

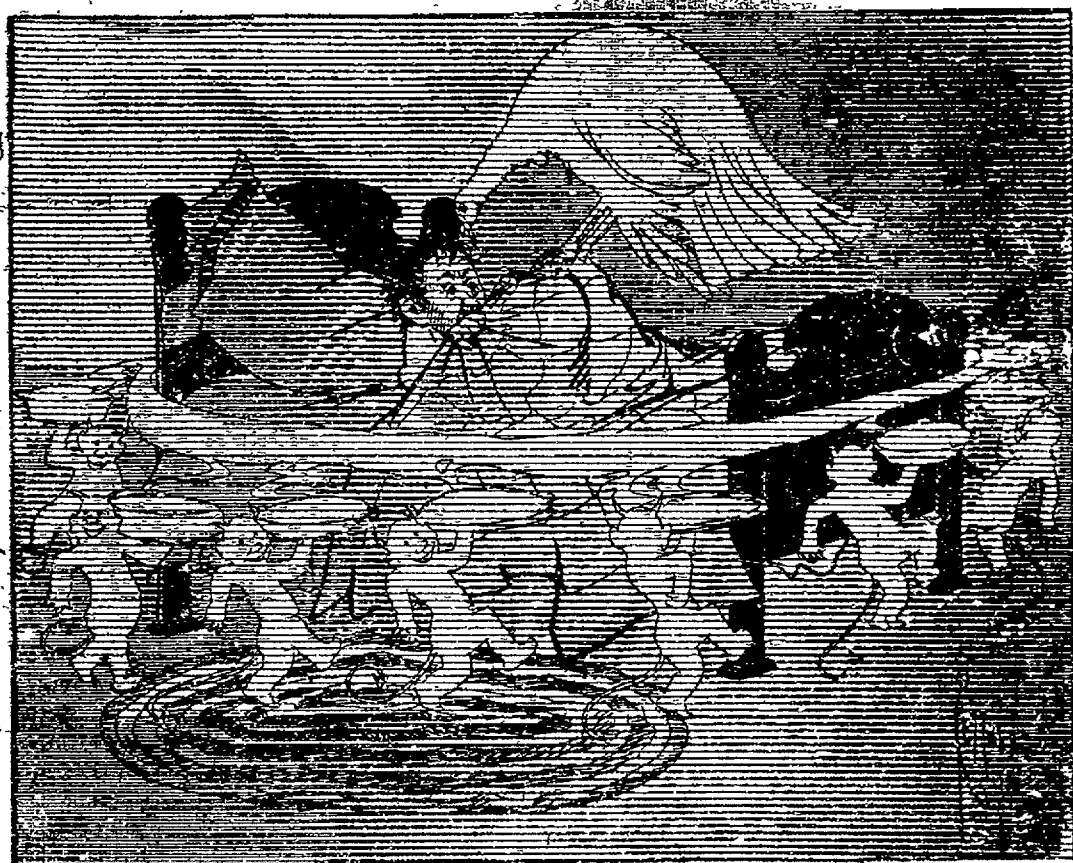
THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

Vol. XLIII. No. 18.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER, 29 1912.

\$1.00 Per Year in advance

'T WAS ONLY A DREAM



(Cont. from p. 1)

LADY MACCABEES' SUCCESSFUL PARTY

A LARGELY ATTENDED AFFAIR WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Many Out of Town Guests Were Present

The first big party of the season was given in the Princess rink Wednesday evening by the Maccabees ladies of this village. Though all previous parties given by them had been enjoyable affairs, this one seemed to eclipse them all for real enjoyment. Perhaps people were dance-hungry or perhaps the Thanksgiving time of fun and feast lent gaiety to their hearts and lightness to their feet. Any how everybody seemed bent on a good time and it looked 'as if they had it.

The rink was nicely decorated for the occasion and the flags and bunting lent pleasing contrasts or charming harmony to the pretty gowns worn by the scores of rosy cheeked and bewitching eyed ladies. (Wonder who wrote this.)

And the music! It was real! Cray's orchestra made up of a lot of new faces was all that could be desired and everybody seemed just as satisfied as though the music had come from Chicago or New York. Harold Turner did skip a note or two on various occasions, on his violin, in trying to keep track of another young Lansing man who seemed to be looking with unnecessary longing eyes at his (Harold's) best girl.

And the supper or dinner or what ever it may be called, was both mouthwatering and appetizing. In fact the whole affair was all that could be asked for and if any one didn't have a good time, it was because they weren't there.

IOWA GATES.

N. T. ASHLEY DIED MONDAY.

Nelson T. Ashley died at his home on Northside Monday evening of cancer from which he suffered the past six years. Deceased, who was sixty-one years of age, leaves a wife, three sons and four daughters. The funeral was held from the home Wednesday afternoon, and the burial was to Rural Hill cemetery.

STATE FAIR PRESIDENT

George Dickinson of Pontiac May Get It.

It now seems about certain that George Dickinson of Pontiac will be appointed as general manager of the Michigan State Fair association. Mr. Dickinson has been one of the state's railroad commissioners for some years past and has a splendid record for supervision and general executive ability. The directors of the state fair could not have found a more competent man and his selection will prove of much value to Michigan's big fair.

FRED VAN VALKENBURG DEAD.

Fred Van Valkenburg died in the University hospital at Ann Arbor, late Tuesday night, after having been ill since the first of April. He had been in the hospital undergoing treatment for the past eleven weeks, Mrs. Van spending a part of the time there with him.

Deceased, who was forty years of age, leaves besides the widow, two sons, Harvey, aged eighteen and Claude, aged eleven years; three brothers, Emery, Chas., and Lou of this place; and four sisters, Mrs. Sarah Stonehill of Wayland, Mrs. Estelle Harrington of Farmington and Mrs. May Corrin of Northville.

World's Largest Stone Statue. The largest stone statue in the world is in Japan, a figure forty-four feet high.

IOWA GATES.

JACK TRUFANT

BADLY INJURED

CAUGHT IN SHAFT OF HIS YPSI. MILL

Leg And Arm Broken Beside Other Injuries

While commencing to do some work on one of the lower floors of his flouring mill at Ypsilanti Tuesday morning Jack Trufant was caught in a fast revolving shaft breaking his left arm below the elbow, and breaking the left leg below the knee. Beside being otherwise badly bruised Trufant received a severe wound over one eye but fortunately it is not thought the sight is injured although it was a close call.

The bones of the left leg were so badly shattered that it is feared that he may be permanently lamed as a result.

That he escaped with his life Mr. Trufant thinks is almost a miracle and the fact that the shafting was not located near the ceiling is accountable for his being alive today.

With a broken leg and arm he dragged himself down another flight of stairs to the engine room, where employees quickly conveyed him home.

Mrs. Trufant's mother Mrs. McRoberts and her sister, Mrs. D. P. Yerkes of this place went over Tuesday noon to assist in the care of the sufferer for a few days.

A. H. KATOR DIED NOV. 22.

A. H. Kator died at the home of his daughter in Clarkston last Friday. He had suffered a paralytic stroke some five months previously from which he had never fully recovered. Deceased had made his home in this village with a daughter, Mrs. Robert Thompson for the past nine years and had one to Clarkston to visit his other daughter Mrs. Frank Marsh, when he was taken worse. He leaves besides the two daughters, two sons, Forest or Clarkston and Elmer of Detroit.

The funeral was held from the M. E. church at Inkster Monday afternoon.

Card Of Thanks.

Through the columns of the Record we wish to thank the G. A. R., the W. R. C., The King's Daughters and our neighbors and friends for flower and tender sympathy shown through sickness and death of our beloved father

Mrs. A. H. Kator
Mrs. R. B. Thompson
Mrs. Frank Marsh
Forest Kator.

Business Men.

Business men are divided into two classes—those who have machines and those who are—Life.

PLUMSTEAD COMIN'

MONDAY NIGHT

IT'S SECOND NUMBER OF LECTURE COURSE.

Big Crowd Ought to See The Michigan Boy.

Ellsworth Plumstead comes next Monday evening Dec. 2 to fill the second number of the lecture course. Mr. Plumstead is a Michigan boy and some of his people were former Northville residents. He is a real impersonator whose character sketches are grave and gay, lively and severe.

Mr. Plumstead has traveled the country over and word of approval comes from every section. The committee feels safe in predicting the utmost satisfaction to each patron.

The entertainment will be held in the Opera House Monday evening beginning at 8 o'clock. Reserved seats at Muldoon's store.

Those who wish tickets for the remainder of the course may have them for 75 cents for adults and 50 cents for high school students. Single admission 25 cents.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank the King's Daughters, Eastern Star, D. U. E. boys, friends and relatives for the beautiful flowers, and kindness shown me during my sad bereavement,
CHAS. BARNHART.

WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Arthur Harris has purchased a new Ford touring car.

Mrs. Allen Gilchrist is spending a few weeks in Detroit.

Frank Tuttle has rented his meat market to Floyd Parmalee.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Guenther, November 26, a daughter.

C. F. Rose was in Cleveland the fore part of the week on business.

Mrs. Rex Angell of Detroit was a weekend guest of Mrs. Frances McEabe.

Mrs. Margaret McKnight is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. J. Cornell this week.

Mrs. W. E. Ormsby and granddaughter of Boyne City were guests of Mrs. Julia Chaffee over Sunday.

The Thanksgiving services held in the M. E. church Sunday were well attended. A unique program of speeches by different citizens, interspersed with music, was given.

IOWA GATES.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Rent, For Sale, Lost Found Wanted notices inserted under this head for 1 cent per word.

LOST—1911 Gold Class pin with green and white enamel on front. Finder please return to Record office. 18w1

FOUND—Last week, a Fountain Pen. Owner may have same by calling at this office, proving property and paying 25 cents for this ad. 17w1

FOR SALE—Little more extracted Honey, 10 lb pails, \$1.50 per pail. Bell River, Northville. 17w1

FOR SALE—At Bargain—Full set Britannica Encyclopedia, 30 volumes. Apply at Record office. 10w1

FOR SALE—Franco-American Hygienic toilet articles, perfumes, extracts and baking powders. Ind. phone 105 L. G. E. Tremper. 13w1

FOR SALE—House and lot on Dunlap street. Inquire of Charles Blackburn. 37w1

LIVE STOCK—Conker's Salt-em will rid your stock of worms, ward off disease and make every animal productive. Your money back if it doesn't. Come in and get a trial pail. A. E. Stanley. 18w3p

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. P. K. ALEXANDER, DENTIST—Office over Stark Brother's Store. Hours 8 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.

Don't Forget

When you are in the market for a Coal Stove, Range Wood Heater, Air Tight Stove or Oil Heater, that at Huff's you can find just what you want at right prices. He sells only the kind that are bound to give satisfaction or your money refunded.

Beautiful Patterns and all sizes in Stove Zines and 1 and 2 yd Oilcloth Rugs.

Air Tight Wood Heaters.....\$1.50 to \$5.00
Just the thing for Spring and Fall.

PLUMBING—TINNING—FURNACE WORK.

JAMES A. HUFF

NORTHVILLE, (Both Phones.) MICHIGAN.



The Bank is the Parent and Teacher of every successful Enterprise in its Community



If all the business men and farmers in this community would BANK their money right here at home instead of hoarding it, or sending it away, it would help every other man in this community and therefore help himself. It is merely SELF-PROTECTION and SELF-DEVELOPMENT for us to keep our money right here and help OURSELVES.

We will gladly give our counsel to anyone who wants business advice—especially if we can steer you away from any investments which might cause you a loss. BE CAREFUL.

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

Northville State Savings Bank.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

DO IT NOW
Subscribe for THIS PAPER

High Cost of Living

The problem is nearer solved when you trade at this store than by any other means. We give you always the best goods that can possibly be sold for the lowest possible price.

Baking Powder, just as good as there is made at 25c, is one of the many ways.

TRADE AT RYDER'S

Sugar, 6 Cents per lb

17 lbs H & E Sugar\$1.00
25 lb Sack H & E Sugar for.....\$1.37
Extra C Sugar, per lb5½c

The Shirl Wrapped Cakes

Silver Slice.....10c Golden Sunbeam.....10c
Mephisto Cake.....10c Creto Fruit.....15c
Raisin Pound.....15c

Grape Fruit, Oranges, Grapes
Bananas, Cranberries, Figs, Dates.

At B. A. WHEELER'S

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

The SABLE

By
HORACE
HAZELTINE

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SYNOPSIS.

Robert Cameron, captain of the Philadelphia Clipper, newspaper publisher, is threatened by a mysterious letter he has received. The first promise is a sample of the writer's power on a certain day. On that day the head is mysteriously cut from a portrait of Cameron while the latter is in the room.

CHAPTER II.

Rifle Shots Echo in the Woods.

Of conveying even a little of the horror I experienced at Cameron's disclosure I am high hopes. The more I discussed the occurrence the less susceptible it seemed of explanation. And what is so terrifying as the inexplicable, or so dreadful as the intangible? Here, apparently, was an enemy of calm and cunning malignity, who chose to manifest his power in a manner almost ludicrously puerile—save as it pointed with significant finger to some dire and inevitable sequel—yet with such crafty secrecy as completely to mystify and dismay.

Cameron showed me the mutilated portrait. He had taken it down at almost immediately, and had hidden it away in a closet of the hall behind an array of raincoats. The cutting had been done, evidently, with an exceedingly keen blade, and very dexterously done. But that it would have been accomplished in twelve minutes, while Cameron sat in the room, not fifteen feet distant, was beyond my comprehension. Absorption in his book was the nearest we came to a solution, and that was scarcely tenable. For there was the crowded top of the bookshelves. To cut the canvas, the vandal must either have stood upon that or have reared a ladder. There was not room for the foot of a child on the shelf-top, and as for the ladder, it was unthinkable. How could a ladder have been carried in, and out without Cameron being conscious of it? From every possible angle we viewed the incident, making every conceivable concession, and no half-way plausible answer to the riddle presented itself.

And though our common sense told us that the time of miracles was long past, that no Gyges' ring nor Aladdin's lamp survived to this day to make invisible their wearers, there persisted, nevertheless, a chill, uncanny sense of the supernatural, quite evident to me in Cameron's hushed voice and furtive manner, and in my own unwonted nervous inquietude.

We sat very late. I wished, if possible, to learn if at any time in my friend's life he had done ought to engender an enemy to which these strange developments could be traced—whether, for instance, in the hot blood of his youth in some far land he had provoked the vengeance of one whose humor it is never to forget. As we talked I came to know Cameron better than I had ever known him before. He bared to me much of his early career, he gave me a clearer view of his temperamental qualities, and yet I could not but feel that he left the vital point untouched, that beneath his seeming frankness there lay hidden, shielded, some one episode, perhaps, which might let the light upon our darkness. For my question was evaded rather than answered.

Presently, we went back to the letters and dissected them, coldly and critically, sentence by sentence, and while the welch influence which they had exerted upon me at the first reading increased, stimulated possibly by the incident of the portrait, still we reached a certain practical, common-sense view as to their origin; for we came to see in them what we believed to be the hand of a religious fanatic. Certain expressions, we concluded, were quotations. If they were not Biblical, they were certainly of sacred genesis. And the discovery was not reassuring. It lent, indeed, an added prick to the perturbation we already experienced.

Nor did the absence of a specified date for the second promised demonstration of power tend to relieve our uneasiness. In this silence we found the acme of cunning cruelty. Any day, at any hour, some other mystifying, soul-torturing incident was liable to occur.

