

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIII. NO. 35.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1913.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

WHO SHOULD WORRY?



FRIDAYS STORM WAS A BIG ONE

WIND JUST MADE THINGS HUM FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

There was No Serious Damage Done in Northville However.

Last Friday's wind ran around the race course a couple of times, and shook up the barns and fences, thereby extending the race course over into Murdock's newly acquired pasture lot. It took half the roof off the machine shop at the Bell Foundry and some good sized spots out of the Foundry roof. Seventy-five windows were broken out at the greenhouse.

For the electric light plant, a half dozen poles were blown down and the old Ned raised in general. A number of telephone wires were put out of commission by broken wires and several overturned small buildings made the town look like the day after Halloween. Then too, Ed Cobb had been trying to get Will Lanning to move his side porch for some time, but the wind saved him (Will) the trouble by taking it around to the front side of the house where it ought to be.

Part of the roof and tramway of the mill at Milford, owned by D. F. Verkes, of this place, was blown over into the pond and a part of the school house belfry was destroyed. The northeast wall of the power house at Farmington Junction was blown in and serious damage done to the plant, causing the power to be shut down a couple of days, after which the cars ran, but very irregularly. Schedule time has not yet been resumed at this writing.

Keep this date in mind—Saturday, March 29—the new spring hats at Mrs. McCully's.

A Little Boy's Competition on School Ma'am.

A school ma'am is a verb because she denotes action when you throw paper wads at the girls. Switch is a conjunction and is used to connect the verb school ma'am to the noun boy. This is a compound sentence, of which boy is the subject and switch is the object. First person, singular number and awful case. A school ma'am is different from a boy, a boy wears pants and a school ma'am wears her hair banged all over her forehead. She puts paint on her face and smokes big cigars come and take her home. Ma says a school ma'am never gets to be older than eighteen until she gets married. It takes two school ma'ams a day to cook a dinner.

G. A. R. NOTES.

J. E. Morse recently received in behalf of the Post, a letter from ex-secretary of the U. S. treasury, Franklin McVeagh, containing \$150. It was sent with a suggestion that it would doubtless be prized as a souvenir of war times. The letter with the money has been framed with double glass to read from either side and has been hung in the Post room and is highly appreciated. The said thought however, is that it is confederate money and its real purchasing power would hardly buy a stick of chewing gum for each member of the Post.

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

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the board of registration for the Township of Northville, County of Wayne, Michigan, will meet in Murdock's drug store, in the village of Northville, in said county, on Saturday, March 29, 1913, from 9:00 o'clock a. m. to 5:00 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of registering the electors of said township.

Dated, Northville, March 15, 1913.

FRED H. TOUSEY, Township Clerk.

Judge Donovan Has Moved His Law Office.

Judge I. W. Donovan has removed his law office to the New Pine Block—Fort street elevator on Monroe 714.

SUBURBAN.

A poverty ball over at Oxford last week was carried out so deadly in earnest that the net receipts were 23 cents.

Miss Mary Wood was in Detroit shopping last Saturday. So Lyon Herald Detroit people will no longer wonder at the unusual excitement in town that day.

The Knights of Pythias' ball dance at Northville Monday evening was a "great, big fete." In other words it was a good thing. South Lyon Herald. A "brave man," to say it.

Mrs. Esther Bailey claims she is dying of heart trouble but her husband just laughs at the suggestion. Oxford Leader. Mr. Bailey always was a humorous chap, and to add to the mirth he has had his wife lodged in the Pontiac jail. Case of being "ticked to death."

A Milford woman with her first baby banged on her female neighbor's door the other morning, about the time the toppers crawl out to hunt their morning cheer, and shrieked out, excitedly "Come over as soon as you get your breakfast; if the baby hasn't got a tooth I'm a liar."

Not a thousand miles away from here on a recent Sunday a farmer in church very eloquently supplicated the Lord to help the needy and poor in the community. When going home his little son artfully remarked: "Say pa, if I had as much wheat and corn in the barn as you have I'd help the poor myself and not bother the Lord about it."

Those who are fond of working on puzzles can tackle the following: A certain family in Farmington consists of one grandfather, two grandmothers, one father-in-law, two mothers-in-law, three mothers, two fathers, two daughters, one son, one daughter-in-law, one son-in-law, one grandfather, and there are only six persons in the family.

Here is some startling news from the "Town Corners" reported in the last issue of the Orion Review: "J. K. Burt attended F. & A. M. lodge Monday night." (That's probably what he told his wife.) "Martin Sutton has a sick horse." Dr. Crawford is attending physician. "an." (Patient is probably doing as well as could be expected.) "Lewis Claspie purchased the Berkshire pig Monday. Pigs likely had curly tails, though the correspondent failed to give complete information."

COUNCIL SENDS \$200 TO RED-CROSS

AN APPROPRIATION MADE FOR FLOOD-SUFFERERS IN OHIO.

Money Sent Yesterday to S. R. C. State Treasurer of National Society.

Mayor Schrader called a special meeting of the council yesterday forenoon and upon his recommendation \$200 was appropriated by unanimous vote and forwarded to the treasurer of the National Red-Cross society in Detroit for the flood sufferers in Ohio.

Private subscriptions will be accepted by the village clerk or either of the banks and will be forwarded to the proper persons free of charge and acknowledgment made in the Record.

Northville was the first village to forward money to the afflicted people and it was a very commendable procedure on the part of the council to take action when it was most needed.

AUCTION.

Cable Electric will hold an auction sale of farm tools and stock on the W. G. Mudrahn farm, one mile north of Northville on Friday, April 4. John E. Wedow, auctioneer.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

FOUND—Gold bowled spectacles on Main street last week. Owner may have same by calling at this office and paying 25c for this ad. 25w1.

WANTED—Good farm hand. Phone 170 L. 4. G. S. Lange. 35w1c.

FOR RENT—House Inquire at Haddock's store. 35w2c.

FOR SALE—Maple syrup. Albert Knevelde, Ind. phone, No. 130 L. 35w2p.

FOR SALE—Early seed potatoes. H. B. Clark. 35w2p.

FOR SALE—Sewing Machine, practically new. White or Domestic. drop leaf. Apply to Record office. 35w2p.

FOR SALE—Sewing Machine, White or Domestic, drop leaf. Apply to Record office. 35w2p.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—Three Burner Quick Meal Gasoline Stove and Oven, in good working order. F. G. Shafer. 35w2p.

FOR SALE OR RENT—130 acre farm, 4 miles west of Northville. Inquire of Fred VanSickle. 35w2p.

HE WHO buys seed corn in another state is a long way from home. I offer only pedigree stock, Golden Glow Corn, 100 bushels. Telephone after 8:00 p. m. C. Nacker, Salem, Mich. 44p.

WANTED—Orders taken for home baking. Home Phone 22-4R. 33w2c.

FOR RENT—Fine farm of 200 acres about 2 miles from Northville on the "Good Roads." Apply to Northville State Savings Bank. 31tf.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—House and Lot. Inure of Dell Silver, Northville. 33tf.

FOR SALE—White Lilly Washing Machine. Good as new. Cheap. Apply to F. S. Neal. 29tf.

FOR SALE—York Cornet, trumpet model, complete with leather case and instruction book. Address Town, Box 21. 34w4p.

FOR SALE—Carload new milch cows mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth, Nov. Both phones. 19tf.

FOR SALE—At Bargain—Full set Britannica Encyclopedia, 30 vols. ums. Apply at Record office. 10tf.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. P. R. ALEXANDER, DENTIST—Office over Stark Brother's Store. Hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Home phone 29. 31p3.

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 5:00 to 7:30 p. m. Both phones.

DR. T. E. TURNER, HOMOEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office over poor west of Post House on Main street. Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 4:00 to 8:00 p. m. Both phones.

DR. FRED WOODLEY, DENTIST—Residence 138 L. 4. Main street. 31p3.

Going to Paint?

Then use SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT, PREPARED.

MADE TO POINT BRUSHES AND WITH SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT and you'll get satisfaction. It's the best protection you can give your house.

It is made from the highest quality materials.

It does not powder, flake off or crack.

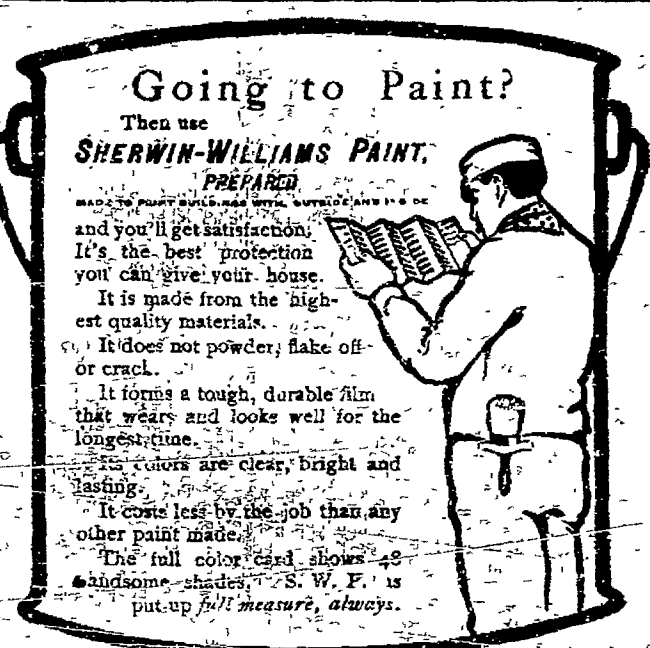
It forms a tough, durable film that wears and looks well for the longest time.

The colors are clear, bright and lasting.

It costs less by the job than any other paint made.

The full color card shows 48 handsome shades.

S. W. P. is put-up full measure, always.



For the Interior Walls, "ALABASTINE," the famous cold water mixture color, can be used at a cost of \$1.00 and upwards according to size of room and condition of walls.

For a Washable Paint, "MELLOTONE," flat colors, for Interior Decoration on Woodwork and Walls makes a permanent, washable, practical, beautiful ready-to-use Paint.

JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.

PLUMBING HEATING TINNING.



Protect your wife and children with a Bank account. It is your duty.

The man who does not PROTECT his family from the hardships if he should die, does not deserve a family. The FIRST DUTY of any self-respecting man is to bank some money against death, or sickness, or any unlooked for calamity that may befall him. If you have not realized this before, think it over now. And by a few slight sacrifices on your part, you can start a bank account that will come in handy to you and YOUR FAMILY some day.

Do YOUR Banking with US. We pay 3 per cent interest.

Northville State Savings Bank.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

GARDEN SEEDS.

Why not have a good garden this year? Use RICE'S Seeds and you are sure of good results.

Have just received a full line of Bulk Garden Seeds.

IN PEAS WE HAVE—

ECLIPSE, AMERICAN WONDER, NOTT'S EXCELSIOR, LITTLE GEM, PREMIUM GEM, TELEPHONE, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

FOR EARLY PEAS USE THE ECLIPSE. They are very early and excellent quality.

H. A. E. GRANULATED SUGAR at 10c lb.

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

WE HAVE A FINE LINE OF PLAIN WHITE (SEMI PORCELAIN) DISHES, IN OPEN STOCK; ALSO SAMPLES OF DECORATED DISHES, ON WHICH WE WILL QUOTE YOU PRICES, IN SETS OF 42 OR 100 PIECE.

WE ALSO CARRY A SMALL LINE OF SUNBURST GLASSWARE, WHICH IS VERY PRETTY AND REASONABLE IN PRICE.

WATCH OUR CANDY WINDOW ON SATURDAY FOR SPECIAL.

TRADE AT RYDER'S

The SABLE LORCHA

By HORACE HAZELTINE

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SYNOPSIS.

