

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIII. NO. 48.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH.; FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1913.

\$1.00 PER YEAR- IN ADVANCE.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE MEN.



GREAT TIME

HERE JULY 4

PARADES, HORSE RACES, BALL GAMES, BAND, SPORTS.

General Good Time Is Promised For Everybody.

Following the annual custom, Northville will celebrate the glorious Fourth of July in a fitting manner and offers to the people of this vicinity a day of pleasure, coupled with enough excitement to satisfy the patriotism of every one who attends.

The Athletics association management promises there will be something doing from the time of firing the sunrise gun on that morning until the midnight bell tolls the closing of the great National event of 1914.

There will be an auto parade at 9:00 a. m., forming on Yerkes avenue (Northside) and going up Dunlap street and down Main street to the Athletic grounds, where auto and motorcycle races and athletic sports will take place, to be followed by a ball game between the Michigan State Telephone and Northville teams.

In the afternoon there will be horse races and another ball game.

In the evening there will be a band concert and athletic sports on Main street at 7:00 o'clock and a dance in the rink at 8:30 as well as a special picture show at the Alseum.

The official program are set and it will be well for everybody to carry one with them to keep track of the big show and to know which ring containing the exhibit.

MORE NO-STOP

BY P. M. RAILWAY

ANOTHER TRAIN RUNS PELL MELL THROUGH THE VILLAGE

Forenoon Train South Will No Longer Take Trouble to Stop.

Last Sunday the P. M. railway gave Northville another kick off the map and refused to stop the south bound forenoon train which arrived here at 10:20. The two afternoon trains have not stopped here for some time. This last bit of evidence of spite on the part of the P. M. officials is about the limit. The express and mail service was bad enough before but this will aggravate it to a larger extent.

This cannot be regarded in any other than an unfriendly feeling on the part of the railway officials towards Northville people, probably brought about by the fact that so many people take the D. U. R. out of here for Detroit.

taking some action in this matter that will make a forceful protest against this injury to the village's business interests.

It is believed that the village has some rights and if it hasn't then the P. M. might just as well stop no trains here.

WAS ALMOST 95 YEARS OF AGE

JULIUS C. NORTHROP DIED MONDAY FORENOON

Graduated in Northville State School House in 1840.

Julius C. Northrop, Northville's oldest inhabitant, died at his home on Dunlap street Monday forenoon at the remarkable age of 94 years and nine months.

Born in Monroe county, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1818, he came with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Elijah Northrop, to this place in 1833. Ten years later he returned to New York State to marry Lydia Morris and they settled here permanently, forty-three years ago.

During his first residence here Mr. Northrop attended school in the old stone school house, which until



JULIUS C. NORTHROP.

recently, stood on the Hirsch property on Hutton avenue.

Mrs. Northrop, whose age is but a few years less than that of her husband, is left to mourn the loss of her life's companion, with whom she had traveled up and down life's mountain, hand in hand for seventy years.

The funeral was held from the home Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Webber officiating. The burial was at rural Hill cemetery.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the W. R. C., King's Daughters, W. C. T. U., Presbyterian ladies, friends and neighbors for the beautiful flowers and kindness shown us in our late bereavement, and especially from Lena's friends.

LESTER COOK AND FAMILY.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN NORTHVILLE

Saturday night was another big time in Northville history.

The crowd on Main street was larger, if possible, than at any other date. The band boys, located in front of James Ford's store, furnished as usual, a delightful musical program. The following events made up a lively evening's entertainment.

Marlock's boy's three-legged race was won by Dewey Lyke and Otto Bauman, each one receiving a hair brush and comb. Winners of the second prize, clothes brushes, were Alcock Lyke and D. O. Whitmore.

Stark's potato racing race brought forth an unusual showing of speed in that art. Mrs. James Ford pored the most murphies in the shortest time receiving the handsome umbrella offered by Stark Bros. The second prize, a pair of hosiery, was awarded to Mrs. Chas. Faine. S. W. Knapp donated the murphies used in this event.

A box of Ben Hur cigars was the prize given by James Ford to the winner of the 100 yard dash. Burr Lyke is enjoying them, while Robt. Bauman is the proud possessor of a corn cob pipe earned by him as second prize.

One of the big features for this Saturday's evening's entertainment will be Schrader Bros' needle threading contest (open to all, old and young). The person threading a package of needles in the shortest length of time gets as the first prize a Hassel carpet sweeper, second prize a pair of curtain stretchers. Prizes up, ladies, these prizes are well worth trying for.

Tinham and Cameron's men's bike race, limited to men only over 40 and under 90 years old. Distance to be one block and return. Come on fellows, show us how young you are and how fast you can step. The first prize will be box of good smokes and the second a pipe.

Gray's boys' and girls popcorn eating race is another of the events scheduled. The boy or girl who can dispose of one sack of Willie White's (the popcorn merchant) in the shortest order will receive a box of Gray's \$1 choice candies, while the second prize offered is a small box of the same.

The usual band concert will be mixed in with the above sports, so be with us early this Saturday evening. You are welcome to participate in or to witness the fun. Everything free to all.

Australian Justice. Recently after hearing his first case an Australian justice of the peace delivered himself thus: "There's been a lot of lies told in this case, and I don't know who's been telling 'em. So I'm going to fine you \$2. If yer guilty yer kettin' off very light, an' if yer not guilty I'll teach yer to be more particular about the company yer keep."

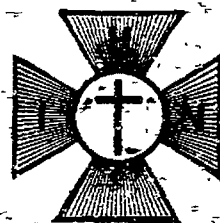
GIVE GENEROUSLY

K. D. TAG DAY

No one in the village is more cognizant of the grand work of charity that is being done by the King's Daughters' society than Village President Schrader, who says:

"I do not believe there has been a case of want, of sickness, of bereavement in the village in years past but what this society has lent aid or comfort or tokens of sympathy and the splendid efforts of these ladies should be encouraged in every way."

When this tag is presented to you by a King's Daughter July 4



be sure and give a quarter—a half dollar or even more.

Every penny above the small expense of in getting ready for the Tag Day sale will be used, as heretofore, in relieving distresses where ever found among the villagers.

The tag day plan is popular, is a most satisfactory method of securing funds for relief and saves time and money to the society.

You, Mr. and Mrs. Reader, are hereby challenged to make the Tag Day the biggest and best of the series of good results so far obtained. Fill the coin boxes. Make the cash register ring merrily.

The King's Daughters will thank you in advance for every favor shown.

During the year of 1912, as a part of its work the society spent \$50 for nurses, for the sick, \$27.75 for coal, \$6.10 for shoes and \$48 for groceries, for the needy. They also sent flowers and plants to 164 sick people and 56 pieces to funerals at a further cost of \$67.75. So far this year \$41 has been spent for nurses, besides the ending of plants and flowers in 83 cases of sickness and bereavement.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

WANTED—Blacksmith with experience in wagon repairing, permanent position with good wages. Write or apply to Detroit Lumber Company, Detroit, Mich. 48w2c

WANTED—A good hustling salesman to sell goods on salary. Address, Box 274, Saginaw, Mich. 47w2c

FOUND—Pair of auto piers. Owner may have same by applying to village marshal and paying 25c for this ad. 48w1c

FOR SALE—40 acre fruit farm. Good buildings, orchard, good soil, 1/2 mile from Novi (Mich) corners. Easy terms. Apply to Oscar Harger, Northville. 48tf.

FOR SALE—Nearly a carload of baled hay and straw; also seed (silver gray) Buckwheat. Northville Milling Co. Phone. 42wtf.

FOR SALE—Car load of new much cows, mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth. Phone 310-3R. 47tf.

FOR SALE—New Deering Binder, cut only 28 acres; time given if desired, on bankable note; also few tons timothy hay. Milford Baker, Northville. Phone 4R. 47-2p.

FOR RENT—Cottage at Walled lake. Address Lock Box 617, Plymouth, Mich. 47tf.

FOR SALE—Old Papers, clean and in Big Bundles for 5c. Just right for pantry shelves or to put under carpets. Record office, tf.

FOR SALE—At Bargain—Full set Britannica Encyclopedia, 20 volumes. Apply at Record office. 10tf.

FOR SALE—Ginseng bed 2 1/2 rods cheap. Inquire of Nut Brown. 48w2p.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, Mrs. Helen Welsh, Northville. 48w2p.

FOR SALE—Registered Holstein bull calf four weeks old. A grand good animal. Northville phone Ind 242. 48w1p.

FOR RENT—Good pasture with running brook, at 25c per week. C. M. Thornton, Phone 17132. Also have hay for sale. 44wtf.

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

FOR SALE—Domestic Sewing machine. New, drop leaf, latest style. Bargain. No better machine made. Record office, tf.

Hurrah for the Fourth of July!

Come and Help us Celebrate. See our East Show Window.

FIRE CRACKERS, Lots of them.
TORPEDOS, NIGGER CHASERS,
ROMAN CANDLES, SPARKLERS,
SKY ROCKETS, PIN WHEELS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

Also Made Up Family Assortment, \$1.00 to \$3.50.

"CLAUSS" Stands for the BEST, that good material and workmanship can produce; a good pair of Shears are a necessity as well as an ornament. Try a pair of our Celebrated CLAUSS Shears, absolutely guaranteed from tip to butt.



"DETROIT" VAPOR, "QUICK MEAL" Gasoline Stoves and Ovens also "PERFECTION" OIL COOKING Stoves, all sizes, 1 to 4 burners, with or without Cabinets and ovens. See us for anything in the Stove line; no trouble to show them up.

SCREEN DOORS, WINDOW SCREEN, SCREEN WIRE CLOTH, both black and galvanized, GARDEN HOSE, HAMMOCKS, LAWN MOWERS—everything in and out of season. Try us for your wants.

JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.

If I had only had that money in the Bank

Quit Get-rich-quick Speculation

How many times have you said, or your friends said: "I cannot, because I HAVE NOT GOT THE MONEY?" How many good business chances have had to be passed up because you did not have the money? "Get Rich-Quick" speculation is the worst thing a man can do with his money. If the enterprise into which some smooth stranger asks you to put your money were such a good one he would keep it—not sell it to you.

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

Northville State Savings Bank.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

C. E. RYDER THE GROCER.

If you want to buy your Saturday Grocery Supplies to the very best advantage possible, come where assortments are largest, qualities first-class and prices the lowest.

SATURDAY'S SPECIALS

SEE OUR BARGAIN COUNTER. NEW ARRANGEMENT IN THE STORE. IT WILL BE FULL OF BARGAINS SATURDAY.

SEE WINDOWS.
WATCH FOR SURPRISES.

BERRIES, CHERRIES, GARDEN PRODUCTS, PINE APPLES, ETC.

TRADE AT RYDER'S

DISCOVER PLOT TO KILL THE KING

BULGARIANS ARRESTED ARE
SAID TO HAVE PLANNED
ASSASSINATION.

INTENDED TO BLOW UP ROYAL
PALACE.

Bulgaria—Withdraws Recent Acceptance of Czar's Offer to Arbitrate Territorial Differences of Allies.

A plot fomented by Bulgarians against the life of King Constantine of Greece, has been discovered at Saloniki. A number of Bulgarian soldiers, disguised in civilian dress, were arrested by the Greek military police.

A quantity of explosives had been discovered outside of the city gates and investigation led to the discovery of the conspiracy. One of the Bulgarians who was arrested confessed that an attempt was to have been made to blow up the king's palace.

Constant fighting between Greeks and Bulgarians is going on near Saloniki. The city has been strongly fortified on the landward side.

Bulgaria withdrew its recent acceptance of Czar Nicholas' proposal to arbitrate the territorial dispute between this country on one side and Serbia and Greece on the other. This may mean that Russia's attempt to prevent a fresh conflict in the Balkans will prove futile.

The Bulgarian press is bitterly hostile against Russia, charging that the Russian government is secretly encouraging Serbia and Greece to aggressive measures.

Bible School at Kalam Valley.

Preparations are being made for a bible conference and reunion at the Kalam Valley seminary, August 1 to 27. The conference will be conducted along the Chautauque plan and among the instructors will be Rev. William Kirby, pastor of the Friends' church, Columbus, O.; Mary Barrett Pitt, former instructor in the Cleveland Bible Institute; Rev. Edgar Woolam, field secretary of the Cleveland Bible Institute.

One of the leading features of the conference will be the reunion, Aug. 23, of all of the former students of the seminary. In order to make this event a success, announcements and invitations are being sent out in the form of circular letters.

Nine Men Are Drowned.