I tried to argue that the seventh day was implied, inasmuch as the second note was received on the same day of the month as the first, and was a mere continuation of the original threat. But my contention lacked the intrinsic strength which carries conviction, and as Cameron put it, we could only "watch and wait" for the communications offered no alternative. They made no demand which being complied with would avert penalty. Only implacable and inevitable retribution, calm, patient, and determined, effused from every line.

But, in spite of Cameron's evident anxiety—and in using that term I am very mildly stating his obvious condition of mind—he sternly refused to consult either the police or the private detectives.

"You may not know," he explained, "that I am largely interested in a certain line of industrial enterprises, the shares of which are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Should the pub-

lic become aware that my life is threatened, very serious consequences might ensue in the market. No, Clyde, whatever is done must be done by ourselves, and by friends whom we can trust absolutely. I can take no risk of this horrible thing getting into the newspapers. Besides," he added, with a kindly, considerate smile, "Evelyn must be kept in ignorance. Not for worlds would I have her troubled by our perplexing enigma."

My suggestion that he should go abroad for a time, or at least spend a few weeks at Newport, was met with similar obstinate refusal.

"I admit that I have been somewhat upset by this extraordinary situation," was the way he expressed it, "but I am not a coward. I am not going to let a mere threat of violence do to me what she did to him. If a man is not safe in his own house, where in Heaven's name is he likely to find safety?"

Quite naturally, I was led by this expression to inquire whether, perchance, he mistrusted any of the many persons who were employed in the house and about the estate. But, come what may, my surprise, he was almost gravely offended by the mere suggestion. "Nevertheless there were several features of the affair, chief of them the manner in which the letters were received, which caused me to dwell with some mental persistence on this as the most profitable ground for speculation. And when at length, in the morning's small hours, I returned to my home and to my bed, I carried the thought with me."

The sowing of this seed in the subconscious garden of my mind brought forth fruit after its kind. I awoke with a perfectly clear understanding of how that which, the night before, had seemed so impossible of accomplishment was, perhaps, after all, merely a hairbreadth trick, quite simple when explained.

With the new day, too, and the sunlight, and the cheery brightness of my own rooms, there came a lifting of that oppressive atmosphere of the esoteric which at Cameron's had set my nerves out of plumb and my reason on the bias. Indeed I was fully convinced that we had been foolishly constructing an Alpine chain out of a miserable little row of mole hills, and I determined to lose no time in bringing Cameron, whom I now regarded as most needlessly alarmed, to my own wholesome way of thinking.

Directly after breakfast, therefore, I set forth on foot for my neighbor's, choosing the shore road as the more direct of the two routes.

Personally, my taste in landscape is for distant view in preference to near-at-hand foliage. My own house, which is fashioned in semblance of a Pompeian villa, its cream-white walls punctuated with shutters of a somewhat vivid peacock and crowned by gently sloping roofs of the same bright color, gazes out across Stamford Harbor and the blue waters of the Sound, to where on clear days the perilled outline of Eaton's Neck shows purple in the distance. There are no towering, umbrageous trees to interrupt the outlook; only low, carefully trimmed shrubs, adorning a series of marble sculpture-dotted terraces, well below the line of vision. But the Cameron place, reflecting the Townsbury penchant for arboriculture, is quite the reverse. The prospect from the windows and verandahs of the fine old mansion is all green vistas and leafy perspectives, with only a glint of sun-sparkled waves, chance caught between gray boles or when the wind spreads a momentary opening in the foliage.

My way to Cameron's led through a veritable forest of such luxuriant leafage that the path more than half the time was in twilight, while to right and left the shadows deepened into dark in the cloistered recesses of the woodland heart. The silence was profound. No voice of bird nor scurrying foot of squirrel invaded the morning hush of those ramous depths. My own footsteps on the soft turf returned no sound.

A half-mile or more I had walked in this mute greenwood peace, when sharp and clear there echoed through the verdurous aisles the crack of a rifle, and I came to a sudden, involuntary halt.

Then it occurred to me that it was the third day of the open season for rail birds, and that it was the report of a shotgun I had heard, fired by some sportsman, off on the shore, there, to my right. And so I resumed my tramp, with ears keen for a repetition. Almost immediately I was rewarded, and then I knew that it was no rail bird gunner, for the shot was unmistakably a rifle shot, and it was fired in the depth of the wood to the left of me.

Three times more I heard it, in fairly rapid succession, and sounding all ways from about the same direction. I cannot say that it gave me any uneasiness, but it perplexed me in a mild way, arousing a passing curiosity as to its object. And then, I came out upon the well-kept, gravelled drive which circles the clove-cropped, velvet Cameron lawn, and catching

sight of Cameron himself, in riding breeches and puttees, romping with one of his picturesquely graceful Russian wolf-hounds, promptly forgot all about it.

He came across the sward to meet me, the great, gaunt white hound pressing close to his side, and I thought I saw that, too, had experienced the inspiring influence of the morning.

"I have found an answer," I cried, while he was still fifty yards away, "possibly the answer."

He raised his brows in question, and the hound, with open jaws, fondled his wrist.

"I had a horseback ride before breakfast," he told me, as he shook my hand. "Then I spent an hour at the kennels. We've a fine new brood of collie puppies. You must see them."

"I want to," I returned.

"What do you say to tennis?" he suggested, irreverently. "Just a set. It's a fine morning for tennis."

"You can lend me a pair of shoes," I consented, glancing down at my boots.

"A dozen pairs," he smiled. "Come up to my dressing room. Louis will fit you out."

I was scarcely prepared for this change in my friend's mood, and far from happy over it. He was evidently determined to ignore the subject that had so engrossed us the night before, hoping to find solace of harassing thought in a restless round of activities. The condition was a morbid one which I believed should be discouraged; the more so as I possessed what I fancied was a perfectly practical solution of that which, hitherto, had seemed to us an inexplicable phenomenon. And I was a little annoyed, too, that my good tidings should be thus disregarded.

When, therefore, we had entered the hall and Cameron was leading to the broad, ascending staircase, I paused.

"Do you mind giving me just a minute?"

He stopped, turned, and stood in questioning silence.

"A minute in your study," I added, in explanation.

Reluctantly, it seemed to me, he crossed to the study door, and throwing it open, stood aside that I might precede him.

The room appeared far less grim and gloomy than when I had last entered it. Its windows faced the south; and between the olive-green tapestry curtains the sun poured in a flood, lighting up the bay windows, glinting on the gilt ornaments of the writing table, and bathing in dazzling splendor the burnished bronzes on the crowded top of the book and liver.

"See you are not disposed to resume our discussion of last night," began, when Cameron, having closed the door behind him, halted just in side, and with hands in pockets, awaited my opening.

"But I want to show you that we have been in very much the same position as the wondering children who watch the prestidigitator. We have imagined something amazingly like a miracle, which, in point of fact, is capable of a very simple, commonplace explanation."

"You mean the cutting out of the head of the portrait?" he asked, with kindling interest.

"I do."

"You have discovered how it was done, before my eyes, so to speak, and yet—?"

"I have discovered how it may have been done," I interrupted.

He moved his head just perceptibly from side to side in skeptical gesture.

"The door of this room is seldom locked?" I queried, ignoring the indicated skepticism.

"Never locked," he answered.

"It would be quite possible for any one, knowing that you were absent, to spend an hour or so here, uninter-

rupted?"

"Any one?" he questioned.

"Any one who had gained entrance to the house," I amplified.

"Oh, yes, I presume so."

"They would have ample time to clear a space on the bookshelves, climb up, and carefully cut out the head, or any part, or the whole of a portrait if they were so inclined?"

I paused for his answer, but he only smiled with a sort of incredulous tolerance.

"Would they not?" I insisted. But Cameron was most perverse this morning.

"My dear Clyde," he scoffed, "of what use is all this? The portrait was cut; not while I was absent, but while I was present. I saw it complete at three o'clock; at twelve minutes past three, it was mutilated."

"My contention is," I explained, quite patiently, "that while you saw it complete at three o'clock, the cut had already been made, but the cut portion had not been removed. In other words, the cutting having been deftly done with a thin, sharp knife, it is perfectly feasible to leave the portrait apparently intact, though with the slightest effort the incised portion could subsequently be released—with, say, a piece of cord, glued to the back for that especial purpose."

Now that I had made myself clear, Cameron was quick to acknowledge the possibility of such a method.

"And the cord, you mean, led down behind the bookshelves, and perhaps through a window?" he suggested.

"Precisely. And was pulled by some one on the outside."

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully. "Such an explanation is not unreasonable. The thing, really, must have been done in some such way."

"And don't you see," I hurried on with my advantage, "how utterly cheap this makes the whole affair? There's nothing at all impressive in that performance when you find out how it was done. If the next demonstration is no better than such clap-trap, you may rest assured you have a very picaresque sort of mountebank villain to deal with. So, cheer up, my dear man, and I'll show you a few tricks at tennis that may be equally eye-opening."

Unquestionably my friend appeared relieved. But I came to fancy later that the appearance was feigned for my benefit. Certainly he was not convinced, and in that proved himself possessed of an intuition, a world more accurate than my own.

CHAPTER III.

The Target.

The set at tennis having finished, with victory perching on my banners, I made excuse to put off the inspection of the collie puppies until another time, resumed my walking boots and, with a parting if futile admonition to Cameron to "think no more about it," started on my homeward way.

My route lay again through the miniature forest, for the day had waxed uncomfortably warm with the approach of noon, and there was scant shade on the high-road between our two houses. In the wood, however, the air was gratefully cool, and I strode on at a good pace, breathing deeply and with enjoyment the hoarse odors which greeted me afresh at every step.

The dead silence which I had remarked earlier was broken now by the hoarse rattling of a steamboat whistle, somewhere off shore, and by the shrill voices of birds, apparently in resentful protest at this raucous invasion of their sylvan quiet.

I had succeeded in putting aside, for the moment at least, all thought of Cameron, his anonymous letters, and his mutilated portrait, and was dwelling on my disappointment at not having caught even so much as a glimpse of Evelyn Grayson during my morning visit to Graghill. It is true that I had gone there with a shrewd purpose in mind to convey to Cameron what I believed to be an important theory—but underlying this, I realized now, was more than a hope, a confidence even, that I should see Evelyn. I was tempted, indeed, to a regret that I had not waited, visited the kennels, and accepted Cameron's invitation for luncheon, which would doubtless have insured me a few words at least with my Goddess of Youth.

While on the verge of this self-reproach my spirits suddenly lifted, for the steam whistle having died away in the distance and the feathered choristers having relapsed into a pleased chirp that merely accented the stillness, there broke all at once on the mute calm of the woodland the silver sweetness of a girl's singing. Clear and resonant it rang through the forest aisles; a voice I knew beyond mistaking. Evelyn Grayson was coming towards me over the scented turf. Still hidden by a bend in the path, the melody alone measured for me her approach. It was a French chanson she was singing, a lyric of Baudelaire's, of which we were both fond.

Sweet music sweeps me like the sea
Toward my pale star
Whether the clouds be there or all the
air be free,
I sail away.

And then she came around the turn. At first she did not see me, for her eyes were lifted with her voice, and I had time to mark the fascinating grace of her long, free stride, before she became conscious of my presence and checked and shortened it. She wore a frock of white serge, the skirt's edge at her ankles, revealing dainty, snowy buckskin ties and just a peep of white silk hose. And her flower-like face looked out through a frame of Leshorn straw, and pink roses, tied snugly beneath her softly rounded chin with the firmest of long, floating white veils. You can imagine the picture she made, there in this green glade, with her big blue eyes alight with glad surprise, and the warm blood suddenly risen in her cheeks.

"You truant!" I cried, in jocular riposte, "Are you always going to run away when I visit Graghill?"

She pouted prettily. I detect a woman who pouts, ordinarily. There is usually such palpable affectation about it. But Evelyn's pouting was winsome as an infant's. Besides it was only momentary. Then her eyes flashed and her foot was planted very hard, for

such a tiny thing, on the green grass blades.

"I'm not a truant," she declared, with feigned indignation, "and I never thought of running away. That's just your concocted manly imagination. You fancy that everything I do can have but one cause, and that is yourself. How, pray, was I to know you intended paying us a morning call?"

"Tut, tut," I caught her up. "What a little spitfire we have here! If you hadn't deserted me so shamefully last evening, I shouldn't have minded this morning, so much. As it is, it seems a mere since I saw you."

Now she smiled until her dimples nestled. "That is much better," she returned, gayly, "and deserves a reply, just as my action of last evening deserves praise, and not rebuke. I sacrificed myself and my pleasure for one I love."

"Not for me, surely?"

"Did I use the word conceit a moment ago? Are you the only man I love?"

"I hope so," I answered, impudently. "There is another," she confessed, in mock tragedy. "Behold his face!"

I had not noticed that she held a little roll in her hand, for my eyes had been ever on hers; so, when abruptly she spread out and held before me the missing head from Cameron's portrait, I was doubly unprepared. I know I was startled. She said afterwards that I went very white. I suppose I did; for with the rush of realization came such a chain of supposition as to dignify me momentarily, dizzy. For a second or more I stood dumb, while my hand went out in eager reach for the scrap of canvas, which I had observed, instantaneously, bore four perforations, all of a size—the size of a rifle bullet. With that discovery had occurred the shots I had heard; and following this, came a maze of conjecture, going back to that first letter, then to the painting's mutilation, and on through devious ways to the morning's target practice; and always with one or another of Cameron's trusted servants as the chief actor.

When I recovered my composure I found Evelyn looking wildly away from my covetous hand.

"It is the picture of the man I love," she was saying, tearfully. "A very, very good man."

"But where did you get it?" I asked, seriously. "Do you know where it came from?"

Suddenly she was as grave as I could wish.

"I found it nailed to a tree," she answered. "Wasn't it odd? How do you suppose it came there? It looks like the portrait that hung in Uncle Robert's study. Do you suppose he grew to dislike it and cut it out and threw it away?"

Now I found myself in some little embarrassment. If I was to obey Cameron's injunction I could not tell Evelyn the truth. Yet I was in no position to make light of her find. On the other hand I must learn from her just where she had come upon it, and so trace, if possible, the person who had fired the shots which rattled it.

"My dear girl," I said, adopting a tone of cajolery "we have—here, I think, a matter in which we both can be of service—very valuable service, indeed, to that beloved uncle and guardian of yours. But, you must trust me, absolutely, and, for the present at least, you must give to him no hint of what we have in hand. Do you understand?"

She laughed in that merry rippling fashion which I had found not the least of her charms.

"Do I understand?" she repeated, laying a hand on my arm in emphasis of her amused tolerance. "Do I understand? Of course I don't, and I shan't, until you have answered at least a half-dozen whys and whats."

"But you must trust me," I insisted, "and as primary evidence of that trust you will proceed at once to hand over to me, for examination, that somewhat damaged piece of portraiture which you are holding behind you."

Very wide her eyes opened in an innocent, almost infantile stare, as she asked:

"Do you really mean it, Philip?"

"Really," I answered, gravely. "I'd like to tell you all about it, right here and now, but that might spoil everything, so you must show what a strong womanly woman you are, by keeping silence and waiting."

In token of compliance she gave me the oval piece of canvas.

"I wonder who punched the holes in it?" she remarked, ruefully. "Whoever it was, they were shockingly disrespectful."

I tried to fancy what she would have said had she known they were bullet holes. Evidently that possibility had not occurred to her and I was glad that it had not.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Grandchild of George III.
The Grand Duchess Augusta Caroline of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Europe's oldest princess, celebrated her 90th birthday recently. She is the only surviving grandchild of George III.