Robert Cameron, capitalist, consults Philip Clyde, newspaper publisher, regarding anonymous threatening letters he has received. The first promise is made on that day the head is mysteriously cut from a portrait of Cameron while the latter is in the room. When the victim is in his dressing room, a Nell Gwynne mirror is mysteriously shattered. Cameron becomes seriously ill as a result of the shock. The third letter appears mysteriously on Cameron's sick-bed. It makes direct threats against the life of Cameron. Clyde tells Cameron the envelope was empty. He tells Evelyn Grayson and plans to take Cameron on a yacht trip. The yacht picks up a fisherman found drifting helplessly in a boat. Cameron disappears from yacht while Clyde's back is turned. A fruitless search is made for a motor boat seen by the captain just before Cameron disappeared. Johnson is allowed to go after being closely questioned. Evelyn takes the letters to an expert in Chinese literature. He pronounces them of Chinese origin. Clyde seeks assistance from a Chinese fellow college student, who recommends him to Yip Sing, most prominent Chinaman in New York. Clyde goes to meet Yip Sing, sees Johnson, attempts to follow him, falls into a basement, sprains his ankle and becomes unconscious. Clyde is found by Miss Clement, a missionary among the Chinese. He is sick several days as a result of inhaling charcoal fumes. Evelyn tells Clyde of a peculiarly acting agent who had been temporarily unconscious. Murphy is discovered to have mysterious relations with the Chinese. Miss Clement promises to get information about Cameron. Stump in Crystal Consolidated, of which Cameron is the head, is caused by a rumor of Cameron's illness. Clyde Cameron on Fifth avenue in a dazed and emaciated condition and takes him home. Cameron awakes from a long sleep and speaks in a strange tongue. Evelyn declares the man is not her uncle. Evelyn and Clyde call on Miss Clement for promised information and find that the Chinese man who was to give him has just been murdered. Miss Clement gives Clyde a note asking him to read it after he leaves the Chinese. The note tells of the abduction of a white man by Chinese who shipped him back to China. The man is accused of the crime of "Sable Lorch" in which he was killed. The appearance in New York of the man they supposed they had shipped to China through transportation into the Chinese. Evelyn and Clyde are riding in held up by an armed man. Clyde is seized by Murphy and a fight ensues. Evelyn and Clyde are in the police station and return home. They find Yip Sing and the Chinese consul awaiting them. Yip tells Clyde the story of the crime of "Sable Lorch" in which he was killed. The Chinese consul tells him that the man who was killed was a white man who was shipped to China. Clyde goes to investigate and finds the man who was killed. He is advised to go to the Chinese consul and tell him the truth. The letter is in the name of the author in Northville and tells the patient of McNish.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued

"You mean," she began again, speaking very slowly now, as she mentally focused the conditions, "that we must hold McNish as a hostage, and only give him up when they return Uncle Robert to us?"

"Exactly," I agreed. "Just as two armies do that are at war—exchange prisoners."

"Isn't there any other way?" she asked, frowning. "Oh, there must be. I don't care a straw, you know, for that wicked man; but, Philip, think of his poor old mother!"

"To think," I told her, "I've been thinking ever since I read her letter, and if it were possible, Evelyn, I'd give the reprobate his chance for her sake, little as he deserves it. But I've been thinking of Cameron, too. He may be somewhere on the high seas, as Miss Clement's note implied, or he may be a prisoner in some underground dungeon of Chinatown. Wherever he is, we are safe in concluding he is neither comfortable nor happy. Why, then, should we consider, to come right down to practicalities, this old Scotch mother of an infamous scoundrel the safety—the life even—of one we both love, so dearly as at this moment be at stake?"

I flattered myself there was no getting away from this argument. It seemed to me conclusive, but the letter had stirred the sentimental depths of the girl's nature, and she refused to yield without one last effort.

"I know, Philip. I appreciate every word of what you have said; but couldn't we find out what we want to know through Miss Clement?" She must have a lot more information than she put in that little hurriedly written note. Or, couldn't O'Hara find out for us?"

Before I could answer her, Checka beedy stood in the doorway.

"Dr. Massey has just come down, Mr. Clyde," he said, "and would you spare him a moment in the reception room?"

I turned to Evelyn.

"Shall we have him in here?" I asked. And at her consent, Checka beedy, a moment later, led the doctor to us—a very changed doctor, a very decidedly less cocksure doctor than I had encountered earlier that morning in his Fifty-sixth street office.

Even in his bow to Evelyn I detected the shamefaced humiliation he was suffering.

"We take off our hats to your personality, Miss Grayson," he said, confirming my reading. "I had never thought such a modern real-life instance of Lesurques and Dubosc possible."

"Then you admit," I asked, smiling, "that there is no question whether you could have sworn yesterday that Evelyn attended to Cameron?"

the most remarkable resemblance I have ever seen."

Evelyn asked him to be seated and I drew out a chair for him.

"And how do you find the patient?" I inquired, when he had sat down.

"Quite normal in every respect save one. He is in a highly nervous state. He is endeavoring to maintain the fiction that he is the gentleman we supposed he was. He evidently learned his lesson from Mr. Bryan, before we suspected anything. It is really wonderful how well he does it, considering that he never saw the man he is trying to impersonate."

"But he must know that he has been discovered. He certainly knows I have this letter."

"A desperate man will battle against the most overwhelming odds," Dr. Massey observed, "and he is a desperate man."

"You gave no sign that you knew," Evelyn asked.

"Not the slightest. I pretended that I believed him Mr. Cameron."

"But Mr. Bryan must have—" I began.

"On the contrary," said the doctor, "Mr. Bryan knows him only as the Mr. Cameron he has nursed from the first. He would be the last man to indicate to his patient a knowledge of anything untoward."

"Miss Grayson and I were just discussing a course of action when you arrived, Doctor," I explained, "but had reached no conclusion. Last night I arranged with Yip Sing, who is probably the most prominent and best educated Chinaman in New York, and his friend the Chinese Vice Consul to meet me here today at noon. The chances are they will bring a United States deputy marshal with them, with a warrant for McNish's arrest. Now if we give him up, what will be the result? He will still maintain that he is Cameron in spite of our knowledge to the contrary. Yip Sing and his clan will think that he is right and that we are wrong, and our chances of finding Cameron will dwindle. It isn't reasonable to expect that those engaged in the abduction plot will conform to their error and inform us as to Cameron's place of detention, is it?"

Dr. Massey knitted his brow behind the bow of his glasses and pursed his thin lips.

"We are certainly confronted by a very trying complication," he admitted with characteristic gravity.

"Miss Grayson has suggested that we send McNish abroad—at once, on a steamer sailing this morning."

"Mr. Bryan could go with him," Evelyn volunteered.

"If the United States authorities have a warrant for him," the physician argued, "that would only delay matters. They would arrest him on landing."

There was no question as to the accuracy of this deduction.

"And the newspapers," I added, "would be sure to publish columns of speculation. . . . If we could only wring an admission from McNish it would simplify matters."

"Isn't there some one you could confront him with?" Dr. Massey asked, and hope rose within me at the suggestion.

"As far as I can make out, from what O'Hara tells me," was my rejoinder, "the police have in custody now the Eurasian cook who, I believe, has been McNish's Nemesis these sixteen years. If we could bring those two miscreants face to face, McNish would be sure to betray himself."

"Then arrange it, by all means," urged the doctor.

"Have McNish taken there, you mean?"

"Or have the Eurasian brought here."

And so, ultimately through the offices of O'Hara, who all this time had been awaiting me in the tenebrous of my car which still stood at the door, John Soy, accompanied by two plain clothes men from the Detective Bureau, was brought from the Tombs to that sumptuous home on upper Fifth avenue.

I say "ultimately" because his coming was delayed beyond all patience. Hour after hour passed. The morning dragged by with periodic telephone excuses from O'Hara. The hearing was in progress before the police magistrate. . . . Soy had been held for the grand jury. . . . The magistrate would have to sign a permit and he could not be approached until he came off the bench. . . . Soy had gone to the Tombs. . . . The warden was at luncheon and could not be seen for half an hour.

Meanwhile Dr. Massey, impelled by the necessities of his practice, had departed, and Yip Sing and the vice consul, Chen Mok, had arrived and been relegated to the reception room. To my relief, Checka beedy reported that they were unaccompanied. Meanwhile, too, Evelyn had received a call from Miss Clement and had learned with some dismay that the mission of the ill-fated informant had been without result. More definite information regarding McNish's whereabouts was not to be had.

than that which she had already conveyed to us.

"We're just starting in a taxicab," came at length from O'Hara over the wire. "We'll be there in less than half an hour."

And in less than half an hour they came, an ignoble, vulgar quartette against a stately, pompous background.

I met them in the great hall, standing before the broad, sculptured chimney-piece.

The three detectives were more or less of a piece—gross, coarse, red-faced men whose hands and feet seemed out of all proportion to their size, bulky as it was. Of the three O'Hara, possibly because of familiarity, struck me as the least offensive. But after all it was not the detectives who claimed and held my chief interest, but the shrunken, shadow-like creature they had in charge, whom I recognized instantly as the supposed castaway the Sibylla had picked up that warm October day somewhere east of Nantucket—the sinking figure I had followed through the press of Doyers street almost to my death.

My conjecture was thus in part verified. John Soy and Peter Johnson were the same, and it only remained now to prove that the rest of my guess was as well founded.

Sleeping to the door of the reception room, I made brief apology for my detention and bade my two Cathayan visitors join the others.

"I think, Mr. Yip," I observed, "that we have here the Eurasian cook of the Sable Lorch about whom you told me."

I suppose I was foolish enough to fancy that the merchant would at once make the identification I desired. I should have known better. In subtlety we are the match for the ancient race to which Yip Sing belonged, as was evidenced by the absolute imperturbability of his manner, as, after gazing sharply at John Soy, he turned to me with a vague smile as the marble wall, and in a voice without a shade of inflection, said:

"I do not know him. I have never seen him until now."

Had a white man dared to make such denial, I should have laughed in his face. But the dignity of the Oriental, the perfect aplomb of his manner, including an utter absence of all that could be construed as feigning, forbade such rejoinder; yet I knew that he had lied.

"Come, gentlemen," I said, denying myself even the satisfaction of a shoulder shrug, "and we shall decide whether the man upstairs is the villain you claim he is, or—" but I was in no mood to finish the sentence.

The seven of us, crowding into the elevator, were lifted to the floor above, where I preceded the others to the door of what we were wont to call Cameron's bedchamber. There I paused.

"Pardon me just a moment," I begged, with my hand on the knob, "until I see whether everything is ready."

I had instructed Mr. Bryan to have McNish up and dressed; and I wished to make sure that these preparations were completed. . . . But I was hardly prepared for the scene which greeted my entrance.

McNish, clothed in the suit he had worn when I found him, was in the act of closing a drawer of an old-fashioned rosewood secretary which occupied a place against the right wall, beneath one of the medallion windows. And the nurse was nowhere in sight.

Startled by the sound of the opening door, the trespasser half turned, his hands still on the brass drawer handles; then, at sight of me, he wheeled completely and stood defiant with his back to the antique desk.

"What are you doing there?" I cried, indignantly. "What were you looking for?"

Even before he spoke I saw the look of cunning come into his small, furtive eyes.

"I was looking for some papers of mine, Clyde," he answered, boldly, and his voice was so like Cameron's that, for just a moment, a shuddering uncertainty assailed me. Only the crafty leer weighed for the truth.

"Papers of yours?" I snarled, ignoring his familiar use of my name. "I have the only paper you brought into this house, Donald McNish, and that's evidence enough to put you where you belong. Where's Mr. Bryan?"