Nine men were drowned and five others had a narrow escape when a sudden Mississippi river squall hit the government survey boat Blount, causing it to capsize four miles above New Madrid, Mo.

The boat and its flotillas light on Snoddy Bend and a section is a report of the accident was received, word was sent to Memphis and the government secretary of the bureau hurried to the scene.

The party had been in the river on surveying work and it is supposed were about to return when the flood struck them.

William Thompson, working near Chestonia for the Erie Jordan lumber Co., was struck by a rolling log and fatally killed.

Robert Kroonsman has worked his way through Hope college by writing poetry. His poems have recently been published in book form.

Ex-Senator George A. Prescott of Tawas City, whose father, Rev. C. H. Prescott, the millionaire preacher of Cleveland, Ohio, died recently, has sold his mercantile business at Tawas, and with his brother devoted his attention to their large ranches at Prescott, and other points in northern Michigan.

Fire of unknown origin destroyed the millinery stock of Lenox sisters, of Traverse City with a loss of \$2,500, partially insured, and damaged the meat market of W. J. Hobbs \$500. The building was one of the original wooden structures built 40 years ago, and on which loss is estimated at \$1,000 but insured.

John E. Church of Detroit, who has been trainmaster of the Saginaw division of the P. M. for years and who was superintendent at Ionia for a short time, has resigned to take a position as trainmaster for the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western road, Hoboken branch. He will work under P. N. Place, formerly of Saginaw, lately promoted to superintendent of the D. L. E. W.

James Arthur Fielding, 19 years old, was drowned in Wolf lake. Fielding and B. L. Lacey, both of Jackson, were fishing when a big wave swept over into the boat and sank it.

The Muskegon Woman's club, of which Mrs. Francis Smith presented the \$25,000 club house, which is now a home, is planning a fitting acknowledgment of appreciation. Allen Barry, the English portrait painter, who is spending the summer in Muskegon, has been engaged to paint a portrait of Mrs. Smith to be hung in the club house as a memorial of the donor.

PORTER J. MCGUMBER



North Dakota Senator has promised to come to Michigan to address the state bar association at Lansing in July. He is one of the most distinguished lawyers in the upper branch of congress.

CLAIMS TO BE THE HEAD

Mrs. Stetson in New Book Assumes to Be Successor to Mrs. Eddy as Leader of Cult.

In her new book, "Reminiscences, Sermons and Correspondence," Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, who was excommunicated from the mother church of Christ, Scientist in Boston in 1909, announces herself as the true head of the Christian Science church, and the true authority of the teachings of Mrs. Eddy, the founder.

The assumption that she is the spiritual head of the church, as opposed to its directors, is not only asserted in many ways in Mrs. Stetson's book, but also is substantiated by the statements of several of her friends who declare that it was by Mrs. Eddy's wish that Mrs. Stetson got out of the church, that she might "devote herself spiritually and mentally, as she could not have done had she remained confined by the material organization, and the board of directors."

Case of Labor Leaders in High Court.

Chief Justice White granted an appeal to the supreme court for Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison labor leaders convicted of contempt of court in the noted Buick Sixty & Range case. The appeal will be heard after October.

Candidates Will Not Treat.

All of the 25 Democratic candidates for offices in Scott county Kentucky, assembled at Georgetown and pledged themselves in resolutions neither to "treat" nor to use money at the primary in August. They agreed to meet again on the eve of election, so that anyone who could not then make oath that he had kept the pledge should withdraw from the race.

Lao Drowned in Creek.

E. Levere, 80 years old, son of William Bennett, living three and one-half miles east of Hillsdale, was drowned in Deebie creek. He had ridden his wheel through the hot sun with the thermometer standing above 80 and was seized with cramps when he jumped in. He took one plunge into the narrow creek, which was about six feet deep and never came up.

John H. Row, 35, of Jackson, who graduated from the literary department of the University of Michigan, will teach at Cornell next year, having accepted a professorship in the literary department. He is a young man of unusually brilliant attainments and is one of the honor students of the university.

Miss Anna J. Keeler, assistant instructor in the domestic science department at Hackley institute, at Muskegon, and a former teacher in the public schools of Grand Rapids, died in an Ann Arbor hospital Saturday. Miss Keeler was recently appointed assistant instructor of domestic science in Miami university.

One hundred members of the senior class in Ann Arbor high school received diplomas, when the fifty-fourth annual commencement exercises were held. The class has presented the school with a life size statue of Abraham Lincoln.

The annual convention of the Michigan Underwriters' association was held in St. Joseph. The association is composed of field men representing various companies. One object of the association is to cooperate with the state fire marshal in reducing fire waste.

EMPEROR OUSTS WAR MINISTER

KUSUNOSE SUCCEEDS LIEUT. K. KOSHI IN JAPANESE CABINET.

GETTYSBURG FEARS A FAMINE AT CELEBRATION.

Turkish Government Shoots Twenty Men Convicted of Complicity in the Assassination of the Grand Vizier.

The emperor of Japan signed the appointment of Lieut. Gen. Sachibiko Kusunose, as minister of war to replace Lieut. Gen. Kikoshi.

Gen. Kikoshi was in the Katsura cabinet, and was retained in the war ministry by Premier Yamamoto. Lieut. Gen. Kusunose is chief of the military technique examining department.

The impression prevails that the withdrawal of Gen. Kikoshi is connected with the administrative reforms, whereby, as a concession to the liberals, the ministers of war and the navy could be selected from the reserves. General Kusunose is on the reserve list.

Gettysburg Fears Famine.

The vanguard of the 250,000 strangers expected to take part in the celebration of the semi-centennial of the battle of Gettysburg, began arriving in Gettysburg. As this is a town of only 4,000 inhabitants the people are panic-stricken. All hotels are already booked out, and it is feared many visitors will have to sleep in the open. The legislature is taking steps to provide quarters for 10,000 veterans, but is making no provision for the civilian visitors. Many townspeople have bought provisions for two weeks.

Turks Shoot Twenty Men.

In expiation of the assassination of Grand Vizier Mahmud Shevket Pasha and his military aid Ibrahim Bey, 20 men were put to death at Constantinople. The arrests of the men were made beginning the day after the slaying and their conviction by court martial followed. The court concluding the cases Saturday. The men were lined up and shot in rapid succession, the affair occupying but a few minutes.

Rothschild Denies Oil Rumor.

Lord Rothschild, discussing a report published from New York that Rothschild's London house had joined the Water Tower Co. to fight against Standard Oil, said: "Nonsense! Who invented that? It is a piece of the basest nonsense I have yet heard. There is no single vertice of truth in it."

Aviator Gardner Is Drowned.

Fred F. Gardner, an aviator, was drowned when his aeroplane turned turtle and fell 100 feet into Lake at Bath, N. Y. He tipped the machine a terrific somersault as he was turning its course and it quickly slipped over, plunging it to the water with him underneath it.

Nicholson Declines Foreign Post.

Wendell Nicholson, the author, in a telegram to President Wilson, declined the appointment as minister to Portugal, for which he was named last week. Mr. Nicholson intended to discuss his act on, except to say it was because of family reasons.

Panama Jurist Is Dead.

The death of Pascual Matus Duran, the eminent Panama jurist occurred recently. He was governor of Panama when it seceded from Colombia and was the first chief justice of the supreme court of the canal zone. He was at one time secretary of foreign relations.

Largest Cargo of Coal.

Steamer Col. James M. Scherer, 13,712 tons of coal, then the largest cargo ever placed on board a lake ship. It required 198 cars of coal to load her. The Schoonmaker, one of the world's largest bulk freighters, was built at Ecorse.

L. N. Bryant, formerly in charge of the Saginaw manual training school work, has been appointed director of industrial education in the island of Porto Rico. He will have charge of the complete system in the grade, high and continuation schools, which is carried on in 27 cities. He will have his headquarters at San Juan and will report for duty July 1.

The police commissioners of Saginaw, have decided to purchase a fast auto as a starter for what will eventually be a flying squadron.

After deciding to hold the next convention in Holland, the state aerobics of Eagles at Hancock, elected the following officers: President, Leonard Clapp; Travers City; vice president, H. Boyle, Kalamazoo; secretary, M. H. Graben, Lansing; no opposition, treasurer, E. G. Goff, Battle Creek; trustees, James F. Jewell, Hubbell, M. W. Ryan, Alpena; B. McSweeney, Mt. Clemens.

STATE NEWS

Peatwater—William Settler, sixteen years old, shot and killed himself with a gun near the farm home of his father, John Settler, six miles east of Ludington. The relatives of the boy say they know of no motive for the act. "An uncle went to do the chores on the farm. In a lane not far from the house he found the body of the boy, with a discharged gun lying near by. The youth had tied his handkerchief to the trigger of the gun, hitched the handkerchief to a post, pressed the muzzle of the gun to his body and exploded the cartridge."

Grand Rapids—Arrested on his seventeenth birthday, Walter Dutton, a former resident of Bedford, and an inmate of the Michigan Soldiers' home, is in jail here held without bail, charged with the mysterious murder of George Sandler, a pawnbroker, January 14 last. Dutton is accused by Mrs. Luella Mayo, a woman with whom he has been familiar. Following a quarrel, she told the alleged secret of the crime to Sheriff O'Donnell and Prosecutor Phelps, who took Dutton into custody.

Marshall—While ditchers were at work on a drain in Burlington township they discovered what is believed to be a tooth, five inches square, of a prehistoric animal known as a dinosaur. The tooth is evidently a back tooth, the top of it is corrugated. The dinosaur, which is supposed to have inhabited North America about 56,000 years ago, was a reptile 75 feet long, with a head and neck 25 feet long. The tooth was found in what is known as a "glacial fill."

Ann Arbor—L. L. Renwick, of Detroit has resigned as head of the organ department of the university school of music. Miss Maud Hagberg of the piano department has resigned to become head of the piano department of the Frances Schuler academy at Mt. Carroll, Ill. and Mrs. Lulu Geddes goes to Adrian as supervisor of public school music. Earl Moore of Lansing is to be elected head of the organ department.

Marshall—An all night search, a broken automobile and three hungry officers is the history of the attempt of Branch county officers to capture four chicken thieves who made away from a farm near Grand with a wagon loaded with chickens.

Pontiac—Sheriff Oliver arrested Ned Taylor, charged with horse stealing at Goodrich. He was taken at Royal Oak, where he had endeavored to sell a horse to Frank Parmenter of the Royal Oak hotel. The sheriff believed the man to be one of a gang who robbed the post office at Orionville.

West Branch—John Sermyer was found dead in bed at the Hanson house from sarcoline poisoning. He had been taken with violent intent. Sermyer had been separated from his wife for about a year and went to her home to effect a reconciliation. He met with a decided refusal, it is said, and this is believed to have caused him to take his life.

Grand Rapids—Death claimed two Michigan soldiers' home veterans. William R. Ashercraft, sixty-seven years old, member of Company A, Sixth Michigan heavy artillery, admitted one year ago from Hillsdale, and William J. Hunt, seventy years old, died at Galesburg while on furlough. He had resided at the home 13 years and was a member of the First Michigan infantry.

Bay City—Frank X. King, fifty-five years old, for many years porter at the old Frazer house, was found dead at his home with a bullet wound in his head. King brooded over the loss of his wife who died two months ago. He told his friends that he was tired of living.

Kalamazoo—I am glad my boy is dead. It relieves me of all the worry that has been on my mind," said Mrs. William Tompkins when informed that her son, Andrew Tompkins, had killed himself when he was 17 years of age or older in Illinois.

Grayling—Prospects for a large apple and fruit crop in this county are good. The late frosts have done very little damage, probably owing to the high altitude here. The Ward apple orchard, the second largest in the United States, located in this county, is estimated, will yield from 15,000 to 20,000 barrels this season.

Petoskey—There is no danger at present from forest fires in Emmet county. The fire which menaced Epsilon last week has burned itself out, and the blaze near Clarion was extinguished.

Holland—The council of Hope college conferred the degree of doctor of divinity upon Rev. H. V. S. Peeke of the South Japan mission and upon Rev. John W. Beardslee, Jr., professor-elect in the Western Theological seminary.

Albion—According to an accurate estimate just made by Postmaster Bangham, based on a census taken by the city mail carriers, Albion now has a population of 17,344, or an increase of 25.5 per cent. over the 1910 census figures.

THE MARKETS.

