

OF COURSE THERE'LL BE ARGUMENTS



THE PARCELS POST AND THE TROUBLES OF THE NORTHVILLE POSTMASTER.

BELL FOUNDRY ANNUAL MEETING

IT WAS HELD AT THE HOME OFFICE WEDNESDAY.

Some Officers Elected and Satisfaction Business Reported for Year.

The annual meeting of the American Bell & Foundry company was held at the home office on Tuesday evening, Wednesday afternoon. President Harmon made an interesting report, showing the affairs of the company to be in good shape and that the business outlook was fine for the coming year.

The board of directors and officers re-elected are as follows: President and manager, F. S. Harmon; Vice-president, Chas. Eklus; Secretary, Wm. Phillips; Treasurer, W. G. Yerkes; Chas. Coldren, R. O. Yerkes, F. S. Neal.

NEW FIRE SIGNAL WORKED FINE

When Tried Out Last Saturday Evening.

The first fire alarm, under the new signal system, was pulled off Saturday night when the bottom fell out of the furnace in Dr. Schuyler's residence. It was a case of all smoke and not much fire.

The electric alarm signal from the telephone office, the big fire bell, the whistle at the electric light plant and the fire department were all "Johnny on the spot".

At first it could not be decided whether the house should be picked up and carried away or whether they should leave the house and lug off the cellar. Finally a compromise was made whereby a bucket of water was thrown through the back window and a drowning took place. The interior of the residence was damaged by smoke but an insurance covered the loss.

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G. A. R. POST AND W. R. C. INSTALL NEW OFFICERS. Adieu M. Harmon Post, G. A. R. and its auxiliary W. R. C. held joint installation in Catherine's hall Wednesday afternoon. Comrade J. O. Wald was installing officer for the post inducting into their respective positions with one exception, the following officers.

G. A. R. Com.—Daniel Craft. S. V. C.—Geo. P. Goodell. J. V. C.—Ezekiel Dingman. Surgeon—Abraham Mosher. O. of D.—E. K. Starkweather. Quartermaster—M. E. Johnson. O. of C.—Milton VanTassel. Chaplain—H. O. Wald. Adj.—J. E. Morse. S. M.—John Ellenwood. Q. S.—Leonard Cornwell. G.—James Masters. Mr. Wald was installed as chaplain by the retiring commander, J. E. Morse.

W. R. C. The installing officer for the W. R. C. was Mrs. W. H. Ambler, that organization being officered for the ensuing year as follows:

Pres.—Della F. Harmon. S. V.—Adella Bradner. J. V.—Florence Alexander. Sec.—Annie M. Cook. Treas.—Corra B. Wilkinson. Chaplain—Olive Charter. Con.—Zella Meserani. Guard—Nora Van Sickle. A. C.—Elizabeth Cobb. Patriotic Ins.—Susie Wolley. Press Cor.—Eva Morse. Color Bearers—Florence Van Valkenburg, Emma Bogart, Mina Taylor and Elizabeth Nixon. Musician—Grace Tremper. A New England supper was served after the installation service, preceded by a pleasant social hour.

DR. DONNELLY DROWNED SATURDAY

WAS PROMINENTLY CONNECTED WITH STIMPSON SCALE WORKS HERE.

Accidently Ran His Auto Off Maumee River Bridge.

Dr. Peter Donnelly, a Toledo surgeon of national reputation, was drowned there Saturday morning when he drove his motor off a dock and into the Maumee river at the foot of Madison avenue. He was just recovering from an attack of fever and it is thought that while he was driving from the Toledo club to his home, he became delirious and so turned the wrong way into Madison avenue.

Dr. Donnelly was President of the Stimpson Mercantile & Equipment company and he was also treasurer of the Stimpson Scale & Electric Co. of this village. As a token of respect the factory was closed until after the funeral, which occurred Tuesday.

MRS. ALICE YERKES DIED HERE JANUARY 2.

Mrs. Alice Yerkes, who died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Jennie White, Jan. 2, was born in Northville September 25, 1846 and had always lived in and near this village, living on the Yerkes farm east of town for twenty seven years.

Here was a life that needs no eulogy as all can testify who knew her well. Her kindness and generosity were leading traits in her character and she gave not only of her means but of herself, her time being freely given to the care of the sick and afflicted and no worthy object ever appealed to her in vain. She will be sadly missed, but our loss is her gain.

The funeral was held Saturday afternoon burial in Yerkes cemetery.

MRS. RICHARD WATERMAN OF MT. PLEASANT DEAD.

Mrs. Richard Waterman of Mt. Pleasant died at her home in that city Tuesday and the remains were brought here for burial Thursday. The funeral was held in the Presbyterian church here yesterday forenoon. The family were former residents of this village and the three sons, George, Robert and Ned, were in business here for some years, and are all well known to the majority of Northville people.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank the people of Northville for their patronage during the past two years and hope that the same courtesies may be extended my successor that have always been shown me.

Fred Pinckney.

Mrs. R. M. Johnson Dead.

Mrs. R. M. Johnson, widow of Dr. Johnson for many years a prominent Nov. and Northville physician, died at her home on the Northside last evening. She had been under the doctor's care for years and death came as a welcome release from her suffering. The funeral arrangements were not complete at this writing.

FORESTERS ELECT OFFICERS.

The following officers of Court Northville No. 85, F. of A. have been elected for the ensuing year:

C. R.—W. Corrin. S. C. R.—E. Woodmansee. F. S.—A. J. Simmonds. Treas.—L. D. Stage. R. S.—C. F. Knight. S. W.—W. Mosher. J. W.—J. R. Dickerson. S. B.—F. Pinckney. J. B.—E. Lyke. Sec.—A. McGee. Trustee—3 year, G. King. Physicians—Mrs. T. B. Henry and T. H. Turner.

Installation this Friday evening. All members requested to be present.

BODY BROUGHT HERE.

The body of George A. Milne of New York arrived here on Monday morning, and was interred in Rural Hill Cemetery by the side of his wife, Lizzie Swift Milne, only child of Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Swift.

He was the father of Alexander Milne of this place, and had been a great sufferer for many months in King's Park Hospital, New York.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Simmons wish to thank the King's Daughters, Eastern Star and Commandery for the beautiful flowers sent them during their recent illness.

Is Real Value. "This poem was written by a prominent lawyer of this city. It is any value." "About as much value," said the editor, "as a legal opinion written by a poet."—Washington Herald.

DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr. W. Fred Laddisday having assumed the practice of Dr. W. H. Knight will be pleased to meet for our patients of this office at the same location, during Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week and at other times by appointment, 115 Main St., Plymouth 191f.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

WANTED—Good man for janitor and general helper \$20 a month board and room Mrs. F. J. Chapman, 311 Thompson, Ann Arbor, Mich. 24w7.

WANTED—A young lady or young man stenographer whole or part time P. O. box 456, Northville, M., or Mr. Harrison, Main St. 24w1.

WANTED—Man to cut wood by the cord Chas. Wedow, Nov. Bell phone 103-J 6. 24w2.

FOR RENT—Farm 2 miles west of Northville on Base line Inquire of H. R. Holmes 24w1p.

FOR SALE—New milch Jersey Cow. Frank Hills, Northville. 24w1.

FOR SALE—Still have about 75 more Pails Extracted Honey, at \$1.50 per pail (10-lbs). Dell Silver, Northville. 23tr.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Wing street. Inquire of F. A. Miller. 24w4p.

FOR SALE—Wood. Inquire of F. J. Coduran. 24w3p.

FOR SALE—1,500 bu. Corn at 20c per bu.; 3 miles west of Plymouth, on J. Bogart farm. 23w4p.

FOR SALE—Carload new milch cows mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth, Nov. Both phones. 191f.

FOR SALE—At Bargain—Full set Britannica Encyclopedia, 30 volumes Apply at Record office 191f.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. P. H. ALEXANDER, DENTIST—Office over Stark Brothers Store. Hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Home phone 29. 191f.

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.

START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT BY

There are probably many little things in the Hardware line that you have felt in urgent need of many times; but like the little leak in the roof, they are forgotten until "it rains."

Perhaps it is frequently a hammer, tack-puller, chisel, wrench, or some small cooking utensil—some odd piece—which your wife needs sorely at times when you have no opportunity to get it for her.

Let us work together. Anyhow we would be pleased to assist you in any way we can.

Buying The Little Things You Need

BUY A GOOD STOVE

Do you need a new stove for this winter? Then you will want a good stove—one that will save the fuel and "throw out" the most heat—and better still, one that is made "honest" all the way through.

Whatever kind of stove you may want—be sure it is a self-feeding base burner, oak heater, kitchen range, gas or oil stove, we can fit you out with the best makes made.

At any rate, we would be glad to show and explain the stoves to you. Our terms and prices are the best.

Ask for one of our 1913 Almanacs, if you haven't already got one.

JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.

GIVE YOUR WIFE A BANK BOOK



Do not stingily pinch out money to your good wife. She has more sense of economy than you have anyhow. Give her a bank account—so much each month. This will save you lots of trouble and give her the independence she DESERVES and will enjoy. This will save you money, because if your wife feels that she is your PARTNER she will help save. Do this and some day when YOU NEED money SHE will have it for you.