But at that moment the nurse, appearing from the adjoining room, answered for himself, and McNish, with a capitally assumed nonchalance, said, smilingly,

"I didn't think you could be so easily imposed upon, Clyde. The letter to Donald McNish was given to me by McNish himself. He wanted me to answer it. It was his last request. . . ."

"Silence," I cried; and then, "Mr. Bryan, get him into that chair before the bureau, facing the door. These people outside must not be kept waiting any longer. With which I turned, and with hand on knob once more, I faced the nurse. Had she, in the

roughly, but in all haste, dragged his charge across the floor, and fairly flung him into the indicated seat.

It was not until after the immediately succeeding occurrences that I learned from O'Hara what had been told to John Soy on his way up town in the taxicab. As I understood it, the other detectives had informed him that he was being taken to this house so that his chief accuser, who was high unto death, could make an ante-mortem identification. As a matter of fact, of course, the situation was practically the reverse. We desired Soy to identify McNish, and McNish, under stress of the encounter, to admit his own identity. The Eurasian, however, having been thus misinformed, was at a distinct disadvantage. So, when I drew back the door, and he was pushed forward into the room, instead of seeking, he imagined himself sought, and with bowed head and eyes on the floor, stood shivering all at ease.

To this misunderstanding is probably attributable all that followed. Had Soy known that McNish was regarded equally with himself, as an aggressor, he might have controlled his outbreak and permitted the law to wreak its tardy justice. But Soy did not know, and the tide of events met sudden change.

It is, indeed, scarcely conceivable how rapidly it was all enacted. For just a moment the weakened figure stood still, while behind him crowded the rest of us—the three detectives, the two Chinamen and myself.

I saw McNish struggle for an instant to maintain his pose of indifference, and then I saw his cheeks blanch, and his little eyes widen in craven terror as he recognized the shabby, silent thing before him. His lips parted, his bared teeth clicked together, and his hands, like talons, clutched tensely his chair arms.

In that strained moment the room was strangely hushed. I know I secretly mocked, as nervously intent I watched those two miserable creatures, the one keenly conscious, the other blind to everything save the rug pattern at his feet.

Then, like a flash, Soy stole a glance at his supposed accuser, and I saw him quiver into steel. It was as though an electric bolt had shot through his shrunken frame and limp limbs. He seemed to grow out of him self, to rise inches taller, towering with stiffened neck and lifted head.

To describe with any degree of accuracy what ensued, I cannot. I know only that McNish rose abruptly to his feet, only to fall back again beneath the poisoning spring of the Eurasian. Then followed a pistol shot, muffled, yet sounding lethally loud against the grim silence of the chamber; and, as with one accord we leaped forward, I saw Soy roll over in a spasm of contortions, and McNish, thus freed from his gripping hold, raise an arm and fire again, with the pistol pressed to his own temple, just as Bryan, who had been nearest to them, bravely made a grab for the weapon.

CHAPTER XXVI.

His Sister Confesses.

The death of McNish was instantaneous. Soy, with a bullet in his abdomen, lingered for three days. During that time Miss Clement became his sister confessor, and so there drifted into our possession a host of facts which otherwise we might never have learned. Strange, uncanny creature that he was, he seemed to repose the utmost confidence in the gray, sweet-faced missionary, and fairly unburdened his sin-charged soul to her. Those of his fellow conspirators that he promised to protect, she protected. Those that he believed to have played him false, she protected likewise. Her religion was one in which personal justice has no dwelling. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," her Lord had admonished, and to him she was content to resign the problem of retribution.

Had I been more familiar with the Cameron town house and the town habits of its master, justice probably would not have been tricked out of having her way with two as lawless wretches as ever infested a community. I should have known then that one of the drawers of that quaint old rosewood secretary was the hiding place of a 38-caliber Colt; and in all likelihood had had it removed before McNish was capable of searching for it. As it was, Mr. Bryan took no blame upon himself for not having been the first to discover it, though to my mind he could hardly be regarded as remiss in failing to investigate a piece of furniture of so intimate a character.

The notorious consequence upon the murder and suicide was hideously indignant. Inspired and stimulated by the sensational press, which did not hesitate to imply what it dared not state openly, the currency of falsehood and misconception at one period had foreseen the resemblance of McNish to Cameron, coupled with the

seemingly convincing fact that the tragedy had occurred in the Cameron town house, where the millionaire was supposed to be convalescent, gave excuse for persistent iteration of a rumor that, in order to preserve the fame of a man regarded as above reproach and at the same time to protect the line of securities in which he had been interested, the story of a confusing likeness had been invented.

No paper in the land would have had the temerity to print this as a fact, but again and again—silly and impossible as it must have appeared to all thinking persons—it was promulgated by innumerable and emboldened in more or less weakly worded denials.

As a result Crystal Consolidated suffered. Bonds and stocks alike sloughed fraction after fraction and point after point. And our mottoes were necessarily closed upon the truth, since that, if possible, would have been even more damaging; for while we still hoped, we could give no positive assurance that Cameron was yet alive. . . .

Strangely enough, though the whole wretched complication had been raked reportorially with a fine-tooth comb, the kidnapping from the yacht had not yet been so much as hinted at, but I lived, daily, in mortal dread that it would be brought to light at the next journalistic hand-saw. Accurate information as to Cameron's present whereabouts was the news now most eagerly sought not alone by the press but by Wall Street, as well; our failure to supply it, though excused by us on the ground that in his present nervous condition, it was imperatively necessary to keep him sequestered from interviewers, was not unnaturally arousing a suspicion that we did not possess it to supply.

It is, under the strain of the tragedy and the brutal publicity which followed upon it, Evelyn Grayson had not eventually succumbed she must have been more than human. Bravely she had borne up against a whirling succession of nerve-wrenching experiences, refusing to entertain fear and fighting valiantly against discouragement, but heart and nerves have their limit of endurance; and when, on the third day, John Soy was gathered to his yellow and white fathers, and a more yellow than white evening journal ventured, more boldly than had been dared hitherto, to make the implication to which I have referred, Evelyn collapsed utterly.

As chance would have it, I myself came upon her, lying white, limp, and unconscious on the library floor, with the paper still loosely held in her right hand. The sound of her fall had carried to me faintly as I neared the closed door, and a misgiving born of intuition rather than of any more definite cause had hastened my steps.

Having lifted her to a couch and rang for her maid I at once set about doing what I could to restore her to consciousness. But her plight was no ordinary momentary faintness. Stubbornly she refused to respond to my efforts, and those of the maid which, after hours it seemed, she came, were equally unavailing.

Alarmed, I called up Dr. Massey, only to learn that he had gone to Boston for a consultation, and that Dr. Thorne, his assistant, was operating at Roosevelt Hospital. For a moment, distressed and anxious, the names of other physicians eluded me. In despair, I opened the Telephone Directory, in hope of a suggestion, and the name of Addison leaped at me from the page. To my infinite relief he was in his office, his electric was at the door, and he would be over at once.

And it was not until ten minutes later, when he came hurriedly into the room, that I remembered. The name, when I saw it, had at once struck me as familiar. I seemed to know, even that it belonged to a physician of reputed high standing, yet it was only at the instant of his entrance, when his penetrating steel-gray eyes drilled into mine, that I associated it with the man to whom I had gone, not for any ailment, but to learn whether my friend, in spite of his demials, had ever been in China.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Snake Serum Ordered.

It is reported in the Lancet that the chief medical officer of one of the Austrian army corps has recently ordered the use of Calmette's serum against serpent bites, and a fairly large stock of it has now been issued to each regiment in the south of the empire. The men and the medical officers are instructed in the use of it, and regular inspections of the stock, as well as lectures on the natural history of the poisonous kinds of serpents, are provided for. In addition to the serum, the various appliances necessary for its proper application have been supplied to the army hospitals. Hitherto much dependence has been placed on the treatment of such injuries by alcohol and the application of permanganate of potash.

Instructions for Farmers.

Farmers in the United States are receiving instruction in efficiency, methods on the farm through no fewer than eleven main agencies. These agencies, according to a publication just issued, for free distribution by the bureau, are elementary and secondary schools and agricultural high schools; country schools of agriculture; traveling schools teaching the same pursuits; farmers' educational clubs and like organizations; gardens for city schools; normal schools of agriculture and colleges of agriculture; and "Pollard's Magazine."

CONSTIPATION



MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

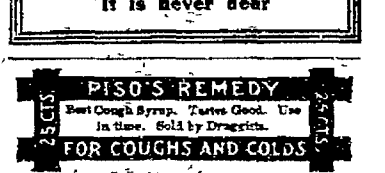
corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it. They enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

Another Secret

Frequent tests show that a 24 lb. sack of

Henkel's Bread Flour

will make 37 delicious loaves. At 5c per loaf, this gives you \$1.85 worth of bread. Ask your grocer how much this flour will cost you. You will know why good housewives buy Henkel's Bread Flour. It is never dear.



Put off until tomorrow the worry you might do today.

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The Northville Record

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.

Established.....1899

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., MAR. 28, '13.

At night, March. After Friday's exhibit we will take your word for it without any further argument. Hereafter when you call again, with a skate on-like that you will find us in the cellar.

There are sharp differences of opinion in the new Wilson cabinet, but the police should not interfere with the debates until the furniture begins to circulate through the atmosphere.

Although the date of the assembling of Congress is April-1, it would not be safe for congressmen to conclude that the call for an extra session was an April Fool joke.

The new "Mummy Sleeves" are so tight that women can hardly shake hands. Of course under such conditions they can't be expected to make any bread.

While the Cabinet is being considerably enlarged, a department of woman's clubs will not be added until the suffragists attain their ambition.

The idea of teaching every girl to thump the piano, and every boy to be a bookkeeper will make potatoes worth \$8 a barrel in 20 years.

An agricultural journal advises its readers that sheep need exercise. The mongrel dogs of the neighborhood usually look out for that.

Cyclone insurance ought to be a salable article now.

FARMINGTON ITEMS

Democratic caucus at 10 p. m. Saturday. Republicans at 10 p. m. today.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Coleman at Omaha, Neb. March 21, a little boy. Mrs. Coleman formerly Lella Cosh was bookkeeper for Cook and Co. here for some time.

The wind storm last Friday did considerable damage to the farm which ex-Geo. Fred M. Warner owns near Ovid and that a school house in that vicinity blew down and injured a number of school children.

Fred Gutts house was badly damaged by last Friday's wind and also the roof on the Warner block and a number of chimneys and shade trees about town suffered.

The north-west wall of the power house in the junction was blown in Friday and serious damage done to the plant causing the power to be shut down for some time.

Little girl: "Say teacher, ain't I made of dust?"
Miss Burr: "Yes, dear."
Little girl: "Well, why don't I get muddy when I drink?"

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

—Advertisement.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of J. HORACE WILKINS, 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 residence of Oscar S. Harger, at 124 N. Center St., in the village of Northville, in said county, on Monday, the 19th day of May, A. D. 1913, and on Saturday, the 19th day of July, A. D. 1913, at two o'clock p. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that from March 1st, 1913, we are allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated March 19th, 1913.
OSCAR S. HARGER,
E. H. ROBERTS,
Commissioners.

NORTHVILLE.

PURELY PERSONAL.

(Contributions to this column are accepted on condition that contributors will, if possible, drop a line to that effect in the Record item box in the post-office.)

Horace Boyden is home from Kalamazoo for his spring vacation.

Mrs. R. R. Darwin of Lansing is visiting for a day or two in town.

Edsl Brown of Lansing visited his father, Geo. Brown, last week.

Mr. Edward Hockstad of Big Rapids was the guest of Miss Hazel Newison Sunday.

Miss Marion Babbitt is home from the Leggett school in Detroit for her spring vacation.