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

DETROIT—Cattle—Receipts, 846; good dry and 15 to 25c higher; grass grades (trifles lower); best dry-fed steers and heifers, \$8.25 to \$8.50; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., \$7.50 to \$8.15; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$7.25 to \$8; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$6.50 to \$7; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700 lbs., \$5.50 to \$5.75; choice fat cows, \$6.50 to \$6.75; good fat cows, \$5.25 to \$5.50; common cows, \$4.50 to \$5; canners, \$3.75 to \$4.50; choice heavy bulls, \$6.50 to \$6.75; fat to goodologna bulls, \$6.25 to \$6.50; stock bulls, \$5.25 to \$5.50; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$7 to \$7.50; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$6.50 to \$7; choice stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$6.50 to \$7; fair stockers, 500 to 700 lbs., \$6.25 to \$6.50; stock heifers, \$5.50 to \$6; milkers, large, young, medium age \$6.75 to \$7. Veal calves—Receipts, 511, market steady for good; culls dull, best, \$10 to \$10.50; others, \$7 to \$9.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 113; market 25 to 50c lower on all grades; best spring lambs, \$7.50 to \$7.75; fair to good lambs, \$6.50 to \$6.75; light to common lambs, \$5.50 to \$6; yearlings, \$6 to \$6.50; fair to good sheep, \$4 to \$4.25; culls and common, \$2.50 to \$3. Hogs—Receipts, 1,705; market 10c lower. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, \$8.60; light Yorkers, \$8.60; heavy, 250 lbs and up, \$8.55; stags one-third off.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts, 216 cars; good dry-fed grades weighing from 1,200 lb up sold steady with 1st Monday, except in a few cases where they weighed around 1,300 or less, dry-fed butcher grades sold from 15c to 25c lower; grassy common stuff of all kinds sold 25c to 50c lower; fresh cows and milkers were \$5 to 16 lower; best 1,500 to 1,700 lb steers, \$8.75 to \$9; good to prime 1,300 lb steers, \$8.50 to \$8.75; good to prime 1,100 to 1,250 lb steers, \$8.25 to \$8.50; coarse and plain-weighted steers, \$7.75 to \$8; good to choice handy steers, \$7.75 to \$8; medium butcher steers, \$7.25 to \$7.50; light, common, grassy butcher steers, \$6.50 to \$7; best fat cows, \$5.50 to \$6; good butcher cows, \$5.25 to \$5.50; light butcher cows, \$5 to \$5.25; trimmers, \$4 to \$4.25; best fat heifers, dry-fed, \$7.50 to \$8; medium butcher heifers, \$7.50 to \$7.75; light and common grassy heifers, \$6.50 to \$6.75; stock heifers, \$5.50 to \$6; best feeding steers, dry-fed, \$7.75 to \$8; light and common stockers, \$5.75 to \$6.25; prime heavy bulls, \$5.50 to \$7; best butcher bulls, \$6 to \$6.50;ologna bulls, \$6 to \$6.50; stock bulls, \$5.50 to \$6; best milkers and springers, \$6 to \$7; common kind do, \$4 to \$5. Hogs—Receipts, 160 cars; market 10c lower, all grades sold at \$9, with a few selected lights and pigs at \$9.50 to \$10. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 70 cars; market slow, top lambs, \$7.75 to \$8; yearlings, \$6.75 to \$7; weathers, \$5.75 to \$6; ewes, \$5 to \$5.50. Calves, \$5 to \$5.50.

GRAIN, ETC. Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, \$1.06 1/2; July opened without change at 92 1/4c, advanced to 93 1/4c and declined to 91c, September opened at 91 1/4c, moved up to 92 1/4c and declined to 91c, December opened at 97c, gained 1c and declined to 97 1/4c; No 1 white, \$1.04 1/2c. Corn—Cash No. 3 1 car at 62c, No 2 yellow, 64 1/2c; No 3 yellow, 64c bid. Oats—Standard, 2 cars at 44 1/2c; No 3 white 2 car sat 43 1/4c, closing at 43 1/2c, No 4 white 42 1/2c. Rye—Cash No. 2 64c. Beans—Immediate, prompt and June Leans, \$2.05, August, \$2.10. Flour—In one eight paper sacks, per 190 pounds, jobbing lots? Best patent, \$5.70, second patent, \$5.20, straight, \$5, scoring patent, \$5.10, rye, \$5.60 per bushel. Feed—In 100-lb sacks jobbing lots; Bran, \$21; coarse middlings, \$21, fine middlings, \$27; cracked corn, \$25; coarse cornmeal, \$22.50; corn and oat chop \$21 per ton.

GENERAL MARKETS. Apples—Steele Red, \$4.50 to \$5 Ben Davis, \$3.25 to 4 per bbl; western, \$2 to 2.50 per bushel. Strawberries—Ohio, \$3.25 to \$3.50 per bushel. Blackberries—26 per bu. Cherries—\$2 per 16-qt. case. Oranges—California navels, \$4.50 to \$5 New Potatoes—Triumph, \$1 per bu; white, \$3 per bbl. Dressed Calves—Choice, 10 to 11c; fancy, 13 1/2 to 14c per lb. Onions—Texas, Bermudas, yellow \$1.40, white \$1.50 per crate. Tomatoes—Florida, \$2.75 to \$3 per crate; Texas 4 basket crates, \$1.25 to \$1.40. Potatoes—Michigan, 200 lbs. in sacks, \$5 to \$6, store lots, 30 to 25c per bushel. Cabbage—New, \$2.70 to \$3 per large crate, \$2.25 to 25c per small crate. Hay—Car lots, track Detroit, No 1 timothy, \$14.50 to \$15; No 2 timothy, \$12 to \$13, light mixed, \$13 to \$14; No 1 mixed, \$12 to \$13; rye straw, \$9 to \$10; wheat and oat straw, \$8 to \$8.50 per ton. Cheese—Wholesale lots: Michigan flats, 14 1/4 to 14 1/2c; New York flats, 15 to 16 1/2c; brick cream, 14 3/4 to 15c; Limburger, 2-5 cases, 15 to 16 1/2c; Limburger, 1-5 cases, 16 to 16 1/2c, Imported Swiss, 25 to 28c; domestic Swiss, 22 to 24c; brick Swiss, 15c; long-horns, 10c per lb.

Practical Fashions

LADY'S DRESS



A pretty gown made in the latest fashion effect with more than one clever style touch is here presented. The dress closes at the front and the beautiful skirt is cut in three gores. The standing collar is made of contrasting material and the insert at the bottom of the skirt corresponds. Suitable for this purpose, while any of the popular fabrics may be used for the skirt.

The pattern (6078) is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material and 3/4 of a yard of 24 inch contrasting goods.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 6078.	SIZE
NAME	
TOWN	
STREET AND NO.	
STATE	

CHILDREN'S DRESS.



This dress has the fascinating at the side of the front and has a dainty two-piece skirt. The neck is collarless and the sleeves may be long or short. The cuffs and belt are fashioned of contrasting material; which gives the frock a pleasing trimmed touch.

The pattern (6065) is cut in sizes 4 to 10 years. Medium size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material and 3/4 of a yard of 27 inch contrasting material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 6065.	SIZE
NAME	
TOWN	
STREET AND NO.	
STATE	

American and Other Opals. It is generally conceded that the opals found in any part of America are less hard than those found in other localities, but they are no less brilliant and some of them withstand atmospheric effect and the wear of time quite as well. Others again fade and become translucent and opaque in course of time, or according to the degree of exposure.

Making a distinction. "Does your wife make her own clothes?" asked one husband. "No, sir," replied the other, "she goes far enough when she wears em, without assuming responsibility for the designs."

Plain to Observation. Wife—"Notice that third chorus girl in the first row. She used to go to school with me. Poor thing! She went on the stage because she had nothing to wear." Husband—"So I see."—London Opinion.

The Lady of the Mount

by FREDERIC S. ISHAM
AUTHOR OF "THE STROLLERS UNDER THE ROSE" ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS

SYNOPSIS.

Continued. This daughter of the governor of the Mount, the "Mount," a small, rocky island, stood in vast bay on the northwestern coast of France, during the time of Louis XVI. was a government stronghold. Develops that the peasant boy was the son of Seigneur Desseigne, nobleman. Young Desseigne determines to secure an education and become a gentleman, sees the governor's daughter, and departs for Paris. Lady Elise returns after seven years' schooling and learns that many nobles. Her Ladyship dresses with strange fashion, and a call to arms is made in an effort to capture a mysterious Le Seigneur Noir. He escapes. Lady Elise is caught in the "Grand tide" (the Black Seigneur rescues and takes her to his retreat. Elise discovers that her savior was the boy with the dark hair, the Seigneur's servant, is arrested and brought before the governor. Lady Elise and the Seigneur are freed. Seigneur and a priest at the "Cockle" (the Seigneur tells Desseigne that Lady Elise belongs to him, but is not believed. Lady Elise pleads with her father, but he refuses to release prisoners at the Mount. Lady Elise pleads with her father to spare the lives of condemned prisoners. Desseigne is a peasant. Lady Elise struggles with the people and her own startling facts; a mysterious Mountebank starts a riot.

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

"You may rob your master," he said, in effect; "defraud him of banalities, barter and those other few taxes necessary to his dignity and position; but you can't defraud Me!" Whereupon he proceeded to wrest what he wanted from the bad peasant by force—and the aid of the broomstick!—accompanying the racket with a well-rhymed homily on what would certainly happen to every peasant who sought to deprive his lord of feudal rights. At this point a growing restlessness on the part of the audience found resentful expression.

"That for your devil's stick!"

"To the devil with the devil!"

"Down with the devil!"

The cry, once started, was not easy to stop; men in liquor and ripe for mischief repeated it; in vain the mountebank pleaded: "My poor dolls! My poor theater!" Unconsciously they tumbled it and him over, a few, who had seen nothing out of the ordinary in the little play took his part; words were exchanged for blows, with many fighting for the sake of fighting, when into the center of this, the real stage, appeared soldiers.

"What does it mean?" Impressive gold ornaments and conscious authority, the commandant himself came down the steps. "Who dares make riot on a day consecrated to the holy relics? But you shall pay!" as the soldiers separated the belligerents. "Take those men into custody and—who is this fellow?" (turning to the mountebank, a mournful figure above the wreckage of his theater and poor supporters scattered, haphazard, like victims of some untoward disaster.

"It was his play that started the trouble," said one of the officers.

"Diab!e!" the commandant frowned. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"I," began the mountebank, "I—," he repeated, when courage and words alike seemed to fail him.

The commandant made a gesture. "Up with him! To the top of the Mount!"

"No, no!" At once the fellow's voice came back to him. "Don't take me there, into the terrible Mount! Don't lock me up!"

"Don't lock him up!" repeated some one in the crowd, moved apparently by the sight of his distress. "It wasn't his fault!"

No, it wasn't his fault! said others.

"En!" Wheeling sharply, the commandant gazed, at the lowering faces that dared question his authority, then at his own soldiers. On the beach he might not have felt so secure, but here, where twenty, well-armed, could defend a pass and a mob batter their heads in vain against walls, he could well afford a confident front. "Up with you!" he cried sternly and gave the mountebank a contemptuous thrust.

"For the first time the man's apathy seemed to desert him; his arm shot back like lightning, but almost at once fell to his side, while an expression, apologetically abject as if to atone for that momentary fierce impulse, overspread his dull visage. "Oh, I'll go," he said in accents servile. And proceeded hurriedly to gather up the remains of his theater and dolls. "I'm willing to go."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Mountebank and the Hunchback. Up the Mount with shambling step, head down-bent and the same stupid expression on his face, the mountebank went docilely, though not silently. To one of the soldiers at his side he spoke often, voicing that dull apprehension he had manifested when first ordered into custody.

"Do you think they'll put me in a dungeon?"

"Dungeon. Indeed!" the man answered not ill-naturedly. "For such as you! No, no! They'll keep the publicans, calottes, and all the dark holes for people of consequence—traitors, or your fine gentry consigned by lettres de cachet."

"Then what do you think they will do with me?"

"Well, and that?" returned the soldier, looking at the mountebank.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

"What do you think?" asked the mountebank, looking at the soldier.

his head lower, until, regarding him, his guardian must needs laugh. "Here's a craven-hearted fellow! Well, if you really want to know, they'll probably lock you up for the night with the rest of rag-tag, indicating the other prisoners, a short distance ahead, "in the cellar, or almonry, or auberge des voleurs; and in the morning, if you're lucky and the Governor has time to attend to such as you, it may be you'll escape with a few stripes and a warning."

The auberge des voleurs!—the thieves' inn! said the man. "What is that?"