Let OUR Bank be YOUR Bank. We Pay THREE per cent interest.

Northville State Savings Bank.

Here Are Some Good Snaps

4 Cans Corn for.....25c
4 Packages Raisins for.....25c

1 Can Best Tomatoes 13c
3 Can Swiss Peas 12c
1 Can Jersey Corn 10c

30C

1 Can Succotash 12c
1 Can Wax Beans 12c
1 Can Clover Corn 10c

30C

We are Northville Agent for CHASE & SANBORN'S COFFEE.

At B. A. WHEELER'S NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Our New Year Resolution

We will do our best to give every customer better values and better treatment in 1913 than we gave in 1912.

HAPPY NEW YEAR 1913.

Your New Year Resolution

I will give Ryder's Grocery a bigger share of my business in 1913 because there is no better place to trade in Northville.

TRADE AT RYDER'S

The SABLE LORCHA

By HORACE HAZELTINE

Copyright, 1912, A. C. McCLURG & CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Robert Cameron, capitalist, conceals his feelings. Clyde, newspaper publisher, regarding anonymous threatening letters he has received. The first of these is a sample of the writer's power. On that day the head is mysteriously cut from a portrait of Cameron while the latter is in the room. Clyde has a theory that the portrait was mutilated while the room was unoccupied and the head later removed by means of a string, unobserved by Cameron. Clyde Grayson, Cameron's niece, with whom Clyde is in love, finds the head of Cameron's portrait in a tree where it had been used as a target. Clyde pledges Evelyn to secrecy. Clyde learns that a Chinese boy employed by Philatus Murphy, an artist living nearby, had borrowed a rifle from Cameron's lodgekeeper. Clyde asks the lodgekeeper to call on Murphy and is repulsed. He pretends to be investigating sales of infrusions of the game laws and seeks out the boy. Clyde's portrait is mysteriously shattered. Cameron becomes seriously ill as a result of the shock. The third letter appears mysteriously on Cameron's sickbed. It makes direct threats against the life of Cameron. Clyde tells Cameron the envelope was empty. He is told Evelyn everything and plans to take Cameron on a yacht trip. The yacht picks up a fisherman, found hitting helplessly in a boat. He gives the name of Johnson. Cameron's back is turned. A fruitless search is made for a motor boat seen by the captain. But before Cameron can depart, Johnson is allured to go after being closely questioned. Evelyn takes the letters to an expert in Chinese literature, who pronounces them as Chinese orients.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

Very briefly she explained that she had seen the professor that morning, and had laid before him the original letter and my copies of the others, and that he had kindly promised to make a careful study of them and acquaint her with the result later in the day. She thought it better, however, that I should call upon him for his conclusions, she said, as they would probably be verbal, and she doubted her own ability to convey them to me with entire accuracy. Of course she had told him nothing as to the circumstances surrounding the letters. As they bore no dates, and were undressed, she had him to infer that they were autographic curiosities belonging to her uncle, in which we were all three interested.

I had met Professor Griffin on several occasions. Once or twice he had contributed articles to The Week, and while we were scarcely intimate, we were on terms of friendly acquaintance. He was an oldish, white-haired gentleman, of rather the ascetic type, with long, somewhat peaked face, and light, watery blue eyes, which seemed to bulge behind the strong lenses of his gold-bowed spectacles.

He received me in his study, a spacious, book-lined room on the second floor of his old Colonial stone house.

"I have been deeply interested, Mr. Clyde," he began, "in the autographs and copies which Miss Grayson brought to me. They are unique specimens of English composition, in that the Oriental influence is so clearly demonstrated throughout. Do you, by any chance, know where Mr. Cameron obtained them?"

"I was hardly prepared for this question, but I answered as promptly as possible that they had recently come into my friend's possession, I believed, but from just what source I had not learned.

The three sheets lay before him on the writing-shelf of his old-fashioned mahogany secretary, and now he took up one of the copies, holding it at some distance from his eyes, as though his glasses, thick as they were, were not as powerful as his sight required.

"The three writings," he went on, in the tone of a classroom lecturer, "evidently form a series, of which, I take it, this is the first."

"The one which says, 'Take warning of what shall happen on the seventh day,'" I queried.

"Yes. That is the first. The other of the copies, in which occurs the phrase 'once more,' is, of course, the second. And the original autograph is the last."

"Exactly," I agreed. It seemed to me that all this was very obvious, but in courtesy I could not say so.

"All three," he continued sagely, "begin, as you must have observed, with the same sentence, 'That which you have wrought shall in turn be wrought upon you.' That is a quotation."

"A quotation?" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"A quotation from Mencius, the great expounder of Confucius, who lived B. C. 372 to 289. In the original, a word meaning 'Beware' precedes the warning, and a more literal translation of the passage would be: 'Beware! What proceeds from you will return to you again.'"

It seemed to me this was taking a great deal for granted. I feared that the professor, like many savants who specialize, was straining the fact to fit his theory, but he very promptly disabused me.

"The supposition that the words are a paraphrase of Mencius," he explained, "would not be tenable, because the idea is not anomalous."

"What was it we found running through the series, other quotations that are unquestionably of Chinese origin. The first letter, for example, concludes with: 'The ways of our God are many.' On the righteous he shows his blessings; on the evil he pours forth misery. This is from the Book of History, or 'Shu-King,' in which are the documents edited by Confucius himself. It usually has been rendered in this way: 'The ways of God are not invariable. On the good doer, he sends down all blessings, and on the evil doer, he sends down all miseries.' That is the more exact rendering. And again, in the second letter we find—"

"He paused a moment, taking up the second sheet, and focusing his dim eyes upon the lines. 'We find,' he went on, 'fine words and a smiling countenance, make not virtue, which is from the Lün-shu, or Analects of Confucius, in which the words and maxims of the sage are detailed by his disciples. 'Smiling countenance' is hardly the best translation. 'Inspiring appearance' is more nearly the English equivalent, and I should prefer 'are rarely connected, or associated, with virtue' to 'make not virtue.'"

"Those, of course, are unmistakably translations," I agreed.

"And so are the concluding sentences of the third, the autograph letter," he assured me. "Say not Heaven is high above! Heaven ascends and descends about our deeds, daily inspecting us, where ever we are. I find it in one of the sacrificial odes of Kan, and it is the best rendered of all the excerpts."

"So your conclusion as to the authorship is—?" I queried.

"Chinese, undoubtedly," he answered. "These were written, I should say, by a Chinaman, educated, probably, in this country. His English is the English of the educated Oriental, but the quotations from Confucius and his commentators are characteristic. With the average Chinaman, to know Confucius is to know all; what he said is all sufficient; what he did not say is not worth saying. Another identifying feature is the effort to make afraid. Their religion is fear."

Having concluded his exposition, Professor Griffin was disposed to enter upon a more or less lengthy discussion on Chinese character and literature in general. However, illuminative this might have been under ordinary conditions, I was assured in no mood to listen to it at this time. The information he had given me, while it merely verified suspicions which I had held from the first, set me to speculating on the individual source of the letters; and with so modern an instance at hand I was naturally disinclined to consider the authorship of writings dating back often a thousand years and more beyond the Christian era.

With what grace I could, therefore, I discouraged a continuance of the theme, and having thanked him most heartily, pocketed the notes with which he was good enough to furnish me, and prepared to depart. But as I stood at his study door, his lean, scholarly hand resting in mine, he detained me for a final word.

"The symbol!" he exclaimed, his pale eyes lighting at the recollection. "We forget the symbol!"

"Oh, yes," I returned, my interest revived, "that silhouette at the bottom."

"It is unmistakably Chinese," he said. "I am not very familiar with the symbolism of the East, not as familiar as I should be, possibly; but Chinese writing, you know, in its origin, is picture writing with the addition of a limited number of symbolical and conventional designs. This figure, I should say, represents a lorcha, or small Chinese coasting junk, and you can rest assured that the threats contained in the letters were with a view to reparation for some crime or injury connected in some way with such a vessel. That is as near as I can interpret it. But if you would like to know more—if you would like to get something more nearly definite—I can refer you to one who can, I think, give you the information."

"By all means," I implored, "I shall appreciate it greatly."

"An authority on this subject is living not very far from here. He spent many years in China, is something of an artist himself, and made, I understand, a study of Oriental symbolism. He lives at Cos Cob, and his name is—"

"Murphy!" I interrupted, as a flood of illumination swept over me.

"Philatus Murphy. Yes. Do you know him?"

"I have met him," I returned shortly.

And thanking the professor once more, I hurried away, with a course of action already shaping in my mind.

CHAPTER XI.

The Chinese Merchant. It was while Professor Griffin was talking of Chinese characteristics that the thought of Little Mow Chee first occurred to me. The professor said

something about the average Chinaman's disinclination to speak of death, directly, and how he invariably employed some euphemism. The phrase "pass from sight of men into torment," the professor pointed out as an illustration. And then I remembered Little Mow Chee, who was in my class at Yale, and how, once, in speaking of the demise of a fellow classman, he had used the odd expression, "he has saluted old age," which I afterwards learned was quite a common form in China.