A Civil Answer.
"Do many strangers settle here, landlord?"

"They all settle, an' them without no more baggage than you got settles in advance."

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Marriage.
The couple were being married by an out-of-town justice of the peace. "Until death do you part?" the magistrate asked, in the usual form. The man hesitated. "See here, judge, can't you make it an indeterminate sentence?" quoth he, after thinking a moment.—Puck.

Many Children Are Sickly.
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colic, Stomach, relieve Fever, Headache, Stomach, and Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels, and destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 22 years. At all druggists. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Adv.

Boomerang.
Mrs. Hiram Offen—"I'm afraid you won't do. As nearly as I can find out, you have worked in six or seven places during the last year."
Miss Brady—"Well, an' how many girls has yerself had in the same time?" No less, I'm thinkin'.—Boston Transcript.

Education and Larger Life.
It seems to me that the woman who cannot cut out a garment better because of her geometry and her drawing lessons, who cannot speak English more distinctly and with fuller vocabulary because of her study of French or German, who cannot find a hundred uses for her chemistry in the little everyday emergencies of her housekeeping, has not succeeded in getting from her studies all that they had to give her.—Home Progress Magazine.

Turkish Counting of Time.
Through the center of the mosque of St. Sophia runs the theoretical meridian which gave the Turks their local time—one hour and fifty-six minutes fifty-two seconds fast on Greenwich—until, two years ago, the new government fell in with the standard system of time zones, and came into the eastern European zone, exactly two hours ahead of Greenwich time. For religious purposes, however, 12 o'clock always happens at sunset, and noon thus wanders with the seasons all round the clock.—Westminster Gazette.

Why He Wept.
At a reception one night, says the Woman's Home Companion, a loud voiced young man was invited to sing. Desultory applause followed, and he responded with a vociferous rendering of "My Old Kentucky Home." The hostess was passing among her guests, beaming at the success of her entertainment and sure that everybody was having a good time, when suddenly, to her surprise, she came upon a middle-aged man but slightly known to her, who was weeping silently but bitterly in a secluded corner. "Thinking that his heart had been touched by the old song, she asked sympathetically: "Why do you weep? Are you a Kentuckian?"

"No, madam," he replied. "I am a musician."

AND GETS LEFT.



Lady—I hope you go to Sunday school regularly, my little man.
Little Man—Dat's what ma hopes, too.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE
Something Worth Listening To.

A young Nebr. man was advised by a friend to eat Grape-Nuts because he was all run down from a spell of fever. He tells the story:

"Last spring I had an attack of fever that left me in a very weak condition. I had to quit work; had no appetite, was nervous and discouraged."

"A friend advised me to eat Grape-Nuts but I paid no attention to him and kept getting worse as time went by."

"I took many kinds of medicine but none of them seemed to help me. My system was completely run down, my blood got out of order from want of proper food, and several very large boils broke out on my neck. I was so weak I could hardly walk."

"One day mother ordered some Grape-Nuts and induced me to eat some. I felt better and that night rested fine. As I continued to use the food every day, I grew stronger steadily and now have regained my former good health. I would not be without Grape-Nuts, as I believe it is the most health-giving food in the world." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pks. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

The Northville Record

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.
Established 1889

An Independent Newspaper published every Friday morning by the Neal Printing Co., at Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville Post-office as Second-Class matter.

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

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

Notices for religious and benevolent societies, of reasonable length, one insertion free.

No advertisement of unreliable patent medicine, advertising, or anything bordering on the objectionable accepted at any price.

Obituary notices will not be inserted unless paid for in advance of the date of publication. Reading notices and resolutions 1 cent per word.

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., NOV. 29, '12

TAFT, A GOOD LOSER.

As "all the world loves a lover" so does all the world love a cheerful loser—the man who doesn't think the sun will stop shining because fate or fortune quits smiling on him for a moment. President is now very conspicuous as a good loser. Instead of lamenting over what might have been and calling everybody this and that, he is now taking his medicine without a grimace. He has lived such a life that "no matter how bitter the dregs he can smile as he looks across the cup and drinks."

Future historians will write of Mr. Taft as one of the greatest presidents occupying the White House. He was not a sensationalist. He did deeds instead of calling men this through the big newspaper headlines several times a day, but the people wanted his words and his wisdom. He was all the time they had gotten in the habit and it quit it was like taking away a part of their food. During his address before the Lotus Club of New York recently he joked about his defeat. Then he offered a toast to the next president who at the court of the old school.

Mr. Taft's cheerful outlook in commands the highest esteem. It was an exhibition of genuine manhood and excellent citizenship. It minimizes the individual and maximizes the common cause for which Mr. Taft fought with all his might, but along lines that brought challenge because his views were not abreast of general desire. He did not follow public clamor and could not play to the gallery. But nobody can successfully question his honesty or his desire to serve his country. Nobody has questioned his manhood, or the high degree of his citizenship or the integrity of his motives and the general broadmindedness of which he has just given a public exhibition will follow him into retirement from office and doubly endear him to his fellow countrymen.

PRESIDENT-ELECT WILSON'S GOOD START.

President Elect Wilson gives notice that he will call a special session of Congress not later than April 15. That sounds good for a starter. If the tariff is to be monkeyed with, and seemingly and apparently it is, the sooner the monkeying begins the better for the country and the sooner we will get settled down to business again. This is doubtless Mr. Wilson's idea. His party is committed to tariff revision and tariff for revenue only and whatever operation is to be the new president believes it will be less painful if it is done quickly. In this respect Mr. Wilson starts out well but whether he will be able to make the congress see things through his glasses is something that can be better told after April 15 and also after that date Mr. Wilson can better judge whether it will be best for him to borrow Mr. Taft's sugar barrel or Mr. Roosevelt's big stick.

Lost articles quickly recovered through Record Want Ads.

NORTHVILLE.

Purely Personal.

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

Mrs. Otis Tewksbury visited Detroit last week.

Miss Hazel Bishop spent Sunday with her sister in Detroit.

Miss Arbutus Wolfe visited with her mother in Detroit over Sunday.

M. Fogart of Wilcox is spending a few days with N. E. Hogart and family.

Edward Bogart has secured a position with the National Candy Co. of Detroit.

Chas. FHkins and family spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bulask at Toledo, O.

Mrs. Evans of Holly returned home Monday after a two week's visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bowen of Detroit were in attendance at the Macabee party Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dolph were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Murphy at Cleveland to spend Thanksgiving.

Mrs. W. D. Croner has returned to her home in Iowa following a brief visit with her cousin Mrs. F. G. Terrill.

Mr. and Mrs. Siehl from New York State visited at the home of her brother, Will H. Elliott for a week past.

Rev. and Mrs. R. M. Pierce and family and Miss Grace Pierce spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents at Jackson.

Gladys and Helen Morse, are Thanksgiving and week-end house party guests of Miss Marguerite Norton at Wayne.

Eugene Des Ahtels and his young bride left yesterday for Manchester, Iowa where he is employed in the service of the U. S. fish commission.

Miss Rachel McCloud of Detroit who has been substituting as teacher in the eighth grade has returned home. Edward Fogart is taking her place in that grade.

Miss Georgia Smith has returned from her home at Canton where she has been ill for a month and has resumed her work as stenographer at the Stimpson Scale Co's office.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kay were out at Williamston and Fosterville last week and the week previous visiting and rabbit hunting. This excursion 18 of the bob tailed, wool fellows.

Thos. T. D. and D. B. Henry and their hunting party returned Friday from their north woods deer hunt securing half a dozen of the fleet footed animals as a result of their skill and good luck.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Hines and children of Detroit motored out to Northville Sunday, accompanied by Mrs. Hines' mother Mrs. J. H. Steers who has been visiting them. Mrs. Jessie Powers returned home with them for a couple of days' visit.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES

(By the pastor.)
Morning service at 10:30, Sunday school at 11:45 and Christian Endeavor at 6 p. m.

The Christmas program committee has been appointed and an unusual Christmas program by the Sunday school is assured.

Frank H. West of Detroit gave very interesting talk at first meeting of the Christian Endeavor. Unusual attendance and interest marked this opening.

There will be no evening service owing to the union service to be held in the Baptist church. Friends and strangers welcome to these services.

The young people's Rally and Social held Friday evening was an unqualified success. The initial appearance of the orchestra and male quartet was most cordially received. The solos by Mrs. A. E. Stanley and Mrs. T. B. Henry were enthusiastically endorsed and the reading of Miss Babbitt received unanimous approval. Something like 30 young people were in attendance. The young people aim to have these socials frequently during the winter.

The annual Praise service of the Women's Missionary society which was to have been held next Sunday evening is to be held on the evening of the 3rd Dr. Milligan, pastor of the Pontiac Presbyterian church is to deliver the address. Dr. Milligan who has recently come to Pontiac is doing a most excellent work and is one of the best speakers of the Detroit Presbytery. A treat is in store for those who will hear him.

IOWA GATES.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

School Notes.

(By a Pupil)

Don Yerkes attended a wedding in Plymouth last Thursday.

The Seventh grade has completed the study of Evangeline.

The Misses Corder and Winkler were in Detroit Saturday.

Nellie Freydl won in the spelling contest in the Sixth grade.

Basket ball game with New Baltimore Dec 13 at Northville.

Edward Bogart is supplying as teacher of the Eighth grade.

Miss Wieler visited the English and science departments Thursday.

The bank deposit last week was \$14.66. It is getting near Christmas.

Blanche Moyer of Novi is a new pupil in the A class of the Second grade.

The Bookkeeping students had a party in the class room, Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Pierce spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Alice Jones near Farmington.

The Sixth grade won in the hall contest and got out of school a half an hour early Friday.

John Lafr has enrolled in the Fifth grade. He has been attending school in the country.

Little Kathleen Herrick is recovering, but will not be able to attend school again this year.

Miss Pierce has divided her large Ninth grade English and history classes into two divisions.

Harry Nutt, the American Book Companies agent at Flint, was a high school visitor Friday.

The Kindergarten and Second grade had a Thanksgiving party together, Wednesday forenoon.

The Fifth grade made some nice water-color landscapes in black and white for Miss Cole last week.

Miss Olive Matson teacher of the Waterford school, visited the Northville schools Friday afternoon.

Plymouth and Northville played football here Thursday afternoon. Score 26 to 0 in favor of Northville.

C. R. Brooker of Jackson representing Scott, Foresman and Co. Publishers of Chicago, was a caller Friday.

The half day gained by the Fifth grade last month was carried over and used on Wednesday before Thanksgiving.

Louise Thayer and Frances Yerkes the librarians, report that about 70 books were drawn from the school library last week.

The Fourth grade pupils enjoyed a Thanksgiving party in that room Wednesday morning. Candy, popcorn and other good things were on the program.

Harold Sonnenberg and Florence Prutal received first and second prizes given for writing the best papers on the "Care of the Teeth" in the second grade.

The Light grade joined the High school in Tuesday morning's music period. The orchestra assisted in making the occasion an interesting and profitable one.

Miss Pierce will spend Thanksgiving at her home in Jackson, Miss Johnson in Plymouth, the Misses Miller and Burt in Clyde, Ohio, Miss Bullis in Ann Arbor, Miss Cole in Ann Arbor, Miss Ramsey in Redford.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The ladies of the church will hold their monthly business meeting at the home of N. A. Clapp at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Dec 3. A large attendance is desired as it is the last meeting of the year and important business matters are to come up.

The pastor will conduct his farewell services on Sunday. Morning subject, "Some Reasons for Encouragement in the Christian Service." There will be a Union meeting in the evening. A cordial invitation is extended to all well wishers to be present. Sunday school, Junior and B. Y. P. U. at the usual hours.

METHODIST NOTICES.

(By the Pastor.)

Services at the usual hour Sunday.

Union services in the Baptist church Sunday evening. This will be Rev. Murdock's farewell sermon.

Mr. Neal gave a ten minute talk to the Sunday school Sunday a. m. on "The Origin and customs of Thanksgiving Day."

Taking the Easter.

Mrs. Messer—Now, Tommy, go and kiss your auntie, or mamma will whip you hard. Tommy (after a long look at the auntie)—Whip me, ma!

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always BoughtBears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

RESOLUTIONS.

The muffled drum is heard and God in his wisdom has again called, and another of the nation's defenders has answered to the long last roll call. Comrade M. Marvin died October 25, 1912. Comrade Marvin belonged to Co. E Fifth Mich. Infantry. There fore, be it ordained by Allen M. Harmon Post No. 318 of Northville, Mich., that in the death of Comrade Marvin, the post has lost a faithful member and a diligent worker, one who was cheerful and patient in affliction, a good citizen and a good soldier, and be it further resolved that the charter of our Post be draped for 30 days as a fitting symbol of our esteem and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his wife and also printed in the Northville Record and placed in the Post records.

JOHN MORSE, Commander
GEORGE SMITHERMAN, Adjutant.

First Street Gas Lamps.
Street gas lamps were first used in London in 1807.

Ordeal for Brides.
A peculiar and barbaric marriage custom of the Kabyle women of Africa consists in the martyrdom of the bride, who, clad in her wedding dress, stands through an entire morning against a pillar in the village square. Her eyes are closed, her arms pressed to her sides and she has only the narrow base of the column for a foothold. Meanwhile a ring of villagers criticise and commend on her appearance.



Youth's Requisites

are given a prominent place among the artistic conception of the

EATON, CRANE
PIKE & CO.

There are dainty conceits in writing paper, petite notes, party invitations, decorated stationery, with juvenile designs, each sure to win favor with adults, as well as with the little folks. All on the usual high plane of excellence.

We invite your inspection.

A. E. Stanley
NORTHVILLE.

Handkerchiefs, beautiful imported line from 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c

Our 25c, 50c, 75c are exceptionally fine and lots of choice. See windows for the prettiest patterns you ever saw in Northville.

Comforters, big choice.....\$1.00 to \$3.50

Blankets.....45c, 55c, 69c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 up

Lots of Patterns in Outing Flannel, good heavy stock.....8c, 10c

Ladies' and Men's Night Gowns.....50c, 75c, \$1

Coats, we have some good bargains in Coats; come in and we will give you more than your money's worth

Drapes...\$1.75, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50, to \$8.50

Aprons.....25c and 50c

Table Linen.....50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25

Umbrellas.....50c, 75c, \$1.00 to \$3.50

PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER

EDWIN WHITE.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING
WATCHES
CLOCKS
JEWELRY
SILVERWARE
DIAMONDS
CUT GLASS
ENGRAVING



GLASSES
FITTED
EXAMINATION
FREE

As Christmas Approaches

THE THOUGHT OF

THAT ONE PRESENT

THE MAIN ONE—

THE ONE THAT MUST

BE JUST RIGHT

becomes insistent. Better

dispose of it at once. You

must have time for a careful

selection. We must have

time for artistic engraving.

IT'S NONE TOO EARLY

RIGHT NOW.

OTTO LOOMIS

Northville. (Both Phones.) The Jeweler.

William Edgar Harrison

Practical

Watchmaker, Machinist and Electrician

Expert Repairing

Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Organs Phonographs

Sewing Machines

All makes

Lawn Mowers, Carpet Sweepers, Gasoline or Steam

Engines, Electric Wiring, Door Bell Hang-

ing, Annunciators, Call Bells, etc

Automobile, Repairing, Supplies

Auto Work done at your home for 40c per hour.

Oil 40c per gallon.

