr. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-May 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jun. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jul. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Aug. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Sep. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Oct. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Nov. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Dec. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jan. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Feb. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Mar. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Apr. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-May 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jun. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jul. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Aug. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Sep. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Oct. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Nov. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Dec. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jan. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Feb. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Mar. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Apr. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-May 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jun. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jul. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Aug. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Sep. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Oct. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Nov. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Dec. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-Jan. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-1

## Firm Foundation

Nothing Can Undermine It in Northville.

People are sometimes slow to recognize true merit, and they cannot be blamed, for so many have been humbugged in the past. The experience of hundreds of Northville residents, expressed publicly through newspapers and other sources, places Doan's Kidney Pills on a firm foundation here.

Mrs. J. R. Cranston, S. Center St., Northville, Mich., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been used in our household and have given entire satisfaction. A member of my family was troubled by lame back and pains in the joints and when Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended, we decided to give them a trial. A supply was procured from Murdock Bros. Drug Store and they soon brought relief. There has been no return attack of the trouble. I have been convinced that Doan's Kidney Pills are an effective Kidney remedy."

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.

## NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Van Atta, Friday, July 26, a seven pound boy.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hinkley are enjoying a month's outing at Union Lake.

The thunder shower of Thursday evening played havoc around Millford. It was a regular cloud burst.

Northville auto owners are supplying themselves with pennants which look very attractive attached to the cars.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a sale of baked goods in Stanley's drug store Saturday, August 10.

Mrs. Roy VanValkenburg underwent an operation in a Detroit hospital last Wednesday and is getting along very nicely.

The young ladies who have been attending summer school at Ypsilanti returned home Thursday having finished the course.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smithman who are visiting at Alpena attended a reunion of the latter's family, the Leesies, in that city Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Ball leave tomorrow in company with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Kator of Detroit for a ten day's outing at Waikiki Lake.

The annual picnic of the Woman's Relief Corps was held Wednesday afternoon, on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Wade on Rogers street.

The D. U. R. has been doing some nice work repairing its highway crossings between here and Plymouth, and also between Farmington and Northville.

Mrs. Marie Seegar has resigned her position as stenographer for the Globe Furniture company and left Monday for Detroit where she has accepted another position.

The elderly ladies of the Methodist church were entertained at the home of Mrs. W. B. Ambler Thursday afternoon by a number of the members of the Ladies' Aid society.

Owners of autos in Northville and vicinity should organize an auto club. It would be a decidedly beneficial move for auto owners in road improvement and aid in general.

Rev. J. J. Murdock preached a splendid sermon to the F. & A. M. lodge last Sunday-morning. He was afterwards presented with a fine purse of money by the fraternity members.

"Little Mattie Montgomery is the proud possessor of a new piano, a present from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Montgomery. The instrument was played in the home by W. B. Stark of this place.

Little Lynton Haddock who fell from the off wagon and was run over by it last Thursday morning had a miraculous escape. Though the front and hind wheels both ran over him, directly across the chest, he is apparently none the worse for it, and is playing about as usual.

About forty five friends and relatives gave Roy Franklin a real surprise on his birthday last Friday evening. Roy told that everyone had forgotten the importance of the day until he came home from work and found the surprises, presents and ice cream and cake.

Mrs. G. D. Robertson who underwent an operation in the hospital at Ann Arbor about three weeks ago, is expected home soon. Little Harvey Robertson, who has been spending the time with relatives in Fayette, G. and Palmyra returned home Sunday accompanied by two of his aunts, who will spend some time here.

The "Circle N" boys defeated the Ypsilanti High school team in that city Saturday with a score of 4 to 2. That's going some. They will play the Oakland County Champions on the local grounds tomorrow, Saturday afternoon. Turn out rooters, and help the "Circle N's" to prove their superiority over even such a team as the Oakland County Champions.

Invigorating Bath. A salt rub is most beneficial to the health, and can be obtained by procuring a bowl of moistened salt with which the body should be rubbed. Another invigorating plan is to buy the rock salt, draw a tub of water and let tin cups full of salt dissolve in it before taking the morning plunge.

For aly pain, from top to toe, from any cause, apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Pain can stay where it is used.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

## Cure Your Backache and Rheumatism

WITH **FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS**

Backache drags on your vitality. Saps your strength. Weakens your endurance.