It was now a year or more since I had seen Mow Chee, but I recalled that at our last meeting I had made a note of his address, and so on reaching New York I sought the next morning I looked it up. Curiously enough a private detective agency which I had arranged to consult, changed to have its office in the same building on lower Broadway as the Pacific Transport Company, by which Mow Chee was employed, and thus the plan which had been shaping mentally the previous afternoon, as I hurried away from Professor Griffin's, was readily set in motion before noon of the day following.

In the evening I had discussed it with Evelyn, and though the detective feature did not at first meet with her approval, she eventually conceded that it was a necessary part of the project. It was agreed, however, that the real purpose for which that aid was invoked should not be divulged. Philatus Murphy was to be shadowed and daily reports were to be made to me. That he had been under suspicion of brutally murdering his Chinese servant was sufficient reason for the proceeding, and to the detective agency I gave no hint of any further consideration.

As for my Celestial classmate, I was not by any means sure that I should find him at the Pacific Transport offices. I knew that for some time China had been calling upon her sons of western education to return to their mother country for service, and I feared that Little Mow Chee might already be customs taxman of Shanghai, or some other imperial province. But my inquiries were very promptly allayed; for no sooner had I stepped within the outer office than he saw me. And came hastily forward, with a smile of greeting on his square, flattened yellow face.

His desk was just back of the long counter which ran the length of the room, and a glance at his piled contents showed me that he was very busy. Moreover, there was no opportunity here for the privacy which I desired; so after an exchange of greetings, and a few conventional inquiries I invited Mow to lunch with me at the Savarin, at whatever hour would best suit his convenience.

Somewhat to my dismay, he fixed upon one o'clock. As it still wanted ten minutes of noon I now had over an hour of leisure, which, as may be imagined, promised to hang rather heavily, the more so, as I was impatient to make some real progress in my quest.

Wall street being at hand, I concluded to call on a friend there who usually handles my investments, and make a convenience of his office. On the way, I bought an afternoon paper, and as my broker happened to be at the Stock Exchange, I had ample opportunity to read it from first column to last. It proved about as thrillingly interesting as the early afternoon reprints of what one has already read at breakfast. Usually are, and I was about to drop it to the floor, when my eye caught a group of headlines on the last page, which, up to that moment, had escaped me; but which now suddenly riveted my attention. CELESTIAL CLAIMS MYSTERIOUS BOX ON FALL RIVER PIER.

Anything concerning Celestials, I suppose, would have attracted me, just then, but the burden of this was so peculiarly pertinent, that it seemed as if it must have intimate connection with the tangle I had undertaken to unravel.

With the paper gripped tightly in both hands, and my head bent intently forward, I raced through the frivolously-written article which followed; and from a superabundance of cheap wit and East side slang managed to extract the somewhat meager facts. A truck, driven by a Chinaman, it seemed, had that morning taken from the pier of the Fall River Line a square box, measuring about five feet each way, and perforated with a number of auger holes. The brilliant space-writer had given his imagination free rein as to the contents, speculating as to the possibilities, from edible Chinese dogs to smuggled opium, but he had omitted to furnish the name and address of either the consignor or consignee. The truck, drawn by the slant-eyed white horse, and driven by the phlegmatic Chin, clattered away in the direction of Mott street, the account concluded.

After all, it was a very commonplace, everyday occurrence. Probably the auger holes were only knot holes, transformed by the reporter's imagination.

Nevertheless, I thrust the paper into my pocket. Mow Chee might throw some light on the matter. He would know, in all likelihood, what sort of goods were shipped by way of the Fall River Line to his countrymen in New York.

We secured a corner table in the inner room at the Savarin. It was not so crowded there and it was less bustling and noisy. My companion attracted some little attention, of course, but not sufficient to prove annoying. New York, as a rule, pays small heed simply to the unusual, and Chinamen are common enough not to be absolute curiosities even in the big downtown restaurants.

A very dapper little fellow was Mr. Mow; neatly and inconspicuously clad, and well brushed and combed. He was far from being a college days, when he was coxswain of the class crew, and I pulled the stroke oar, but my time was too precious for such reminiscence, and as speedily as possible I broached the subject I had at heart.

"Now," I began, perhaps less delicately than I should, "there's a saying, you know, that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. That wouldn't apply to the Chinese, would it? And yet, while there are some very excellent Chinamen, there are some pretty bad ones, aren't there?"

He grinned, exposing his fine teeth. "Oh, yes," he answered, "there are good and bad, but the percentage of bad is less in my country than in some others." I caught the significance of his remark, and realized that I deserved the rebuke.

"And amongst the educated Chinese, here in New York?" I went on, without stopping for comment. "There are a few bad."

He was still smiling. "Bad?" he queried. "What do you mean by bad? There are some who have vices, yes. Some gamble, some smoke opium, some get the best of a bargain."

"Are there some who would kill?" I asked, bluntly.

"Oh, no, no!" he protested, without raising his voice. "I certainly should hope there are none such among the educated."

And then I told him about the three letters, and what had happened, omitting only Cameron's name and place of residence. Imperceptible little chirp that he was, he listened without emotion. When I concluded he said: "You are sure they were Chinamen who did this?"

"Would men of any other nationality quote Confucius and Mencius?" I asked.

"No, I think not," was his reply, "and yet it might be done by crafty persons to mislead."

But I could not agree with him. "We are not revengeful as a nation," he said, "we are rather long suffering. If Chinamen did what you tell me, it was in return for some very great injury, some crime, I should say, against their parents or near kinsmen."

"But my friend was never in China," I declared. "And he was the last man in the world to harm anyone."

For a little while Mow Chee ate in thoughtful silence. Presently he looked up. "Clyde, my friend, I know so little of my own people here in New York. But one man I know, a merchant, who is very prominent and very upright. He is a big man in the Six Companies. I will give you a card to him; you can speak to him in confidence, and if he can help you, he will, not only because I sent you, but because he stands for all that is best, and desires that my countrymen in the United States shall have the respect they deserve from your citizens. I would send you to the Chinese Consul, but my friend, Mr. Yip Sing, is better."

My hand was on the newspaper in my pocket, but I did not show it to Mow Chee. I would reserve it for the encyclopaedic Yip Sing, whose address, as written on the card which my classmate furnished me, was on Mott street, a few doors from Pell.

New York's Chinatown is a much more familiar locality to the transient visitor than to the average citizen. In all the years of my residence in the metropolis, of which I am a native, I had never before had either the occasion or the desire to dip into this most foreign of all the city's foreign sections. To me, Chinatown was as a far country. Vaguely I had an idea of its location. I lay, I knew, east of Broadway and west of the Bowery; but its latitude was not clearly defined.

My impulse was to hail a cab, give the driver the number of the Mott street establishment, and so, without further individual effort, be whirled away to my destination. But there are no cab stands on lower Broadway; and to walk to Broad street, where the cabmen lies all day in wait for the prosperous stock broker and his affluent customer, required more time than in my impatience I was willing

to grant. Therefore I bearded a Broadway cat and was drawn haltingly northward, until, on reaching Canal street, I alighted in sheer desperation and turned eastward.

Here a letter carrier, of whom I inquired, sped me straight to my goal—a couple of blocks as I was going, a turn to the right, a few blocks more, and the bulk windows of the Yip Sing Company would come into view.

I found the establishment easily enough. But it did not seem for the name printed in big Roman lettering, I should never have imagined it a Chinese business house. There was no display of goods in the big windows, which were screened half-way up by light blue shades, giving the front an appearance similar to that of the average American wholesale house.

Having passed inside, however, there was no such illusion. All about me were the characteristic products of the Orient, from brilliant silken embroideries, and exquisite gold and silver and bronze work, to cheap cotton and linen fabrics, lacquer furniture, and straw slippers. And the atmosphere was further enhanced by the half-dozen or more Chinamen who were lounging in the middle and far distance, each with shaven crown and coiled queue and each in the more or less brilliantly colored native dress.

One of these, a comparatively darkly-skinned young man with full, round visage, came forward as I entered.

"Is Mr. Yip in?" I asked.

"He was inclined, I saw, to hesitation, and so I produced Mow's card."

"Oh, yes," he said, after studying it for a moment. "Oh, yes, Mista Yip! He is in." With which he left me, and taking the card with him disappeared behind some draperies at the back of the big crowded store.

Between the others, who regarded me for a moment only with idle interest, there was, while I stood there, a rapid exchange of observations in their native tongue, mingled with a sort of high-pitched cackling, which I assumed to be laughter.

I had turned my back towards them, but presently a shuffling of feet along the floor informed me of the approach of what I imagined was my returning emissary. On whirling about, however, it was to face an elderly man in purple silk garments and a black skull cap—a man of thin, almost cadaverous yellow visage, whose upper lip and chin were adorned with a sparse growth of silky blue hair, and upon the bridge of whose nose rested a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

"You would see me, sir?" he asked, and I noted that there was scarcely the slightest indication of the foreigner in either pronunciation or accent.

"If you are Mr. Yip," I smiled, "you can, I fancy, from what Mr. Mow tells me, give me the information I am in search of."