Home Phone 147.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

It Pays To Advertise in the Record Want Column.

We are ready for the early shopper, with a full line of Ribbons, Stamped Goods, Embroidery Flosses, Towels, Table Linens, Scarfs, etc.

If you are particular about your Underwear come to us.

JUST FOUR WEEKS TO CHRISTMAS

In simple justice to yourself see our remarkable values in Blankets
50c-60c-75c, \$1-1.15-1.35-1.75-2-\$2.50
Wool Blankets \$4.95, 5.50, \$6, 7, 8, \$9

The best Outings at.....10c yd

1,000 New Idea Patterns always in stock. The only seam allowed patterns for.....10c

An all pure linen Table Damask, good assortment of patterns 50c yd



If you want a satisfactory Night Garment for either Man or Woman insist upon a Lowell. There is nothing like them for size or quality.

Have you seen our wide Serges at \$1 yd

CHARLES A. PONSFORD

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

SUPPLEMENT

NORTHVILLE RECORD

Northville, Mich.

Friday, Nov. 29, 1912

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 25.
Mr. Albert W. Kludt, who was for many years the eye expert for Roehm & Co., Jewelers, is now located in his own office and gives his patrons the benefit of his personal attention.

Animals Clever With Their Feet.
Goats are the most sure footed of our native animals. They can walk upright where the average human being would not crawl. Horses are the daintiest treaders, however, though they cannot climb. No horse will step on a man if it can possibly help it. It is a standing rule in cavalry regiments that if a trooper is dismounted he must remain perfectly still, when the whole column passes over him without injuring him. Camels are careless, on the other hand, and the men who came out unharmed from under the feet of a camel corps was not born to be run over by any kind of beast or vehicle.—Exchange.

A Royal Slip.
Considerable amusement was once caused by a slip of Emperor Nicholas. Willing to keep the officers of several of his fortune of a sultan's militia who volunteered to be present at the front. The very conspicuous as a good reason, to be instead of lamenting over what the father have been and calling every-boddy wrote and rascals who didn't thutlon in his he did, as did a gentleman from the city after the Chicago convention. The president is devoting the remaining months of his term of office to the discussion of remedies which may help the country. He takes his medicine without a grimace. He has lived such a life that "no matter how bitter the dregs he can swallow as he looks across the cup." There are drinks.

Future historians will write of around that as one of the great events of the world, occupying the last of his life. He was not a man who was known did deeds instead of words. In Tibet through the big newspaper he was several times a day, but they are situated wanted five weeks and were situated on stunts all the time. They were about forty in the habit and to hold at a much lower taking away a part of conditions are the number he address, history built. When Mr. Tait is then before the review Tibetan manda (1) begins the town moves back.

A Funny Eagle.
A Russian grand duke was once the guest of a German prince. It was early in the last century. In Russia the Imperial double headed eagle is to be seen everywhere and on everything throughout the empire—stamped, painted, embroidered or sculptured. At that time the education of grand dukes was somewhat limited. This grand duke went out shooting in Germany and, among other things, shot a large bird. He asked an experienced huntsman who accompanied him what the bird was. "An eagle, your highness," was the answer. The grand duke turned on him in an irritated way. "How can it be an eagle," he asked, "when it has only one head?"

Cooking Accounts.
The word cook, used in the sense of which he has been known, is put in his mind to follow him into retirement from office and doubly to endear him to his fellow countrymen.

PRESIDENT ELECT WILSON'S GOOD START.

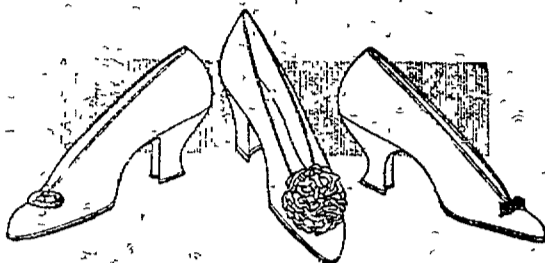
President Elect Wilson gives notice that he will call a special session of Congress not later than April 15. That sounds good for a start, and if the tariff is to be monkeyed with, and seemingly and apparer it is, the sooner the monkeying gets the better for the country.

REDAUGHTER CHORUS
The sooner we will get settled to business again. This is Mr. Wilson's idea. His party admitted to tariff revision and other 25th for revenue only and what eration is to be the new p. believes it will be less p. is done quickly. In t. Mr. Wilson starts out we December 2nd er he will be able tht Beauties. congress see things RLS—25 glasses is something Daily 2:15. better told after App. performance 8-15. after that date yformance 8-15. better judge whether —20c and 30c. for him to borrow Cherry 1812. barrel or Mr. stick

Special Sale of Hair Goods

Electrolysis, Electric Facial and Scalp Massage. Violet Rays. Instruction taught in all the above branches in our Training School. Easy terms if desired.
Diplomas Given. Positions Waiting. Write for particulars.
HUBBARD
407 GAS BLDG DETROIT, MICH

Smart Formal Footwear



SLIPPERS find favor with whom "who know." In the ball-room—at the reception—their modish elegance will be recognized peeping out from beneath the majority of the most artistic gowns.
We know you will find \$4 an exceptionally reasonable price—and you will like the snug way they cling to the heel. A refreshing variety of models with appropriate Onyx Hosiery to match.
We show all the standard colors, but if you cannot find the correct match for your gown, we will either patch your sample or make slippers from your own material within 10 days—the additional cost is very little.
Pom-poms, Bows, Buckles, Rhinestone Ornaments, etc., for the "finishing touch" afford many pleasing combinations.

Walk-Over Shoe Co.

153 Woodward Ave.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Each week this space will be devoted to exploit the many beautiful garments manufactured by the American Negligee Co. located at 131 Farmer St. This company specializes in the manufacture of Kimonos, Tea Gowns, Maternity Gowns, Pullman Robes, Eiderdown Robes and in fact all kinds of negligees, underwear, etc. as well as trousseaux of all descriptions in Lingerie, Ja. C. de Chene and Italian Silk. This is the only place in Detroit where Italian Silk underwear can be had made to order right on the premises. If the samples which are on display in their attractive shop do not fit, they make to your individual measure. Look for our announcement weekly.

AMERICAN NEGLIGEE CO.

131 FARMER STREET.

December.
"Nobody is worried nowadays by the fact that the twelfth month of the year is called the Tenth, December," says a writer, "and no doubt even the ancient Romans soon got used to the anomaly when the new year was shifted back from March to January, though the old names of the months were retained. But there was one of them who made ingenious use of it—Laelius, a rascally procurator at Lyons under Augustus. He insisted on having certain monthly payments made fourteen times a year, arguing, when December came round, that as it was the tenth month of the year and there ought to be twelve there must be two more to be accounted for."

Fed Them on Stale News.
In the British arctic expedition of 1875 one of the chaplains had a file of the London Times twenty years old, containing the Crimean war reports. One copy was given out to each ship daily. The officers had it first, then it went to the fore-castle, and soon every one was as keen about the news as if the war had been proceeding. The clergyman in control of the press was brought to issue an evening edition, and when Sebastopol was about to be taken excitement ran so high that the newspaper office—a locker—was almost stormed. The editor, however, was firm and continued with his daily issue, the interest being kept up to the end of the expedition.

A Remedy.
Benham—He called me a driving idiot. Mrs. Benham—Well, don't drive.—Exchange.

Talent.
The artist uses a stone, and it is a statue; the mason uses a stone, and it is a doorstep.

Growth of Rocks.
Rocks do not grow in the sense that a plant grows. They may increase by accretion, and they may undergo chemical change. The old sea bed, being lifted up, becomes sandstone and limestone. The volcanic ash and lava strewn over the plains become tufa, hard enough for building stone. The pebbly shore of a river becomes conglomerate. The simple mineral does grow, however, when it takes a crystal form. The sparkling prism of quartz increases from an atom to a crystal as large as a forearm by a process of addition and assimilation, wonderfully slow, but beautifully regular, exactly as crystals of ice form on the window-pane.

The Three Heaviest Men.
The three heaviest men of whom any mention is made in history were Miles Darden of Tennessee, Lewis Cornelius of Pennsylvania and Daniel Lambert of England. Darden died in 1857. When in health he was seven feet six inches in height and weighed over 1,000 pounds. There is no record of the date of the death of Cornelius, which occurred in Pike county, Pa., but the account says that he was born in 1794. When in his prime he measured eight feet two inches around the waist, was six feet tall and weighed 645½ pounds. Daniel Lambert was an English freak who died in June, 1809. He was of average height, but weighed 739 pounds.

Not Eager.
"Are you ambitious to die rich?" "I'm not ambitious to die in any condition."—Detroit Free Press.

One Kind of a Good Time.
Some men's only idea of a good time is to see how much sleep they can do without.—Washington Star.

THE WAY TO LIVE.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unrelenting soul,
Not hurrying to nor turning from the goal,
Not moping for the things that disappear
In the dim past nor holding back in fear,
From what the future veils, but with a whole
And happy heart that pays the toll
To you and age and travels on with cheer.
—Henry van Dyke.

Care of the Eyes.
On rising in the morning the eyes should be bathed gently in cold water. Twenty passes are said to be decidedly strengthening. While using them closely they should be rested at intervals of an hour or two, for the strain of constant reading, etc., is like that of extending the arms at a certain height immovably. Imagine, then, the taxing of the eyes, which cannot complain save after years of irreparable neglect. When dust settles in the eyes warm water will soothe them of any inflammation.—Exchange.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

Come up and put on any Trimmed Hat in our stock—values up to \$10.00—THIS WEEK ONLY **\$3.98**
Also \$5.00 and \$7.00 BLACK BEAVERS and Imported BLACK VELOURS—SATURDAY ONLY **\$1.98**
See our \$2 and \$3 Felts, in Black and Colors (Felt Sailors included) **49c & 69c**
COME UP AND CONVINCE YOURSELF.

THE ART MILLINERY

61 GRATIOT SECOND FLOOR One Second on the Elevator.
At Broadway DETROIT, MICH.

Anything That Came Handy.
Howell—How does that woman strike you? Powell—With any old thing she's my wife.

Doing Them Up.
"I wonder what that Chinaman is doing up so late."
"Shirts, I suppose."—Exchange.

Accordion, Plaiting & Buttons Covered to Order, Hemstitching.

SARA A. SMITH

Room 53, Valpey Building, 213 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

\$50,000 Piano Purchase Sale



ARE YOU IN THE CROWD?

If not—you are missing a chance of a lifetime—an opportunity to get a good Piano at a small price.

Two more carloads of the Peters' stock received again today. Greater Bargains in this lot than in the first lot. Look the list over—you can surely find the kind of a Piano you want in this list.

REMEMBER We purchased this entire stock from the Aug. Peters Music Co. at 47 Cents on the Dollar, and we are selling the entire lot at ¼ Regular Wholesale—Good Pianos at Unheard of Prices.

Upright Pianos

Emerson	\$31		Emerson, \$31		Boudoir, \$55		Kimball, \$85
Smith & Barnes . . .	\$45						
Schwab	\$50						
Boudoir	\$55						
Sterling	\$60						
Kimball	\$65						
Wagner	\$69						
Beckwith	\$75						
Kimball	\$85						
Cable & Sons	\$90						
Steger	\$95						
Kimball	\$100						
Lister	\$105						
Clayton	\$120						
Wing	\$147						
Vose & Sons	\$157						
Steinham	\$170						
Gilbert	\$175						
Gifferson	\$185						
Chickering	\$198						
			Steger, \$95		Sterling, \$60		Smith & Barnes, \$45
			Vose & Sons, \$157		Gilbert, \$175		Player Piano, \$175

The Terms You Make Are the Terms We Take

We want to move this stock at once as there is more coming. No reasonable offer refused to spot cash purchasers, as we purchased the stock cheap and we can sell it cheap. Come in today. Terms as low as \$1.00 a week, if you cannot pay cash.

SPECIAL OFFER TO OUT-OF-TOWN PURCHASERS—We will guarantee to give you more for your money than you can possibly buy at home, and We Will Pay Your Round Trip Fare—and deliver Piano Free of Charge into your Home.

Call through the day if you can. If you cannot, come in the evening. We are open until 9 p. m. If not convenient to call, drop us a line or 'phone us and we will have salesman call and see you.

With purchase of each Piano during this Sale we will give Free Music Instruction for Two Full Terms by Graduate Teachers.

Store Open Every Evening During the Sale to 9 P. M.

Come in and select your Piano now at the Sale Prices. Make a small deposit and we will hold it for delivery at Christmas without extra charge to you.

STORY & CLARK PIANO CO.

31-33-35 Grand River Ave., Detroit

LARGEST RETAILERS OF PIANOS IN THE WORLD—65 STORES

A Northville Interview

Mr. Priest Tells His Experience.

The following brief account of an interview with a Northville man three years ago, and its sequel, will be read with keen interest by every citizen.

Henry Priest, Mill St., Northville, Mich., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills with gratifying results and have great confidence in their curative powers. Several years ago I was annoyed by a severe backache which made it hard for me to work. Doan's Kidney Pills had previously been used in my family with great benefit and deciding to take them, I procured a supply at Murdock Bros. Drug Store. Soon after finishing their use, my backache disappeared and now I am free from the trouble." (Statement given November 20, 1912.)

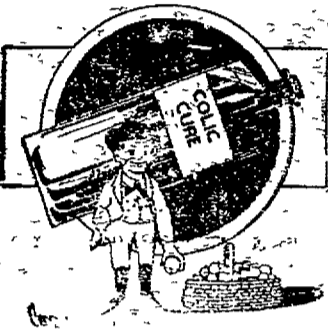
THE CURE LASTED

On March 1, 1909, Mr. Priest was interviewed and he said: "I am pleased to confirm the statement I gave for publication three years ago, recommending Doan's Kidney Pills. Since this remedy cured me I have had no need of a kidney medicine."

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

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Seasonable Drugs



We have everything in this line and this is the time of year when you should know where to get what you want quickly. Full line Druggist Sundries, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Combs, Perfumes, Rubber Goods, etc. Cigars, Tobacco and Pipes.

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DRUGGISTS
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

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Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.

Turn Over a New Leaf

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DIAMOND DAIRY

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

WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE.
G. C. BENTON

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED
MEATS.

F. A. MILLER, Propr.
509 Fifth St. NORTHVILLE.
TELEPHONE.

LEB 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 Liberty Aves.

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Mrs. Fred Lyke has been quite ill the past two weeks.

Looked like winter the first of the week—felt like it too.

Mrs. Katherine Strong has been on the sick list this week.

Mrs. E. C. Hinkley entertained the West End 500 club Monday evening.

Mrs. T. B. Henry entertained the First 100 club at her home Tuesday evening.

Painter, J. S. have a new Reo auto truck for use at their vinegar factory.

Schneider Bros. delivered a big load of furniture over near Farmington last Friday.

The Northville hunters all returned home in time to eat Thanksgiving dinner with their families.

Don Vanatta who has been very ill as the result of a shooting accident is getting along very nicely.

Regular meeting of Allen M. Harmon Post G. A. R. Dec. 7 Election of officers and all comrades are invited.

Chas. Coldren who is ill with pneumonia does not show much improvement, but remains about the same as last week.

The Northville school boys won in the foot ball game with Plymouth which was played on local grounds last Saturday. Score, 22 to 0.

From his auto the Record, J. A. Huff had early for a long time been far away as Farmington last week and it was cleaned out in no time.

The first real sign of winter that we have seen was a man going by the Record office Tuesday with a brand new snow shovel on his back.