Hampers you in your work. Besides that, it means something wrong with your kidneys, a weakness, an inflammation, a breaking down, may be of the kidney tissues. **Foley Kidney Pills** is the true answer. They will help you QUICKLY, strengthen and heal your kidneys, regulate the action of your bladder, and drive out Backache and Rheumatism. They will make a strong, healthy man of you. No habit form. *See your doctor.*

For Sale by Murdock Bros.

Letters for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week.  
Mr. Chas. Williams  
Irma Yanson  
Mr. H. J. Kone  
Rev. A. B. Peabody  
Mrs. Minnie Edington  
Miss Frances Elliott  
Mr. H. A. Dodge

Mrs. Lawrence Johnson of Plymouth won the life passenger auto given by the Detroit Times in a recent contest for the largest number of subscribers. Mrs. Johnson was in town one day last week with her car, and it's a beauty. Her many Northville friends congratulate her on her good fortune.

Mrs. W. E. Kilitt and daughter Christine had quite an exciting adventure while taking a trip on Mr. Kilitt's boat last week. On the return trip, while in the Detroit river just below Belle Isle, they were run into by another freight boat. Considerable damage was done to the Kilitt freighter, which reached the dock leaving the passengers just time to disembark before it sank. It is now in dry dock for a month's repairs. The offending boat was unharmed.

A report comes to us that the treasury of the Northville band is just about empty. The boys have been receiving lessons from Prof. Gunters and wish to continue to do so, but it looks rather doubtful as to that. Now it is up to Northville citizens to show their appreciation of our city band in a more substantial manner than applause, praise, etc. We have enjoyed the weekly concerts which have been furnished us, free. Shall we help the boys to further improve their musical talent? Think it over and if you desire to contribute, hand your name and amount to the Record Office or to the manager, Dr. P. H. Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Yerkes and Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Holmes and families attended a reunion of the Holmes family held on the island at Ann Arbor last Thursday. Guests up to the number of fifty were present from Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New York and Washington. A permanent organization was formed and officers elected, D. P. Yerkes of this place, being chosen president, and the fourth Thursday in July designated as the date for the annual picnic. The next meeting place will be at Ann Arbor. It is interesting to note that the first of these gatherings was held last year at the D. P. Yerkes home on the Base line at which time the plan originated.

**Sunday Trading Discouraged.**  
For selling an egg and an orange to a child on a recent Sunday a dealer was fined 16 and 95 cents, or seven days in prison, at Bowrick, Scotland. The chief constable said Sunday trading was being put down in the town, and there had been complaints about the accused.

**Logic Hard to Fathom.**  
A Chicago woman had her husband arrested for disorderly conduct because he refused to kiss her. The ways which some women have of inspiring affection and its demonstrations can be accounted for only by the secret and mysterious processes of feminine logic.

**Duel Has Happy Ending.**  
At Edinburgh two Italians met at midnight to settle a dispute. Having but one pistol, they drew lots to see which one should shoot first. The winner fired and missed, and then politely handed over the pistol to his adversary. The second shot likewise proving abortive, the bloodthirsty combatants fell upon each other's necks, then quit the field arm in arm.

**\$100 Reward, \$100.**  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, whereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that is failed to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: **F. J. GLENNY & CO., Toledo, O.** Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## Purely Personal.

Mrs. Ida Voigt has returned from a visit with Detroit friends.

Avery Garbird spent a few days with his brother at Pontiac.

Mrs. Ross Dusenbury and little son of Detroit are visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Yerkes have returned from a two week's visit at Boston, Mass.

Miss Mary Litsenburger leaves Monday for Farmville for a visit with relatives.

Mrs. C. A. Ponsford and daughter Elizabeth spent the first of the week with Detroit friends.

Miss Alice Smith of Detroit is spending the latter part of the week with Miss Irene Dixon.

Mrs. J. Henry Smith and daughter Evelyn were guests at the J. M. Dixon home Wednesday.

R. A. Grant is travelling about the state in the interest of the Almont Engine company.

Little Miss Caroline Looser of Buffalo, N. Y. is visiting at the home of H. L. Looser and family.

Mrs. Pitt Johnson and Mrs. R. R. McKahan are spending the week at Zelzan Nook, Cooley Lake.