He did not smile in return, but his thin face assumed an expression of benignity that was as much of an invitation to lay my problem before him as were his words.

"Any way I can serve a friend of Mr. Mow," he said, "will be a pleasure."

But as he spoke, the benign expression passed. Once again that thin, sunken face, with its hollow cheeks, and small, deep-set eyes, had become unfathomable.

At least two of his partners or subalterns were within ear shot, and I turned a significant glance towards them, as I said:

"The subject is a confidential one, Mr. Yip. If I could speak to you—"

"In private," he finished. "Certainly, sir. Will you kindly step this way?"

He led me to the rear of his store, holding aside a curtain of heavy embroidery, through which I passed into a smaller room, furnished in carved teak wood and ornamented with magnificent specimens of Chinese porcelain and pottery. A little Chinese girl, more over eight years old, and wearing a blouse and wide breeches of a pale cerulean silk, stood beside a table. Before her were several small sheets of rice paper on which she was making designs in water colors.

Ignoring the child he indicated a chair near the only window, screened like the windows in front, with a blue shade. And when I had sat down, he drew up a chair for himself opposite me.

His manner, in spite of the benignity of a moment before, was not encouraging, and for a little I was embarrassed as to just where to begin. At length, however I said:

"I fear, Mr. Yip, that some of your countrymen have recently made a terrible mistake."

"A mistake?" he echoed, gravely.

"A mistake that I trust it is not too late to repair. Briefly, they have kidnapped a gentleman of fortune and influence, one of my dearest friends, in a manner most mysterious, after first subjecting him to the annoyance of a series of anonymous letters and a succession of singular, nerve-torturing acts of trespass."

Mr. Yip glanced at Mow Chee's card, which he still held.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Couldn't Miss Them. A black broadcloth suit marked "Rush order" lay on the tailor's table ready for cleaning and pressing.

"About the only kind of dirt I can see on that suit is chalk," a man remarked. "Looks as if it had been dragged through a chalk pit."

"The woman put it there purposefully," said the tailor. "Each chalk mark is in the form of a ring that encircles a grease spot." She hunted out each spot in the sunlight and marked it so. I couldn't possibly miss any. Fine idea, that. Maybe I shouldn't have found them all back here in the dark."

GET THIS FOR COLDS

Prescription for Positive Results
Don't Experiment.

From your druggist get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Globe Compound, Concentrated Pine. Make these two ingredients homogeneous, and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake well. Take one to two teaspoons after each meal and at bed time. Smaller doses to children according to age. This is said to be the quickest cough and cold cure known to the medical profession. Be sure to get only the genuine Globe Compound (Concentrated Pine). Each half ounce bottle comes in a tin screw-top sealed case. If your druggist is out of stock he will quickly get it from his wholesale house. Don't fool with uncertain mixtures. It is risky. Local druggists say that for the past six years this has had a wonderful demand. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical Laboratories of Chicago.

TOLD HER LIFE'S AMBITION

Small Girl Somewhat Crudely Expressed Her Desire to Be a Teacher When She Grew Up.

At one time or another during the ward school life of a little girl there prevails the ambition to become a teacher. Perhaps it is the indisputable authority possessed by the hand that welds the rules, or the nonchalant display of wisdom on topics surrounded by the most inaccessible difficulties to the small boy and girl. They will nearly always tell their ambitions to a well liked teacher, and one rather surprising declaration was given by a little maid in one of Miss Clara Townsend's room before she became principal of the James school.

Among the special favors coveted by the youngsters is the permission to stay behind after school and clean the blackboards. One evening a little girl was given the desired privilege, and while engaged in the task she struck up a shy sort of conversation with Miss Townsend. Finally the usual confession was made.

"When I grow up, I am going to be a teacher," she announced.

"That so?" pleasantly asked Miss Townsend. "And why do you want to be a teacher?"

"Well," was the rather surprising answer, "I'll have to be either a teacher or a lady, and I would rather be a teacher."—Indianapolis News

Shopper's Cramp.

Simeon Ford, at a dinner of hotel men in New York discussed a new disease.

"There's a new disease called shopper's cramp," he said. "It appears early in December, becomes violently epidemic about the middle of the month and ends suddenly on the evening of the 24th."

"Women feel shopper's cramp in the arms, the limbs, everywhere; but it attacks the husband only in one place—the pocket."

Balanced.

Representative Pugh was talking in Washington about the currency.

"It must balance," he said. "It must balance automatically and delicately. It must rise like the Christmas husband."

"Oh, John dear," said this chap's wife, "I'm so sorry you've got all these heavy parcels to carry!"

"Well, you see," John panted, reassuringly, "my pocket is very much lighter now."

A Weakening.

"I am sorry to say," remarked the young wife, "that my husband seems to lack initiative and decision."

"What has caused you to think so?" her friend asked.

"I have to suggest it every time when he asks for a raise in salary, and then he hesitates for a long time about doing it."

Keeping Her Word.

Josephine—Do you know to whom Stella is engaged?

Margaret—Yes, but I promised I would not tell. However, I don't think there'll be any harm in my writing his name on a piece of paper for you.—Satire.

Substantial Breakfast Pleasure

in every package of

Post Toasties

Crisp, sweet bits of toasted Indian Corn, to be served with cream or milk.

Always Ready to Eat Direct From Package—

Always Delicious.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

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 intentionally published that cannot be personally endorsed. No false advertising, or unreliable patent medicine advertising, or anything bordering on the objectionable accepted at any price.

Obituary notices will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of thanks, 1 cent per word. 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.

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.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JAN. 10, '13

THE OLD STORY OF ABOLISHING THE STATE OIL DEPARTMENT.

In his inaugural message Governor Ferris advocates the abolishment of the Oil Inspection department, and that a man connected with the Dairy and Food department might be made Inspector and see that investigations were made of "complaints relating to poor oil." The governor does not seem to have any consideration for the lives of the people at all. It is just the quality of the oil he would look after. If that is all there is to it there is no need of it being looked after, even by the food department, for the simple reason that competition alone will always furnish a good quality of oil to Michigan consumers. However neither Governor Ferris nor his Dairy and Food manager can tell the difference between a tank or a barrel of pure kerosene oil and a barrel or tank containing half gas oil and half kerosene with out a scientific test. Of course it would not make much difference to the rich people of the elite who use electricity or gas but it makes a lot of difference to the common people whether they put gasoline or kerosene in their lamps. The governor knows that the small order houses of Pennsylvania and Chicago would flood Michigan with kerosene direct to the consumer if the safety test was removed and the result would undoubtedly be numerous accidents and fatalities. The Record believes that the lives of the people of Michigan are of as much importance as their health but we hear of no one advocating the abolishment of the Pure Food department of Michigan which costs the taxpayers of the state thousands of dollars every year without any good results whatever. The matter of the sale of pure foods is simply taken care of by the U. S. government and local health departments and the score of job holders in that department are a useless expense to the taxpayers. Governor Osborn took it from James Helm that the Oil Department should be abolished, but later on he acknowledged to the inspection department that he was mistaken. Mr. Helm has furnished the same misleading information to Governor Ferris for his inaugural message this year and the good governor has fallen for it. To this paper it would make no difference whether the office was abolished but to very many people it would be a calamity. Governor Ferris has made a ten minute study of the question and has taken the Honorable James Helm's say so for the balance of it. The say so of the Honorable James is not always reliable but he has so far fooled at least two governors and got away with it.

There are thousands of men in business today who complain of ill luck. They are busy men—men who can climb no higher on the ladder of business. They have reached their limit. As a matter of fact, they are merely busy doing much, afraid to advertise their wares. The men who pass them are capable of greater business because they advertise and use their brains. They let others carry the stones while they build the house. They never let work become their master, but are already masters of their work. They advertise!

There is nothing more important than looking out for the health. The precious possession of perfect health, which is your attribute, your birthright, and you are by natural laws entitled to it. I remove the cause of your trouble and nature does the rest.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

NORTHVILLE.

Parly 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 from Box in the postoffice.)

Mrs. Ida Hendryx visited Mrs. Elmer Kator in Detroit Sunday.

Mrs. Walter Wacker, nee Ione Russell was a Northville caller last Friday.

Miss Tyrell of Rochester was the guest of Miss Cecil Johnston over Sunday.

Mrs. W. D. Killett spent Monday of this week with Mrs. Wm. Sauve in Detroit.

John Dennis and wife have returned from Regina, Canada and remain in Northville.

Peter Ely was the guest of his brother, W. S. Parmenter, at Pontiac on New Year's day.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Fisher and children of Olney visited Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Roberts last week.

Clarence Carr of Detroit and Roy Curfiss of Ann Arbor were the guests of Don Ball last week.

The Misses Harriett and Mercy Van Aken of Detroit were guests of Northville relatives last week.

High Babbitt left yesterday for Concord, N. H., where he attends school, after spending the holidays at his home here.

The Misses Lydia and Margaret Murdock returned home Sunday from Windsor, Ont., where they spent the school vacation.

Mrs. Clara Wilkins and daughter, Mildred, of Highland Park spent the week-end with the former's brother, E. J. Cobb and family.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark and daughter, Lydia, visited relatives in Chelsea and Jackson from Tuesday until Sunday of last week.