Kurnal Babbitt, who is attending school in Concord, Vt., is home for his spring vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lacy of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. O. Tewksbury.

Mrs. H. L. VanAiken and daughter, Hazel, of Pontiac, spent Sunday with Mrs. H. A. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Groth entertained the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Groth of Salem, Sunday.

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

Starr Taft is home on a two weeks' vacation from Big Rapids where he is attending a college of pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Crofoot of Pontiac were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Thomas of the Thomas Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brown and two children of Detroit were guests of the former's sister, Mrs. James Savage last week.

Mrs. Lail and little daughter returned to their home in Grand Rapids Monday after a visit with Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Turner.

Mrs. B. G. Filkins went to Detroit Monday to attend the funeral of her cousin, Mrs. Thee Hakas, who was a former Northville resident.

W. B. Barley and son of Rochester, N. Y., and G. W. Barley and four children of Pontiac spent Easter with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Barley.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Muldock and two daughters attended the House Warming held given by Wayne today, K of P at Detroit, Monday evening. It was a very fine affair and several hundred couples were present.

Ed Gay and Ben Gilbert returned home Wednesday from the west and south, respectively. The former says that the havoc wrought by the tornado in Nebraska was an unforgettable scene. Mr. Gilbert states that in the flooded districts where he passed through it was nothing to see dead bodies floating along beside you as you walked the street. Both are content to continue living in Northville, where life is really worth living.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

Mr. Foot of Pontiac will occupy the pulpit again next Sunday and will also bring some singers with him to assist in the services.

Our Sunday school will be held at the close of the morning service and the B. Y. P. U. will meet at 5:00 o'clock as usual.

The regular monthly business meeting of the B. Y. P. U. will be held next Tuesday, April 1, at the home of W. B. Mosher.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank the O. E. S., Masons, K. of P. and King's Daughters, also friends for flowers sent me while shut in.

—MRS. H. B. CLARK.

You are cordially invited to attend the Spring opening at Mrs. Georgia Tinkham's millinery store Saturday, March 29.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the regular annual election for the Township of Northville, Wayne County, Michigan, will be held in the Village Hall, Northville, Monday, April 7th, 1913, at which time the following officers are to be elected: Supervisor, Township Clerk, Township Treasurer, Highway Commissioner, Overseer of Highways, Justice of the Peace, Member of Board of Review and Four Constables.

The polls of said election will be opened at 7:00 o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon thereafter as may be, and will be continued open until 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon, unless the Board shall, in their discretion, adjourn the polls at 12:00 o'clock noon, for one hour.

Dated Northville, Mich., Mar. 18, 1913.
FRED H. TOUSEY,
Township Clerk.

Cough Medicine for Children.
Too much care cannot be used in selecting a cough medicine for children. It should be pleasant to take, contain no harmful substance and be most effective. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets these requirements and is a favorite with the mothers of young children everywhere. For sale by all Druggists.—Advertisement.

"Bring Home a Bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR for Willie's Cold"
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
Solely by Both Druggists in Northville

Sold by Both Druggists in Northville

SCHOOL NOTES.

Bank deposit last week was \$22.00.

The physics class is studying electricity.

K—pupils cut & collared Easter City Booklets.

Leona Palmer is a new pupil in the Second grade.

The class in type writing is making good progress.

Edwena Daggett entered the Kindergarten Tuesday.

Charlotte Harrison is out of school with the measles.

Mrs. Daggett visited the Kindergarten Tuesday.

Mildred Elliot entered the Kindergarten last week.

Cleburne Meade spelled down the Eighth grade Friday.

The First grade is greatly interested in the study of seeds.

The class in zoology are studying the common birds of Michigan.

Miss Johnson and Mrs. Kling were second grade callers last week.

Miss Johnson was the guest of Louise Thayer Monday evening.

Marion Johnston attended the Senior-Junior girls meet in Ypsilanti May 15 and 16 are the days for Eighth grade examinations this year.

Several of the Kindergarten pupils are absent on account of having the bumps.

Some excellent papers were handed in in grade eight on the play "Julius Caesar."

Eight pupils are out of grade five this week because of mumps or measles.

Blanche Clark and several high school students attended Ben Hur in Detroit.

Mrs. Cochran and daughter, Marion visited the Kindergarten last week.

All but two members of grade seven were excused last Friday for perfect spelling.

The B division of the Sixth grade have begun the study of the middle Atlantic States.

Harold Bloom treated the Second graders Monday afternoon in honor of his birthday.

Horace Boyden of Kalamazoo college and Arthur Power visited school Tuesday.

J. M. Rice of Crosswell, agent for the Baker paper Co. of Oshkosh, Wis., visited school Friday.

The two divisions of the Sixth grade are having a contest in spelling. Tuesday night it was a tie.

The Misses Tyrell of Rochester, Harold Turner and Ray Bogart were High school visitors last week.

Northville basket ball team played the Normal Reserves at Ypsilanti Wednesday evening, score 27 to 21 in favor of Ypsilanti.

Grade Eight is very sorry to lose two pupils. Harold White has gone to Detroit to work and Evelyn Wellington has moved away.

The Marsh Co. of entertainers impersonators, bell ringers, etc. will give an entertainment April 9th for the benefit of the Senior class.

Some very nice stories of South America were given in grade five last Friday; as was also the story of India and Prince Siddartha in the B class.

The athletic association met Thursday and elected the following officers: captain Reid Stimpson; business manager, Ross VanValkenburg; coach, Mr. Pierce.

Grade Eight is divided into two divisions with Jay Stimpson and Tracy Ely as leaders and are going to have spell downs once a week, continuing for ten weeks, to find the winning side.

The little boy was on his knees in his little night dress saying his prayers, and his little sister couldn't resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his feet. He stood it as long as he could and then said "Please God, excuse me, while I knock the stuffing out of Nellie."

Cheapest Accident Insurance.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Stops the pain and heals the wound. All druggists sell it. —Advertisement.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Sunday morning service at 10:00 o'clock. Subject of Sermon: "Self Centered or God Centered."

Evening service at 7:00 o'clock. Subject of sermon: "The Workman's Motto." All are invited to this sermon. Special invitations have been given to the working men of the village inviting them to be present.

The Queen Ester circle will give a dramatic entertainment in the auditorium of the church next Wednesday night. Tableaux, and special music will complete an enjoyable evening. These young ladies are interested in Missions. Help them out. Price of ticket, 10 cents.

In spite of the inclement weather the Men's supper was quite a success. Thanks to Mr. Fred Lyke and his assistants the menu was fine, and to Mr. F. S. Neal the decorations were the most tasty that we have had for a long time.

After urgent invitations from many sources the chorus has decided to repeat the Cantata. The date will be announced later.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Morning service 10 a. m. Subject: "The Place of the Church in the Life of the Community."

Sunday school 11:15. Classes for every age.

Christian Endeavor 6:00. A popular place for the young people.

Evening service 7 o'clock. Sacred cantata—"The Holy City."

The morning service will be held at 10 o'clock—a majority of the congregation voting to have it at this time. This will enable the Sunday school to begin and close one-half hour earlier than heretofore.

The public is invited to the Sacred Cantata to be held in the evening. No admission will be charged, but a silver offering will be taken. A portion of the offering will go into the pipe organ fund.

The 30th Annual meeting of the Detroit Presbytery will be held in the Presbyterian church, Milford, Wednesday, April 2. Sessions at 10:30 a. m., 2 and 7:30 p. m. Mrs. F. F. Mc Crae, representing the Woman's Board, and Rev. Leonard A. Barrett of Ann Arbor will be the speakers.

The 40th Annual Meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary society of Detroit Presbytery will be held at the same place, Thursday, April 3rd at 10 a. m. Mrs. Robert Rosa of China, and Mrs. J. D. Jeffry, Synodical President, will address us. Pere Marquette train leaves Port Street Union station, 8:30 a. m. Fare from Northville 27c. Luncheon each day 25 cents.

Spiking Millinery opening, Saturday, March 29, at Mrs. Georgia Tinkham's millinery parlors 3441

AUCTION.

C. C. Yerkes, administrator, will sell at public auction on the Wm. Yerkes' tenant house farm next east of Mr. Cochran's, cows, hogs, chickens, horse, buggy, grain, etc., at 100 o'clock Saturday, March 29. L. A. Brooks, auctioneer.

DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr. W. Fred Dodds having assumed the practice of Dr. W. R. Knight will be pleased to meet former patients of this office at the same location, during Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week and at other times by appointment, 138 Main St., Plymouth 1914.

HOUSE DRESSES

NEAT PATTERNS, GOOD FIT, \$1.00, \$1.25

THE WHITE HOUSE

DRESS GINGHAMS, 100 CHOICE PATTERNS 10c, 12 1/2c
PERCALE, in BLACK AND WHITE, Small Neat Patterns, Greys and Blues—Lots of Choice.

HAND BRUSHES 3c each; or 2 for 5c

WINDOW SHADES—we Cut them—No extra charge.

LACE CURTAINS 50c, 75c, \$1.00 to \$5.00

SCRIM 10c, 12 1/2c, 15c, and 22c

CARPETS 25c, 30c, 45c, 50c, 60c

RUGS \$1.35, 1.50, 2.00, \$3.50, \$4.50

MATTING 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c

WALL PAPERS—NEW PATTERNS; REASONABLE PRICE.

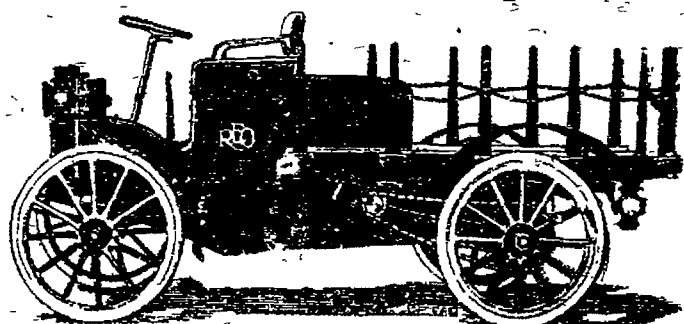
PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER.

EDWIN WHITE.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

REO

Light Delivery Trucks



Men Must Adopt Trucks.

Men who make deliveries, large or small, are bound to do it by motor. In business the methods which are cheapest and best are bound to win out, you know. And the difference now is so enormous that the change from the horse to the motor truck is coming as fast as good trucks can be made. Men have only been waiting for a simple, trouble-proof truck, which stands use, abuse and jar.

There are men who need trucks of two or three tons' capacity. There are several good trucks for them—trucks of 1500 pounds capacity. For such men there is no truck which compares with the Reo. We have at this writing not a single real competitor in strength or power, in simplicity, economy or price. One can prove this almost at a glance.

Pays For Itself.

THE REO Truck pays for itself in short order. Any man who can keep it busy will save its price in one year. When it can't busy the cost is stopped.

You need no new employees. Any man who can drive a horse can drive a Reo truck.

Price Only \$750 Complete.

For Information or Demonstration, Call on or Phone

W. A. PARMENTER

AGENT

Home Phone 176-X. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

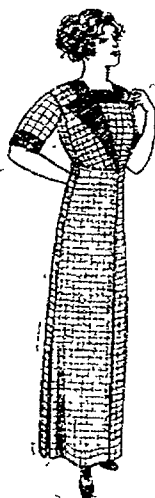
DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Justice of the Peace. Property Sold and Rented. Estates Settled. Collections Made. Fire Insurance on Real Estate and Household Goods Solicited. 1-31-13.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

TRY A RECORD LINER.

Why Not Dress Well



in the Kitchen when \$1.00 will buy a very pretty, practical and well fitting WASH DRESS.