The Misses Margaret and Aletta Yerkes have returned from a ten day's visit with their aunt Mrs. Prudent Yellanti.

Dr. Oldfield, a resident of this place four years ago, is visiting old Northville friends. He has been traveling in the west.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sacket, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Shinner and two children of Detroit spent Sunday with T. A. Garbird and family.

Mrs. Chas. Fenner and Catherine Crowley of Leslie and Mary Lewis of Detroit have returned home after a few days visit at C. A. McCough's.

Mrs. Julia Lowden and son James of Highland Park and Mrs. Lewis Vradenburg and baby Jeanette, of Detroit are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Vradenburg.

Mrs. Hazel Boyce leaves Tuesday for Cleveland, Ohio where she will spend a part of her vacation. Guy and Jane Filkins also go to that city for a visit next week.

Lola and Viola Hake of Pontiac who were guests of their aunt Mrs. Eugene Palmer, last week left Sunday for Walled Lake to visit their aunt Mrs. John Wedow.

**About Tea.**  
A good tea may be made a bad tea, but a bad tea cannot be made a good tea, says the Lancet, except perhaps by very skillful blending. Excessive infusion will spoil a good tea; but even a short infusion of a bad tea may be as objectionable as an excessive infusion of a good tea. On physiological grounds, therefore, the consumer of high quality tea runs less risk of digestive disorder, provided the tea is made properly.

**Fish-Catching Cat.**  
William Grant of Northampton, Mass., owns a cat that furnishes him with fresh fish. The cat enjoys sitting at the edge of her owner's ice pond, it is said, and scooping up unwary fish with her paw. The cat has brought fresh fish to the house several times.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

**Virtue in Silence.**  
Silence is one great art of conversation. He is not a fool who knows when to hold his tongue; and a person may gain credit for sense, eloquence, wit, who merely says nothing to lessen the opinion which others have of these qualities in themselves. —William Hazlitt.

**Keeping Air Fresh.**  
A good way to keep the air of a room fresh and slightly perfumed is to place a jar in some inconspicuous place in the room and put in the jar a small block of ammonia, over which pour some ordinary cologne water. This makes a faint, pleasant odor of which one is hardly conscious.

**Costumes Indicated Conditions.**  
Peasant girls in parts of Europe declare their unmarried condition by modes of dress and coiffure, and bachelors are sometimes indicated in similar fashion. The zone or girdle had its significance in the Greek world, and the Roman husband wore as such garb of his own.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date.  
Wheat—white—\$3.38. Wheat, red—\$3.10. Oats—New—\$2.50. Sifted corn—\$1.70. Rye—\$2.00. Potatoes—\$1.50. Beans—\$1.25. Dried Hops—\$2.00. Cattle—\$5.50. Lambs—\$5.50. Pork—\$8.00. Eggs—20c. Butter—25c.

## Money to Loan

Drafts issued on New York or Detroit, cheapest and most convenient way to make remittances.

Certificates of Deposit issued.

Deposits in our Savings Department draw interest for the full time.

Checking accounts invited.

## Lapham State Savings Bank

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

4%

## Union Trust "C. D.'s" Obtained by Mail

Union Trust Company Certificates of Deposit may be readily obtained by mail. For each \$100 deposited in this way will be issued a certificate for a personal call. These Certificates yield Four Percent interest, which is sent to holders by check every six months. Certificates are payable on a fixed date, but are renewed automatically without presentation. A good income and convenience are combined in this plan. Your letter of inquiry will receive prompt attention.

Union Trust Company  
DETROIT, MICH.

## Kodaks

Photography with the Kodak is so simple that a boy or girl can have good fun with a Kodak. The Kodak is so simple that a boy or girl can have good fun with a Kodak. The Kodak is so simple that a boy or girl can have good fun with a Kodak.

1A Pocket Kodak slips easily in and out of an ordinary coat pocket. Snap, it is fully extended and in focus. Snap, the picture is made. Snap, and its closed again. Pictures 2 1/2 x 1 1/4 inches.

Price \$12.00

Eastman N. C. Film (the dependable kind) all in our stock.

From \$1.00 to \$10

**A. E. STANLEY**  
The REXALL Store.

## Overland

### A Foreword About 1913

Just before the 1912 season opened we advised the public to wait and see what we had to offer. Thousands of people were rewarded when they bought our famous \$900 touring car, the car that took the country by storm, for it proved the equal of any \$1200 car shown during the entire 1912 season.