Mrs. Alice Freeman who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. L. W. Simmons for several weeks, returned to her home in Lansing Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Benton left Wednesday for their home in Los Angeles, Cal., after a visit with friends and relatives in this vicinity.

The college and normal students returned to their duties in the various schools Monday after enjoying the two weeks of holiday vacation.

Flowers in a Bedroom.

Opinions differ as to the feasibility of having plants in a bedroom. However, almost all authorities agree that plants and trees, through their leaves absorb obnoxious gases and give off oxygen, and that plants require a gas called carbonic acid to promote a rank, luxuriant growth. The gas thus breathed by the plants is poisonous to air-breathing animals, including man, and as it is also given off in the breathing of animals it is poisonous to be rebreathed, but the plants thrive on it. This being the case the decision would be in favor of having the plants in the room to absorb the poisonous exhalations.

Eccentric Tides.

Owing to the effects of shore lines and other influences, which are more or less obscure, it is very difficult to account for the peculiarities exhibited by tidal waves in various parts of the world. Interfering waves cause once-a-day tides at Tahiti and in some other places, while on the other hand in the harbors back of the Isle of Wight and in the Tay in Scotland there are three tides in a day. The latter have been ascribed to overtidal waves produced by the modification of tidal waves running ashore and resembling the overtones of musical sounds.

Proper Method of Writing.

A twisted spine or writer's cramp are the alternatives between which the French government has to choose in establishing once for all the type of handwriting to be taught in the schools. Some years ago there was a unanimous outcry from the doctors against teaching children to write a sloping hand, the promised result being a race of hunchbacks.

Magazine Standard.

We have had scant opportunities for observation, but personally we have never seen underwear fit as perfectly anywhere as in the magazines.

—Galveston News.

Get Well Without the Use of Drugs

There is nothing more important than looking out for the health. The precious possession of perfect health, which is your attribute, your birthright, and you are by natural laws entitled to it. I remove the cause of your trouble and nature does the rest.

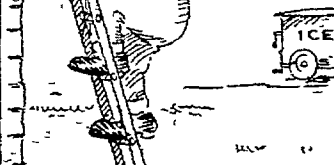
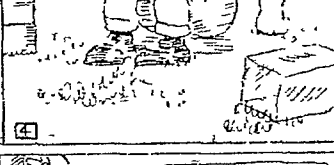
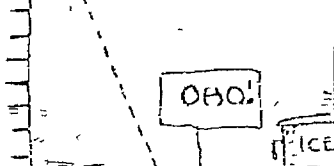
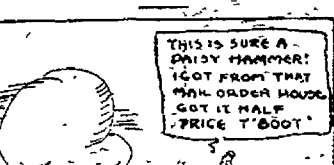
A. L. JOHNSON, D. C.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.

—Advertisement.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"BUY IT AT HOME"



Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the pastor.)
Morning service at 10:30. Subject: "The Glory of the Imperfect."
Sunday school at 11:45. A place to be educated in religion.
Christian Endeavor at 6:00.

Evening service at 7:00. Subject: "The Meaning of the World's Unrest." A welcome for all at these services.

The annual meeting of the church and congregation will be held next Thursday night. This is a meeting of unusual importance. Special efforts are being made to make this meeting interesting. Members of the church and congregation are urged to attend this service.

The Ladies' Aid re-elected the officers of last year at their last meeting, a tribute to their ability and faithfulness.

The Basket ball games between the Methodist and Presbyterian boys resulted in a victory for the Methodists. "Better to have played and lost than never to have played at all."

The Boys' club was very pleasantly entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Curfiss last Tuesday evening. It is hoped that other homes will be opened to the boys.

The meetings of the Christian Endeavor are well attended, and unusual interest is being manifested. The young people of the town who are not affiliated with any similar organization are invited to affiliate with the Christian Endeavor.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the pastor.)
The January meeting of the Epworth League will be held at the home of Miss Grace Tremper next Monday night.

The sermon topic for Sunday services are: Morning, "Conversions, After the Manner of Paul," evening, "Striving for the Mastery."

Each lady of the church is urged to be present at the church parlors Tuesday, January 14, for the regular monthly and annual meeting of the Ladies' Aid society. Please bring cup, plate, fork and spoon, as a noonday luncheon will be served at 12:30, standard.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

Owing to the storm, the business meeting of the ladies of this church, was postponed this week. It will be held in the church parlors Monday afternoon, beginning at 2:00 o'clock. Election of officers, appointment of committee and planning of work for the new year. A good attendance is desired.

Rev. M. T. Early of Lake Odessa, Mich., is expected to occupy the pulpit Sunday, both morning and evening. He comes as a candidate.

W. C. T. U. NOTES.

The next regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. for January 13 will be omitted on account of other orders holding their annual election of officers on that day. The next regular meeting will be held Jan. 27.

WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Miss Mae Tuttle is spending a few days in Ann Arbor.

Era. Murdock, who has been very ill with scarlet fever, is some better.

Three races will be held here tomorrow afternoon January 11, to be called at one o'clock sharp.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green and daughter Juanita spent Sunday with Mrs. Green's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Tuttle.

Clare Grace and Miss Angeline Irish were married at the Baptist parsonage Christmas eve. Both the bride and groom are teachers in our school.

Attorney Frank L. Doty has asked the board of supervisors to make some arrangement whereby a wood pile can be provided upon which tramps can be compelled to work out their board and lodging.

Lew Coe of Novi and James Tiffin of Wixom had a match race over the ice on the lake here one day last week, with a side bet of \$100 each. Mr. Tiffin's horse won. Chas. McClaren was also out with his pacer, which showed a lot of speed and looks very much like a C. C. candidate for next year. Alex Keith, our road commissioner also exhibited a pacer.

There is every indication that the board of supervisors will this year vote to submit the question of the adoption of the county road system to the people at the spring election. The matter was a special order of business for Thursday afternoon. Many members of the board are interested in good roads, and have investigated the workings of the

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Annual Sale January 6 to 20 LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS

One Lot ONE-FOURTH OFF
One Lot ONE-THIRD OFF
One Lot ONE-HALF OFF

If You Need a Coat You Will Find Decided Bargains.

Lot of Small Sized Dress Skirts, were \$3.25, \$3.50, at..... \$1.75 each
Blankets..... 39c; 69c for 55c; 79c for 65c; \$1.10 for 79c; \$1.50 for 79c; \$1.50 for \$1.10; \$1.75 for \$1.35.
Comforters..... 79c; \$1.50 for \$1.15; 2.00 for \$1.60; 2.50 for \$1.95.
25c Dress Goods—none lot at..... 12½c
10c Outing Flannel..... 8c 8c for..... 6½c
Scrim, regular 20c goods for..... 12½c and 15c
One-Fourth Off on Umbrellas.
Ladies' Hdkfs, 25c for 17c; 50c for 35c; 75c for 45c
Pillows and Centers, 25c for..... 19c; 50c for..... 38c
\$2.00 Rugs for..... \$1.50
½ off on White Bed Spreads \$1, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75 to 3.50
Lace Curtains from \$1.00 to 5.00..... ¼ off
Kimonos and House-Dresses..... 79c ea
Stripe Soiesette, suitable for Shirts, 25c for..... 17c
Lot of Black Stripe Poplin 25c quality for..... 17c
Percales..... 7½c and 9½c
Dress Gingham..... 7½c and 9½c yd
Gingham Dresses..... ¼ off Carpets..... ¼ off
All goods not listed ¼ off regular marked price

PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER.

EDWIN WHITE.
NORTEVILLE, MICHIGAN

system in other counties and look upon it with much favor

A surprise which took the 30 members of the board of supervisors off their feet was sprung by Attorney Daniel L. Davis Wednesday afternoon when he offered the county a big clock with bell chimed to be placed in the tower of the court house. The timepiece will cost in the neighborhood of \$1,500, and will have four illuminated dials. Mr. Davis asked the board to place a small tablet in the county building showing who donated the clock, and stated it was a memorial to his wife. When the court house was designed a place was left for a clock, but no clock was ever provided.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ad received at the Northville Record Office.

TRY A 15c LINER IN THE RECORD

STATUTE 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 thirty-first day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

Present, Henry S. Hulbert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM C. HAKES, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Theodore M. Hakes, administrator of said estate, praying that he may be licensed to sell certain real estate of said deceased for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and the charges of administering said estate.

It is ordered, that the twenty-eighth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room be appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court at said time and place, to show cause why a license should not be granted to said administrator to sell real estate as prayed for in 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. HULBERT, Probate Clerk. 23-25.

I. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville. COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of DEBORAH LOWE, 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 Northville State Savings Bank, Northville, Michigan, in said County, on Thursday, the 13th day of February, A. D. 1913, and on Saturday, the 12th day of April, A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 13th day of December, A. D. 1912, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

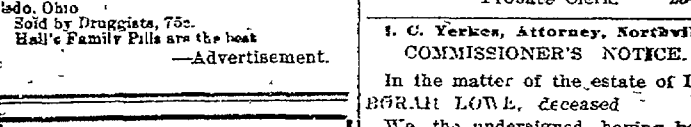
Dated December 13, 1912.