Little Kathleen Herrick, who has been ill the past two weeks with intermittent fever, is on the mend, being able to sit up a part of each day.

The house on High street in which T. G. Richardson and family have been living, has been rented to Mrs. Foster and her mother, Mrs. Hastings.

Frank Macomber has added to his already very excellent laundry equipment a new shirt ironer of much larger capacity than the one in use or some years past.

A. Houghton, who has been employed in Detroit by the Art Stone company, moved his family to this city last Saturday. His house on the Northside was purchased by Dorcel Denton.

Mrs. Strassburg Hyde's Wednesday evening society was put off this week on account of Mr. Macomber's party. The next one will be given on Wednesday evening of next week, as usual.

A number of relatives helped Chas. Filkins to celebrate his fiftieth birthday anniversary last Tuesday evening. A chicken dinner was one of the features of the celebration.

The infant class room in the Methodist Sunday school is to be improved by a couple dozen of little red chairs for the youngsters in place of the big seats upon which they sometimes got lost.

Miss Carrie Brooks of Rochester, who was formerly a Northville girl, left Wednesday for a city in Illinois where she will begin training for a nurse in a hospital devoted to eye and ear diseases.

The ladies of the local Macabee have went to Plymouth last Thursday evening, where they did the initiatory work for that city's lodge. A delicious banquet was served the guests by their hostesses.

T. G. Richardson has his beautiful new bungalow nearly completed and has moved his family therein. A few little things are yet to be put in place and then they will all be as cozy and happy as "bugs in a rug."

Owing to the unavoidable absence of Rev. R. M. Pierce at the home of his parents at Jackson, Rev. M. R. Webber delivered the Thanksgiving address Thursday evening. It was a splendid sermon and its delivery received much favorable comment.

It now looks as if the Women Suffrage question was defeated. Not by the vote probably, but by ward heelers in some of the big cities who have counted the question as lost. In Saginaw county this crooked count seems to have been very openly carried out. Those in charge of the Suffrage movement say that a thorough investigation will be made.

"I have been somewhat constipated, but Doan's Regulants gave just the results desired. They act mildly and regulate the bowels perfectly."—George B. Krause, 306 Walnut Ave., Altoona, Pa. —Advertisement.

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

When you have a bad cold you want the best medicine obtainable to cure it with as little delay as possible. Here is a druggist's opinion: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for many years," says Isaac Lollar of Sarnia, Ind., "and consider it the best on the market." —Advertisement.

WANTED 50 YOUNG MEN

To learn Bicycle and Automobile Tire Building. Splendid shop conditions. Excellent opportunity for strong, willing young men to learn a good trade and at the same time earn good wages while learning. Address

Employment Dept.,
MORGAN & WRIGHT
Detroit, Mich.

Ground was covered with snow Tuesday morning for the first this year.

Plumbers from Huff's were busy putting the finishing touches on T. G. Richardson's new bungalow this week.

Autoists now find splendid state roads all the way into Detroit via either the Grand River road or the Plymouth road.

Frank Macomber is the first Northville man to get a 1913 auto home. The number is 1051, so that some few people have got ahead of Mr. Macomber even at that.

The Globe company has just installed news in the Methodist church in Wyandotte and in St. Leo's in Detroit. They are now at work on the new seats or the local Presbyterian church.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Turner, now of Edgewood, Iowa, are rejoicing over the arrival of a little girl at their home November 17. They were former residents of this place where Mr. Turner was pastor for some years of the Methodist church.

Ralph Dispersen entertained some Masonic brethren at a dinner party in Detroit Saturday evening. Among others present were, L. A. Babbitt, F. S. Harmon, E. H. Lapham, A. J. Huff, M. A. Porter, D. F. Griswold, M. N. Johnson.

Measrs. Gomarth and Weldon, who are employed in the I. M. office in Detroit, have moved their families from the Evans house on Northside to the Smith house, on High street, which was formerly occupied by Edwin White and family.

The funeral of Mrs. Lydia Moreland was held from the M. B. church Monday forenoon. Rev. R. M. Pierce officiating. The burial was at Millford. Mrs. Moreland was a cousin of Mrs. Maude Bennett at whose home she died suddenly on Thursday morning of last week, of acute indigestion. She leaves two sons, Charles Barnhart of Farmington Junction and Fred Barnhart who lives in California.

"De old Fatterland" did not look anything like Alex. Simon thought it would, so he veiled "The United States for me," as he grabbed his hat and rattle and boarded the next boat needed for the states. Mrs. Simon accompanied him and they are now residing in Detroit.

Nelt Schneider and John Steers have had their furnaces equipped with Jewel heat regulators which keep the house the same temperature all day and at 5:30 a. m., or any other time desired, opens up the dampers and has the house all heat up before any one wakes up. This will save a lot of work for the women folks who, heretofore, had to get up mornings and build the fires.

Fire caught in the "Dip Tank" in some unaccountable manner on the lower floor of the Simpson Scale factory Wednesday forenoon and did several hundred dollars damage. The water sprinkler system in service at the factory got busy before the fire department arrived and it was all over except the wetness in short order. Everything will be running again today as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Newton were called to Niagara Falls by the death of Mrs. Newton's brother, Orren D. Morris, who was killed November 15 in the freight yards of the Erie rail way at that place, where he had charge of the car switching. The accident occurred in the night and just how it came about was not learned, except that it was doubtless due to some one's carelessness. Mr. Morris was 27 years of age and leaves a wife but no children.

Chicago Far Above the Sea. Chicago is situated on an extremely flat site, but no other city in the world, of anything like its size, lies so far above the level of the sea.

J. W. Copeland, of Dayton, Ohio, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for his boy who had a cold, and before the bottle was all used the boy's cold was gone. Is that not better than to pay a five dollar doctor's bill? Sold by all dealers. —Advertisement.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

What They Are Paying. The Northville Market corrected up to date.

Wheat, white—\$1.04 wheat, red—\$1.02. Oats, New—30c to 30c; oats, old 60c. Shelled corn—90c. Baled hay per ton—\$15.00. Hogs alive—\$8.20. Dressed Hogs—\$9.50. Cattle—\$5.00 to \$5.50. Lambs—\$5.00. Beef hides—3.00. Beef on foot—\$6.00. Veal calves live—\$7.00. Eggs—20c. Butter—30c.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. Regular Convention Tuesday evening, Dec. 10. Election of officers. Refreshments.

Mr. A. Simmons has purchased a new auto truck for his fruit farm.

Union service in Baptist church Sunday evening. This will be Rev. Murdock's farewell sermon.

There will be a regular convocation of the Northville Knights Templar on Tuesday evening, December 3. Drill and lunch.

The regular meeting of the W. O. T. U. will be held Monday, December 2, at the home of Mrs. Jennie Viedersburg in Beal town. N. A. Clapp will address the meeting on "In the Home."

Mrs. Meisner, a former teacher in our school, has been reported to be quite ill, but it is a mistake as a recent letter from her mother states that she is in the best of health and has been so all summer.

Nearly all of the Northville men who were sent out by the U. S. Fish commission, were home for Thanksgiving.

Every fire alarm call that is pulled off in this village illustrates the need of the adoption of some sort of a signal to be used when the fire is out. Fire Chief McLain thinks a few blasts on the big whistle at the electric light plant would be the proper thing and he will probably recommend such a feature. Mr. McLain thinks that one long and two short whistles for the "Fire Out" signal would be sufficient. He also asks that people who phone in fire alarms be sure to give the correct location of the fire in order to avoid any possible delay.

SOLVING THE PROBLEMS. New Departure for International Stock Show.

Much interest and value has been added to the International Live Stock Exposition by the announcement that, with a view of aiding in the solution of a number of important questions in stock raising, and to contribute toward reduction of the high cost of living, there will be inaugurated during its next great annual show, to be held at the Union Stock Yards of Chicago, November 30 to December 7, 1912, a series of important lectures and demonstrations.

Leading educators and successful stockmen have been invited to deliver these lectures during the week of the show upon topics of vital interest to the breeders, feeders and farmers of America. For this purpose a large convention hall, with equipment to illustrate the lectures by stereopticon views of live animal exhibits is under construction in the main amphitheater.

It is also intended to incorporate a course of domestic science at the show and the best known authorities in the country will be present to explain the importance of this department. Special instruction will be given the housewife on the best way of preparing the cheaper cuts of meat into nutritious and palatable dishes for the table.

These new features will add immensely to the educational value of the show, not only to the farmer and stockman, but also to the farm wife, to the meat industry and the city visitor.

They call the whole thing a universal course at the price of a railroad ticket. That is for the farmer and his family, who will get from this great show new ideas and aspirations which will make them proud of their calling and bind them closer to the farm.

A Change of Political Parties

does not affect the policy of this bank.

We aim to extend every aid, consistent with good banking, to our customers.

You are invited to open an account with this bank and receive the benefit of our liberal terms.

Lapham State Savings Bank

NORTHVILLE.

"You are almost sure to receive a Photograph of some friend or relative for Christmas"—Return the compliment—It is expected and will be appreciated.

The Photographer is Near Town

L. L. BALL, PHOTOGRAPHER, NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Union Trust Company

DETROIT, MICH.

4%

Certificates of Deposit

On automatic renewal forms provide for the remittance of interest each six months in the same manner that dividends are paid on registered bonds or stocks. If desired, certificates may be issued in joint names payable to either person or survivor. Write for booklet.

"A Safe Four Per Cent Investment"



For Sale by Murdock Bros.

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

CUT FLOWERS
AND PLANTS

J. M. DIXON, Propr. Both Phone

OSCAR S. HARGER

REAL ESTATE BOUGHT, SOLD and EXCHANGED

Estates Settled and Managed

Insurance and Loans. Notary Public

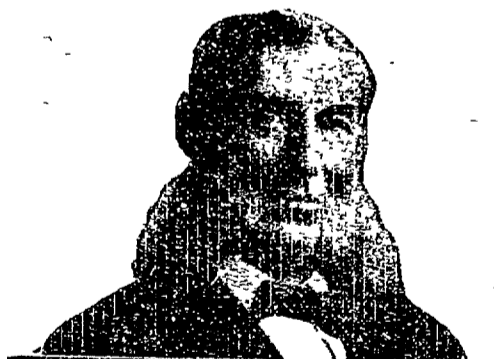
1211 Phone, 105. 124 N. Center St.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Take a Look

Once you get acquainted with STYLEPLUS CLOTHES—and see the big value—the latest styles—the highest quality of all-wool or wool-and-silk fabrics—the superior workmanship—the good finish—you'll be a regular STYLEPLUS customer.

You know good clothes, and you want good clothes. We will take your judgment on the great value of



Styleplus
Clothes \$17

"The same price the world over"

Come around and examine them. You'll not only get the best value ever offered, but you'll save from \$3 to \$8—for a STYLEPLUS suit or overcoat is equal to the best you ever saw at \$20 to \$25. Every garment guaranteed by the makers.

Don't you think you ought to get acquainted with STYLEPLUS CLOTHES before you buy your new Fall suit and overcoat?

We are the exclusive STYLEPLUS agents in this town.

B. FREYDL

Gents' Furnishings and Tailoring.

THE NORTHVILLE CLOTHIER.

KEZIAH COFFIN

by
Joseph C. Lincoln
Author of
Cy Whittaker's Place
Cap'n Eri, Etc.
Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young
Copyright, 1912, by D. Appleton & Company



SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Keziah Coffin, supposed widow, is arranging to move from Trumet to Boston, following the death of her brother. For whom she had kept house. Ryan, a widower, offers marriage, and is indignantly refused. Capt. Elkanah Daniels, leader of the Regular church offers Keziah a place as housekeeper for the town minister, and she decides to remain in Trumet. Keziah takes charge of Rev. John Ellery, the new minister, and gives him advice as to his conduct toward members of the parish. Ellery causes a sensation by attending a "Come-outer" meeting. Ellery's presence is bitterly resented by Eben Hammond, leader of the meeting. Grace apologizes for her guardian and Ellery escorts her home in the rain. Capt. Nat Hammond, Eben's son, becomes angry by bringing the pocket into the parsonage through fog and storm. Ellery finds Keziah writing a letter to some one, enclosing money, and responds to a demand for the money. Keziah is startled when informed of the arrival of Nat. Nat calls on Keziah, and it develops that they have been lovers since youth. Daniels remonstrates with Ellery for attending "Come-outer" meetings. Ellery is caught by the media and is visited by Nat. They become friends. Ellery meets Grace while walking in the fields, and learns that she walks there every Sunday.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Wasn't it fine," he whispered. "Talk about your miracles! Godfrey might say, Mr. Ellery, don't you ever tell a soul how it really was, will you?"

"No, of course not."

"No, I know you won't. You won't tell on me and I won't tell on you. That's a trade, hey?"

The minister stopped in the middle of his step.

"What?" he said, turning.

Mr. Pepper merely smiled, winked, and shut the door. John Ellery reflected much during his homeward walk.

The summer in Trumet drowsed on, as Trumet summers did in those days, when there were no boundaries from the city, no automobiles or telephones or "antique" collectors. The Sunday dinners with the Daniels family were almost regular weekly functions now. He dodged them when he could, but he could not do so often without telling an absolute lie, and this he would not do. And, finally, when the golden moon was calm, Captain Elkanah went upstairs to his map and the Rev. and John was left alone with Annabel. Miss Daniels did her best to be entertaining, was, in fact, embarrassingly confidential and cordial. It was hard work to get away, and yet, somehow or other, at the stroke of four, the minister always said good-by and took his departure.

"What in your hurry, Mr. Ellery?" begged Annabel on one occasion when the redoubt of Moore's poems had been interrupted in the middle by the guests' sudden rising and reaching for him. "I don't see why you always go so early. It's so early that you're here. Do you call at any other house on Sunday afternoons?"

"No," was the prompt reply. "Oh, no."

"Mrs. Rogers said she saw you go for across the fields after you left here last Sunday. Did you go for a walk?"

"Er—yes, I did."

"I wish you had mentioned it. I love to walk, and there are so few people that I find congenial company. Are you going for a walk now?"

"Why, no—er—not exactly."

"I'm sorry. Good-by. Will you come again next Sunday? Of course you will. You know how dreadfully disappointed I—er—shall be if you don't."

"Thank you, Miss Daniels. I enjoyed the dinner very much. Good afternoon."

He hurried down the path. Annabel watched him go. Then she did an odd thing. She passed through the sitting room, entered the front hall, went up the stairs, up to the door of her father's room, and then up another flight to the attic. From here a steep set of steps led to the cupola on the roof. In that cupola was a spyglass.

Annabel opened a window a few inches, took the spyglass from its rack, adjusted it, laid it on the sill of the open window and kept the glass at her eye. The floor of the cupola was very dusty and she was wearing her newest and best gown, but she did not seem to mind.

Through the glass she saw the long slope of Cannon Hill, with the beacon at the top and Captain Mayo's house near it. The main road was deserted save for one figure, that of her late caller. He was mounting the hill in long strides.

She watched him gain the crest and pass over it out of sight. Then she shifted the glass so that it pointed toward the spot beyond the curve of the hill, where the top of a thick group of silver-leaved had the parsonage. Above the tree tops, glistened the white steeple of the Regular church. If the minister went straight home she could see him. But under those silver-leaves was the beginning of the short cut across the fields where Didama had seen Mr. Ellery walking on the previous Sunday.