Perhaps you have Dress Skirts not quite good enough to wear on the street but too good to throw aside that you feel that you should still wear. We can sell you a good fitting HOUSE SACQUE to go with them; nicely piped and with Pepsin at 50 cents.

Mother's pride is reflected in the appearance of her Children. CADET STOCKINGS, Reinforced with Linen, wear best and look best. Fully Guaranteed at 25 cents.

Large Aprons with Caps to match 65c.

SPECIAL.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES, 2 to 6 years, 25 Cents.

CHARLES A. PONSFORD

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Ever Watchful

A Little Care May Save Many Northville Readers Future Trouble.

Watch the kidney secretions. See that they have the amber hue of health.

The discharge not excessive or infrequent.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for weak kidneys.

Let a Northville citizen tell you how they work.

Mrs. Martha Taylor, Center St., Northville, Mich., says: "The first symptom of kidney trouble were severe pains through the small of my back and after I stooped over I could hardly straighten again. At times I was dizzy and nervous. The kidney secretions were unnatural. Finally, I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised, and got a supply at T. E. Murdock's drug store. They proved so good that I kept on taking them until I was completely cured. I am glad to confirm all I said some years ago, praising Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBarn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

—Advertisement.

Seasonable Goods.



We have everything in this line and this is the time of the year when you should know where to get what you want quickly.

Cigars, Tobacco, etc.

T. E. Murdock
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

OSCAR S. MARGER
Real Estate Bought, Sold and Exchanged.
Estates Settled and Managed.
Insurance & Loans. Notary Public.
Main Phone 60. 124 N. Center St.
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

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

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 8:15 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 5:15 p. m., 10:30 a. m. for Orchard Lake and Pontiac every 15 minutes for Farmington Junction only 12:30 a. m.

Northville to Farmington, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:50 a. m. and hourly to 7:30 p. m. 9:30 a. m. 11:30 p. m.

Leave Wayne for Northville at 6:44 a. m., 8:44 a. m. and hourly to 6:44 p. m.; also 8:44 p. m., 10:15 p. m. and midnight.

West bound car to Jackson connect at Wayne. Cars for Saline connect at Ypsilanti.

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE
J. M. DIXON, Propr. Both Phones

Phone 247-J

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, Proprietor.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

L. B. KING & CO

China, Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Ornaments, Novelties.

Oldest China House in Detroit.

Complete Stock, Up to Date.

We have what you want in our NEW STORE.

Cor. Grand River and Library Ave.

NORTHVILLE

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

Spring mud.

Also muddy springs.

Three town tickets.

Measles and mumps better.

Democrat caucus Monday night.

No more congressional grown garden seeds.

Republican caucus 2:00 o'clock Saturday, city hall.

Progressive caucus 2:00 p. m. Saturday, Ambler's hall.

The new Buffalo-Indian nickle has struck Northville.

The U. S. government should adopt Hicks' almanac.

The male quartet sing at a Y. P. benefit at Salem tonight.

Not very favorable weather Sunday for that new Easter hat.

Anyhow the March ground hog needn't have been so mad about it.

Mrs. B. G. Filkins very enjoyably entertained the Clover Leaf whist club on Tuesday evening.

The Northvillians who are Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor students arrive home today for a ten days' spring vacation.

There will be no spring vacation in the Northville schools this year. Due to the fact that they were allowed an extra week at holiday time.

Mrs. H. A. Thomas of the Thomas Tavern, has been ill for the past three weeks with blood poisoning in her foot. She is much better now.

A little linseed oil poured over a soft cloth and rubbed over leather covered furniture will do much to improve the appearance and preserve the material.

"Dear teacher," wrote a parent to Miss Johnson, who evidently disappointed of corporal punishment, "don't hit our Sammy. We never do it at home except in self-defense."

The Cantata entitled "The Holy City," which was given in the Presbyterian church during re-dedication week will be repeated Sunday evening, March 30. See church notes.

"Jimmy, your face is dirty again this morning," exclaimed Miss Willis.

"What would you say if I came to school each day with a dirt face?"

"I would be too polite to say anything about it."

A very pleasant surprise party was given Mrs. Chas. Dugman by the ladies of the Relief Corps in Cattermole's hall Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Dugman leave Northville soon to make their home in Owosso.

An equal suffrage mass meeting is announced for next Friday evening, April 4 to be held in Princess rink. It is expected that Dr. Anna Howard Shaw of New York President of the National Suffrage association and Mrs. Susan Walker Fitzgerald of Boston, will speak. Good music admission free. Every one is cordially invited. Further notice next week.

Within the next few months those who are fortunate enough to possess a dollar bill or even one of the larger denominations will notice a very material change both as to the size and appearance of paper currency. All of the two billion notes of that kind now in circulation will be supplemented by uniform pieces of currency about one quarter smaller than that now issued.

A plan is advocated whereby young ladies attending church in the evening can register their names in the church vestibule, so that the young men who are in the habit of lingering around the church door can see whether or not their best girl is present and thus set a troubled brain at rest. The plan would undoubtedly be a great convenience for a certain class of young men and would work well in many places.

The latest invention to hang in the family dining room is the gum board. It is a neat little circular board, plain or decorated, fastened to the wall. The name of each of the family is painted on the circumference, and marks the spot where the gum is left until wanted. This saves carrying the gum to bed and getting it in one's hair or swallowing it in the night. It is obvious that the gum board supplies a long felt want, and he who invented the new fad will have the best wishes of the young ladies.

Spring Millinery opening Saturday, March 29, at Mrs. McCully's. You are cordially invited.

Now for your big top Syrup Cans at Huff's.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Regular Convention on April 3 at 7:30 p. m.

W. L. TINHAM, C. C.

C. B. Bristol, K. of R. & S.

Letters for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week: Mr. Milshie, Sr. Mrs. Herbert Remond. Mr. Clarence O'Bryan.

Charles Dugman left Monday for his new position at Owosso.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macomber entertained the Main 500 club Wednesday night.

A boy never does much of a job of washing until he feels that some girl demands it.

Don't miss going to the Alhambra Theatre Saturday night. You'll miss it if you do.

Catholic services will be held in Cattermole hall Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock, standard time.

"Frank, did you hit Pete in the eye with that lump of clay?"

"Yes, father, the teacher forbade us to throw stones."

Howard Stewart has accepted a position at the U. S. Fish station in Detroit and begun work there the first of the week.

The eleventh annual banquet to be given by the Northville Foresters of America will take place this Friday evening, in the rink.

It is feared a late frost will kill the early fish worm. There is always something to worry about. But why worry—when they say that the fuzzy, woolly ones will be alright.

When a young man sits in the parlor talking nonsense to his best girl—that's capital. But when he has to stay in of evenings after they're married—that's labor.

The Secretary of State has certified the Equal Suffrage amendment to the various county clerks and copies have been mailed throughout the state. This assures the amendment of a place on the ballot.

"Button Day" in Detroit was a financial success. Scores of young women suffragists sold "Votes for Women" buttons on the streets, and collected coins in dainty and attractive yellow mite-boxes. This is a unique way of raising funds and suffragists in other towns of the state are meditating a Bangor or Tag Day.

T. G. Richardson has purchased a new Hardman piano for Mrs. R. and Miss Lida and installed it in the new bungalow. It was purchased through W. D. Stark of this place who recently sold one to the Northville High school. The Richardson piano is a beautiful mahogany finish and equipped with a player and church attachment.

Doctor J. M. Burgess wishes to announce that he is planning to spend a part of the time in Detroit during the coming spring and summer, where he will take up post graduate and hospital work. He will be associated in practice with his son, Dr. C. G. Burgess. The doctor's office and residence, when in Detroit, will be at 1236 Los Campan Ave. Phone Ridge 33.

The annual value of poultry and eggs sold is more than that of the silver, gold and pig iron produced. There is millions of money in poultry and eggs, and but small capital required. The annual import of eggs in England approximates 100,000,000 dozen, and into the United States 17,000,000 dozen a year. Here is an industry in which the demand is greater than our home supply. Look well to the poultry, to find the "golden egg."

The cantata entitled "The Holy Night" given by the people of the Methodist church Sunday evening was one of the finest ever given in this village. The inclemency of the weather prevented many from attending but there was nevertheless, a goodly sized crowd present.

Good by Marchie, old girl. You have not been as good, matured as might have been expected from the coy and dazling way you flirted on the first day you struck town.

The will of the late Charles Yerkes was admitted to probate in the court at Pontiac last Thursday. His estate was valued at \$31,000.00, \$8,000.00 of which was personal property and \$23,000.00 in real estate. The will provided that after giving his son, W. G., and daughter, Mrs. Grace Dusenbury, each a lot at Walley Lake, the widow shall have the life use of the remainder.

At her death the 212 acre farm just north of the Base line is to be equally divided between the sons, Carl and W. G. Mrs. Dusenbury will receive a farm in Novi and the store building occupied by C. A. Pousford. The remainder of the estate will be equally divided between the three children.

The latest styles in spring millinery at reasonable prices at Mrs. Georgia Timbim's. Spring opening Saturday, March 29.

Life's a thing of lough and tumble
Life's a thing of laugh and grumble
Life's a game of go and hustle,
Life's a thing of rush and bustle
Life's a play of brain and muscle,
Life's all jump and buzz and whurr.

April Fool's day Tuesday.

Also village council meeting.

New line of dishes at Ryder's.

A. E. Stanley is advertising "Sal-Vet."

See Mabley's ad for girls' furnishings.

Chas. Whipple has just purchased a new Oakland 35.

Go to Litsenberger for your horse-shoeing. See ad.

Don't forget—the spring millinery openings tomorrow, rain or shine.

Mrs. Ed. Vanderboof is out again after a busel with the measles for the last week.

House dresses and new patterns in gingham are the special features at the White House. See ad.

Mrs. John Buckley who has been confined to the house by illness for the past three weeks is able to be out again.

The King's Daughters will meet Tuesday afternoon, April 1st at 3 o'clock at the home of Miss Lida Richardson.

The K. P's had a big time Tuesday afternoon and evening initiating a large class into the various ranks of the order. A banquet was served at 6:00 and everybody had a most delightful time.

The Farmington Poverty club will give a poverty party in the I. O. O. F. hall in that city Monday evening, March 31. Music will be furnished by Diamond's five piece orchestra of Detroit. Prizes are to be "up posed for dress up" clothes and prizes given for the best costumes.

SALEM NEWS.

Fred Fahrner is in Ann Arbor this week.

Mrs. Arthur Tate is sick with measles.

Erwin Steinga has a fine new team of horses.

Clyde Carey is visiting friends in Vernon this week.

Gordon Nelson is working for Myron Atchikson this spring.

Maple sugar season looks to be about at the end of its career for 1913.

Lots of snow yesterday morning around here but too soft to be of any value.

The Ladies of the Ima division No. 1 will give an entertainment in the town hall, April 4. Everybody cordially invited.

The next meeting of the Farmers Club will take place at the Salem town hall, where Mrs. A. C. Wheeler will do the entertaining.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date.

Wheat, white—\$1.03 wheat red—\$1.04
Oats, No. 3—30c to 31c, oats, No. 4—29c
Shelled corn—30c
Baled hay per ton—\$15.00
Hogs alive—\$8.20
Dressed Hogs—\$9.50
Cattle—\$5.00 to \$5.50
Lamb—\$5.00
Beefides—\$8.00 Beef on foot—\$6.00
Veal calves live—\$7.00
Eggs—18c Butter—32c

S. LITSENBERGER PRACTICAL HORSESHOER



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

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of MARVIN BOVEE, 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 Lapham State Savings Bank, in the village of Northville, in said county, on Saturday, the 17th day of May A. D. 1913, and on Saturday, the 17th day of July 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 17th day of March A. D. 1913, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated March 17, 1913.