OSCAR S. HARGREY, LOUIE A. HARBITT, Commissioners.

21-24

DETROIT NEWS ADS: Detroit News Liner Ad received at the Northville Record Office.

S. LITSENBERGER PRACTICAL HORSESHOER



West Main St. NORTHVILLE. Bell Phone No. 78.

DETROIT NEWS ADS: Detroit News Liner Ad received at the Northville Record Office.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

KEZIAH COFFIN

by
Joseph C. Lincoln
Author of
Cy Whittaker's Place
Cap'n Eri, Etc.

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young
Copyright, 1913, by D. Appleton & Company



SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Keziah Coffin, supposed widow, is arranged to move from Trumet to Boston following the death of her brother, for whom she had kept house. Kyran Pepper, widower, offers marriage, and is refused. Captain Ebenezer Capen, a member of the parish, offers her a place as housekeeper for the new 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, Ellery's daughter, is a ward of Eben and Ellery's second wife, Mrs. Nat. Nat calls on Keziah and is devoted to her. Keziah has been a lover since youth. Daniels, a minister, visits Ellery and is caught by the tide and is rescued by Nat. They become friends. Ellery meets Grace while walking in the woods and learns that she walks there every Sunday. The minister takes dinner Sundays with the Daniels. Anabel, the minister's daughter, is betrothed to a man. She notices with vexation his desire to get away Sunday at a certain time. She writes him a letter, informing the arrival of Eben's importance. Keziah, to marry him, he says he has had a quarrel with his father, who wants him to marry Grace. Ellery's daughter, Keziah, is married. She confesses that she loves him, but says she fears to displease her guardian, Eben. Eben declares he will make Grace choose between him and the minister. Grace finds him in a faint, clutching the portrait of Eben's wife. Just before he dies Eben exacts a promise from Nat and Grace that they will marry. He breaks the promise to the minister and later receives a note from Grace saying she is to marry Nat, and asking him not to try to see her again. Keziah tells the story of her own marriage with a man who turned out to be a good-for-nothing, and who was reported to have been lost at sea, and of her love for Nat, whom she cannot marry because the husband is alive. Captain Nat sails for Manila to be gone two years. He says he and Grace have decided not to marry until the returns Nat is overdue, and it is feared that he has been lost at sea. Keziah gets a letter from her husband saying he is coming back. Grace goes on a visit to a relative of the Trumets. A vessel flying distress signals is discovered off the coast. Ellery goes with party to board the vessel. A man is found suffering from smallpox, the rest of the crew having deserted.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

The sick man was raving in delirium when he reached him, but the sound of the water lapping the sides of the whaler brought him to himself. He seized Ellery by the arm and drank and drank. When at last he desisted, the pan was half empty.

The minister laid him gently back in the bunk and stepped to the foot of the ladder for breath. This made him think of the necessity for air in the place and he remembered the little window it was tightly closed and rusted fast. He went up to the deck, found a marlin spike, and, returning, broke the glass. A sharp, cold draught swept through the fore-cabin, stirring the gardeners hanging on the nauts.

An hour later, two dories bumped against the side of the San Jose Men, talking in low tones, clambered over the rail. Burgess was one of them; ashamed of his panic, he had returned to assist the others in bringing the brigantine into a safer anchorage of the inlet.

Dr. Parker, very grave but business-like, reached the deck among the first. "Mr. Ellery," he shouted, "where are you?"

The minister's head and shoulders appeared at the fore-cabin companion. "Here I am, doctor," he said. "Will you come down?"

The doctor made no answer in words, but he hurried briskly across the deck. One man, Ebenezer Capen, an old fisherman and ex-whaler from East Trumet, started to follow him, but he was the only one. The others waited, with scared faces, by the rail.

"Get her under way and inshore as soon as you can," ordered Dr. Parker. "Ebenezer, you can help. If I need you below, I'll call."

The minister backed down the ladder and the doctor followed him. Parker bent over the bunk for a few moments in silence.

"He's pretty bad," he muttered. "Mighty little chance. Heavens, what a den! Who broke that window?"

"I did," replied Ellery. "The air down here was dreadful."

The doctor nodded approvingly. "I guess so," he said. "It's bad enough now. We've got to get this poor fellow out of here as soon as we can or he'll die before tomorrow. Mr. Ellery, he added sharply, "what made you do this? Don't you realize the risk you're running?"

"Some one had to do it. You are running the same risk."

"Not just the same, and, besides, it's my business. Why didn't you let some one else, some one we could spare—Humph! Confound it, man! didn't you know any better? Weren't you afraid?"

His tone rasped Ellery's shaken nerves.

"Of course I was," he snapped irritably. "I'm not an idiot."

"Humph! Well, all right; I beg your pardon. But you oughtn't to have done it. Now you'll have to be quarantined and when in thunder I can get to stay

with me in this case is more than I know. Just say smallpox to this town and it goes to pieces like a smashed egg. Old Eb Capen will help, for he's had it, but it needs more than one."

"Where are you going to take him?" pointing to the moaning occupant of the bunk.

"To one of the empty fish shanties on the beach. There are beds there, such as they are, and the place is secluded. We can burn it down when the fuss is over."

"Then why can't I stay? I shall have to be quarantined, I know that. Let me be the other nurse. Why should anyone else run the risk? I have run it. I'll stay."

Dr. Parker looked at him. "Well!" he exclaimed. "Well! I must say, young man, that you've got—Humph! All right, Mr. Ellery; I'm much obliged."

CHAPTER XVI.

In Which Ebenezer Capen Is Surprised.

Before sunset that afternoon the San Jose was anchored behind the point by the inlet. The fishing boats changed moorings and moved farther up, for not a single one of their owners would trust himself within a hundred yards of the stricken brigantine.

The largest of the beach shanties, one which stood by itself a quarter of a mile from the light, was hurriedly prepared for use as a pesthouse and the sick sailor was carried there by an improvised stretcher. Dr. Parker and Ellery lifted him from his berth and, assisted by old Ebenezer Capen, got him up to the deck and lowered him into the dory. Ebenezer rowed the trio to the beach and the rest of the journey was comparatively easy.

The shanty had three rooms, one of which was given up to the patient, one used as a living room, and, in the third, Capen and the minister were to sleep. Mattresses were procured, kind-hearted townspeople donated cast-off tables and chairs, and the building was made up comfortable as it could be, under the circumstances. Signs boards, warning strangers to keep away, were erected, and in addition to them, the Trumet seamen ordered ropes stretched across the lane on both sides of the shanty. But ropes and signs were superfluous. Trumet in general was in a blue funk and had no desire to approach within a mile of the locality. Even the driver of the grocery cart, when he left the day's supply of groceries pushed the packages under the ropes, yelled a warning "Here you be!", and whipping up his horse, departed at a rattling gallop.

The village sat up nights to discuss the affair and every day brought a new sensation. The survivors of the San Jose's crew, a wretched, panic-stricken quartette of mutatoes and Portuguese, were apprehended on the outskirts of Denbora the town below Trumet on the bay side, and were promptly sequestered and fumigated, pending shipment to the hospital at Boston. Their story was short but gruesome. The brigantine was not a Turks Islands boat, but a coaster from Jamaica. She had sailed with a small cargo for Savannah. Two days out and the smallpox made its appearance on board. The sufferer, a negro fore-mast hand, died. Then another sailor was seized and also died. The ship-



Dr. Parker Looked at Him.

per, who was the owner, was the next victim, and the vessel was in a state of demoralization which the mate, an Englishman named Bradford, could not overcome. Then followed days and nights of calm and terrible heat, of pestilence and all but mutiny. The mate himself died. There was no one left who understood navigation. At last came a southeast gale and the San Jose drove before it. Fair weather found her adrift at Cape Fear. The survivors ran up after dark, anchored, and reached shore in the longboat. The sick man whom they had left in the fore-cabin was a new hand who had shipped at Kingston. His name was Murphy, they believed. They had left him because he was

sure to die, like the others, and, besides, they knew some one would see the distress signals and investigate. That was all, yes. Santa Maria was it not enough?

Captain Zeb Mayo went about cheering for his parson. Mrs. Mayo cooked delicacies to be pushed under the ropes for the minister's consumption. The parish committee, at a special session, voted an increase of salary and ordered a weekly service of prayer for the safe delivery of their young leader from danger.

Keziah Coffin was, perhaps, the one person most disturbed by her parson's heroism. She would have gone to the shanty immediately, had not Dr. Parker prevented. Even as it was, she did go as far as the ropes, but there she was warned off by Ebenezer, until Ellery came running out and bade her come no nearer. Keziah, after more expostulation, went back to the parsonage. She wrote to Grace and told her the news of the San Jose, but she said nothing of the minister's part in it. "Poor thing!" sighed Keziah, "she's been enough already."

The sick sailor grew no better. Days and nights passed and he raved and moaned or lay in a stupor. Ebenezer acted as day nurse, while Ellery, slept, and, at night, the minister, being younger, went on watch. The doctor came frequently, but said there was no hope. A question of time only, and a short time, he said.