Our advice for 1913 is the same as for 1912:

### Wait for the Overland Announcement!

We will make our 1913 announcement on August 17th. On this date the world at large will awaken to still more car for still less money.

We can use a few live agents—get your application in early.

## Overland Motor Sales Co.

Distributors

344-346 Jefferson Ave.,

Detroit, Mich.

## HERMAN F. ZINK

Formerly Supervisor and Aide-man of Detroit

Republican Candidate for

COUNTY TREASURER.



Primaries August 27, 1912.

## 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.

## 35 Cent Meals

## THOMAS' TAVERN

Special Attention to Transients.

Ladies' Sitting Room in Connection

10 CT. FEED BARN

## Thomas' Tavern

Man on hand to look after the Horses and Feed in Barn when desired.

## OSCAR S. HARGER

REAL ESTATE BOUGHT, SOLD and EXCHANGED  
Estates Settled and Managed  
Insurance and Loans. Notary Public  
Bell Phone, 66. 124 N. Center St.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

## CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS

J. M. DIXON, Propr. Both Phones

Advertise in the Record Want Column

## MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

F. A. MILLER, Propr.  
259 First St. NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## LB KING & CO

China, Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Ornaments, Novelties.  
Oldest China House in Detroit  
Complete Stock, Up to Date.  
We have what you want in our NEW STORE,  
Cor. Grand River and Library Aves.





## SYNOPSIS

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a former of the Quintards. Hazard, a mysterious child, of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy, Nathaniel Scott, but the Barony, and the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy, overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Bladen, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Yancy, a friend of the Ferrisses, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum. The judge recognizes him in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's place. Carrington's family, including Yancy, who is apparently dead, "Price breaks jail." Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plaine. Hannibal's life becomes some strange things to his judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrive in Belle Plaine. Is playing for the stakes. Yancy awakes from long dream. Yancy, who is apparently dead, "Price breaks jail." Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plaine. Hannibal's life becomes some strange things to his judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrive in Belle Plaine. Is playing for the stakes. Yancy awakes from long dream.

## CHAPTER XXIV (Continued)

When they entered the library, Jonathan turned and took stock of his guests. Mahaffy he had met before. Yancy and Cavendish were of common strangers to him, but their appearance explained them. Best of all, his glance shifted to the judge. He had heard something of him, a fellow by means of which Slocum had been driven to discontinue his fight and he had a certain curiosity respecting the man. It was, however, only satisfied. The judge had reached a degree of shabbiness seldom equaled and but for his mellow, effluent personality might well have passed for a common "sag-bond" and if his dress alone had not the state of his finances, his face explained his habits. No misapprehension was possible about either.

"May I offer you a glass of liquor?" asked Fentress, breaking the silence. He stepped to the walnut center table where there was a decanter and glasses. By a gesture the judge declined the invitation. Whereat the colonel looked surprised, but not so surprised as Mahaffy. There was another silence.

"I don't think we ever met before," observed Fentress. There was something in the fixed stare his visitor was bending upon him that he found disquieting. Just why, he could not have told.

But that fixed stare of the judges continued. No, the man had not changed—he had grown older certainly, but age had not come ungraciously. He became the glossy broadcloth and spotless linen he wore. Here was a man who could command the good things of life, using them with a rational temperance. The room itself was in harmony with his character. It was plain but rich in its appointments, at once his library and his office, while the well filled cases ranged about the walls showed his tastes to be in the main scholarly and intellectual.

"How long have you lived here?" asked the judge abruptly. Fentress seemed to hesitate; but the judge's glance, compelling and insistent, demanded an answer.

"Ten years."

"You have known many men of all classes as a lawyer and a planter," said the judge. Fentress inclined his head. The judge took a step nearer him. "People have a great trick of coming and going in these western states—all sorts of damned ruffian drift in and out of these new lands. A deadly earnestness lighted the judge's words above mere rudeness. Fentress, cold and distant, made no reply. "For the past twenty years I have been looking for a man by the name of Gatewood—David Gatewood." Disappointed as he was, the colonel started. "Ever heard of him?" Fentress demanded the judge with a savage scowl.