"Bab! You want to know too much! If you want to know only moved as fast as your tongue." And the speaker completed the sentence with a significant jog on the other's shoulders. Whereupon the mountebank quickened his footsteps, once more ceased his questioning. It was the soldier who had not yet spoken, but who had been pondering a good deal on the way up, who next broke the silence.

"How did it end, Monsieur Mountebank?—the scene with the devil, I mean."

The man who had begun to breathe hard, as one not accustomed to climbing, or wearied by a long pilgrimage to the Mount, at the question ventured to stop and rest, with a hand on the granite balustrade of the little platform they had just reached. "In the death of the peasant, and a comic chorus of frogs," he answered.

"A comic chorus!" said the soldier. "That must be very amusing."

"It is," the mountebank said, at the same time studying from where he stood, different parts of the Mount with cautious, sidelong looks; "but my poor frogs!—all torn, trampled!"

"Well, well!" said the other not unkindly. "You can mend them when you get out."

"When?" If I only knew when that would be! What if I should have to stay here like some of the others?—pour cete oubliet!—to be forgotten?"

"If you don't get on faster," said the soldier who had first spoken, "you won't be buried alive for some time to come, at least!"

"Pardon!" muttered the mountebank. "The hill—it is very steep."

"You look strong enough to climb a dozen hills, and if you're holding back for a chance to escape—"

"No, no!" protested the man. "I had no thought—do I not know that if I tried, your sword—"

"Quite right, I'd—"

"There, there!" said the other soldier, a big good natured appearing fellow. "He's harmless enough, and, as once more they moved on, "that time of yours Monsieur Mountebank," abruptly, it runs in my head. Let me

"Yonder looks like some grand lady's bower," as he followed his captors past this more attractive edifice the mountebank ventured to observe. "Now, perhaps lives there—"

"Hark you, my friend, one of the soldiers brusquely interrupted, a pair of advice. His Excellency likes no babblers, neither does he countenance gossip; and if you'd fare well, keep your tongue to yourself!"

"I'll try to remember," said the mountebank dolefully, but as he spoke, looked back toward the balcony; at the gleaming red roof on his winnow, then a turn in the way cut off the pleasing prospect, and only the grim foundations of the lofty, heavier structure on one hand and the massive masonry ramparts on the other greeted the eye.

For some distance they continued along the terrace, way the mountebank

"Yes, that's the one. Not bad!" humming—

"For it any note Escaped a frog's throat Bears my lord's ire!"

"Are the verses your own?"

"Oh, no! I'm only a poor player," said the mountebank humbly. "But an honest one," he added after a pause, "and this, thieves' inn, Monsieur," returning to the subject of his possible fate, "this auberge des voleurs—that sounds like a bad place for an honest lodging."

"It was once under the old monks, who were very merry fellows; but since the Governor had it restored, it has become a sober and quiet place. It is true there are iron bars instead of blinds, and you can't come and go as they used to, but—"

"Is that it—up there?" And the mountebank pointed toward a ledge of rock, with strong-flanking buttresses, outlying beneath a mysterious-looking wall and poised over a sparsely wooded bit of the lower Mount. "The gray stone building you can just see above the ramparts, and that opening in the cliff to the right, with something running down—that looks like a planing—"

"Oh, that is for the wheel?"

"The wheel?"

"The great wheel of the Mount. It was built in the time of the monks, and was used for—"

"Hold your tongue!" said the other soldier, and the two entered the great gate, which had opened at their approach, and now closed quickly behind them.

For the first time in that isolated domain of the degraded Governor, the mountebank appeared momentarily to forget his fears and gazed with interest around him. On every side new and varying details unfolded to the eye; structures that from below, were etched against the sky in filmy lines, here resolved themselves into vast, solid, but harmonious masses.

Those ribbons of color that had seemed to fall from the wooling sky, to adorn these heights, proved, indeed, fallacious; more somber effects, the black touches of age, confronted the eye everywhere, save on one favored front—that of a newer period, an architectural addition whose intricate carvings and beautiful roses of stone invited and caught the warmer rays, whose little balcony held red beds and flowers, bright spots of pink dangling from, or nestling at, the window's edge.

"Yonder looks like some grand lady's bower," as he followed his captors past this more attractive edifice the mountebank ventured to observe. "Now, perhaps lives there—"

"Hark you, my friend, one of the soldiers brusquely interrupted, a pair of advice. His Excellency likes no babblers, neither does he countenance gossip; and if you'd fare well, keep your tongue to yourself!"

"I'll try to remember," said the mountebank dolefully, but as he spoke, looked back toward the balcony; at the gleaming red roof on his winnow, then a turn in the way cut off the pleasing prospect, and only the grim foundations of the lofty, heavier structure on one hand and the massive masonry ramparts on the other greeted the eye.

For some distance they continued along the terrace, way the mountebank

"Yes, that's the one. Not bad!" humming—

"For it any note Escaped a frog's throat Bears my lord's ire!"

"Are the verses your own?"

"Oh, no! I'm only a poor player," said the mountebank humbly. "But an honest one," he added after a pause, "and this, thieves' inn, Monsieur," returning to the subject of his possible fate, "this auberge des voleurs—that sounds like a bad place for an honest lodging."

"It was once under the old monks, who were very merry fellows; but since the Governor had it restored, it has become a sober and quiet place. It is true there are iron bars instead of blinds, and you can't come and go as they used to, but—"

"Is that it—up there?" And the mountebank pointed toward a ledge of rock, with strong-flanking buttresses, outlying beneath a mysterious-looking wall and poised over a sparsely wooded bit of the lower Mount. "The gray stone building you can just see above the ramparts, and that opening in the cliff to the right, with something running down—that looks like a planing—"

"Oh, that is for the wheel?"

"The wheel?"

"The great wheel of the Mount. It was built in the time of the monks, and was used for—"

"Hold your tongue!" said the other soldier, and the two entered the great gate, which had opened at their approach, and now closed quickly behind them.

For the first time in that isolated domain of the degraded Governor, the mountebank appeared momentarily to forget his fears and gazed with interest around him. On every side new and varying details unfolded to the eye; structures that from below, were etched against the sky in filmy lines, here resolved themselves into vast, solid, but harmonious masses.

Those ribbons of color that had seemed to fall from the wooling sky, to adorn these heights, proved, indeed, fallacious; more somber effects, the black touches of age, confronted the eye everywhere, save on one favored front—that of a newer period, an architectural addition whose intricate carvings and beautiful roses of stone invited and caught the warmer rays, whose little balcony held red beds and flowers, bright spots of pink dangling from, or nestling at, the window's edge.

"Yonder looks like some grand lady's bower," as he followed his captors past this more attractive edifice the mountebank ventured to observe. "Now, perhaps lives there—"

"Hark you, my friend, one of the soldiers brusquely interrupted, a pair of advice. His Excellency likes no babblers, neither does he countenance gossip; and if you'd fare well, keep your tongue to yourself!"

an alien edifice amid loftier piles, stood sturdily perched on a prosopically cliff. The rough stonework of its front, darkened by time, made it seem almost a part of the granite itself, although the roof, partly demolished and restored, imparted to it an anomalous distinctness, the bright new tile prominent as patches on some dilapidated garment. In its doorway, beneath a monkish inscription, well-nigh obliterated, stood a dwarf, or hunchback, who, flinging a bunch of great keys, ill-humoredly regarded the approaching trio.

"What now?" The little man's welcome, as mountebank and soldiers came within earshot, was not reassuring. "Isn't it enough to make prisoners of all the scamps in Christendom without taking vagabond players into custody?"

"Orders, good Jacques!" said one of the soldiers in a conciliatory tone. "The commandant's!"

"Too commandant!" grumbled the grotesque fellow. "It is all very well, mimicking. Turn them over to Jacques. He'll find room. If it keeps on, we'll soon have to make cages of confessionals, or turn the wine-bars in the old cellar into oubliettes."

"If any of our ancient flavor lingers in the casks, your guests would have little reason to complain!" returned the other soldier. "But this fellow, he'll make no trouble."

"Oh, I suppose we'll have to take care of him!" muttered the dwarf. "The thieves' inn there's always room for one more!" Obeying the gesture, at once menacing and imperious, that accompanied these words, the mountebank, who had been eyeing his prospective host, not without visible signs of misgiving, reluctantly entered.

But as he did so, he looked back toward the soldier, who had displayed half-friendliness in the play.

"If you care to know more about the place—" he began, when the maledictions and abuse of the misshapen keeper put a stop to further conversation and sent the mountebank post-haste into the darkness of the cavern-like hall intersecting the ground floor.

On either side closed doors, vaguely discerned, hinted at the secrets of the chambers they guarded; the atmosphere, dark and close, proclaimed the sunlight long a stranger there. At the end of the hall the dwarf, who had walked with the assurance of one well acquainted with that musty interior and all it contained, paused, shot

sharply a bolt and threw open a door. The action was the signal for a chorus of hoarse voices from within, and the little man stayed not on the order of his going, but, thrusting the mountebank across the threshold, leaped nimbly back, slammed hard the door, and locked it.

Cries of disappointment and rage followed, and facing the company that crowded the dingy little room almost to suffocation, the latest comer found himself confronted by unkempt people who shook their fists threateningly and execrated in no uncertain manner. A few, formerly spectators of his little play, inclined again to vent their humor on him, but he regarded them as if unaware of their feelings, pushed none too gently to a tiny window, and, depositing his burden on the stone floor, seated himself on a stool with his back to the wall.

As a squally gust soon blows itself out, so their temper, mercurial, did not long endure; from a ragged coat one produced dice, another cards, and, although there were few sons to exchange hands, the hazard of tossing and shuffling secured its usual charm and held them. The minutes wore away unnoted in the circles

of a violin evidently of great value. Charles Riley, a Gettysburg farmer of moderate circumstances, is now happy over the turn of affairs which he believes has freed him for the rest of his life from financial worries. The violin was supposed to be worthless and came to him in the distribution of his father's personal effects.

Riley thought little of the instrument until he was offered \$50 for it. He then suspected that it might be worth more, and refused the offer. Gradually the would-be purchaser increased his offer until it reached \$7,500, which Riley still refused.

Later in the day an effort was made by another person to buy the violin, but Riley is holding on to it until he can obtain more. The instrument bears the date "1793," which is carved on it. His father purchased it at a public sale.

Notable Wedding Anniversary. A golden wedding celebrated at Rothsay, Aberdeenshire, England, the other day, possessed several notable features. The family party, including grandsons numbered about 50, and of the sons present some traveled from South Africa and Canada.

Music Napoleon's Solace. A curious footnote to history is found in G. L. De St. M. Watson's recently published book, "A Polish Exile With Napoleon," to the effect that the emperor's evenings at St. Helena were solaced with music from a piano which was imported from England at a cost to Napoleon himself of £122 (£360). The musician was perhaps Mme. Bertrand; at any rate, the piano was bequeathed to her and was removed by her from the island after Napoleon's death.

Revision of the Banking and Currency Laws Must Go Hand in Hand With Revision of the Tariff.

Washington, June 23—President Wilson today read his special message on the subject of banking and currency reform to the joint session of Congress. The message follows:

Mr. Speaker, Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Congress. It is under the compulsion of what seems to me a clear and imperative duty that I have a second time this session sought the privilege of addressing you in person. I know, of course, that the heated season of the year is upon us, that work in these chambers and in the committee rooms is likely to become a burden as the season lengthens, and that every consideration of personal comfort, perhaps in the cases of some of us, considerations of personal health even, dictate an early conclusion of the deliberations of the session; but there are occasions of public duty when these things which touch us privately seem very small; when the work to be done is so pressing and so fraught with big consequences that we know that we are not at liberty to weigh against it any point of personal sacrifice. It is absolutely imperative that we should give the business men of this country a banking and currency system by means of which they can make use of the freedom of enterprise and of individual initiative which we are about to bestow upon them.

We are about to set them free, we must not leave them without the tools of action when they are free. We are about to set them free by removing the trammels of the protective tariff. Ever since the Civil War they have waited for this emancipation and for the free opportunities it will bring with it. It has been reserved for us to give it to them. Some fell in love indeed with the slothful security of their dependence upon the government, some took advantage of the shelter of the nursery to set up a family mastery of their own within its walls. Now both the time and the discipline of liberty and a dignity are to ensue.

It is not enough to attack the shackles from business. The duty of statesmanship is not merely to remove the shackles, but to show that we understand what business needs and that we know how to supply it. No man, however clever and superficial his observation of the conditions now prevailing in the country, can fail to see that one of the chief things business needs now, and it needs increasingly as it gains in vigor and vigor in the years immediately ahead of us, is the proper means by which readily to utilize its credit, corporate and individual and its own inventive brains. What will it profit us to be free if we are not to have the best and most accessible instruments of commerce and enterprise?