Capen occupied his mind with speculations concerning the patient. "Do you know, parson," he said, "seems if I'd seen the fellow somewhere afore." "Course I never have, but when I used to go whalin' voyages I crumpled from one end of creation to t'other, pretty nigh, and I might have met him."

That night the sick man was much worse. His ravings were incessant. The wooden clock, loaned by Mrs. Parker, the doctor's wife, ticked steadily, although a half-hour slow. Ellery, glancing at it to see if the time had come for giving medicine, suddenly noticed how loud its ticking sounded. Wondering at this, he was aware there was no other sound in the house. He rose and looked in at the door of the adjoining room. The patient had ceased to rave and was lying quiet on the bed.

The minister tiptoed over to look at him. And, as he did so, the man opened his eyes.

"Halloo!" he said faintly. "Who are you?"

Ellery, startled, made no answer. "Who are you?" demanded the man again. Then, with an oath, he repeated the question, adding: "What place is this? This ain't the fore-cabin, where am I?"

"You're afloat on Cape Cod At Trumet."

"Trumet! Trumet!" He was struggling to raise himself on his elbow. Ellery was obliged to use force to hold him down. He struggled again. Then his strength had his reason left him momentarily and the delirium returned. He began to shout a name, a name that caused Ellery to stand upright and stop back from the bed, scarcely believing his ears.

All the rest of that night the man on the bed raved and muttered, but of people and places and happenings which he had not mentioned before. And the minister, listening intently to every word caught himself wondering if he also was not losing his mind.

When the morning came, Ebenezer Capen was awakened by a shake to find John Ellery standing over him.

"Capen," whispered the minister, "Capen, get up. I must talk with you. You used to be a whaler, I know. Were you acquainted in New Bedford?"

"Sartin. Was a time when I could have located every stick in it, pretty nigh, by the smell, if you'd set me down side of 'em blindfolded."

"Did you ever know anyone, named—?" He finished the sentence.

"Well, I wanted to. Pretty decent fellow one time, but a fast goer, and went down like a young one's sled, when he got started. His folks had money, that was the trouble with him. Why, 'course I knew him. He married—"

"I know. Now, listen."

Ellery went on talking rapidly and with great earnestness. Ebenezer listened, at first silently, then breaking in with ejaculations and grunts of astonishment. He sat up on the edge of the bed.

"Rubbish!" he cried at last. "Why, can't you see? The fellow's dead as Methusalem's grandmarm. I remember how it happened and—"

"It wasn't true. That much I know. I know, I tell you."

He went on to explain why he knew. Capen's astonishment grew.

"Judas priest!" he exclaimed again. "That would explain why I thought I'd seen—There! heave ahead I've got to see. But it's a mistake. I don't believe it."

The pair entered the sick room. The sailor lay in a stupor. His breathing was rapid, but faint. Capen bent over him and gently moved the bandage on his face. For a full minute he gazed steadily. Then he stood erect, drew a big red hand across his forehead, and moved slowly back to the living room.

"Yup," he said, "it's him. Mr. Ellery, what are you goin' to do about it?"

"I don't know. I don't know. I must go somewhere by myself and think. I don't know what to do."

The minister declined to wait for Ebenezer. He said he was not hungry. Leaving Ebenezer to put on the coffee pot and take up his duties as day nurse, Ellery walked off along the beach. By and by he heard Capen calling his name.

"Mr. Ellery," shouted Ebenezer. "Mr. Ellery, where be you?"

"Here!" replied the minister.

The old man came scrambling over the sand. He was panting and much excited.

"Mr. Ellery!" he cried, "Mr. Ellery! it's settled for us—one part of it, anyhow. He's slipped his cable. Yup. He must have died just a little while after you left and after I gave him his medicine. I thought he looked kind of queer then. And when the doctor came, we went in together and he was dead. Yes, sir, dead."

"Dead!"

"Um-hm. No doubt of it; it's for good this time. Mr. Ellery, what shall we do? Shall I tell Dr. Parker?"

Ellery considered for a moment. "No," he said slowly. "No, Capen, don't tell anyone. I can't see why they need ever know that he hasn't been dead for years, as they supposed. Promise me to keep it a secret. I'll tell—myself, later on. Now promise me, I trust you."

"Land sakes, yes! I'll promise. If you want me to."

The next day the body of "Murphy," foremost hand on the San Jose, was buried in the corner of the Regular graveyard, near those who were drowned in the wreck of that winter. Capen remained at the shanty another week. Then, as the minister showed no symptoms of having contracted the disease and insisted that he needed no companion, Ebenezer departed to take up his fishing once more.

Ellery himself was most urgent in the decision that he should not go back to the parsonage and his church just yet. Better to wait until he was sure, he said, and Dr. Parker agreed.

Dr. Parker told him of Grace Van Horne's return to the village. She had come back, so the doctor said, the day before, and was to live at the tavern for a while, at least. Yes, he guessed even she had given up hope of Captain Nat now.

"And say," went on Parker, "what



The Old Man Came Scrambling Over the Sand.

I want to know is whether you think I could leave you for a couple of days? The Outable County Medical Society meets at Hyannis tomorrow and I had promised myself to take it in this year. But I don't want to leave you, if you need me."

Ellery insisted that he did not need anyone, was getting along finely, and would not hear to his friend's raising the medical society's meeting. So the physician went. John Ellery did not feel cheerful that afternoon. Tired feeling he had spoken of so lightly was worse than he had described it, and he was despondent, for no particular reason. That night he slept miserably and awoke with a chill to find a cold, pouring rain beating against the windows of the shanty.

He lay down on his bed and tried to sleep, but though he dozed a bit, woke always with a start and either a chill or fever fit. His head began to ache violently. And then, in the loneliness and misery, fear began to take hold of him.

Night came. The rain had ceased and stars were shining clear. Inside the shanty the minister tossed on the bed, or staggered back and forth about the two rooms. He wondered what the time might be; then he did not care. He was alone. The smallpox had him in its grip. Why didn't some one come? Where was Mrs. Coffin? And Grace? She was somewhere near him—Parker had said so—and he must see her before he died. He called her name over and over again.

The wind felt cold on his forehead. He stumbled amidst the beach grass. What was this thing across his path? A rope, apparently, but why should there be ropes in that house? There had never been any before. He climbed over it and it was a climb of hundreds of feet and the height made him giddy. That was a house another house, not the one he had been living in. And there were lights all about. Perhaps one of them was the light at the parsonage. And a big bell was booming. That was his church bell and he would be late for the meeting.

Some one was speaking to him. He knew the voice. He had known it all ways and would know it forever. It was the voice he wanted to hear. "Grace!" he called. "Grace! I want you. Don't go! Don't go! Grace! oh, my dear! don't go!"

Then the voice had gone. No, it had not gone. It was still there and he heard it speaking to him, begging him to listen, pleading with him to go somewhere, go back, back to some thing or other. And there was an arm about his waist and some one was leading him, helping him. He broke down and cried childishly and some one cried with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"Yes, he was too good a man to lose. As he went down he touched up two or three places which would have been very hard to reach."

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King'sley, Mich.—"Last May my thirteen-months-old baby had a sore come on her cheek. It started in four or five small pimples and in two or three hours' time spread to the size of a silver dollar. It spread to her eye. Then water would run from the pimples and wherever that touched it caused more sores until nearly all one cheek and up her nostrils were one solid sore. She was very fretful. She certainly was a terrible-looking child, and nothing seemed to be of any use."

"Then I got some Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. She tried to rub off everything we put on so that we would sit and hold her hands for two hours at a time, trying to give the medicine a chance to help her, but after I washed it with Cuticura Soap and then put on the Cuticura Ointment they seemed to soothe her and she did not try to rub them off. It was only a few days before her face was all healed up, and there has been no return of the trouble since. We thought that baby's face would surely be scarred, but it is not." (Signed) Mrs. W. J. Cleland, Jan. 5, 1912.

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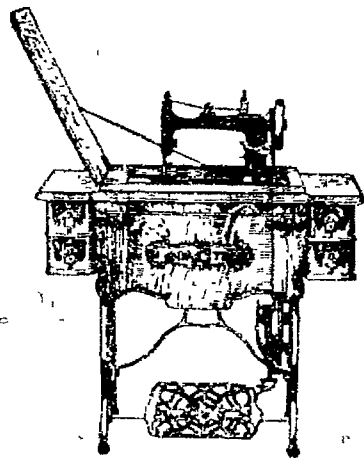
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NOVI NEWS.

Mrs. L. Munro is recovering from her recent illness.

Mrs. Joseph Greer is able to be up around the house a very little.

Mrs. L. E. Bullen was ill with tonsillitis last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Taylor Plymouth for New Years.

Mr. Phillip Cridge of Detroit visited Novi friends New Year's day.

Mrs. Clara Aldrich of Saginaw visited her mother here over Christmas.

Con Hammond was home from spent Monday of last week in Pontiac.

Miss Frances Thompson spent Saturday and Sunday with Dora Nichols.

Mrs. A. W. Aldrich visited her sister, Mrs. Springstube in Detroit last week.

Mrs. Melissa Moore of Milford visited her sister Mrs. Louisa Bathrick recently.