"What's all this to me?" The words came with a gasp from Fentress, twitching lips. The judge looked at him moody and frowning.



# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

Copyright 1912, The Board of Trade Company



I have reason to think this man Gatewood came to west Tennessee," he said.

"If so, I have never heard of him." "Perhaps not under that name—at any rate, you are going to hear of him now. This man Gatewood, who between ourselves was a damned scoundrel—the colonel winced—"this man Gatewood had a friend who threw money and business in his way—a planter he was, same as Gatewood. A sort of partnership existed between the pair. It proved an expensive enterprise for Gatewood's friend, since he came to trust the damned scoundrel more and more as time passed—even large sums of his money were in Gatewood's hands." Fentress' countenance was like stone, as expressionless and as rigid.

By the door stood Mahaffy with Yancy and Cavendish; they understood that what was obscure and meaningless to them held a tragic significance to these two men. The judge's heavy face, ordinarily battered and debauched, but infinitely good-natured, bore now the markings of deep passion, and the voice that rumbled forth from his capacious chest came to their ears like a distant thunder.

"This friend of Gatewood's—had a wife?" The judge's voice broke, emotion shook him like a leaf. He was leaning over his words. He reached over and poured himself a drink, sucking it down with greedy lips. "There was a wife," he blurted out on his heel and faced Fentress again. "There was a wife, I tell you. He lived ten years with his blaring eyes. A wife and child. Well, one day Gatewood and the wife were missing. Under the circumstances Gatewood's friend was well rid of the pair—he should have been grateful but he wasn't, for his wife took him child, a daughter; and Gatewood a trifle of thirty thousand dollars his friend had indignantly him."

There was another silence. "At a later day I met this man who had been betrayed by his wife and ruined by his friend. He had slipped out of the jail—didn't deny for him there was not one thing he could do to save himself and that was the fate of his child but maybe he was only cautious there. He wouldn't if she had lived, and married. Quite more than judge's friend."

"What can this mean?" asked Fentress. "No you are not going to me," demanded the judge. "I've said and told, Fentress, Gatewood's friend was ruined by him. He had two lives. It killed the woman's father to take all his money from the world, it wasn't enough for him that his friends believed his daughter dead. He knew differently, and the shame of that knowledge ate into his soul. It cost the husband his place in the world too—in the end it made of him a vagabond and a penniless wretch."

"This is nothing to me," said Fentress. "Well!" cried the judge. "About six years ago the woman was seen at her father's home in North Carolina. I reckon Gatewood had cast her off. She didn't go back empty-handed. She had run away from her husband with a child—a girl; after a lapse of twenty years she returned to her father with a boy of two or three. There are two questions that must be answered when I find Gatewood: what became of the woman, and what became of the child; are they living or dead; did the daughter grow up and marry and have a son? When I get my answer it will be time enough to think of Gatewood's punishment!"

The judge leaned forward across the table, bringing his face close to Fentress' face. "Look at me—do you know me now?"

But Fentress' expression never altered. The judge fell back a step.

"Fentress, I want the boy," he said quietly.

"What boy?"

"My grandson!"

"You are mad!" What do I know of him—or you?" Fentress was gaining courage from the sound of his own voice.

"You know who he is and where he is. Your business relations with this man Ware have put you on the track of the Quinter lands in this state. You intend to use the boy to gather them in."

"You're mad!" repeated Fentress. "Unless you bring him to me this day of twenty-four hours I'll smash you!"

"I'll smash you!" Fentress was leaning forward, his face close to the judge's. "You name lent Fentress, it's Gatewood, you've stolen the name of Fentress, just as what have stolen other things. What's come of Turberville's money? Damn your soul! I want my grandson! I'll pull you down and leave you stripped and bare. I'll tell the world the false friend you've been—the thief you are! I'll strip you and turn you out of these doors as naked as when you entered the world!" The judge seemed to tower above Fentress, the man had shot up out of his deep debauchment. "Choose!" he said, "do you want the child, or do you want the name?"

"I know nothing about the boy," said Fentress slowly.

"My child, you!" stormed the judge.

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"I tell you I had no hand in carrying off the boy," said Fentress with a sardonic smile.

"I look to you to return him—Stu yourself, Gatewood, or by God, I'll hold so fierce a reckoning with you!"