EDWARD H. LAPHAM
BERT C. STARR
Commissioners.

Think!

THINK what it would mean to have at the close of the year, a substantial balance in a savings account.

THINK what it would mean to be assured, that no matter what unforeseen accident or sickness might happen, your savings account would tide you over.

THINK what it would mean for your future happiness to know that when your years of activity had ended, you could rest in your reclining years in contentment and happiness.

A savings account in our bank will do all this for you. **THINK.**

Lapham

State Savings Bank

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Tornado, Cyclone and Wind Storm Insurance

Protect your property by insuring against loss of the kind.

Rates.	1 year.	3 years.	5 years.
Village Property	.20	.40	.60
Farm Property	.50	.75	\$1.00

per \$100. of insurance written

We have in our agency several of the oldest and strongest companies writing this class of insurance.

Also Fire, Plate-Glass and Automobile Insurance.

E. H. LAPHAM
SIMONDS-LAPHAM AGENCY.

W. L. B. CLARK'S MILK ROUTE

Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.

VAUDEVILLE

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

TEMPLE THEATRE.

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

Splendid Seats 10-20-25c

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

HOTEL GRISWOLD DETROIT MICH. EUROPEAN PLAN

\$1.50 PER DAY AND UP
COR. GRAND RIVER AVE AND GRISWOLD ST.

GRISWOLD ST.

The POSTAL HOTEL CO.

A strictly modern and up to date hotel

Three minutes walk to Detroit's famous shopping district

Five minutes walk to all theatres.

The Finest Cafe west of New York



FRED POSTAL, President; CHAS. POSTAL, Secretary.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By
RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.

Illustrations by
V. L. Barnes

Copyright 1912 by A. C. McCLURG & CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is a rebel for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. "Brother" Hamlin, a sergeant who had just arrived with messages to McDonald, volunteers for the mission and starts alone. Molly arrives at Fort Dodge two days ahead of schedule. She decides to push on to Fort Dodge by stage in company with "Sutler" Sam Moynan, Gonzales, a gambler, and also a passenger. Hamlin meets the stage with stories of depredations committed by the Indians. It is decided to return to El Paso. The driver deserts the stage when Indians appear. The Indians are twice repulsed in attack on the stage by Hamlin, Moynan and Gonzales. The latter is killed. Molly is killed in new attack. Indians retire, and Hamlin and Molly wait for the next move. They plan to attempt escape in the darkness by way of a gulch. Molly is wounded.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

He could feel her breathing, and realized the danger of her return to consciousness. If she should be frightened and cry out, their fate would be sealed. Yet he must accept the chance, now that he knew the way to be clear. He held her tightly in both arms, his revolver thrust back into its holster. Bending as low as he could with his burden, feeling carefully through the darkness before advancing a foot, he moved steadily forward. Where the gulch deepened their heads were at the edge of the bank, but much of the way was exposed, except for the dark shadows of the slope. Fortunately there were clouds to the west, already obscuring that half of the sky, but to the east nothing was visible against the faint luminousness of the sky line. Once, far over there to the left, a gun was fired, the flame spitting the night wonder, and against the distant reflection a black figure rose up between, only to be instantly snuffed out again. Hamlin put down his uplifted foot, and waited in tense, motionless silence, but nothing happened, except the echo of a far away voice.

A dozen feet farther, some four yards, Hamlin suddenly leaped to the edge of the bank, snuffed and disappeared. So, all were his. He was strong that the Sergeant came upon his knees, releasing one hand to grip his revolver, before he realized the cause of alarm some prowling creature. Then, with teeth chattering, cold, bending lower and lower, he crept across the rotting trail, and just like the dead body of the Indian. Not until then did he dare to breathe, not until then did he stand upright, but now, the fully, leading to the light, led away from danger, every step gained adding to their safety. He was still bent now, full of his old anxiety, yet awake to every tick of his watch. The girl's head rested against his shoulder, and he bent his cheek to hers, feeling its warmth. The touch of his unshaven beard pricked her in the semi-consciousness, and she spoke so loud that it gave him a thrill of apprehension. He dared not run in the darkness for fear of stumbling, yet moved with greater swiftness, until the depression ended at the river. Here, under the protection of the bank, Hamlin put down his burden and stood erect, stretching his strained muscles and staring back up to the dark.

What now? Which way should they turn? He had accomplished all he had planned for himself back there in the gulch, but now he became aware of other problems awaiting solution. In less than an hour it would be daylight; he almost imagined it was lighter already over yonder in the east. With the first dawn those watchful Indians, creeping cautiously closer, would discover the stage deserted, and would be on their trail. And they had left a trail easily followed. Perhaps the hard, dry ground might confuse those savage trackers, but they would scour the open country between bluff and river, and find the dead warrior in the gulch. That would tell the story. To go west, along the edge of the river, wading in the water, would be needless precaution, such a trick would be suspected at once, and there was no possibility of rescue from that direction. They might as well have opened-eyed into a trap. There was but one hope, one opportunity—to cross the stream before dawn came and hide among those shifting sand dunes at the opposite shore. Hamlin thoroughly understood the risk involved, the treacherous nature of the Arkansas, the possibility that both might be gulched down by engulfing quicksand, yet even such a lonely death was preferable to Indian torture.

The girl at his feet stirred and moaned. In another moment he had filled his hat with water from the river,

and had lifted her head upon one arm, and using the handkerchief from about his throat, was washing away the blood that matted her hair. Now that his fingers felt the wound, he realized the force of the blow stunning her, although its outward manifestation was slight. Her figure trembled in his arms, and her eyes opened, gazing, up wondering at the black outlines of his shadow. Then she made an effort as though to draw away.

"Lie still a while yet, Miss McDonald," he said soothingly, "until you regain your strength."

He heard the quick gasp of her breath, and felt the sudden relaxing of her muscles.

"You!" she exclaimed in undisguised relief at recognition of the voice. "Is it really you? Where are we? What has happened?"

He told her rapidly, his face bent close, realizing that she was clinging to him again, as she had once before back in the stage. As he ended, she lifted one hand to her wound.

"And I am not really hurt—not seriously," her voice bewildered. "I never realized I had been struck. And—and you carried me all that way?"

"I can hardly comprehend yet. Please explain again; they are back there watching for us still, believing we are in the gulch; they will follow our trail as soon as it becomes daylight. Why, why, the sky is brighter over in the east already, isn't it? What was it you said we must do?"

"Get across the river, once hidden in those sand-dunes over there we'll be safe enough."

"Across the river," she repeated the words, sitting up to stare out toward the water. Then her head sank into her hands. "Can we—can we ever do that?"

Hamlin bent forward on his knees, striving with keen eyes, sharpened by his night's experience, to learn more of what lay before them. The movement, slight as it was, served to frighten her, and she grasped him by the sleeve.

"Do not leave me, do not go away," she implored swiftly. "Whatever you say is best, I will do."

CHAPTER IX

Across the River.

He dropped his hand upon hers, clasping the clinging fingers tightly. "Yes, we can make it," he answered confidently. "Wait until I make sure what is out there."

He had slight recollection of the stream at this point, although he had crossed it often enough at the knovv ford, both above and below. Yet these crossings had always been accomplished with a horse under him, and a knowledge of where the trail ran. But he knew, the stream, its pe-



Her Figure Trembled in His Arms and Her Eyes Opened.

culiarities and dangers. It was not the volume of water, nor its depth he feared, for wide as it appeared stretching from bank to bank, he realized its shallow sluggishness. The peril lay in quicksand, or the plunging into some unseen hole, where the sudden swirl of water might pull them under. Alone he would have risked it recklessly, but with her added weight in his arms, he realized how a single false step would be fatal. The farther shore was invisible; he could perceive nothing but the slight gleam of water lapping the sand at his feet, as it flowed slowly, noiselessly past, and beyond, the dim outline of a narrow

and ridge. Even this, however, was encouragement, proving the shallowness of the stream. He turned about, his face so close he could see her eyes.

"We shall have to try it, Miss McDonald; you must permit me to carry you."

"Yes."

"And whatever happens, do not scream—just cling tight to me."

"Yes," a little catching in her throat. "Tell me first, please, just what it is you fear."

"Quicksand principally; it is in all these western rivers, and the two of us together on one pair of feet will make it harder to pull out of the suck. If I tell you to get down, do so quickly."

"Yes."

"Then there may be holes out there in the bottom. I don't mind those so much, although these cavalry boots are no help in swimming."

"I can swim."

"Hardly in your clothes; but I am glad to know it, nevertheless. You could keep afloat at least, and the holes are never very large. Are you ready now?"

She gave him her hands and stood up. The Sergeant drew in a long breath and transferred the haversack to her shoulder.

"We'll try and keep that from getting soaked, if we can," he explained. "There is no hotel over in those sand-dunes. Now hold on tight."

He swung her easily to his broad shoulder, clasping her slender figure closely with one arm.

"That's it! Now get a firm grip. I'll carry you all right."

To the girl, that passage was never more than a dim memory. Still partially dazed from the severe blow on her head, she closed her eyes as Hamlin stepped cautiously down into the stream and clung to him desperately, expecting each moment to be flung forward into the water. But the Sergeant's mind was upon his work, and every detail of the struggle left its impress on his memory. He saw the dark sweep of the water, barely visible in the gleam of those few stars unobscured by cloud, and felt the sluggish flow against his legs as he moved.

The bottom was soft, yet his feet did not sink deeply, although it was rather difficult wading. However, the clay gave him more confidence than sand underfoot, and there was less depth of water even than he had anticipated. He was wet only to the thighs when he tumbled up on to the low spit of sand, and put the girl down a moment to catch a fresh breath and examine the broader stretch of water ahead. They could see both shores now, that which they had just left, a black, lumping, dim outline. Except for the lapping of the water at their feet, all was deathly still. Even the Indian fire had died out, and it was hard to conceive that savages were hidden behind that black veil, and that they two were actually leaving for their lives. To the girl it was like some dreadful delirium of sleep, but the man felt the full struggle. There was a star well down in the south he chose to guide by, but beyond that he must trust to good fortune. Without a word he lifted her again to his shoulder, and pushed on.

The water ran deeper, shelving off rapidly, until it rose well above his waist, and with sufficient current so that he was compelled to lean against it to maintain balance, scarcely venturing forward a foot at a time. Once he stumbled over some obstruction, barely averting a fall; he felt the swift clutch of her fingers at his throat, the quick adjustment of her body, but her lips gave no utterance of alarm. His groping feet touched the edge of a hole, and he turned, facing the current, tracing his way carefully until he found a passage on solid bottom. A bit of driftwood swirled down out of the night, a water-soaked limb, striking against him before it was even seen, bruised one arm, and then dodged past like a wild thing, leaving a glitter of foam behind. The sand-dunes grew darker, more distinct, the bottom began to grow chalky, the bottom changing from mud to sand. He slipped and staggered in the uncertain footing, his breath coming in quicker gasps, yet with no cessation of effort. Once he felt the dreaded suck about his ankles, and broke into a reckless run, splashing straight forward, falling at the water's edge, yet not before the girl was resting safely on the soft sand.

Strong as Hamlin was, his muscles strained by strenuous outdoor life, he lay there for a moment utterly helpless, more exhausted from the nervous strain indeed than the physical exertion. He had realized fully the desperate nature of that passage, expecting every step to be engulfed, and the reaction, the knowledge that they had actually attained the shore safely, left him weak as a child, hardly able to comprehend the fact. The girl was upon her feet first, alarmed and solicitous, bending down to touch him with her hand.

"Sergeant, you are not hurt?" she questioned. "Tell me you are not hurt?"