The principles upon which we should act are also clear. The country has sought and seen its path in this matter within the last few years—see it more clearly now than it ever saw it before—much more clearly than when the last legislative proposals on the subject were made. We must have a currency, not rigid as now, but readily, elastically responsive to sound credit, the expanding and contracting credits of every day transactions, the normal ebb and flow of personal and corporate dealings. Our banking laws must mobilize reserves, must not permit the concentration anywhere in a few hands of the monetary resources of the country or their use for speculative purposes in such volume as to hinder or impede or stand in the way of other more legitimate more fruitful uses. And the control of the system of banking and of issue which our new laws are to set up must be public not private, must be vested in the government itself, so that the banks may be the instruments, not the masters, of business and of individual enterprise and initiative.

The committees of the Congress to which legislation of this character is referred have devoted careful and dispassionate study to the means of accomplishing these objects. They have honored me by consulting me. They are ready to suggest action. I have come to you, as the head of the government and the responsible leader of the party in power, to urge action now, while there is time to serve the country deliberately and as we should, in a clear air of common counsel.

Music Napoleon's Solace. A curious footnote to history is found in G. L. De St. M. Watson's recently published book, "A Polish Exile With Napoleon," to the effect that the emperor's evenings at St. Helena were solaced with music from a piano which was imported from England at a cost to Napoleon himself of £122 (£360). The musician was perhaps Mme. Bertrand; at any rate, the piano was bequeathed to her and was removed by her from the island after Napoleon's death.

Notable Wedding Anniversary. A golden wedding celebrated at Rothsay, Aberdeenshire, England, the other day, possessed several notable features. The family party, including grandsons numbered about 50, and of the sons present some traveled from South Africa and Canada.

Revision of the Banking and Currency Laws Must Go Hand in Hand With Revision of the Tariff.

Washington, June 23—President Wilson today read his special message on the subject of banking and currency reform to the joint session of Congress. The message follows:

Mr. Speaker, Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Congress. It is under the compulsion of what seems to me a clear and imperative duty that I have a second time this session sought the privilege of addressing you in person. I know, of course, that the heated season of the year is upon us, that work in these chambers and in the committee rooms is likely to become a burden as the season lengthens, and that every consideration of personal comfort, perhaps in the cases of some of us, considerations of personal health even, dictate an early conclusion of the deliberations of the session; but there are occasions of public duty when these things which touch us privately seem very small; when the work to be done is so pressing and so fraught with big consequences that we know that we are not at liberty to weigh against it any point of personal sacrifice. It is absolutely imperative that we should give the business men of this country a banking and currency system by means of which they can make use of the freedom of enterprise and of individual initiative which we are about to bestow upon them.

We are about to set them free, we must not leave them without the tools of action when they are free. We are about to set them free by removing the trammels of the protective tariff. Ever since the Civil War they have waited for this emancipation and for the free opportunities it will bring with it. It has been reserved for us to give it to them. Some fell in love indeed with the slothful security of their dependence upon the government, some took advantage of the shelter of the nursery to set up a family mastery of their own within its walls. Now both the time and the discipline of liberty and a dignity are to ensue.

It is not enough to attack the shackles from business. The duty of statesmanship is not merely to remove the shackles, but to show that we understand what business needs and that we know how to supply it. No man, however clever and superficial his observation of the conditions now prevailing in the country, can fail to see that one of the chief things business needs now, and it needs increasingly as it gains in vigor and vigor in the years immediately ahead of us, is the proper means by which readily to utilize its credit, corporate and individual and its own inventive brains. What will it profit us to be free if we are not to have the best and most accessible instruments of commerce and enterprise?

The principles upon which we should act are also clear. The country has sought and seen its path in this matter within the last few years—see it more clearly now than it ever saw it before—much more clearly than when the last legislative proposals on the subject were made. We must have a currency, not rigid as now, but readily, elastically responsive to sound credit, the expanding and contracting credits of every day transactions, the normal ebb and flow of personal and corporate dealings. Our banking laws must mobilize reserves, must not permit the concentration anywhere in a few hands of the monetary resources of the country or their use for speculative purposes in such volume as to hinder or impede or stand in the way of other more legitimate more fruitful uses. And the control of the system of banking and of issue which our new laws are to set up must be public not private, must be vested in the government itself, so that the banks may be the instruments, not the masters, of business and of individual enterprise and initiative.

The committees of the Congress to which legislation of this character is referred have devoted careful and dispassionate study to the means of accomplishing these objects. They have honored me by consulting me. They are ready to suggest action. I have come to you, as the head of the government and the responsible leader of the party in power, to urge action now, while there is time to serve the country deliberately and as we should, in a clear air of common counsel.

Music Napoleon's Solace. A curious footnote to history is found in G. L. De St. M. Watson's recently published book, "A Polish Exile With Napoleon," to the effect that the emperor's evenings at St. Helena were solaced with music from a piano which was imported from England at a cost to Napoleon himself of £122 (£360). The musician was perhaps Mme. Bertrand; at any rate, the piano was bequeathed to her and was removed by her from the island after Napoleon's death.

Notable Wedding Anniversary. A golden wedding celebrated at Rothsay, Aberdeenshire, England, the other day, possessed several notable features. The family party, including grandsons numbered about 50, and of the sons present some traveled from South Africa and Canada.

Revision of the Banking and Currency Laws Must Go Hand in Hand With Revision of the Tariff.

Washington, June 23—President Wilson today read his special message on the subject of banking and currency reform to the joint session of Congress. The message follows:

Mr. Speaker, Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Congress. It is under the compulsion of what seems to me a clear and imperative duty that I have a second time this session sought the privilege of addressing you in person. I know, of course, that the heated season of the year is upon us, that work in these chambers and in the committee rooms is likely to become a burden as the season lengthens, and that every consideration of personal comfort, perhaps in the cases of some of us, considerations of personal health even, dictate an early conclusion of the deliberations of the session; but there are occasions of public duty when these things which touch us privately seem very small; when the work to be done is so pressing and so fraught with big consequences that we know that we are not at liberty to weigh against it any point of personal sacrifice. It is absolutely imperative that we should give the business men of this country a banking and currency system by means of which they can make use of the freedom of enterprise and of individual initiative which we are about to bestow upon them.

We are about to set them free, we must not leave them without the tools of action when they are free. We are about to set them free by removing the trammels of the protective tariff. Ever since the Civil War they have waited for this emancipation and for the free opportunities it will bring with it. It has been reserved for us to give it to them. Some fell in love indeed with the slothful security of their dependence upon the government, some took advantage of the shelter of the nursery to set up a family mastery of their own within its walls. Now both the time and the discipline of liberty and a dignity are to ensue.

It is not enough to attack the shackles from business. The duty of statesmanship is not merely to remove the shackles, but to show that we understand what business needs and that we know how to supply it. No man, however clever and superficial his observation of the conditions now prevailing in the country, can fail to see that one of the chief things business needs now, and it needs increasingly as it gains in vigor and vigor in the years immediately ahead of us, is the proper means by which readily to utilize its credit, corporate and individual and its own inventive brains. What will it profit us to be free if we are not to have the best and most accessible instruments of commerce and enterprise?

The principles upon which we should act are also clear. The country has sought and seen its path in this matter within the last few years—see it more clearly now than it ever saw it before—much more clearly than when the last legislative proposals on the subject were made. We must have a currency, not rigid as now, but readily, elastically responsive to sound credit, the expanding and contracting credits of every day transactions, the normal ebb and flow of personal and corporate dealings. Our banking laws must mobilize reserves, must not permit the concentration anywhere in a few hands of the monetary resources of the country or their use for speculative purposes in such volume as to hinder or impede or stand in the way of other more legitimate more fruitful uses. And the control of the system of banking and of issue which our new laws are to set up must be public not private, must be vested in the government itself, so that the banks may be the instruments, not the masters, of business and of individual enterprise and initiative.

The committees of the Congress to which legislation of this character is referred have devoted careful and dispassionate study to the means of accomplishing these objects. They have honored me by consulting me. They are ready to suggest action. I have come to you, as the head of the government and the responsible leader of the party in power, to urge action now, while there is time to serve the country deliberately and as we should, in a clear air of common counsel.

Music Napoleon's Solace. A curious footnote to history is found in G. L. De St. M. Watson's recently published book, "A Polish Exile With Napoleon," to the effect that the emperor's evenings at St. Helena were solaced with music from a piano which was imported from England at a cost to Napoleon himself of £122 (£360). The musician was perhaps Mme. Bertrand; at any rate, the piano was bequeathed to her and was removed by her from the island after Napoleon's death.

Notable Wedding Anniversary. A golden wedding celebrated at Rothsay, Aberdeenshire, England, the other day, possessed several notable features. The family party, including grandsons numbered about 50, and of the sons present some traveled from South Africa and Canada.

The Northville Record

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.

Established 1890

An Independent Newspaper published every Friday morning by the Neal Printing Co., 412 Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville Post-office as Second-Class matter.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JUNE 27, '31

KING'S DAUGHTERS' CHARITY DAY.

The King's Daughters (every member) can do no more worthy work than to get out and sell tags on July 4th to raise money to aid the society in its noble work of charity during the coming year. In Detroit and every other city in Michigan rich and poor ladies, society leaders and the "society" devote at least one day in the year to soliciting people to buy tags or flowers to aid in charitable work, and every lady who makes any kind of an effort in Northville to help swell the King's Daughters' charity fund on July 4, will meet with nothing but commendation, and will be doing a work that she may well be proud of. Don't be half-hearted about it; make a business of it for one hour. The harder the task and the more the sacrifice, so much more is the credit.

On the other hand, the people of Northville, and we believe they will, give liberally and willingly on this occasion. The ladies are not soliciting this money for themselves. It is not for their personal comfort or personal gain. They are soliciting in the name of the Master, the great King of all, and in doing it in His name they never need to apologize. Those who give will feel honored in the privilege.

The Post-Gazette has discovered that when Pontiacers are away from home they register as "from Detroit." A little while ago these Pontiac people sat up nights armed with clubs and pitchforks for fear the U. S. Steel company was going to steal their Indian-chief name with which to christen a new town over near Windsor.

While Northville young ladies were to some extent the long, light skirt that flaps around their low bodied shoes in an unbecomingly manner, to help credit he said they have this far managed to get along without leaving off their stockings on their last undress.

Should Be Happy Community. The distributors of a charity failed to find a single poor person in the village of Langwin, Pembrokeshire, England. On the contrary, every resident is a freholder.

NOVI NEWS

Odo Bicy has moved his family to Wixom.

J. O. Munro and Ernest Root spent Saturday in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rice and son were Detroit visitors Saturday.

Harry DeWolf has finished painting the buildings on Lee Wooster's farm.

H. M. Bogar spent Friday in Flint and attended the commencement exercises.

Jay Leavenworth returned this week from the north with a carload of cattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Root attended the quarterly meeting at Green Oak Sunday.

Mark Sackett of Medford visited at the home of James Haines the first of this week.

Dr. Holcomb, Elmer West, Carl Sallow, Jay Haxen and Eugene Root each have a new automobile.

Mrs. J. L. Munro is home from Ypsilanti. Miss Vera Clark returned home with her and will spend a few weeks here.

Ernest Root spent the latter part of last week visiting his parents at East City. His grandmother, Mrs. Bowring, returned with him for a visit with friends here.

Commencement exercises were held in the Baptist church last Friday evening. Miss Dora Nichols, graduating from the Tenth and Miss Florence Huzzey from the Eighth grade.

Albe Mosher died June 14 after long illness. The remains were taken to Fenton for burial Tuesday. Besides a husband and three children, he leaves a host of friends and many neighbors.

A LINE IN THE RECORD.

NORTHVILLE.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Mrs. J. E. Webber visited relatives in Lansing last week.

There's many an aching heart since the teachers went away. Miss Ralph Wood of Rose, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. Claude Walter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hutton of Pontiac were Northville visitors Sunday.

David Lockwood of Howard City is the guest of his cousin, Harold Wheaton.

Joe Huff and family were guests of Dr. Burgess and family in Detroit Tuesday.

Miss Mabel Whipple of Detroit was a Northville visitor a part of the week.

Russell Park enjoyed the Gentry Bros' dog and pony show in Detroit yesterday.

Mrs. Edward Gay entertained Mrs. Milton Wolfe of Pontiac the first of the week.