The sentence remained unheeded, for Fentress felt his overwrought nerves snap, and, giving way to a sudden blind fury, struck at the judge.

"We are too old for rough and tumble," said the judge, who had displayed astonishing agility in avoiding the blow. "Furthermore we were once gentlemen. At present I am what I am, while you are a bound and a blackguard! Well settle this as becomes our breeding!" He poured himself a second glass of liquor from Fentress' decanter. "I wonder if it is possible to insult you," and he tossed the glass and contents in Fentress' face. The colonel's thin features were convulsed. The judge watched him with a scornful curling of the lips. "I am treating you better than you deserve," he taunted.

"Tomorrow morning at sun-up at Boggs' race-track," cried Fentress. The judge bowed with splendid courtesy.

"Nothing could please me half so well," he declared, "as to turn to the others. Gentlemen, this is a private matter. When I have met Colonel Fentress I shall make a public announcement of why this apology is necessary to me; until then I must this matter will not be given publicity. May I ask your silence?" He bowed again, and abruptly passed from the room.

His three friends followed in his steps, leaving Fentress standing by the table, the ghost of a smile on his thin lips.

"As if the very place were evil, the judge hurried down the drive toward the road. At the gate he paused and turned on his companions, but his features wore a look of dignity that forbade comment or question. He held out his hand to Yancy.

"Sir," he said, "I could command the riches of the Indies, to meet the tax of my resources to meet the tax of my obligations to you."

"Think of that!" said Yancy, as much overwhelmed by the judge's manner as by his words.

"He Uncle Bob shall keep his place in my grandson's life! Well watch him grow into manhood together!" The judge was visibly affected. A smile of deep content parted Mr. Yancy's lips as his muscular fingers closed about the judge's hand with crushing force.

"Whoo!" cried Cavendish delighted at this recognition of Yancy's love for the boy, and he gleefully smote the anster Mahaffy on the shoulder. But Mahaffy was dumb in the presence of the deceptions he quite lacked an interpreter. The judge looked back at the house.

"Mine," he muttered. "The clothes he stands in—the food he eats—mine!"

## CHAPTER XXV

The Bubble Bursts.

At about the same hour that the judge was hurling threats and insults at Colonel Fentress, three men were waiting ten miles away at the head of the bayou which served to isolate Hicks' cabin. Now no one of these three had ever heard of Judge Slocum. Price; the breath of his fame had never blown, however gently, in their direction, yet they were preparing to thrust opportunity upon him. To this end they were lounging about the opening in the woods where the horses belonging to Ware and Murrell were tied.

At length the dip of oars became audible in the silence and one of the trio stole down the path, a matter of fifty yards, to a point that overlooked the bayou. He was gone but a moment.

"It's Murrell all right!" he said in an eager whisper. "Him and another fellow—the Hicks girl is rowing them." He glanced from one to the other of his companions, who seemed to take firmer hold of themselves under his eye. "It'll be all right," he protested lightly. "He's as good as ours. Wait till I give you the word." And he led the way into an adjacent thicket.

Meantime Ware and Murrell had landed and were coming along the path one outlay a step or two in advance of his friend. They reached the horses and were untying them when the thicket suddenly disgorged the three men; each held a cocked pistol; two of these pistols covered Murrell and the third was leveled at Ware.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Heavy.

"Speaking of the only bonds or matrimony."

"Speak on. I am prepared to hear the worst."

"Our friend Muffins says there are times when they seem to him like fog chains."

"I tell you I had no hand in carrying off the boy," said Fentress with a sardonic smile.

"I look to you to return him—Stu yourself, Gatewood, or by God, I'll hold so fierce a reckoning with you!"

The sentence remained unheeded, for Fentress felt his overwrought nerves snap, and, giving way to a sudden blind fury, struck at the judge.

"We are too old for rough and tumble," said the judge, who had displayed astonishing agility in avoiding the blow. "Furthermore we were once gentlemen. At present I am what I am, while you are a bound and a blackguard! Well settle this as becomes our breeding!" He poured himself a second glass of liquor from Fentress' decanter. "I wonder if it is possible to insult you," and he tossed the glass and contents in Fentress' face. The colonel's thin features were convulsed. The judge watched him with a scornful curling of the lips. "I am treating you better than you deserve," he taunted.