Mrs. L. B. Filat and Minnie Mayville have returned from their visit at Ovid.

Mrs. Fred Briggs of Detroit spent a part of last week with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Taylor.

W. Coates and wife and Frances Thompson were Pontiac and Detroit visitors a few days ago.

Harry Bogart was the first Novi man to send out a parcels post package on New Years day.

Mrs. Louisa Bathrick has been very poorly the past three weeks from an attack of grippe.

Mrs. Geo. England and little daughter, spent from Friday till Sunday with Detroit friends.

Miss Frances Thompson entertained her friend May English from Tuesday till Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Walter Coates gave a dinner last Sunday for Mr. and Mrs. Douglas and daughter Bertha. Mrs. Bathrick was kept at home by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stanton are visiting Novi friends. Mrs. Stanton was formerly Miss Josephine Root of this place.

The Baptist ladies gave an oyster supper to the members of the church and Sunday school New Years evening.

Mrs. Bertha Donelson who has been spending the past two weeks with her parents and grandmother, returned Saturday to Akron, Ohio where she is taking a course in stenography.

The following were entertained at a six o'clock dinner Jan. 1 at the Bathrick and Donelson home: Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Root, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Coates, Frances Thompson, May English and Ernest Root.

Mrs. Eugene Root gave a dinner Sunday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Stanton of Mason. The following persons were present: Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Root, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wedow, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Wixom and little daughter Katherine.

WIXOM NEWS.

Henry Perry and wife spent a part of last week at Grand Ledge.

Mrs. L. Selgel and baby spent last week and part of this in Detroit.

Miss Edna Erwin of Novi spent Saturday with Miss Hazel Furman.

Warren Fry of Detroit was the guest of Veron Spence a part of this week.

Clayton Grant visited his sister, Mrs. N. A. Fielden at Grand Ledge a part of last week.

Miss Audrey Parker entertained her cousin, Miss Dorothy Rose of Walled Lake, last week.

Mrs. Florence Chambers of Belding has been visiting the Chambers families here the past week.

The funeral services of Mrs. Edwin Hart were held in the church Wednesday and were largely attended.

Miss Harriet Seward of Clarenceville was the guest of her nephew, J. G. Madison last Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. E. L. Clark is on the gain.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Pearsall entertained 16 guests at dinner last Friday.

Married at the Baptist parsonage

How to Bankrupt the Doctors.

A prominent New York physician says, "If it were not for the thin stockings and thin soled shoes worn by women, the doctors would probably be bankrupt." When you contract a cold do not wait for it to develop into pneumonia but treat it at once. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is intended especially for coughs and colds, and has won a wide reputation by its cures of these diseases. It is most effective and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

on Monday evening of last week, Roy J. Egan and Miss Mina Benjamin of Walled Lake.

A pedro party will be held in the E. O. T. M. hall on the evening of January 17. The committee is planning a very pleasant evening.

Miss Rachel Benson of Lansing spent Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week here, the guest of the Messrs. Hilda and Hazel Forman.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Stevens and Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Nicholson entertained the Farmers' club in the E. O. T. M. hall Wednesday evening.

The Lady Macabees will give a pedro party at the Hall Friday evening Jan. 10, supper 10 cents. Add 15 cents to play pedro. Everybody welcome.

Mrs. Robert Chamberlain, Miss Margaret Chamberlain, Will Chamberlain and family and John Chamberlain attended a reunion of the Holmes family, held at Clarksville on New Year's day.

The next lecture to be given by the Wixom Grange will occur this Friday evening. The speaker will be Prof. Anderson of the M. A. C. and his subject, "Dairying and Its Relations to General Farming." Public invited.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Mrs. Josiah Cox is quite ill with pneumonia.

Miss Mary Munger of Detroit visited Mrs. Joseph Robertson Sunday.

B. J. Meyers and family entertained August Wagner and family of Northville on New Years day.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster of Toronto, Canada, spent last week with the latter's brother, John Lapham and family.

Mrs. Josephine Francis of Detroit is spending a few weeks with her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. George Francis.

L. C. Schroeder has purchased the grocery stock and good will of Graves & Albertson at Pontiac and taken possession.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Hatten of Port Huron are spending a few weeks with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hatten.

Miss Mary Hatten, a teacher in the Ypsilanti Normal, returned to that city Monday after spending the holiday vacation here with her parents.

The school board has served notice on the billiard halls and pool rooms in this village that school pupils must not be allowed in the building.

The Mystic Workers of the East Farmington Assn. will hold their January meeting Friday, Jan. 10 at the home of Mrs. Harry Bartlett, one half mile east of Conroe's crossing on the D. & R. Dinner served at one o'clock. Everybody cordially invited.

The village is heating and lighting a large hall 2x65 ft. the pumping station house here, so that the school children may use it for basket ball purposes. The boys teams are given exclusive rights in the hall certain evenings after school. While the girls are given the others. A very entertaining piece of work.

Mrs. James Hendryx died quite suddenly at her home in the village last Wednesday of pneumonia of the heart. The deceased was born in New Jersey June 22, 81 years ago. She had been a resident of this village many years. Besides an aged husband she leaves the following living children, three sons and three daughters. Mrs. Nathan Power of Detroit, Frank Hendryx of South Lyon, and William and George Hendryx and Mrs. George Francis and Mrs. J. H. Power, all of this place. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. George Cullen of Detroit Saturday. Burial at Bell Branch.

Charles Fendt, a well known retired farmer of this township, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Glenn Green, Friday night. Mr. Fendt had been ill for twelve years as the result of a stroke of apoplexy, but for the last two years had been much worse as the result of a fall from a ladder. Besides the widow, there are four children, Mrs. Langston of Lansing, Mrs. Neal of Northville, Mrs. Green and Louie Fendt of this town. The funeral was held Monday and the burial was in the local cemetery.

Rev. Wm. Stange of the German Lutheran church officiated at the funeral and a former pastor, Rev. Mr. Martin and wife of Detroit sang.

Success and Failure.
It is sometimes hard to find out just how the man who is successful has managed to succeed, but it is always easy to see why failure comes to those who fail.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of 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.

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THE CASTOR COMPANY, 27 BROADWAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

GILT EDGE NEWS.

La grippe is still visiting almost every home in this locality.

Maybelle and Eva Bradley were Detroit and Pontiac visitors Saturday and Sunday.

Several from this vicinity attended the funeral of Chas. Fendt at the Farmington German church Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wolfe, who have been visiting relatives in Milford since New Year's returned home Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walters and children of Farmington, spent New Years with the latter's sister, Mrs. Ed. Milard and family.

Constipation causes headache, nausea, dizziness, languor, heart palpitation. Drastic physics gripe, sicken, weaken the bowels and don't cure. Doan's Regulators act gently and cure constipation. 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

—Advertisement—

One of His Stuck Up City Ways.
"Since Joe Doe's got back here again, after livin' a year in Kansas City, he's too blame' swell headed for any use!" hypercritically remarked Pip Maudlin of Skeedee. "Why, when he's at work and the fire bell rings he says he's too busy to go, and just lets er ring. Something mighty queer about such actions; nobody is ever too busy to go to a fire!"

California Woman Seriously Alarmed.
"A short time ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs and caused me a great deal of annoyance. I would have had coughing spells and my lungs were so sore and inflamed I began to be seriously alarmed. A friend recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, saying she had used it for years. I bought a bottle and it relieved my cough the first night, and in a week I was rid of the cold and soreness of my lungs," writes Miss Marie Gerber, Santa Cal. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

—Advertisement—



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about the excellent quality of our printing. We don't care what the job may be, we are equipped to turn it out to your satisfaction. If we can't, we'll tell you so frankly.

Let Us Convince You

SEEDS
BUCKEY'S SEEDS SUGGEST!
SPECIAL OFFER:
Made to build New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.
Price Collection: 100 seeds for 10 cents. 100 seeds for 20 cents. 100 seeds for 30 cents. 100 seeds for 40 cents. 100 seeds for 50 cents. 100 seeds for 60 cents. 100 seeds for 70 cents. 100 seeds for 80 cents. 100 seeds for 90 cents. 100 seeds for 1 dollar. 100 seeds for 1 dollar 50 cents. 100 seeds for 2 dollars. 100 seeds for 2 dollars 50 cents. 100 seeds for 3 dollars. 100 seeds for 3 dollars 50 cents. 100 seeds for 4 dollars. 100 seeds for 4 dollars 50 cents. 100 seeds for 5 dollars. 100 seeds for 5 dollars 50 cents. 100 seeds for 6 dollars. 100 seeds for 6 dollars 50 cents. 100 seeds for 7 dollars. 100 seeds for 7 dollars 50 cents. 100 seeds for 8 dollars. 100 seeds for 8 dollars 50 cents. 100 seeds for 9 dollars. 100 seeds for 9 dollars 50 cents. 100 seeds for 10 dollars. 100 seeds for 10 dollars 50 cents. 100 seeds for 11 dollars. 100 seeds for 11 dollars 50 cents. 100 seeds for 12 dollars. 100 seeds for 12 dollars 50 cents. 100 seeds for 13 dollars. 100 seeds for 13 dollars 50 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