"Oh, no," dragging himself up the bank, yet panting as he endeavored to speak cheerfully. "Only that was a rather hard pull, the last of it, and I

am short of breath. I shall be all right in a moment."

There was a sand-dune just beyond, and he seated himself and leaned against it.

"I am beginning to breathe easier already," he explained. "Sit down here, Miss McDonald. We are safe enough now in this darkness."

"You are all wet, soaking wet."

"That is nothing; the sand is warm yet from yesterday's sun, and my clothes will dry fast enough. It is beginning to grow light in the east."

The faces of both turned in that direction where appeared the first twilight approach of dawn. Already were visible the dark lines of the opposite shore, across the gleam of water, and beyond appeared the dim outline of the higher bluffs. The slope between river and hill, however, remained in impenetrable darkness. The minds of both fugitives reverted to the same scene—the wrecked stage with its dead passengers within, its savage watchers without. She lifted her head, and the soft light reflected on her face.

"I—I thank God we are not over there now," she said faintly.

"Yes," he admitted. "They will be creeping in closer; they will not wait much longer. Hard as I have worked, I can't realize yet that we are out of those toils."

"You did not expect to succeed?"

"No; frankly I did not; all I could do was hope—take the one chance left. The slightest accident meant betrayal. I am ashamed of being so weak just now, but it was the strain. You see," he explained carefully, "I've been scouting through hostile Indian country mostly day and night for near-

ly a week, and then this thing happened. No matter how from a man, his nerve goes back on him after a while."

"I know."

"It wasn't myself," he went on doggedly. "But it was the knowledge of having to take care of you. That was what made me worry, that, and knowing a single misstep, the slightest misstep, would bring those devils on us, where I couldn't fight, where there was just one thing I could do."

There was silence, her hands pressed to her face, her eyes fixed on him. Then she questioned him soberly.

"You mean, kill me?"

"Sure," he answered simply, without looking around. "I would have had to do it—just as though you were a sister of mine."

Her hands reached out and clasped his, and he glanced aside at her face, seeing it clearly.

"I—I thought you would," she said, her voice trembling. "I—I was going to ask you once before I was hurt, but—but I couldn't, and somehow I trusted you from the first, when you got in."

She hesitated, and then asked: "How did you know I was Molly McDonald? You never asked."

The Sergeant's eyes smiled, turning away from her face to stare out across the river.

"Because I had seen your picture."

"My picture? But you told us you were from Fort Union?"

"Yes; that is my station, only I had been sent to the cantonment on the Cimarron with dispatches. Your father was in command there, and worried half to death about you. He could not leave the post, and the only officer remaining there with him was a disabled cavalry captain. Every man he could trust was out on scouting service. He took a chance on me. Maybe he liked my looks, I don't know; more probably, he judged I wouldn't be a sergeant and entrusted with those dispatches I'd just brought in, if I wasn't considered trustworthy. Anyhow I had barely fallen asleep when the orderly called me, and that was what was wanted—that I ride north and head you off."

"But you were not obliged to go?"

"No; I was not under your father's orders. I doubt if I would have consented if I hadn't been shown your picture. I couldn't very well refuse then."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Daily Thought.

We, by our suffering, learn to prize our bliss.—Dryden.

Best Time to Think.

To say "Think before you eat" sounds something like "Look before you leap," and there is really just as much reason for one as for the other, according to many authorities who have long studied mankind to learn when they were capable of their best thinking.

Woman's View.

Neil—They say every man has his price.

Belle—Well, maybe few of them are as high as mine.

Prompt Agreement.

Hub—(after five minutes of it)—Oh, only a fool would argue with a woman.

Wife—Precisely.—Boston Evening Transcript.

These sweet, thin bits made from Indian Corn are cooked, toasted and sealed in tight packages without the touch of human hand.

They reach you fresh and crisp—ready to eat from the package by adding cream or milk and a sprinkling of sugar, if desired.

Toasties are a jolly good dish.

Nourishing Satisfying Delicious

Post Toasties

tomorrow morning.

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Post Toasties

tomorrow morning.

THE KITCHEN CABINET



AWAKE this morning with devotion, thanksgiving for my children, the old and the new.

CHAFING DISH DISHES.

Few people realize the convenience and comfort one may get from the use of a chafing dish. Especially the woman without a maid.

For a late supper, or Sunday night lunch, there is nothing more inviting than a chafing dish and well-stocked tray.

If one cares to have the service especially dainty, and who does not have the first preparations made long before the meal. Measure the butter and make it into attractive balls, a tablespoonful to a ball. Have the other ingredients in pretty dishes well arranged on the tray, to be easily found. Cut the meat or shell the fish, so that the mere putting together will be an entertainment for those who look on. Always keep certain things as seasonings, in the same place.

When purchasing a chafing dish, see that the hot water pan, too, has handles, as well as the blazer, by which it may be lifted. This dish may be used on the table in many ways when the chafing dish is not in use.

To Poach Eggs—Break each egg separately in a saucer, and drop into the blazer of hot water; cover until the eggs are firm, remove from the pan to circular pieces of toast that have been prepared in the kitchen, and serve at once, after seasoning with salt, pepper and bits of butter.

Hamburg steaks, well seasoned and shaped and cooked until brown, are delicious served from the chafing dish.

Vienna Steaks—Take a fourth of a pound each of lean beef and real chopped Season well with three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt, paprika and nutmeg, a few drops of onion juice and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Add an egg well beaten; shape into small steaks, and let stand several hours. Cook in a hot buttered omelette to ten minutes. Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, a dash of salt and paprika and spread on the steaks.

"Tell Me, Are You Hurt?"

By a week, and then this thing happened. No matter how from a man, his nerve goes back on him after a while."

"I know."

"It wasn't myself," he went on doggedly. "But it was the knowledge of having to take care of you. That was what made me worry, that, and knowing a single misstep, the slightest misstep, would bring those devils on us, where I couldn't fight, where there was just one thing I could do."

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"Because I had seen your picture."

"My picture? But you told us you were from Fort Union?"

"Yes; that is my station, only I had been sent to the cantonment on the Cimarron with dispatches. Your father was in command there, and worried half to death about you. He could not leave the post, and the only officer remaining there with him was a disabled cavalry captain. Every man he could trust was out on scouting service. He took a chance on me. Maybe he liked my looks, I don't know; more probably, he judged I wouldn't be a sergeant and entrusted with those dispatches I'd just brought in, if I wasn't considered trustworthy. Anyhow I had barely fallen asleep when the orderly called me, and that was what was wanted—that I ride north and head you off."

"But you were not obliged to go?"

"No; I was not under your father's orders. I doubt if I would have consented if I hadn't been shown your picture. I couldn't very well refuse then."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Daily Thought.

We, by our suffering, learn to prize our bliss.—Dryden.

Best Time to Think.

To say "Think before you eat" sounds something like "Look before you leap," and there is really just as much reason for one as for the other, according to many authorities who have long studied mankind to learn when they were capable of their best thinking.

Woman's View.

Neil—They say every man has his price.

Belle—Well, maybe few of them are as high as mine.

Prompt Agreement.

Hub—(after five minutes of it)—Oh, only a fool would argue with a woman.

Wife—Precisely.—Boston Evening Transcript.

These sweet, thin bits made from Indian Corn are cooked, toasted and sealed in tight packages without the touch of human hand.

They reach you fresh and crisp—ready to eat from the package by adding cream or milk and a sprinkling of sugar, if desired.

Toasties are a jolly good dish.

Nourishing Satisfying Delicious

Post Toasties

tomorrow morning.

These sweet, thin bits made from Indian Corn are cooked, toasted and sealed in tight packages without the touch of human hand.

They reach you fresh and crisp—ready to eat from the package by adding cream or milk and a sprinkling of sugar, if desired.

Toasties are a jolly good dish.

Nourishing Satisfying Delicious

Post Toasties

tomorrow morning.

Stiff Joints Sprains, Bruises

are relieved at once by an application of Sloan's Liniment. Don't rub, just lay on lightly.

"Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever tried for stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the middle of the year. I thought at first that I would have to have my hand taken off, but I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and cured my hand."

Good for Broken Bones

G. G. Jones, Beldwin, L. I., writes: "I used Sloan's Liniment for broken bones above the knee as exposed by a fall and so my great satisfaction was able to resume work in less than three weeks after the accident."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

For Sprains

Mr. Henry A. Venable, St. Somers, N. Y., writes: "I applied Sloan's Liniment to a sprain of my ankle so badly that it went black. He laughed when I told him that I would have him out in a week. I applied Sloan's Liniment and in four days he was working and said Sloan's was a right good liniment."

Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00

Sloan's Book on home remedies, sleep and healthy living free.

Address: Dr. R. S. Sloan

U.S.A.

Is he what you might call a police captain at large?

No; he's only out on bail.—Town Topics

By thirty or fifty things like bulging. Don't accept water for being. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue. Adv.

BIGGEST RACE PROBLEM.

"Brother Jones, does you think the devil is a black man or a white man?"

"I dunno, an' all I does know is—the biggest race problem is how ter keep ten yards ahead of him!"

Perfectly Clear.

"I wonder why so many trains are late?" said young Mrs. Torkins as she watched the man chalk up the figures on the blackboard.

"Well," replied her husband, "for one thing, traffic is much heavier than it used to be."

"Of course! And the heavier a load is, the harder work a locomotive has to pull it!"

And a woman either poses, supposes or imposes.

A Jolly Good Day

Follows

A Good Breakfast

Try a dish of

"The American Home: the Safeguard of American Liberties."

Soliloquizing.

Let's see. The mortgage on the place comes due next month. Six years ago it was for \$800, for three years. Interest at 6 per cent, payable semi-annually, with the privilege to pay \$50 or more on the principal at any interest date.

Well, I thought it was easy, that—surely—before the three years was up, the place would be clear and I would be riding around in an automobile.

First thing I knew along comes the first interest-date, then another; then another, and so on, till the time was up and and not cent part on the principal.

What became of all my money? Search me. It's a cinch there's none of it in the banks.

The party was very obliging and I renewed the mortgage for another three years, with the result, that so far, the interest only, has been paid. Gee, I used to think that fellow was a kind old duck, but I can see now, that as long as the security is good, I can keep paying him interest for a hundred years and he won't make a kick.

Now suppose I should want another hundred and he didn't want to loan it on the place? Perhaps I could find some one who would go the \$700. Perhaps not, what then? put a low price on the property and let it go?

That's about the way it would size up.

Guess I'm got as lost as I used to be. Looks to me now as though I have been going still for the past six years.

What shall I do? There's the Loan Association, \$200. That would be \$150 a week, half interest and half on stock. I can do that right and maybe more. I see they say a loan can be repaid part or full at any time. That's nice, for if I should ever get together I could pay in that much and the payments would be.

Another thing. Say a fellow might come with the cash and want the place.

If an individual mortgage he might not be willing to give me a discharge when if he did I might have to pay him three or six months' interest.

I have heard of such things being done, and what has been done once can generally be done again.

If I had only owned "The Loan" six years ago, the place would now be more or less paid for. I would have just as much money on hand, like a boss, and there would be no question of borrowing an extra dollar or so.

Well, I'll go around those "Loan" fellows and I hope they will let me have the money for in the Association I will commence at once to go ahead. Perhaps not at a mile a minute clip but anyway at a good comfortable gait.

THE NORTHVILLE LOAN & BUILDING ASSOCIATION

NOVI.

Mrs. Huey is visiting in Indiana.
Loren Levenworth is in at Charleion.
Mrs. Walter Cook is in at Detroit this week.
Mr. Gao Barry and others are visiting at Pontiac.
Mr. and Mrs. Dea of Pontiac are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Levenworth.

NOVI NEWS.