Slowly she moved the big end of the spyglass back along the arc it had traveled. She found a speck and watched it. It was a man, striding across the meadow land, a half mile beyond the parsonage, and hurrying in the direction of the beach. She

saw him climb a high dune, jump a fence, cross another field, and finally vanish in the grove of pines on the edge of the bluff by the shore.

The man was John Ellery, the minister. Evidently, he had not gone home, nor had he taken the short cut. Instead he had walked down toward a long way and then turned in to cross the fields and work his way back.

Annabel put down the glass and, heedless of her father's call, sat thinking. The minister had deliberately deceived her. More than that, he had gone to considerable trouble to avoid observation. Why had he done it? Had he done the same thing on other Sunday afternoons? Was there any real reason why he insisted on leaving the house regularly at four o'clock?

CHAPTER IX.

In Which Keziah's Troubles Multiply.

Keziah was getting worried about her parson. Not concerning his popularity with his congregation. She had long since ceased to worry about that. But what worried Mrs. Coffin was John Ellery's personal appearance and behavior. He had grown perceptibly thinner during the past month, his manner was distant, and, worst of all in the housekeeper's eyes, his appetite had fallen off. She tried all sorts of tempting dishes, but the result was discouraging.

His absent-mindedness was most acute on Sunday evenings, before prayer meeting, and after he had returned from the afternoon at Captain Elkanah's.

"Say, Mr. Ellery," she said, on one of these Sunday evenings, "do you know, it seems to me that Elkanah's meals must go to your head. You ain't in love, are you?"

The young man started, colored, and was plainly embarrassed.

"In love?" he repeated. "In love, Mrs. Coffin?"

"Yes, in love. Annabel hasn't landed a male at last, has she? She's a life over the side for a long time."

The hearty laugh with which this was received settled the question of Annabel's success. Keziah was relieved.

"Well, I'm glad of that," she said. "I ain't got any grudge against Annabel, but neither have I got any against you. I'll say this, though, for a body that ain't in love you certainly stay with the Danielses a long time. You went there right after meals this noon and now it's seven o'clock and you've just got home. And 'twas no time last Sunday and the one before. Next time all the time, have you?"

"No," he said slowly. "Not all the time. I—I—er—went for a short walk."

Before she could inquire concerning that walk he had entered the study and closed the door after him.

"Sunday was a cloudy warm day, 'mazy," so Captain Zeb described it. After the morning service Mr. Ellery, as usual, went home with Captain Daniels and Annabel Keziah returned to the parsonage, ate a lonely dinner, and went upstairs to her own room. Her trunk was in one corner of this room and she unlocked it, taking from a compartment of the tray a rosewood writing case, inland with mother-of-

into the hall, the letter still in her hand.

"Who is it?" she asked sharply. "Mr. Ellery, is that you?"

"No," was the answer. "It's me—Nat. Are you busy, Keziah? I want to see you for a minute."

The housekeeper hurriedly thrust the letter into her waist.

"I'll be right down, Nat," she answered. "I'm comin'."

He was in the sitting room when she entered. He was wearing his Sunday suit of blue and his soft hat was on the center table. She held out her hand and he shook it heartily.

Before he could speak she caught a glimpse of his face.

"What is it?" he asked. "What is the matter?"

"Well, Keziah, it's trouble enough. Dad and I had a fallin' out. We had what was next door to a real quarrel after dinner to-day. It would have been a real one if I hadn't walked out, and left him. Keziah, he's dead set on my marryin' Grace. Says if I don't he'll know that I don't really care a tin nickel for him, or for his wishes, or what becomes of the girl after he's gone."

Keziah was silent for a moment. Then she said slowly:

"And Grace herself? How does she feel about it? Has he spoken to her?"

"I don't know. I guess likely he has. Perhaps that's why she's been so sort of mournful lately. But never mind whether he has or not; I won't do it and I told him so. I got red hot in a jiffy. I was ungrateful and stubborn and all sorts of things. And I bet a Hammond, with some of the best blood in the land, I set my foot down as hard as his. And we had it until—until—well, until I saw him stagger and tremble so that I actually got scared and feared he was goin' to keel over where he stood. You know why I can't marry her, nor anyone else in this round world but you."

"Nat, I can't marry you."

"I know, I know. You're always sayin' that. But you don't mean it. You can't mean it. Why, you and me have been picked out for each other by the Almighty, Keziah. I swear I believe just that. We went together when we were boys and girls, to parties and such. We was promised when I first went to sea. If it hadn't been for that fool row we had—and 'twas all my fault and I know it—you never would have let that damnable miser-able Aime Coffin come near you. I'm goin' to have you. Coffin is dead these ten years. When I heard he was drowned off there in Singapore, all I could say was, 'Serve him right!' And I say it now. I come home then more determined to get you. Say yes, and I'll be happy. Do!"

"I'd like to, Nat. I only wish I could. But 'twouldn't be any use. I can't do it."

He snatched his hat from the table and strode toward the door. Turning, he looked at her.

"All right," he said chokingly. "All right. Good-by."

His steps sounded on the oilcloth of the kitchen. Then the back door slammed. He was gone.

Keziah started, as if the slam of the door had been an electric shock. And she cried, tears of utter loneliness and despair.

Keziah was silent for a moment. Then she said slowly:

"And Grace herself? How does she feel about it? Has he spoken to her?"

"I don't know. I guess likely he has. Perhaps that's why she's been so sort of mournful lately. But never mind whether he has or not; I won't do it and I told him so. I got red hot in a jiffy. I was ungrateful and stubborn and all sorts of things. And I bet a Hammond, with some of the best blood in the land, I set my foot down as hard as his. And we had it until—until—well, until I saw him stagger and tremble so that I actually got scared and feared he was goin' to keel over where he stood. You know why I can't marry her, nor anyone else in this round world but you."

"Nat, I can't marry you."

"I know, I know. You're always sayin' that. But you don't mean it. You can't mean it. Why, you and me have been picked out for each other by the Almighty, Keziah. I swear I believe just that. We went together when we were boys and girls, to parties and such. We was promised when I first went to sea. If it hadn't been for that fool row we had—and 'twas all my fault and I know it—you never would have let that damnable miser-able Aime Coffin come near you. I'm goin' to have you. Coffin is dead these ten years. When I heard he was drowned off there in Singapore, all I could say was, 'Serve him right!' And I say it now. I come home then more determined to get you. Say yes, and I'll be happy. Do!"

"I'd like to, Nat. I only wish I could. But 'twouldn't be any use. I can't do it."

He snatched his hat from the table and strode toward the door. Turning, he looked at her.

"All right," he said chokingly. "All right. Good-by."

His steps sounded on the oilcloth of the kitchen. Then the back door slammed. He was gone.

Keziah started, as if the slam of the door had been an electric shock. And she cried, tears of utter loneliness and despair.

Keziah started, as if the slam of the door had been an electric shock. And she cried, tears of utter loneliness and despair.

The clouds thickened as the afternoon passed. There came a knock at the dining room door.

Keziah sprang from her chair, smoothed her hair, hastily wiped her eyes and went to admit the visitor, whoever he or she may be. She was glad of the shadow, they prevented her face from being seen too plainly.

"Good afternoon," she said, opening the door. "Oh! it's you, is it?"

"Yes," admitted Abishai Pepper, standing on the side step, and shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. "Yes, Keziah, it's—it's me, thank you. I only wanted to see Mr. Ellery."

"He's out. Good day."

"I wanted to ask his advice about something. It's a secret. Only him and me know about it. Good-by. I'll find Mr. Ellery."

"I wouldn't go to the Danielses, if I was you. Elkanah might not like to have you chasin' after his visitors."

"Oh, the minister ain't at the Danielses, not at late's this, he ain't. I know where he is. I know where he goes Sunday afternoons—and why he goes. To Mr. Ellery and me's good friends. We understand each other."

"Look here, Kyan Pepper! What are you talkin' about?"

"I just said I knew where Mr. Ellery goes every Sunday afternoon. He don't know anybody knows, but I do. That's all there is to it. I shan't tell."

"Tell? Do you mean there's something Mr. Ellery wouldn't want told? Don't you dare—I will see Lavinia!"

"No, no, no, no. 'Tain't nothin' much. I just know where he goes after he leaves Elkanah's, and who he goes to meet!—Lore! I hadn't ought to say that!—I—Keziah Coffin, don't you ever tell I told you. I've said more'n I meant to. If it comes out there'd be the biggest row in the church here ever was. And I'd be responsible! I would! I'd have to go on the witness stand and then Lavinia would find out how I—Oh, oh, oh! what shall I do?"

"What is it?" she persisted. "What would bring on the row in the church? Who does Mr. Ellery meet? Out with it! What do you mean?"

"I mean that the minister meets that Van Horne girl every Sunday afternoon after he leaves Elkanah's. There, now! It's out, and I don't give a darn if they hang me for it!"

Keziah turned white. She seized Mr. Pepper by the lapel of his Sunday coat and shook him.

"Grace! Van Horne!" she cried. "Mr. Ellery meets Grace Van Horne on Sunday afternoons? Where?"

"Down in them pines back of Peter's pasture on the edge of the

bank over the beach. He's met her there every Sunday for the last six weeks—longer, for what I know. I've watched 'em. I ain't lyin'! It's so! I'll bet you anything they're there now, walkin' up and down and talkin'. What would I want to lie for? You come with me this minute and I'll show 'em to you."

"Bish Pepper," she said slowly and fiercely, shaking her finger in his face, "you go straight home and stay there. Don't you breathe a word to a livin' soul of what you say you've seen. Don't even think of it, or—er—dream it. If you do I'll—I'll march straight to Lavinia and tell her that you asked me to marry you. I will, as sure as you're shakin' in front of me this minute. Now you swear to me to keep still, swear!"

"How—how'll I swear?" begged Kyan. "What do you say when you swear? I'll say it, Keziah! I'll say anything! I'll—"

"All right. Then mind you remember—Now clear out quick. I want to think. I must think. Go! Get out of my sight!"

Kyan went, glad to escape, but frightened to the soul of him. Keziah watched him until he turned from the main road into the highhouse lane. Then, certain that he really was going straight home, she re-entered the parsonage and sat down on the nearest chair. For ten minutes she sat there, striving to grasp the situation. Then she arose and, putting on her bonnet and shawl, locked the dining-room door and went out through the kitchen. She was going to the pine grove by the shore, going to find out for herself if Kyan's astonishing story was true.

The pines were a deep green blotch against the cloudy sky and the gloomy waters of the bay. She skirted the outlying clumps of bayberry and beach plum bushes and entered the grove.

Then she heard low voices. As she crouched at the edge of the grove, two figures passed slowly across the clearing, along the bush bordered path and into the shrubbery beyond. John Ell-

ery was walking with Grace Van Horne. He was holding her hand in his and they were talking very earnestly.

Keziah did not follow. What would have been the use? This was not the time to break. She knew now and she knew, also, that the responsibility was hers. She must go home at once, go home to be alone and to think. She tiptoed back through the grove and across the fields.

Yet if she had waited, she might have seen something else which would have been, at least, interesting. She had scarcely reached the outer edge of the grove when another figure passed stealthily along that narrow path by the bluff edge. A female figure, treading very carefully, rising to peer over the bushes at the minister and Grace. The figure of Miss Annabel Daniels, the "belle" of Trumet. And Annabel's face was not pleasant to look upon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Rising to Peep Over the Bushes at the Minister and Grace.

Homelessness Spoils Photographs.

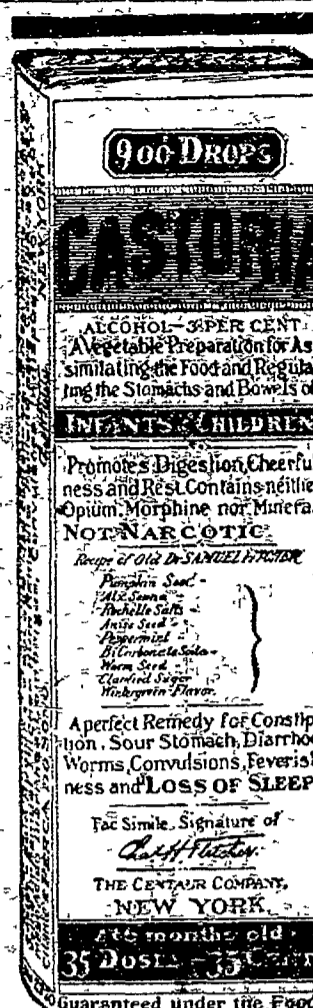
Aunt Maria thought, and so did her relatives in the big city, that the photographer was unparagonably discourteous. For three successive days he refused to take Aunt Maria's photograph. On the fourth day he told why.

"In justice to her," he said, "I do not want to take her pictures now. She is too homesick. Most out-of-town people want to be photographed while in the city. If they are longing for home I put them off with one excuse or another until the homesickness wears off."

"If you want your aunt's pictures to turn out well, just hunt up some one from her home town who happens to be visiting here at present and bring him here so she will meet him unexpectedly. The meeting will put sparkle and animation into her face, and neither she nor I will be disappointed with the photographs."

Guided by Wireless.

The latest and most wonderful use to which wireless apparatus has been put is set forth in a paragraph from Berlin, Germany. According to the newspaper report, experiments have been going on for some time with a rudderless, creviceless motor boat on Lake Wasee which have proved remarkably successful. The inventor of this creviceless boat is a school teacher named Christian Wirth. In trying out his invention the boat was towed out two miles in the lake and by means of his wireless apparatus all the boat's movements were directed. The boat threaded its way unerringly through numerous craft without the slightest accident.



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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fitch
In Use For Over Thirty Years
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THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Every Woman's Complexion

is bound to show whether or not she is in good physical condition. If the complexion is muddy, the skin sallow, if pimples or skin blemishes appear it is then attention must be given to improve the bodily condition. There is one safe and simple way. Clear the system and purify the blood with a few doses of

Beecham's Pills

This well known vegetable family remedy is famous for its power to improve the action of the organs of digestion and elimination. They will regulate the bowels, stimulate the liver, tone the stomach and you will know what it is to be free from troubles, from headaches, backaches, lassitude, and extreme nervousness. They will make you feel healthier and stronger in every way. By clearing your system of poisonous waste Beecham's Pills will have good effect upon your looks—these they

Will Beautify and Improve

The directions with every box are of careful value and imperative to observe. Sold everywhere. In boxes 10c., 25c.

Suicide Among German Children.

Why do so many German children commit suicide? No one seems to know, but there is no dispute about the fact. Indeed, it has been said that the majority of suicides are those of children, and experts seem inclined to connect the grisly epidemic with the educational system. That "the weak must go to the wall" has become an axiom that has been extended to the schools, and the undeveloped mind of the child seeks relief to suicide from the discouragement of failure. It would be interesting to know if any of the so-called heathen countries of the world have ever experienced such a horrid social phenomena as that of child suicide.

A Bit Candid.

First Tripper (after lengthy survey of second ditto)—You "as got a huggy face, 'asn't you, mate?"

Second Tripper—Corn't do nuffin' ababt it.

First Tripper—You might 'ave stopped at 'ome.—Punch (London)

Exceptional Child.

First School Teacher—Does Edith's little girl ever make any bright answer?

Second School Teacher—No; she always knows her lessons.—Judge.

Hereditry.

She—Sometimes you appear really manly and sometimes you are effeminate. How do you account for it?

He—I suppose it is hereditary. Half of my ancestors were men and the other half woman!—Tit-Bits.