Miss Georgia Barton of Detroit was the guest of Miss Leota Kenyon this week.

Miss Helen Horton of Detroit is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Frances Horton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. LaRue and baby of Jackson are here to spend the summer vacation.

R. B. McKahan and son of Hudson are visiting the former's brother, R. R. McKahan and wife.

Henry Ballard of Detroit was an over Sunday guest at the home of E. J. Cobb and family.

Mrs. C. A. Pomeroy and little daughter, Ruth, are spending the week with friends in Saginaw.

Kurnal Lobbitt is home for the summer after attending school for the past year at Concord, N. H.

Mrs. Hilah Lockwood of Grass Lake was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. F. W. Wheaton, a part of last week.

W. W. Wheaton of Napoleon visited his son, F. W. Wheaton, and family over the commencement exercises.

Mrs. Robt. Stevenson and son of Detroit and Mrs. Lena of Chicago were guests of Capt. Noble and family a few days this week.

Mrs. Ida Lee and daughter, Mrs. A. P. Loop of Detroit were Northville callers Saturday. They were formerly residents of this village.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. McKahan and Rev. R. M. Pierce and family, motored to Pontiac Tuesday to spend the day with W. H. Hutton and family.

Miss Florence Walker of Ann Arbor was the guest of Miss Louise Whayer for the commencement exercises last week. She returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Reed, Miss Chattie Baker and Miss Stewart of Orion were guests at the home of Geo. Baker a part of last week and over Sunday.

Mrs. E. J. Cobb attended the 12th day and commencement exercises at Ypsilanti this week, her daughter, Gladys, being a member of the graduating class.

In company with a number of other students of Oberlin college, Miss Olive Dixon of this place left there Wednesday for Catawba Island in Lake Erie just north of Sandusky for a six months' study of dendrology and zoology. She will return home the first of August.

Musical Prodigy. A seven-year-old boy of Rennes, France, is the latest musical prodigy to burst upon the world. He is an admirable, even a brilliant, pianist, but has genius for composition, and sonatas, symphonies, piano pieces of all kinds flow from his pen. It is said to be pretty good stuff, too. A number of the great composers have begun to invent melodies before the age of seven.

Test of Sobriety. Many shillbills have been devised for testing sobriety. George Meredith, who doubtless could have evolved some wonderful examples, had he chosen, calls them "clinometers, or methods of determining the condition of man, according to the degrees of wine or beer in him." One of the most careful of these is the sentence, "Give James Grimes' gift a whip, and a cup of coffee from a copper coffee pot."—London Chronicle.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is too great to be good for any possible derivation from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, sending directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Remember "Rose Maiden" at the Presbyterian church tonight, Friday. Don't fail to attend and enjoy a musical treat. Support the members of the chorus, contribute to the pipe organ fund.

Painful Situation. "My friends," declaimed an orator during a convention—"My friends, I say to you that this great republic of ours is standing on the brink of an abyss!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Wholesale Bathing. At Kumbakonam, the Indian Oxford, the biggest religious festival in Hindostan takes place every 12 years. On the last occasion 460,000 people bathed in the tank, or pond, attached to the principal temple. As among the pilgrims there were those who had washed but seldom since the previous occasion, what the water looked like at the finish, says the Railway Magazine, may be imagined.

Meredith on French Critics. I hold strongly to the value of French criticism, whether in praise or blame. The latter is done (by the masters in the art) with so fine an irony that it instructs without wounding any but the vainest person; and the eulogy confers great laurels instead of gilt. England has little criticism beyond the expression of likes or dislikes, the stout vindication of an old conservatism of taste.—Meredith's Letters in Scribner's Magazine.

Advertisements.

My Mamma Says

It's Safe for Children



FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR For Coughs and Colds

For Sale by all Druggists

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. P. R. ALEXANDER, DENTIST. Office over Stark Brother's Store. Hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Home phone 29. p13

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office and residence 81 Main street. Office hours 8:00 to 9:00 a.m. and 12:00 to 2:00 and 6:00 to 7:30 p.m. Both Phones

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

DR. BEEBE RUTH JEPSON, Osteopathic Physician, will visit Northville Tuesdays and Saturdays. Office, Pitt Johnson residence. Phone 145X. 45-48p.

DR. D. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office, Lapham Savings Bank Bldg., Northville. Hours, 7 to 9 a.m.; 1 to 3, and 7 to 9 p.m. Both Telephones. 37f

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.) Sunday morning services at 10:00 o'clock. Subject of sermon: "The Fishermen's Tackle." This is the second in the series of four sermons on evangelism.

Evening service at 7:00 o'clock. Sermon topic: "At Home with God."

The Queen Esther circle meets on Saturday afternoon at the home of Miss Madeline Barnum. Don't forget her mite-box.

The Board of trustees met on Thursday night of this week. Plans are now under way for immediate improvement upon the interior of the church; also some much needed improvement upon the exterior.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.) Sunday services. Preaching at 10 a.m. Theme, "The Work of the Church."

Sunday school at 11:15. Quarterly review Preaching at 7 p.m. Theme: "This is Settlement Day."

Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

The monthly business meeting of the B. Y. P. U. will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Van Dyne next Tuesday evening.

The close, "Farther Lights" met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb Tuesday night. A very pleasant social evening was spent and light refreshments were served.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.) Morning service at 10 o'clock. Subject, "A Spiritual Democracy." Sunday school at 11:20, classes for every age. Christian Endeavor at 8 o'clock. A profitable and enjoyable service for the young people.

Evening service at 7 o'clock. Subject, "Honest Doubt and Its Outcome."

Remember "Rose Maiden" at the Presbyterian church tonight, Friday. Don't fail to attend and enjoy a musical treat. Support the members of the chorus, contribute to the pipe organ fund.

Painful Situation. "My friends," declaimed an orator during a convention—"My friends, I say to you that this great republic of ours is standing on the brink of an abyss!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Wholesale Bathing. At Kumbakonam, the Indian Oxford, the biggest religious festival in Hindostan takes place every 12 years. On the last occasion 460,000 people bathed in the tank, or pond, attached to the principal temple. As among the pilgrims there were those who had washed but seldom since the previous occasion, what the water looked like at the finish, says the Railway Magazine, may be imagined.

Meredith on French Critics. I hold strongly to the value of French criticism, whether in praise or blame. The latter is done (by the masters in the art) with so fine an irony that it instructs without wounding any but the vainest person; and the eulogy confers great laurels instead of gilt. England has little criticism beyond the expression of likes or dislikes, the stout vindication of an old conservatism of taste.—Meredith's Letters in Scribner's Magazine.

Advertisements.

WALLED LAKE

PICNIC GROUNDS

Grove, Boats, Tables, Swings, Fishing Tackle, Etc.

Herman Czenkusch of Detroit has purchased the Randall Chapman farm on the south side of Walled Lake and has improved, and arranged the beautiful grove and slightly shore along the lake into a charming picnic ground.

This will be a splendid place for societies, parties and visitors to spend the day, eating, fishing, boat riding, swinging, resting, bathing, etc. Use of grove, boats, fishing tackle, bait at very reasonable prices.

Inquiries may be made of Randall Chapman by phone or in person at the lake.

Mr. Czenkusch has also platted the lake front in building lots, which he offers for sale at reasonable prices and terms. He can be seen on the premises by appointment or at his place of business 918 Gratiot avenue, Detroit. Adv

DETROIT BASE

BALL GAMES.

The Tigers will play in Detroit this year as follows:

June 26, 27, 28, 29, with St. Louis.

June 30, with Chicago.

July 1, 2, with Chicago.

July 9, 10, 11, with Washington.

July 12, 13, 14, 15, with Philadelphia.

July 16, 17, 18, 19, with Boston.

July 20, 21, 22, 23, with New York.

August 14, 15, 16, 17, with Washington.

August 18, 19, 20, with Philadelphia.

August 21, 22, 23, with New York.

August 24, 25, 26, with Boston.

Sept. 1, with St. Louis—2 games.

Sept. 6, 7, with Cleveland.

Sept. 26, 27, with Cleveland.

Sept. 28, with St. Louis.

October 1, 2, with Cleveland.

October 3, 4, 5, with Chicago.

SUMMER AT BAY VIEW.

The seasonable "Bay View" announcements are out and will interest the thousands in search of an ideal vacation place. All winter Bay View has lured a dozen families, but in July and August its population swells to 5,000, and then the young people in their gay costumes, the teachers and delightful people from all over the land through this summer city, amid the groves on Traverse bay. More than 10,000 go there annually. The magnet which draws the people is the Assembly and Summer University, which this year opens on July 5, continuing to August 14. The general daily programs are filled with famous people, among the named this year being Wm. J. Burns, the great detective, Mme. Schuman-Heink and Helen Keller. Those who desire to know more about this summer place will find it in the Bulletin, from which above facts are drawn.

At HALL, Bay View, Mich., will send it.—Advertisement.

Eggnog for invalids.

Separate the yolk from the white of an egg, beat the yolk thoroughly and then beat the white to a froth, add a heaping teaspoonful of sugar, a trifle of salt. Stir these into the yolk and then add the white. Add enough milk to fill the glass and stir. Add either one or one-half spoonful of sherry. The salt offsets the flavor of the egg.

Nothing Proved.

A man and his wife are one, but that doesn't always prove there is luck in odd numbers.—Life.

EMBROIDERIES

EXTRA GOOD VALUES; Just Received; Lots of New Patterns. Special Low Prices, 27 & 46 in, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c yd.

KIMONA APRONS, Lots of New Patterns, 50c.

LADIES' SPRING COATS BELOW COST.

SUN SHADES 25c, 40c, 75c, \$1.00.

BED SPREADS \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75 to \$3.50.

BLACK AND COLORED PETTICOATS 50c.

WHITE SEERSUCKER and CREPE CLOTHS.

FOULARDS 15c and 25c yd.

UMBRELLAS 50c, 75c, \$1.00, 1.25, to \$3.50.

LACE CURTAINS 50c, 75c, \$1.00, 1.25 to \$5.

SCRIMS 10c, 12 1/2c, 15c, 20c.

EDWIN WHITE.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Mobile Bill Amended With New Era Features

FIRST—"Fraternal Insurance, without the Lodge." (Our trade-mark).

SECOND—Obligatory Referendum to raise rates. (New Era Constitution.) This applies only to Michigan Fraternals.

THIRD—Legal Solvency defined.

SEE—New Era Flexible Level Premium Plan. It stands the test.

FOURTH—The Initiative and Recall not prohibited, though the Mobile Bill advocates refusal on Senate roll call to compel all fraternals to adopt them. New Era always has had them.

FIFTH—Technical solvency as determined by valuations—not a New Era feature—is intended to fool the people. An imposition upon Michigan Fraternals. Enough said. We don't need just. We are averaging better than half a million dollars new business a month. Managers wanted. Here is the chance for fraternal organizers and practical insurance men.

Apply B. W. CHRISTIE, Local Manager, NORTHVILLE.

New Era Association

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Books for the Children

Care must be taken in the stories we give to growing children that will be always overcome. Book friends are very real to boys and girls and influence their character. There should be effort and conflict in their stories and daring endurance and steadfast purpose. Stories in which the child hero acts rightly are particularly valuable, because what a boy or girl has done appeals more directly to the child's own power. He feels though he may not express it even to himself that what other children have done he can do.

Woman's Bank Account.

Women in the habit of deducting some checks four or five times and others not at all, of adding fictitious deposits and skipping real ones while keeping their bank account crooked—these women may find consolation in the tale of a local housewife. Her husband, on going over the stubs of her check book, found that on nine different occasions she had added in the date.

When you need Job Printing. Just let us know and we will send a man to see you to talk prices and show samples. No job is too big, none too small for The Record.

USE TELEPHONE NO. 200 WE WILL DO THE REST.

Warm Weather Merchandise

Ladies' Thin Dresses from \$1 upwads

Junior Dresses at All Prices

Misses' and Children's Dresses 50c up

Sheer Fabrics for Thin Dresses

Flaxons, Linens, Crepes, Etc.

Silk Effects, extra values, at 25c

Gauze, Lisle and Silk Hosiery

Kayser Gloves, Muslin Underwear

Gauze Underwear of all description

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY ONLY.

Just to test the efficacy of a Record ad, we will sell 40c Ingrain Carpet, Saturday, June 28 only. at, pr yd 25c

CHARLES A. PONSFORD

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Time To Act

Don't Wait for the Fatal Stages on Kidney Illness. Profit by Northville People's Experiences.