Bert Volght was home from Detroit Easter.
Mrs. Henry Hammond is visiting friends in Flint.
Mr. and Mrs. McCowan spent Easter Sunday in Northville.
Herman Taylor's wife was blown over by the wind last Friday.
The W. C. T. U. will give their annual banquet this Friday evening March 23.
Henry Watt celebrated his 71st birthday Tuesday, seven children and grandchildren compeared home for the occasion.
The Ladies of the Mission Band will serve dinner on town meeting day, Monday, April 7, in the basement of the Baptist church.
Mrs. L. Bathrick has received a letter from her son, Congressman E. R. Bathrick and wife who are on their way to Panama, saying that they have had a very rough sea and high winds. Mr. Bathrick and one other man are the only ones who have not been seasick, even some of the sailors suffering.

Look to Your Plumbing.

You know what happens in a house in which the plumbing is in poor condition—everybody in the house is liable to contract typhoid or some other fever. The digestive organs perform the same functions in the human body as the plumbing does for the house and they should be kept in first class condition all the time. If you have any trouble with your digestion take Chamberlain's Tablets and you are certain to get quick relief. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

TRY A RECORD LINER.

BUY YOUR CLOTHING, HATS and FURNISHINGS for MEN, YOUNG MEN, BOYS and CHILDREN of JOHN D. MABLEY

The Daylight Store, Cor. Grand River and Griswold St.

DETROIT.

SELLER OF THE BEST CLOTHING, HATS AND FURNISHINGS IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Mrs. Frank Bradley was in Detroit Monday.
The wind storm—Friday did a great deal of damage in this section.
Mrs. Harry Wheeler and son, Russell, spent Easter Sunday with relatives in Detroit.
Mrs. Mabon, Boughner of Orville, Ont., is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Bradley.
Mrs. John Walters and children of Farmington spent Easter with her sister, Mrs. Ed. Willard and family.
The Jolly-L's met with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Greabner Saturday night. Talk about your good times! we had it!
Roy Moulis of Aylmer, Ont., has been visiting at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Frank Bradley, for the past week. Mr. Moulis and cousin, Eva Bradley spent Easter, Sunday at 3000 Arbor.

Scalpitis itching skin. Heals cuts or burns without a scar. Cures piles, Doan's Ointment. Your druggist sells.

—Advertisement.

Found a Cure for Rheumatism.

"I suffered with rheumatism for two years and could not get my right hand to my mouth for that length of time," writes Lee J. Chapman, Mapleton, Iowa. "I suffered terrible pain so I could not sleep or lie still at night. Five years ago I began using Chamberlain's Liniment and in two months I was well and have not suffered with rheumatism since." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

WIXOM NEWS.

J. A. Smith is convalescing from his recent illness.
Mrs. W. H. Perry was a Pontiac visitor Monday.
J. W. McLaren wife and son spent Monday in Detroit.
Mrs. Beniah Thompson was a Northville visitor Tuesday.
Mrs. Wm. Chambers was on the sick list the first of the week.
Mrs. Nora Holmes of Pontiac visited Mrs. B. L. Clark, Monday.
Miss Ethel Grayson of Plymouth visited Mrs. J. W. McLaren over Sunday.
Vernon Spencer returned to school in Detroit Monday, after ten days vacation.
Mrs. May Proud was the guest of Miss Jennie Burch in Detroit, part of last week.
Miss Gladys Barber of Ypsilanti was a weekend guest at the Pearl hall home.
Mrs. Jas. Gibson and children spent Tuesday with her sister at Northville.
R. B. Cummings and wife visited Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Staley at Pontiac over Sunday.
Mrs. J. Shannon entertained the "Circle W" fancy work club, Thursday afternoon.
Receipts from the play given by the Wixom Dramatic Club Saturday evening were \$25.
Miss Goldie Hyde of Pontiac spent Easter with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dennis.
Mrs. Fred Tuck, son Walter, and daughter Mrs. Jesse Wines, visited relatives in Detroit part of this week.
Mrs. J. L. Calkins of Newark came Monday to help care for her sister, Mable Stevens, who is still seriously ill.

Rev. H. Sayles, who has been pastor of the Baptist church here for six years, will preach his last sermon here Sunday, March 30.
A number of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Chamberlain give them a very pleasant surprise on Wednesday evening of last week by dropping in to help them celebrate their 12th wedding anniversary.

Feel languid, weak, run-down? Headache? Stomach "off"? Just a plain case of lax liver. Bile Beans Blood Bitters tones liver and stomach, promotes digestion, purifies the blood, cures eczema, salt rheum, and all skin troubles.—Advertisement.

WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hoyt, a son.
Mrs. J. Kurtz spent Monday in Pontiac.
The measles' patients are much better this week.
Miss Estter Chapman is spending her Easter vacation at home.
Jacob Taylor of Grosse Pointe visited here the first of the week.
Miss Cellinda Smith and Lee Welch were weekend guests of friends in Ypsilanti.
George Killam is receiving a visit from his daughter, Mrs. David Goodville of Port Huron.
Miss Boniah Evans of Linden has been visiting at the home of her uncle, A. V. Tamlyn.
Mrs. Wm. Ganther died at the home of her son, Frank Ganther, on Wednesday of last week.

TRY A RECORD LINER.

FARMINGTON NEWS.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Brien is quite ill with brain trouble.
Miss Edna Schmitt of Detroit spent a few days this week with her cousin in Mrs. Irene Spiller.
Norman Lee was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Schroder at Pontiac the first of the week.
William McDermost who is spending some time with his sister, Mrs. V. E. Longwood at Charleionville, is in ill health.
Mrs. William Robinson, Mrs. John Gelling, Mrs. William Tanager, Mrs. Louise Snyder, George Cook and little Mildred Graham are numbered among the sick this week.
The L. O. O. F. held a meeting in their lodge rooms last Thursday evening. One hundred members of the lodge of Detroit were present and conferred the first degree to 15 new members, who joined this

lodge. Refreshments were served and all had a pleasant evening.
E. M. Warner has platted and subdivided into lots his property on Grand River avenue in the eastern part of this village, which is situated in a very pleasant and desirable locality.

Mrs. M. T. Crawford spent part of last week with friends in Detroit. She returned home Thursday accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Rose Coughlin of Guelph, Ont., who will spend a few days here.

Swiftest of Birds.
The swallow is the speed king of the air, with a record of 300 feet a second.

"I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulas relieved and strengthened the bowels so that they have been regular ever since."—A. E. Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.—Advertisement.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Proof from Michigan Farmers



The Great Worm Destroyer and Conditioner

The results Michigan farmers are getting from "Sal-Vet" and the way they endorse it is so conclusive that this great worm destroyer and conditioner is the greatest known remedy ever discovered. Here are a few of the hundreds of letters written to me by grateful farmers relating their experiences and results from "Sal-Vet". You may possibly know some of them personally. Read what they say:

"I have fed SAL-VET to all my sheep from June until now, and they are all healthy and fat. This winter I had a lot of trouble with worms, but I fed SAL-VET and they are all healthy and fat. I have tried many other remedies, but SAL-VET is the only one that works."—J. A. BOWMAN, Farmington, Mich.

"SAL-VET is all gone and my sheep are all healthy and fat. I have tried many other remedies, but SAL-VET is the only one that works."—J. A. BOWMAN, Farmington, Mich.

"I have fed SAL-VET to all my sheep from June until now, and they are all healthy and fat. I have tried many other remedies, but SAL-VET is the only one that works."—J. A. BOWMAN, Farmington, Mich.



"Sal-Vet" is a wonderful medicated salt—a preparation which is saving farmers hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is not only the surest and quickest remedy for worms, but also a tonic, digestive and conditioner which puts all farm animals in excellent condition, thus providing the most efficient disease preventive you can get. No trouble to feed it. You simply place it where all your farm animals can run to it freely—no drenching, no handling—no bother at all—they do it themselves.

CHEAPEST and BEST

It is inexpensive—costing only one-twelfth of a cent a day for each sheep or hog and only a trifle more for larger animals. It saves feed—PREVENTS DISEASE—makes stock thrive and gain faster—in fact repays you its small cost many times over. It is from 100% to 400% cheaper than other live stock preparations and far more efficient. The fact that it is sold on a "Money-back Guarantee" PROVES all this.

Here Is My Money-Back Offer

Simply call at my dealer's store and get enough "Sal-Vet" to last all your stock 60 days. Take it home with you and place it where all your farm animals can run to it freely, then watch results. If "Sal-Vet" don't do what I claim, if it don't rid your stock of the deadly stomach and intestinal worms and prove a paying investment for you, simply notify the dealer and he will refund your money in full. You won't be out a single penny. I take all the risk. Remember you get ALL your money back if you are not pleased.

SIDNEY R. FEIL, Pres. The S. R. Feil Co., Cleveland, Ohio

To Our Customers: Get rid of the worms in your stock and watch your profits grow. "Sal-Vet" is giving wonderful satisfaction to our customers. We carry it in stock and will gladly arrange to let any farmer in this vicinity try it 60 days on Mr. Feil's liberal money-back offer. Come in and get "Sal-Vet" the next time you come to town. We back up every word in this advertisement. You take no risk. Don't wait until your hogs or other stock get sick and die—get "Sal-Vet" NOW and PREVENT such loss, and have thrifty, fatter, more profitable stock. It is the cheapest and best conditioner you can buy.

A. E. STANLEY, NORTHVILLE, MICH.

SEEDS
BUCKNER'S SEEDS SUCCESS!
SPECIAL OFFER:
Made to build New Houses, 4 for 1.
Prize Collection. 100,000 seeds for 10¢.
GUARANTEED TO PLANT.
Write today! Mention this Paper.
SEND 10 CENTS
to cover postage and packing and receive this valuable collection of "Seed Postage" seeds in 10 days.
H. W. Buckner, 975 Buckner Street, Rockford, Ill.

SEEDS
Fresh, Reliable, Pure
Guaranteed to Plant.
Every Gardener and Planter should test the superior merit of our Northern Grown Seeds.
SPECIAL OFFER:
FOR 10 CENTS
we will send postpaid one
FAMOUS COLLECTION
1. 100 Doan's
2. 100 Doan's
3. 100 Doan's
4. 100 Doan's
5. 100 Doan's
6. 100 Doan's
7. 100 Doan's
8. 100 Doan's
9. 100 Doan's
10. 100 Doan's
Write today! Send 10 cents to buy postage and packing and receive the above "Famous Collection" of seeds in 10 days.
GREAT NORTHERN SEED CO., 975 Rose St., Rockford, Ill.

YEAR BOOK of Stark Bro's Nurseries & Orchards Co. MAILED TO YOU FREE

Just say on a Postal Card "Send me a copy of Stark Year Book for 1913." When writing, also tell us how many seeds, shrubs, vines, etc., you will probably plant this season.

This Year Book is more than a mere catalogue of Stark nursery products, it is a practical, easy to understand text book for the guidance of the man who plants trees. Our own experience of nearly 100 years, the reports of experiment stations and the opinions of planters from all sections, are condensed and reproduced for the benefit of busy people. An encyclopedia of orchard information, containing full size color illustrations of gloriously tinted fruit, many photographic reproductions in black and white, also information on many subjects in which the orchardist is interested.

Hundreds of varieties of apples, pears, peach, plum, cherry, apricot, quince, grape and all small fruits are described, weaknesses of each variety are pointed out and good points are explained. We feel that planters should know both.

Those interested in growing fruit or flowers or shrubs or shade trees will find this book of incalculable value; totally different from the average nurseryman's publication. It is a book you will keep for reference, and one on which you can depend as being absolutely accurate. Write today for your copy.

STARK BRO'S Nurseries & Orchards Co. LOUISIANA, MO.