A man sometimes sees things from a different point of view after his wife makes up her mind.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LTD., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Don't Cut Out A SORE THROAT, CAPPED THROAT, OR A SORE MOUTH FOR ABSORBINE

will soothe you and bring you relief. It is a sure cure for all sore throats, capped throats, or a sore mouth. It is a sure cure for all sore throats, capped throats, or a sore mouth. It is a sure cure for all sore throats, capped throats, or a sore mouth.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, stimulate the bowels, and soothe the delicate membrane of the stomach. They are a sure cure for all sore throats, capped throats, or a sore mouth.

READERS

O. this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing a substitute or imitation.

The Cheerful Life

It is the right of everyone to live and enjoy the cheerful life. We owe it to ourselves and those who live with us to live the cheerful life. We cannot do so if ill health takes hold of us.

The wife, mother and daughter suffering from hot flashes, nervousness, headache, backache, dragging-down feeling, or any other weakness due to disorder of the delicate female organs is not only a burden to herself, but to her loved ones.

There is a remedy. Forty years experience has proven unmistakably that

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

will restore health to weakened womanhood. For 40 years it has survived revivals, wars and crises. Sold by druggists in medicine in liquid or tablet form. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Tablets can be had of druggists or mailed on receipt of one-cent stamps for \$1.00 or 3c. each. Address R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

Rheumatism Neuralgia Sprains

Miss G. MARSHALL, of 2708 E. St. W. Washington, D. C., writes: "I suffered with rheumatism for five years and I have just got hold of your Liniment, and it has done me so much good. My knees do not pain and the swelling has gone."

Cures the Nerves
Mrs. A. WEIDMAN, of 503 Thompson St., Marquette, Mo., writes: "The nerve in my leg was destroyed five years ago and left me with a lame gait. I could not walk. A friend told me to try your Liniment and now I can go to church. I am a better person than I was before."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

"It's good Liniment. I keep it on hand all the time. My daughter sprained her wrist and used your Liniment, and it has not hurt her since."

JOSEPH HATCHER
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At All Dealers

Price
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Sloan's bottle on hand and ready for use. Address

Dr. Earl S. Sloan
Boston, Mass.



GODD DESCRIPTION.



Teacher—Willie, what is a volcano?
Willie—Why-er, it's like a furnace full of Roman candles wid do door open

HANDS BURNING, ITCHING

905 Lowell Place, Chicago, Ill.—
"The trouble began by my hands burning and itching and I rubbed and scratched them till one day I saw little red sores coming out. My hands were disfigured and swollen, and troubled me so that I could not sleep. They were cracked and when the small sores broke a white matter would come out. I could not do any hard work; if I did the sores would come out worse. For two years nobody could cure my eczema, until one day I thought I would try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used warm water with the Cuticura Soap and after that I put the Cuticura Ointment on my hands twice a day for about five or six months when I was cured." (Signed) Sam Marcus, Nov. 28, 1911.
Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Frontier Medical List.
In good old frontier days castor oil was the principal medical beverage—good full measure, too. Only the big gear person could hold a whole dose—one-half a gill, with half a dipperful of New Orleans molasses added to help slick it down and make it taste good, only it didn't taste good. In those historic days every old woman was a doctor and gathered her own "yarbs" in the woods and knew how to mix up medical messes that would stir the vitals of a brass monkey or a cast iron dog. All backwoodsmen believed in "yarb" doctors. Something in "yarbs," at that.

Society.
Mrs. Wayupp—No wonder I look worried, my dear. My husband has just gone out, and if he is discovered it will probably cost us our social position.
Mrs. Blase—Goodness! Where is he?
Mrs. Wayupp—He has gone out in a hack to pay a bill—Puck.

"I always cost more to acquire a duck than it is worth."

CURES BURNS AND CUTS.
Cure Carbolic stops the pain instantly. See Cough. No. 1. All druggists. 25c and 50c. Adv.

"You make a remark; don't you on having come one way, 'Is that so?'"

Pettit's Eye Salve
For Coughs and Colds

PISO'S REMEDY
For Coughs and Colds

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

JAN'S PRESENTIMENT

It Was of Disaster, but Everything Eventually Came Out All Right.

By MARGARET MANNING.

From the first moment of his opening the door, Jan Olesen felt a presentiment of disaster. There was something in the atmosphere of the boarding house, with its stuffy hall, its gilt mirrors, its glaring plush ornamentation, that sickened him, so that when the little maid came forward and asked whom he wished to see he could hardly utter Minna's name.

Jan Olesen, fresh from the west, where he had established himself as a prosperous farmer within three years after his arrival from Sweden, a penniless youth, looked in surprise at the little servant's troubled face.

"You are from my country," he asked in his native tongue, and at the sound of the words, the little fair-haired maid of all-work broke down and cried.

"I haven't heard the old speech for so long," she said, and then began smiling through her tears as the sun smiles out of a blue sky. And the twinkling eyes that she turned upon him were very blue, and her smile as sunny as a Swedish girl's smile can be.

Jan Olesen looked at her in grave compassion. "Do they treat you well here, child?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Some of the boarders do," she answered. "Theatrical folks are mostly kind. But Miss Dalrymple—she's a terror. She's leading lady in the Red Slipper chorus, you know—and, say," she added, breaking into the easily acquired slang of America, "what do you think? She's Swedish, too, for all her American airs and English name."

Olesen clutched at the wall to save himself from falling. Before his eyes a mist was swimming. His mind went back to the day when, renting a cheap hall-bedroom almost in the next city block, had met Minna Jensen. She was just such a little maid as this, newly arrived from the old country. He remembered her shy smile, her engaging frankness and they had become engaged, and he had gone west to make his fortune. Now after three years he had returned—to what?

Through the mist broke a gleam of patchouli. Out of it he saw a woman approach, with fashionably done hair



"I'm to Be Sent Away," She Said.

and girly dress, and through the floating clouds he saw a slim hand, much bejeweled, stretched forth to his.

"Why, if it isn't Jan!" exclaimed Minna. "I guess you didn't know me, Jan. Well, what are you staring at?" she continued to the girl. "Get busy with your work, whatever it is! Aunt she the impudent thing! Just a greenhorn, you know! Come right in, Jan, and tell me about your self and if you've brought back a wad to blow in in New York. And say, Jan, can that stuff you wrote me about getting married and show me a good time in this burg instead. Nix on a Minnesota farm for mine!"

He escaped afterward—it might have been hours or minutes, but the last thing of which he was aware was Minna standing at the door of her apartment and gazing after him with a puzzled, quizzical air.

"Poor Jan! You haven't learned much in Minnesota, Jan!" she had said at parting. And her designs on his pocket-book had been transparent enough to bring a blush of shame to his tanned face, so that he could only raise his hat mechanically in response to her farewell.

She had refused to discuss their marriage; instead, he was to take her to dinner on the next evening. His love had changed to horror. For three years her memory, her letters—changed though they were—had been the spur which goaded him to success. Now the fabric of ambitions which he had built up was shattered.

But in the loneliness of his room that night his thoughts gradually began to flow in their accustomed groove again. He must have been mistaken. Surely Minna Jensen, the little country girl whom he had met in the steerage, animated by the same hopes as himself, cradled in the same land

could not have changed so. Perhaps it was he who had changed. Perhaps he was too slow. Had remained a "greenhorn" for all his success, while she had progressed beyond him.

He resolved to tell her everything on the following night: all his aims and aspirations; to beg her to come back with him to Minnesota. There, on their lonely farm, they would settle, as the old folks had done in Sweden, they would be happy.

He fell asleep at last, happy in his dreams.

But on the next night the old feeling came over him again at the sight of the hall, the scent of perfume, the faded staidness of it. He hesitated upon the threshold; he could not enter.

And the little maid's eyes were red from tears.

"You have been crying, my dear," said Olesen, using the Swedish word of endearment. "What is the matter? You won't tell me? Yes, you'll tell a fellow-countryman. Come, tell me!"

"I'm to be sent away," she said, her voice quivering.

"Away? Well, but there are better places."

"O, yes, I'm not afraid. But she said—"

"She? Who?"
"Miss Dalrymple. She said—I can't tell you well, that I didn't believe that I talked to the men here—that I talked to you yesterday. And she pays twenty a week, so Mrs. Simmons is afraid to affront her. And she said that if I didn't go she would."

"Olesen heard a door open softly above. Down the stairs, horrible in their glaring, carpeting, floated the faint odor of patchouli. For an instant he pondered, then, taking the girl by the arm, he led her to the door.

"My dear," he said, "in the state I come from, there are broad acres of land—land like we have at home, with forests and lakes. And there are no Miss Dalrymples there, and women are treated differently. Would you like to come with me to see the place I'm speaking of?" He spoke in Swedish now. "There, don't let those tears come! No, never mind your hat; there's a department store round the corner where you can get all you need. But hurry, for it closes at five, and we've got to get to the city hall first and take out our marriage license."

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

LET WOMEN WOO THE MEN

Old Custom, Declares English Writer, Is the Cause of Much Marital Unhappiness.

Hardly the most foolish of all the many foolish conventions that ruin human joy is the decree that women must wait passively to be wooed, declares a writer in the London Chronicle. Now, why should they? Why can't they be natural and direct and show their feelings? Why must they be compelled to act an unbecomingly coy part to them? Perhaps some of you hold with Shaw and Shakespear that they don't wait to be wooed. Some of them certainly don't. Generally speaking, however, few women even nowadays have the pluck to go head against a convention of this sort, which has such a tremendously strong hold on the masculine sense of fitness.

If women's charm is to depend on this idiotic convention that men have created around her—namely, that she is a perfectly cold, passive, negative creature who waits in a state of suspended animation, as it were, until the man condescends to make her come alive—the sooner the modern feminists invent some more reasonable tradition of charm the better for us all.

Now, let us suppose a couple that has overcome all the initial obstacles. They have managed the difficult task of finding each other, have got their declaration over, and are safely engaged. What happens next? Every possible thing that can be done to create an illusion around them is done. They are encouraged to meet often, but the conditions under which they meet are as different as can be from the conditions of their future married life. Does that man every see that girl in any kind of negligence, or does she see him unshaven, say? Does he have any experience of how she will run a house or manage affairs? Does she have any chance of finding out that he's faddy about food, or mean about money?

These are material things, it is true, and therefore not of the first importance; but, on the other hand, what chance do they have either to discover each other's spiritual state? Don't they, as a rule, act and sham all through, and spend their time under the most artificial conditions, pleasure seeking? Are they ever encouraged to have earnest conversations with each other to discuss the more serious aspects of their future life together? No, the entire business is conducted in the most absurdly irresponsible, once-married-we'll-shake-down-all-right spirit, which would be comical but for the fact that the results are often so deeply tragical.

Porous Metals.
Using an alloy of lead and antimony containing 90 per cent lead, and one of tin and lead, containing 80 per cent of tin, Hannover has obtained both porous lead and tin. The porous lead thus obtained may be used for many purposes, and would be especially valuable in making accumulator plates of very great capacity.

MICHIGAN BREVITIES

Hastings.—At the district convention of the W. C. T. U. in this city, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Bertha Bush Deaton; vice-president, Mrs. Jennie W. Coover Jackson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Danina Cleveland; Montgomerie; recording secretary, Mrs. Feba Comstock; Albany; treasurer, Miss Emma L. Knight, Jackson; The district comprises Barry, Branch, Eaton, Calhoun and Jackson counties.

Grand Rapids.—Because of their belief in the pre-millennial theory of Christ's second coming to earth and the rejection of this view by the Methodist Episcopal church, two local pastors, Rev. H. A. Lynde and Rev. J. W. Lawrence have left that denomination. They are now devoting their energies to other forms of religious work in which they may be free to propagate their own beliefs. Mr. Lynde was appointed at the recent Big Rapids conference to take charge of the Constantine church, in the Niles district. He has refused so far to do so. Now he has been placed on the supernumerary list.

Battle Creek.—John Bell, a line-man in the employ of the Bell Telephone company, was electrocuted here. While upon a pole searching for trouble his belt came in contact with a live wire, 2,500 volts passing through his body. He had just adjusted his safety strap and was swinging his leg over the line when the accident occurred. The heel of his shoe was buried off and the flesh of his foot burst out to a crisp. The first shock of the current rendered him lifeless and his body hung for several minutes suspended from the wire and then fell a distance of 40 feet to the pavement.

Grand Rapids.—The jury in the trial of Samuel Ford, charged with the murder of this city here October 2, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree after being out two hours. Ford was a bartender in the Wellington hotel and killed his wife because she refused to get out of bed and prepare his supper when he arrived home at a late hour. Florence Ford, his fifteen-year-old step-daughter, gave damning testimony against him. He was a former resident of Kalamazoo, where he met the woman he killed. He is 35 years old.

Albion.—Charles Gazette, serving a term in the Detroit house of correction for forgery at Saginaw but at present detained at the county jail at Albion as a witness in the Hubbard burglary case, recently escaped in a manner he got out of his cell and with a piece of pipe and a screw driver dug a hole through the wall. When he was caught, he was found with a pistol and a pocket watch, who named Gazette just as he was ready to crawl through the hole.

Holland.—Grace, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bennett, Douglas, was burned to death and her mother probably fatally burned while attempting to burn her. Grace secured a handful of matches and trotted to the barn. She set fire to a pile of straw and her clothes were soon aflame. Mrs. Bennett rushed to the barn and snatched the body from the flames, but the child was dead. The barn was destroyed.

Kalamazoo.—Because Mike Talandia insists on keeping doves in his house with him the health officer had a warrant sworn out for the man's arrest. It is charged that the place is in a filthy condition. Talandia declares that no officer or judge can prevent him from living with his doves if he wants to. Officers say they do not care about that, only insisting that he maintain a sanitary home.

Grand Rapids.—Slipping from a river flood wall in the factory district, Michael Matyba was carried into surging Grand river, while helpless employees, lined the river bank. Charles Dewett, a fellow employee, plunged into the icy waters to attempt a rescue. He was seized with cramps and nearly drowned before he could reach ropes thrown to him.

Monroe.—By long distance telephone from Detroit Conductors Frank Stoner and Charles Callins and Engineer Albert Sunley and Charles Toulton of the Lake Shore railroad pleaded guilty to the charge of speeding trains within the city limits over the six-mile ordinance mark Justice Bartholote imposed a fine of \$30.45 on each.

Bessemer.—John Biljanen, working at the Berglund logging camp, four miles north of this city, was instantly killed when a falling tree crushed his head.

Lansing.—William H. Rose of Bath commissioner of the state land office from 1905 to 1908, died. Mr. Rose returned only last week from a hunting trip in the upper peninsula, where the recurrence of an old malady made his return home imperative. Within the last few days his condition grew steadily worse, until death. He was sixty-eight years old.

Hillsdale.—Mrs. D. T. Austin, aged seventy-four, died from injuries sustained when she fell down the cellar steps.



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ST. LOUIS, MO.

HENKEL'S The Commercial Milling Co.

Selects Good Grain for Henkel's Flour and Meal. Henkel's Bread Flour is Not Bleached. It comes to you rich and Creamy as Nature makes it. It leaves our mill in neat white packages, a symbol of the purity within. Good as it always has been, we expect to make it better in a mill that will delight the extremest ideas of those who make or use good FLOUR

Usual Kind of Office Seekers.

"Well, how's every little thing, now that election is over?" asked the recently arrived washing machine agent.

"Bout ag they are every place else, I reckon," a bit pessimistically replied the landlord of the Turfdown tavern.