Occasional attacks of headache, irregular urination, headache and dizzy spells are frequent symptoms of kidney disorders. It is an error to neglect these ills. The attacks may pass off for a time but generally return with greater intensity. Don't delay a minute. Begin taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and keep up their use until the desired results are obtained. Good work in Northville proves the effectiveness of this great kidney remedy.

Mr. P. S. Fry, West St., Northville, Mich., says: "My kidneys were out of order, and the kidney secretions were unusual. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they helped me very much. My kidneys soon became normal. I strongly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills because I know that they are a safe remedy and give fine results."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn 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. HARGER
Real Estate Bought, Sold and Exchanged.
Estates Settled and Managed.
Insurance & Loans. Notary Public.
Bell 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 6:10 a. m. and 6:40 p. m.; for Orchard Lake and Pontiac only 11:15 p. m.; for Farmington Junction only 12:30 a. m.

Hourly service Saturdays and Sundays between Detroit, Farmington Junction and Pontiac.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:30 a. m. and hourly to 7:30 p. m.; 9:30 p. m., 11:20 p. m. Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:44 a. m. and hourly to 6:44 p. m.; also 8:14 p. m., 10:15 p. m. and midnight.

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE
J. M. DIXON, Prop'r. Both Phones

TRY A RECORD LINER.

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.

L. B. KING & CO.

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

Oldest China Store in Detroit. Complete Stock. Up to Date. We have what you want in our NEW STOCK. In Grand Old City of Detroit.

NORTHVILLE.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

Summer.

Shorter days.

Good fishing.

Bass are biting.

Hay a K. D. tag.

Kissing bug's here.

Rained some last week.

New moon next Thursday.

It isn't true that matrimony is on the decline—at least not in June.

There are some added attractions Saturday evenings besides those on the regular program.

L. L. Brooks' house on Wing street presents a very neat appearance in its new coat of paint.

Great nights for spooning and motoring these—Pontiac Gazette. The editor's wife is probably now at the sea shore.

A visiting girl is popular because young men feel that she can chase them without staying long enough to catch them—and visa versa.

The first annual reunion of the class of 1912 will be held at the home of the class president, Harold Turner, tomorrow afternoon and evening.

Our next door neighbor says that our garden will do better next year. It is our opinion, too, that if the cucumbers are not up by that time, something must be wrong.

Reuben Bird of Inkster and Glenn Bentley of the U. of M. attended the commencement exercises here last week and remained over for a short visit with their cousins, Gladys and Helen Morse.

After their regular meeting last Friday evening the K. O. T. M. M. had planned to serve ice cream. They were greatly surprised when members of the L. O. T. M. M. appeared with cake and strawberries to add to the festivities.

The K. O. T. M. M. and their auxiliary, the L. O. T. M. M., prepared them in the old and new cemeteries last Sunday, thus decorating the graves of the members who had been called to that Lodge on high.

The Telephone company is now making its final connections to consolidate its two offices here, with headquarters in the Lapham bank building. Miss Laura Bristol will be chief operator and Frank Thompson local manager of the united exchange.

B. J. Lawrence and E. K. Starkweather attended the G. A. R. reunion at Lansing last week and Mr. Starkweather was elected delegate from this district to the National encampment at Chattanooga. It is a high honor and the trip will be enjoyable.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb Morton and daughters, Marguerite and Helen, and son, Giles of Wayne, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Daly of Inkster motored to Northville to attend the commencement exercises last week Thursday, as guests of Gladys and Helen Morse.

A fellow in a neighboring town recently gave notice that unless a buggy whip was returned to a certain place, the name of the person who took it would be published in the paper. The following morning he found seventeen buggy whips in the place designated.

Frank Boyle demonstrated that he is still a hustling auctioneer by clearing off all of Cattermole's bugles in about an hour Saturday afternoon. There was a big crowd present and lively interest shown. Mr. Cattermole contemplates holding these sales every week.

Village President Schrader is very much provoked at the attitude of the P. M. in refusing to stop still another passenger train at this place, and he will ask village attorney Yerkes to take some steps to prevent the company from further infringing Northville mail and express service.

A delicious lunch was served at the close of the meeting of the L. O. T. M. M. last Tuesday evening, in honor of Mrs. Geo. Grinnell, who having served as R. K. of the order four years past, is about to move to Detroit. In appreciation of her good work, Mrs. E. J. Bradner, in behalf of Forget-Me-Not, gave, presented her with a beautiful gold bracelet.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

Surprising Cure of Stomach Trouble.

When you have trouble with your stomach or chronic constipation, don't imagine that your case is beyond help just because your doctor fails to give you relief. Mrs. G. Stengle, Plainfield, N. J., writes, "For over a month past I have been troubled with my stomach. Everything I ate upset it terribly. One of Chamberlain's advertising booklets came to me. After reading a few of the letters from people who had been cured by Chamberlain's Tablets, I decided to try them. I have taken nearly three-fourths of a package of them and can now eat almost everything that I want." For all such ailments.—Advertisement.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Regular Meetings—Second and Fourth Tuesdays.

W. L. TINHAM, C. C.
C. B. Bristol, K. of E. & S.

A sane Fourth.

Yes, we will Alseheim.

Three more wedding days.

Welcome—the newly weds.

Water's time for swimming.

Big crowd Saturday night.

Northville celebrated July 4.

Moon's last quarter went yesterday.

Sunday was the first day of summer.

The sound of the firecracker is heard in the land.

Clifford Casetline has purchased a neat little Buick roadster.

Whose fingers will be missing tomorrow?

Pontiac will sell Ingrain carpets at half price (25cents) just for Saturday. See ad.

Will some one please wake Will Leuning and Frank Macomber early next Friday morning?

L. A. Babbitt has given to the High school a beautiful picture showing a winter scene at Niagara Falls.

The C. O. D. feature of the paragon post will go into effect July 1st. For further particulars ask the postmaster.

The regular meeting of the Ladies' Library Association will be held in the library this Friday, afternoon at 3 o'clock.

A. H. Kohler is the owner of a new touring car which he will also use for delivery purposes in connection with his grocery store.

Dugene Desautels has been appointed fish culturist and will soon go to Alaska to take a position in one of the government hatcheries.

The Alseheim theatre is a very comfortable place these warm evenings with its numbers of electric fans working. The new picture machine also shows the pictures up fine.

Between the council, the business men's association and the protest of 2,000 people it would seem as if the P. M. could be induced to stop an occasional passenger train in Northville, or else stop it entirely.

Don't forget the cantata, "The Rose Maiden" given in the Presbyterian church, Friday, evening by the Choral Union of that church. The proceeds will go to swell the fund for a new pipe organ.

The Eighth grade pupils and their teacher, Miss Weiler motored to Walled Lake Saturday and enjoyed a picnic on the grounds near the Woodman cottage. The scholars presented their beloved teacher with a beautiful gold jewel case.

As a token of appreciation for the kindness shown them by the students and teachers of our school, Louis Ulatowski and Boleslaw Tulewski have presented the High school with a picture of Longfellow. Both were members of the graduating class.

Judd Lanning has purchased the east house on Main street owned by the W. I. Ely Agency, which was formerly occupied by Mr. Coldren and his family. Mr. Lanning intends to move this large building to the east corner of the lot, making two dwelling houses.

B. A. Wilkinson of the electric light plant, had a narrow escape from serious injury Saturday. He had climbed a pole and was repairing a wire which had suffered in Thursday's big storm, when he noticed that the wire was a little warm. He had just fastened his safety belt to the pole when he received a severe shock, which had he not been secured to the pole, would have thrown him to the ground.

Street Commissioner Green is to be congratulated on the nice piece of road building he has completed on Main street west and on a portion of Rogers street, under direction of Village President Schrader and the council. Mr. Green has also been doing some good work in scraping and leveling on Plymouth avenue, preparatory to graveling that street the full length to connect with the Plymouth-Northville county road. This is something long needed and when this Main street gets packed down it will present two splendid stretches of permanent road, as good as can be found in any village in the state.

WHAT THEY ARE PAYING.

The Northville Market corrected up to date:
Wheat, white—99c. Red—\$1.04.
Oats, new—30c to 35c; old—60c.
Shelled Corn—80c.
Baled Hay, per ton—\$15.00.
Dressed Hogs—\$9.50.
Hogs alive—\$8.20.
Cattle—\$5.60 to \$5.50.
Lamb—\$6.00.
Beef on foot—\$6.00.
Beef hides—\$3.00.
Veal calves, alive—\$7.00.
Pigs—\$7.00.

Harry Taft was on the sick list Thursday.

Word comes from Ross Dixon at Mayne, B. C., that he is having a great experience all through his work and that it certainly is some country.

Mrs. A. E. Stanley entertained some ladies at luncheon Tuesday noon in honor of Miss Frances Cole, whose marriage to John Joslin of Detroit will be solemnized Monday, June 30, at the home of the former's aunt in Ann Arbor.

With three of their P. M. passenger trains flying through this village at a 40 mile clip, the attention of the village authorities is being called to the danger at the crossing at the Milk condensery. The south bound trains are entirely hid from vehicles approaching from the east.

Jamie Dibuar of this place was a member of the graduating class from the literary department of the U. of M. at Ann Arbor Thursday. He leaves today for the Black Hills, S. D., where he has accepted a position with the U. S. forestry department. After one year of practical work along this line he will return to Ann Arbor for the fifth year required for a degree in forestry.

Village President Schrader has made an appointment with the P. M. officials in Detroit, on behalf of the community and together with a number of Northville's business men and manufacturers will lay the matter of the non-stopping of the forenoon south-bound train here before them. Mr. Schrader says: "I believe that upon a proper showing before the P. M. management as to the interests of the town, that a peaceful settlement of the matter can be obtained, and I am in favor of exhausting first, all efforts along this line."

TAFT—DAWSON.

Guy Taft, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Taft of this place was united in marriage with Miss Marguerite Dawson at the bride's home in Middleton, Ohio, Wednesday. They are now enroute for their honeymoon in the Stark cottage at Walled Lake.

The groom is well known in Northville, being a graduate of the High school here several years ago, and later a graduate of the pharmacy department of the Ferris college at Big Rapids.

He is at present with the Central Drug company in Detroit, in which city they will make their future home.

"Improved" Bull Fight.

A bull fight in Tokio is quite as much excused for a gala day as a full fight in Madrid. Business men leave their offices, and women and children their homes, to hurry to the arena. Stripped of all the less exciting, or less horrible, preliminaries which characterize the Spanish bull fight, the animals are brought in and sent at each other at once. So the battle is shorter, and two or three more fights will follow in quick succession during the course of an afternoon's entertainment.

Task for Geographers.

Algiers is said to have the largest European population of any city in Africa. Johannesburg comes next, then Oren. Will the class in geography kindly locate the latter town, with its 100,000 Europeans, without referring to the atlas?

NOTICE.

To owners, possessors or occupiers of land or any person or persons, firm or corporation having charge of any lands in this state.

Notice is hereby given that all noxious weeds growing on any land in the Township of Northville, County of Wayne, or within the limits of and high way passing by or through such lands must be cut down and destroyed on or before the 10th day of July A. D. 1913.

Notice is also given that all brush growing within the limits of any highway passing by or through such lands must be cut down and removed on or before the 1st day of November A. D. 1913.

Failure to comply with this notice on or before the date mentioned or within ten days thereafter shall make the parties so failing liable for the costs of cutting same, and an additional levy of ten per centum of such costs, to be levied and collected against the property in the same manner as other taxes are levied and collected. JESSE W. CLARK, Commissioner of Highways of the Township of Northville, County of Wayne.

Dated June 25, 1913 48-22.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE

In the matter of the estate of ADA SMITH, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Wm. H. Ambler, in the village of Northville, in said county, on Thursday, the 21st day of August A. D. 1913, and on Tuesday, the 21st day of October 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 four months from the 21st day of June A. D. 1913 were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. Dated June 21st, 1913.

ELMER DE KAY, MARVIN SLOAN, Commissioners.

Certain Success with Saving
The great man of every country
the world's leaders in every line—all
write in saying—
Save!!!

Just as the sign posts along the highway, direct you to your destination so does the saving of dollars mark your progress to certain success and prosperity.

Lapham State Savings Bank

Ice! Ice! Ice!

Splendid, Pure, Clean Ice. Am prepared to fill orders promptly for the season.

ALSO COAL, COKE AND WOOD.

FRED CARPENTER
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Need a Pair Shoes?