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## EMPEROR OF JAPAN DIES; ILL 10 DAYS

END COMES AT 12:43 TUESDAY WAS ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST EMPEROR.

CROWN PRINCE YOSHIHITO HAS SUCCEEDED TO THRONE.

Japan's Awakening From the Barbaric State Was One Feature of His Long Reign.

The mikado died at 12:43 Tuesday morning, July 30, after struggling for 10 days for life. The cabinet and many of the leading nobles were in the palace waiting for the end, which had been expected at any moment since early Sunday.

Acute nephritis was given as the cause of the mikado's death.

The crown prince, Yoshihito, has succeeded to the throne.

Mitsuhito, the one hundred and twenty-first emperor of Japan, was born at Kyoto, Nov. 3, 1852, and his reign, beginning in 1867, on the death of his father, Kamei, has extended over almost the whole of the awakening and modernizing of his country. Coming to the throne when he was but 15 years old, his part in the struggle which took place during his earlier years was certainly small, and little is known of it. It was nearly over the time he became of an age to take any active part in public affairs, but since that time he has accepted with apparent enthusiasm the place of a constitutional monarch, and has taken a leading part in the development of the kingdom during the last 35 years.

The mikado's tastes have been largely military, rather than administrative, and his part in the internal government is understood to have been identified chiefly with the development of the magnificent army and navy which astonished the world in the war with Russia.

## AFTER HIGHER-UPS.

Lieut. Becker Arrested for Murder of New York Gambler.

Lieut. Charles A. Becker, whose arrest came as a dramatic climax to the past fortnight's investigations of the Gambler's Rosenthal murder, has been a member of the New York police force for nearly 20 years. His appointment dating back to Nov. 1, 1893.

The first serious case in which Becker was concerned was the shooting dead of a young plumber's helper, John Fay, who was killed in a burglary case. Becker and another policeman were summoned following an investigation, and were taken to the scene.

Becker was placed in charge of the so-called strong arm squad on June 30, 1911. Since that time he has been much in the public eye, making many sensational raids. Last March a man was killed by a bullet fired during one of his raids. Becker was relieved from charge of the squad for a time but was later reinstated to it.

During the year he was in charge of the strong arm squad Becker made more than 70 raids, including the attack on Rosenthal's gambling place on April 15.

Herford Marshall, counsel for Jack Sullivan, (Jacob Reilly), the go-between between Lieut. Becker and Jack Rose, now held in the Tombs in connection with the case announced that Sullivan was ready to tell all he knew on the witness stand and that his story would prove more astounding than any yet told.

Sullivan he said, would not talk to the police or the district attorney.

The indictment and arrest of Police Lieutenant Charles A. Becker, for the murder of the gambler, Herman Rosenthal, soon after the confession of "Bald Jack" Rose, "Bridge" Weber and Harry Vailon, revealed to District Attorney Whitman the "police system" in all its hideousness.

The public prosecutor, following the trail of the three confessions, continued his search for evidence that would implicate those higher up than Becker, and more indictments of police officials are expected by the district attorney.

Settle Sugar Frauds.

Alleged sugar frauds at Philadelphia under investigation by Secretary of the Treasury, MacVeagh and Attorney-General Wickersham for the last year have been settled by the payment of nearly a quarter of a million dollars to the United States government by the sugar refining companies involved.

This announcement was made by the treasury department Tuesday.

Investigation of alleged sugar frauds at New York and New Orleans, it was reported, are approaching conclusion. These constitute the final act of the nation-wide inquiry that resulted in the revelations of abuses in sugar importations at New York several years ago.

commerce commission. He favors appeals only from such decisions as involve questions of law.

Warren Jenkins, of Cheyenne, Wyo., was sentenced to be hanged on Oct. 31 for the murder of his wife. Possession of his wife's \$20,000 estate was advanced as a motive for his crime.

Attorney-General Wickersham has advised congress that he does not approve any proposition to give ship pers a blanket right of appeal to the commerce court from all so-called negative rulings of the interstate commerce board.

State Treasurer Slepner is out with his report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912. His is one of the few departments to get its report out so soon. The total receipts for the past year were \$14,195,498.37, as against \$12,344,493.91 for the previous year. The report shows a total of 178 depositories for state money among the various state banks.

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