"The banker, the storekeepers, the lumber yard man, the doctor, the stock buyer, the blacksmith and all the rest of the business men who have always 'peared to be capable of managing their various sized affairs successfully, are going on calmly and carefully attending to 'em, while all the triffin', one-gallused incompetents that have never had any affairs of their own to attend to and wouldn't be capable of conducting 'em properly if they had any, are out hotfoot and hell-bent to get and manage the postoffice for the rest of us!"

Ominous.
"I like affectionate animals. Does this dog attach himself to people easily?"

"Not if they can run faster than he can."

Chance.
"I always embrace an opportunity."

"But, then, you must be careful you are not hugging a delusion."

A CURE FOR PILES.
Cole's Carbolic stops itching and pain, and cures piles. All druggists. 25c and 50c. Adv.

The Tender Spot.
"What have you done toward punishing lawbreakers?"

"Well," replied the shady police officer, "I have done a great deal toward hurting their feelings by taking their money away from them."

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best blunz value in the whole world, makes the laundry smile. Adv.

A girl of ten hates to be kissed almost as much as a girl of twenty doesn't.

A girl's idea of a tireome man is one who has good sense.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
For Backache, Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder
BECAUSE THEY ARE HIGHER QUALITY GUARANTEED
CONTAINING NO HARMFUL INGREDIENTS
SAFE, SURE, AND SAVE YOU MONEY

Smelled a Grafter.

A Boston clubman recently returned from a visit to New York city. In discussing his trip one of his friends asked him whether he had a policeman in his pocket. The clubman hesitated for a moment, seriously questioning his friend's sanity, when the latter added:

"I didn't know whether you could be there a week without come grafter or other getting into your pocket."

Some of us must save money in order that others may inherit it.

ALBERTA THE PRICE OF BEEF

IS HIGH AND SO IS THE PRICE OF BEEF.

For years the province of Alberta (Western Canada) has been the source of the finest beef in the world. The climate is excellent, the feed is good, the cattle are well cared for, and the result is a beef of superior quality. The price of beef is high, but it is worth it. The price of beef is high, but it is worth it.

Free Homestead
of 160 acres (and another as a pre-emption) in the new districts and produce either wheat or grain. The crops are always good, the climate is excellent, the feed is good, the cattle are well cared for, and the result is a beef of superior quality. The price of beef is high, but it is worth it.

M. V. McInnes
176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agents and address Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

PATENTS
Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C. Bookkeeper, High-class references. Best results.

DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch
makes laundry work a pleasure. 10c pk. 10c.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 49-1912.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 27 N. BURNETT STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

It Pays to Advertise in the Record Want Column.

NOVI NEWS.

Mrs. N. J. Moore, spent Monday in Detroit.

Mrs. D. Lerskisen was a Flint visitor Saturday.

Mrs. Eatherick has returned from a visit in Akron, O.

Mrs. S. C. Gray of Nebraska is visiting friends here for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Oudworth is ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Dodge.

Mrs. Joseph Greer who has been very ill is slowly regaining her health.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lee Thompson, Thursday, November 21, a daughter.

Miss Marjory Putnam visited her aunt, Mrs. Henry Stillwell the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Taylor spent Sunday at the home of Chas. Taylor near New Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hicks returned home Saturday from a visit of a week or more in Clair county.

Mrs. Geo. Davidson and daughter Lulu attended the Sunday school rally at Walled Lake Sunday. They also called on friends there.

C. D. Seelaldt and family, Philip Urige and Herbert Woodward all of Detroit, were guests of Walter Coates and family Sunday.

The shadow social held at the home of Geo. Bassett last Friday evening was very well attended, \$8 being present.

A fish pond, which was one of the features of the evening, proved both entertaining and profitable. The total proceeds were \$29.01.

Dyspepsia is our national ailment. Burdock Blood Bitters is the national cure for it. It strengthens stomach membranes, promotes flow of digestive juices, purifies the blood, builds you up.

—Advertisement

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Minckler of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Pierce.

Mrs. Palmer Sherman, who has been suffering with lung trouble, is a little better.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Harker are visiting relatives in Chicago for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Harry Reynolds, Mrs. Wesley Seely and Mrs. Schuler are on the sick list this week.

H. W. Lee was in attendance at the implement dealer's convention in Saginaw last week.

Dr. E. F. Holcomb is enjoying a visit from his cousin, Frazier Sumner of St. Catharines, Ont.

The board of canvassers completed Saturday the work on election returns and made its report to Lansing. The task has been longer than was expected, owing to the length of the ballot.

Chas. Graham, for 41 years a resident of North Farmington, died there Monday morning of pneumonia. He leaves a widow and eight children.

Mr. Graham was born in Ireland and came to this country as soon as he arrived in America. The funeral was held Tuesday, Rev. Nixon officiating. Burial in North Farmington.

Any skin itching is a temper-tester. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

—Advertisement

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

—Advertisement

WIXOM NEWS.

Mrs. Emma Chapman Wilson of this place died at her home north of town after an illness of six weeks.

Wilson was greatly beloved by all who knew her and she will be much missed. She leaves an aged mother, a husband, two daughters and one son; also one sister, Mrs. Wm. C. Chambers of this place.

Funeral services were held from the house Sunday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Nickerson of Milford, with burial at the Wixom cemetery.

A specific for pain—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, strongest, cheapest liniment ever devised. A household remedy in America for 25 years.

—Advertisement

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

—Advertisement

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Rayner Tack were in town Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Mike Sulowski visited relatives in North Farmington Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert and grand-daughter Viola, spent Sunday with relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. R. E. White has returned home from her daughter's, Mrs. I. Bond, of North Farmington.

Dysentery is always serious and often a dangerous disease, but it can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has cured it even when malignant and epidemic. For sale by all dealers.

—Advertisement

IOWA CATES.

Didn't Like It.

She had great trouble with a Chinese cook, who could only be wakened by loud knocking and much calling at his door every morning. Finally she purchased an alarm clock, and setting it at the proper hour, presented it to Sam, the cook, who received the gift with a profound obeisance, and a little speech upon the generosity of Americans. The next morning, at the breakfast table, Sam appeared, and with solemn dignity returned the clock to his mistress, saying: "Mi no likey, him wake me up!"—Sallis Bader, West Virginia.

—Advertisement

Tacks Collector.

The story is told of a Pennsylvania man, who woke up with a thirst the other night and drank a pint of carpet tacks. To make the tale complete he should have swallowed a hammer as a chaser.—Toledo Blade.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for every case of Cancer that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

P. J. HENNEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We have the undersigned have known P. J. HENNEY for the last 15 years and believe him to be a perfectly honorable man in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

W. A. PRATT, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio; Knapton & Marvin, Wholesale Drug Store, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is the only cure sold by druggists. Beware of cheap imitations.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best.

—Advertisement

In the matter of the estate of GEORGE E. BRALLEY, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of John O. Knapp, in the Village of Northville, in said County, on Saturday, the 26th day of January, A. D. 1913, and on Tuesday, the 26th day of March, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 26th day of November, A. D. 1912, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated Nov. 25th, 1912.

CHARLES A. SESSIONS, JOHN O. KNAPP, Commissioners.

1821

State of Michigan, County of Wayne ss: At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the City of Detroit, on the twenty-second day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

Present, Henry S. Embert, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of LUCY FOVLE, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of May E. Filkins, praying that administration of said estate be granted to Harry A. Bovee, or some other suitable person. It is ordered, that the eighth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court Room, be appointed for hearing said petition.

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

(A true copy) HENRY S. EMBERT, Judge of Probate.

CHAS. C. CHADWICK, Probate Clerk.

18-20.

South'r'n Alabama Farm and Orchard Lands

Grow Three Crops Per Acre PER YEAR.

Grows Oranges, Pecan Nuts, Figs, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Grapes, Potatoes, Melons, Oats, Corn, Potatoes, Sugar-Cane, all Vegetables, Raisins, Poultry, Livestock, Dairy, Climate delightful & Healthful. Low rate round trip excursions.

Write for FREE BOOKLET describing Michigan Colony now organizing.

NATIONAL LAND SALES CO. STEVENS BLDG., DETROIT.

SALES AGENTS WANTED.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

DETROIT UNITED LINE

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

Northville to Farmington and Detroit. Also to Orchard Lake and Pontiac.

Leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 5:15 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 9:15 p. m.; 10:30 a. m. for Orchard Lake and Pontiac only 11:15 p. m.; for Farmington Junction only 12:30 a. m.

Northville to Farmington, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 7:30 a. m. and hourly to 7:30 p. m.; 8:44 a. m. and hourly to 8:44 p. m.; also 8:44 p. m. 10:15 p. m. and midnight.

West-bound cars to Jackson connect at Wayne. Cars for Sable connect at Detroit.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss: At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the City of Detroit, on the seventh day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of DEBORAH LOWE, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Myrtle Booth praying that administration of said estate be granted to William H. White or some other suitable person. It is ordered, that the eleventh day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court Room, be appointed for hearing said petition.

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

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.

CHAS. C. CHADWICK, Probate Clerk.

18 18

NOTICE FOR RECONVEYANCE.

To the owner or owners of any and all interests in, or liens upon the land herein described.

Take notice that said land has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax deed or deeds thereof, and that you are entitled to a reconveyance thereof, at any time within six months after return of service of this notice, upon payment to the undersigned, or to the register in chancery of the county in which the lands lie, of all sums paid upon said purchase, together with one hundred per centum additional thereto, and the fees of the sheriff for the service of cost of publication of this notice, to be computed as upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit, and the further sum of five dollars for each description without other additional cost or charges. If payment as aforesaid is not made the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land.

Description.

Lot twenty-four (24) Netting's subdivision of lot six (6), of east half of private claim three hundred and forty-four (344), township of Gratiot, situated in the County of Wayne and State of Michigan.

Amount paid \$4.18 Tax of 1910 .52 Tax of 1908 .16 Tax of 1911 .38 Tax of 1909 .162

Amount required for reconveyance \$17.36 plus sheriff's fees

Lot twenty-five (25) Netting's subdivision of lot six (6), of east half of private claim three hundred and forty-four (344), township of Gratiot, situated in the County of Wayne and State of Michigan.

Amount paid \$4.18 Tax of 1910 .52 Tax of 1908 .16 Tax of 1911 .38 Tax of 1909 .162

Amount required for reconveyance \$17.36 plus sheriff's fees

Lot twenty-six (26) Netting's subdivision of lot six (6), of east half of private claim three hundred and forty-four (344), township of Gratiot, situated in the County of Wayne and State of Michigan.

Amount paid \$4.18 Tax of 1910 .52 Tax of 1908 .16 Tax of 1911 .38 Tax of 1909 .162

Amount required for reconveyance \$17.36 plus sheriff's fees

Lot twenty-seven (27) Netting's subdivision of lot six (6), of east half of private claim three hundred and forty-four (344), township of Gratiot, situated in the County of Wayne and State of Michigan.

Amount paid \$4.18 Tax of 1910 .52 Tax of 1908 .16 Tax of 1911 .38 Tax of 1909 .162

Amount required for reconveyance \$17.36 plus sheriff's fees

Lot twenty-eight (28) Netting's subdivision of lot six (6), of east half of private claim three hundred and forty-four (344), township of Gratiot, situated in the County of Wayne and State of Michigan.

Amount paid \$4.18 Tax of 1910 .52 Tax of 1908 .16 Tax of 1911 .38 Tax of 1909 .162

Amount required for reconveyance \$17.36 plus sheriff's fees

Lot twenty-nine (29) Netting's subdivision of lot six (6), of east half of private claim three hundred and forty-four (344), township of Gratiot, situated in the County of Wayne and State of Michigan.

Amount paid \$4.18 Tax of 1910 .52 Tax of 1908 .16 Tax of 1911 .38 Tax of 1909 .162

Amount required for reconveyance \$17.36 plus sheriff's fees

Lot thirty (30) Netting's subdivision of lot six (6), of east half of private claim three hundred and forty-four (344), township of Gratiot, situated in the County of Wayne and State of Michigan.

Amount paid \$4.18 Tax of 1910 .52 Tax of 1908 .16 Tax of 1911 .38 Tax of 1909 .162

Amount required for reconveyance \$17.36 plus sheriff's fees

(Signed) GEORGE F. BROWN, Trust, Michigan.

LET SCHRADER BROS.

Furnish Your Home

It is Our Purpose to Show Clearly and Beyond Any Possibility of a Doubt that when things for the Home are to be bought, This Store is the place to get them.

We want every person to investigate the claims we make. We are here to back every assertion, to make good any loss for damage or breakage in delivery and to make good our guarantee of prices and reliability of our goods.

Even if you have no intention of buying anything, it will be an inducement to you to see how this store does business.

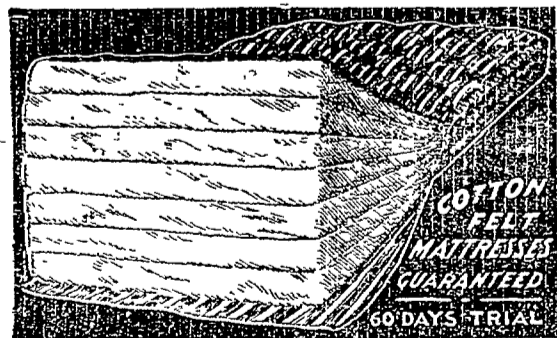


Don't Lie Awake!

Don't let your troubles to bed with you. Don't roll and toss and fret. Don't suffer with backache and imagine that your nights are all waste. Try sleeping on a

PURITAN Rest-Easy Bed Spring

and really rest easy. We will send you a thirty night trial. If it does not make you a "rest easy" sleeper, free from nervousness, backache, we will not charge you a cent. Come in, I dare the Puritan Rest Easy—the only spring that does not need the old heavy mattress. Still better—let us see.

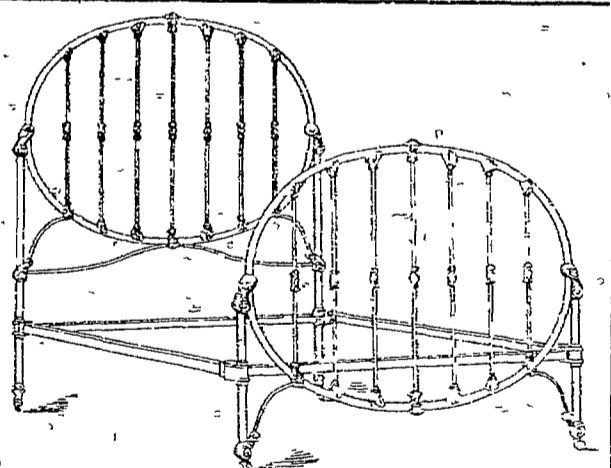


Nothing better at anywhere near the price. Just think of a First-class Mattress like this for \$8.00. We also have a Silk Floss Mattress for \$14.50. But the Puritan Bed Spring and our \$8 Cotton Felt will insure restful and comfortable nights, putting you in condition for any battle you may be called upon to face during the day.

Goods delivered anywhere free and without a mar or break.

Schrader Brothers

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



Brass Beds in All Kinds of Finish.

Buffets

For example we have some very beautiful ones in Quarter Sawed Oak for \$22 and \$24 which cannot be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$26 and \$28 respectively. Just one of many suggestions.

If you are thinking about Christmas, now is a good time to look the goods over and have them put away for you. Only a small deposit required. Rugs, Sideboards, Brass Beds, Birdseye Maple Dressers, Short End Davenport, Kitchenettes, Rockers, Leather Upholstered Dining Chairs, Couches, and dozens of other House Furnishings which you will be interested in when you call.