The Stock of the W. L. Tinham Shoe Store is offered for sale at Great Reduction in Prices—and NOW is your opportunity to get

Shoes at and Below Wholesale Prices

This Stock consists of over \$4,000 worth of up-to-date shoes and MUST be sold within the next 30 days.

STOCK UP FOR FUTURE WEAR.

Tinham's Old Stand, Northville.

THE MOST DELICIOUS COFFEE

That is what Coffee Drinkers say of KAR-A-VAN EL PERCO COFFEE made in the Percolator

Our offer makes it convenient for you to use this most excellent blend in a modern Percolator, thus saving dollars every year and enjoying the most delicious Coffee

We sell the PERCOLATOR at factory price. The regular retail value is \$3.00. One pound of KAR-A-VAN EL PERCO COFFEE 40c. We sell you the KAR-A-VAN EL PERCO COFFEE and PERCOLATOR for \$2.50, and guarantee that you will save from \$5.00 to \$10.00 a year on your Coffee Bill, provided one or more pounds of EL PERCO COFFEE is consumed weekly.

Every pound produces 35 cups more of choice Coffee than you can use from any other grade or brand brewed in the ordinary Pot. More than this, you don't use eggs so you save a small sum in this item alone.

Nine Cup Size 25c Additional

Prepared and Packed only by
THE GASSER COFFEE COMPANY,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

COME AND SEE US TODAY, OR TELEPHONE, AND WE WILL DELIVER BOTH TO YOU.

F. OLDENBURG
Produce Bought and Sold. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Strange.
It is strange that so many men make fools of themselves when there are so many others who desire to do the job for them.

W. L. B. CLARK'S
MILK ROUTE

Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News-Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

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, meets a scout who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. Sergeant "Brick" Hamlin meets the scout in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace and at the close of the war, enlisted in the regular army. He suspects one Captain Gaskin of being responsible for his disgrace. "Gropes" appear and under escort of Lieutenant Gaskin Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there. Shots are heard in the night. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hidden in the darkness and falls over the body of Lieutenant Gaskin who accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with a former sweetheart, who threw him overboard. Molly declares she has been looking for her father. She orders her father to be rescued. Molly is rescued by a money-making soldier. Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. She says her father is in the power of Mrs. Dupont and claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister. Molly disappears and Hamlin sets out to find her. He orders a scout to Fort Ripley. Hamlin discovers that the man who left on the stage under the name of McDonald was not the major. He finds McDonald's murderer, but Hamlin kills "Wasson," a guide, and two troopers who go in pursuit of the murderers, who have killed McDonald. Hamlin's paymaster's money. He suspects Dupont. Concerns soldier accomplice of Dupont, is found murdered. Hamlin's party is caught in a fierce blizzard while heading for the Cimarron.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

They plunged into it, blowing a way through the drifts, the reluctant horses dragging back at first, and drifting before the fierce sweep of the wind, in spite of every effort at guidance. It was an awful journey, every step torture, but Hamlin bent to it, clinging firmly to the bit of his animal, his other arm protecting his eyes from the sting of the wind. Behind, Wasson wielded a quilt, careless whether his lash struck the horse's flank or Carroll. And across a thousand miles of snow-covered plain, the storm howled down upon them in redoubled fury, blinding their eyes, making them stagger helplessly before its blast.

They were still moving, now like snails, when the pale milder dawn came, revealing inch by inch the broad resolution, stretching white and ghastly in a slowly widening circle. The exhausted, struggling men, more nearly dead than alive from their ceaseless toil, had to break the film of ice from their eyes to perceive their surroundings. Even then they saw nothing but the bare, snow-draped plain, the air full of swirling flakes. There was nothing to guide them, no mark of identification, merely torn barrenness in the midst of which they wandered, dragging their half-frozen

horses. The dead body of Wade had stiffened into grotesque shape, head and feet dangling, shrouded in clinging snow. Carroll had fallen forward across his saddle pommel, too weak to sit erect, but held by the taut blanket, and gripping his horse's ice-covered mane. Wasson was ahead now, doggedly crunching a path with his feet, and Hamlin staggered along behind.

Suddenly some awakened instinct in the numbed brain of the scout told him of a change in their surroundings. He felt rather than saw the difference. They had crossed the sand belt, and the contour of the prairie was rising. Then the Cimarron was near! Even

as the conviction took shape, the ghastly outline of a small elevation loomed through the murk. He stared at it scarce believing, imagining a deception, and then sent his cracked voice back in a shout on the wind.

"We're that, 'Brick!' My God, lad, here's the Cimarron!"

He wheeled about, shading his mouth, so as to make the words carry through the storm.

"Do you hear? We're within a half mile of the river. Stop, Carroll! Beat the life into him! There's shelter and fire coming!"

As though startled by some electric shock, Hamlin sprang forward, his limbs strengthening in response to fresh hope, plowed through the snow to Carroll's side, and shook and slapped the fellow into semi-consciousness.

"We're at the river, George!" he cried, jerking up the dawning head.

"Wake up, man! Wake up! Do you hear? We'll have a fire in ten minutes!"

The man made a desperate effort, bracing his hands on the horse's neck, and staring at his tormentor with dull, unseeing eyes.

"Oh, go to hell!" he muttered, and went down again.

Hamlin struck him twice, his chilled hand flung to the blow, but the inert figure never moved.

"No use, Sam. We're got to get on, and thaw him out. Get up there, you poxy!"

The ghostly shape of the bill was to their right, and they circled its base almost waist-deep in drift. This brought the wind directly into their faces, and the horses balked, dragging back and compelling both men to beat them into submission. Wasson was jerking at the bit, his back turned as that he could see nothing ahead, but Hamlin, leading the rear animal with his quirt, still faced the mound, a mere dim shadow through the mist of snow. He saw the flash of yellow flame that leaped from its summit, heard the sharp report of a gun, and saw Wasson crumple up, and go down still clinging to his horse's rein.

It came so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that the single living man left scarcely realized what had happened. Yet dazed as he was, some swift impulse flung him, headlong, into the snow behind his pony, and even as he fell, his numbed fingers gripped for the revolver at his hip. The hidden marksmanship shot twice, evidently discerning only dim outlines at which to aim; the red of discharge out the gloom like a knife. One ball hurtled past Hamlin's head; the other found billet in Wade's horse, and the stricken creature toppled over, bearing its dead burden with him. The Sergeant ripped off his glove, found the trigger with his half-frozen fingers, and fired twice. Then, with an oath, he leaped nimbly to his feet, and dashed straight at the silent bill.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Unseen Danger.

Once he paused, blinded by the snow, hung up his arm, and fired, imagining he saw the dim shape of a man on the ridge summit. There was no return shot, no visible movement. Reckless, mad with rage, he sprang up the wind-swept side, and reached the crest. It was deserted, except for tracks already nearly obliterated by the fierce wind. Helpless, baffled, the Sergeant stared about him into the driving flakes, his ungloved, stiffening hand gripping the cold butt of his Colt, ready for any emergency. Nothing but vacancy and silence encompassed him. At his feet the snow was still trampled; he could see where the man had knelt to fire, where he had run down the opposite side of the hill. There had been only one white man from the infantry—and he had fled south, vanishing in the smother.

It required an effort for the Sergeant to recover, to realize his true position, and the meaning of this mysterious attack. He was no longer numb with cold or staggering from weakness. The excitement had sent the hot blood pulsing through his veins; had brought back to his heart the fighting instinct. Every desire urged him forward, clamoring for revenge, but the aroused sense of a plainsman held him motionless, staring about, listening for any sound. Behind him, crouched there in the hollow, were hidden the horses of his outfit, scarcely distinguishable from where he stood. If he should venture farther off, he might never be able

to find a way back again. Even in the gray light of dawn he could see nothing distinctly a dozen yards distant. And Wasson had the compass. This was the thought which brought him tramping back through the drifts—Wasson! Wade was dead, Carroll little better, but the scout might have been only slightly wounded. He waded through the snow to where the man lay, face downward, his face still gripping the rein. Before Hamlin turned him over, he saw the jagged wound and knew death had been instantaneous. He stared down at the white face, already powdered with snow, then glared about into the murky distances, revolver ready for action, every nerve throbbing. God! if he ever met the murderer, then swift reaction came, and he buried his eyes on the neck of the nearest horse, and his body shook with half-suppressed sobs. The whole horror of it gripped him in that instant, broke his iron will, and left him weak as a child.

But the mood did not last. Little by little he gained control, stood up again in the snow, and began to think. He was a man, and must do a man's work. With an oath he forced himself to act; reloaded his revolver, thrust it back into the holster at his hip, and, with one paralytic glance at poor Sam, played across through the drifts to Carroll. He realized now his duty; the thing he must strive to accomplish. Wade and Wasson were gone, no human effort could aid them, but Carroll lived, and might be saved. And it was for him alone now to serve Molly. The sudden comprehension of all this stung like the lash of a whip, transformed him again into a fighter, a soldier of the sort who refuses to acknowledge defeat. His eyes darkened, his lips pressed together in a straight line.

Carroll lay helpless, inert, his head hanging down against the neck of his horse. The Sergeant jerked him erect, roughly beating him into consciousness, nor did he resist until the fellow's eyes opened in a dull stare.

"I'll pound the life out of you unless you brace up, George," he muttered.

"That's right—get mad if you want to. It will do you no good. Wait until I get that quirt, that will set your blood moving. No! Wake up! Die, nothing! See here, man, there's the river just ahead!"

He picked up his glove, undid the reins from Wasson's stiffened fingers, and urged the horse forward. Carroll lurched drunkenly in the saddle, yet retained sufficient life to cling to the pommel, and thus the outfit plunged blindly forward into the storm, leaving the dead men where they lay. There was nothing else to do. Hamlin's heart choked him as he plowed his way past, but he had no strength to lift those heavy bodies. Every ounce of power must be conserved for the preservation of life. Little as he could see through the snow blasts, there was but one means of passage, that along the narrow rift between the ridges. The snow lay deep here, but they floundered ahead, bawling at the drifts, until suddenly they emerged upon an open space, sheltered somewhat by the low hills and swept clean by the wind. Directly beneath, down a wide cleft in the bank, dimly visible, appeared the welcome waters of the Cimarron. The stream was but partly frozen over, the dark current flowing in odd contrast between the banks of ice and snow.

The Sergeant halted, examining his surroundings cautiously, expecting every instant to be fired upon by some unseen foe. The violence of the storm prevented his seeing beyond a few yards, and the whirling snow crystals blinded him as he faced the fury of the wind sweeping down the valley. Nothing met his gaze, no sound reached his ears, about him was desolation, unbroken whiteness. Apparently they were alone in all that intense dreariness of snow. The solemn loneliness of it—the dark, silently flowing river, the dun sky, the wide, white expanse of plain, the mad violence of the storm beating against him—brought to him a feeling of helplessness. He was a mere atom, struggling alone against Nature's wild mood. Then the feeling clutched him that he was not alone; that from somewhere, amid those barren wastes, hostile eyes watched, skulking murderers sought his life. Yet there was no sign of any presence. He could not stand there and die nor permit Carroll to freeze in his saddle.

Foot by foot, feeling his passage, he advanced down the gully, fairly dragging his own horse after him. Behind, held by the straining rein, lurched the others, the soldier swaying on the back of the last, swearing and laughing in delirium, clutching at snowflakes with his hands. At the end of the ravine, under shelter of the bank, Hamlin tramped back the snow, herding the animals close, so as to gain the warmth of their bodies. Here they were well protected from the cruel lash of the wind and the shower of snow which blew over them and drifted higher and higher in the open space beyond. Working feverishly, the blood again circulating freely through his veins, the Sergeant hastily dragged blankets from the pack and spread them on the ground, depositing Carroll upon them. Then he set about vigorously rubbing the sol-

dier's exposed soles with snow. The smart of it, together with the roughness of handling, aroused the latter from lethargy, but Hamlin, ignoring his resentment, gripped the fellow with hands of iron, never ceasing his violent ministrations until his swearing ended in silence. Then he wrapped him tightly in the blankets, and stood himself erect, glowing from the exercise. Carroll glared up at him angrily out of red-rimmed eyes.

"I'll get you for that, you big boob!" he shouted, striving to release his arms from the clinging blankets. "You wait! I'll get you!"

"Hush up, George, and go to sleep," the other retorted, poking the shapless body with his foot, his thoughts already elsewhere. "Don't be a fool. I'll get a fire if I can, and something to eat. Within an hour you'll be a man again. Now see here—stop that. Do you hear? You lie still right where you are, Carroll, until I come back, or I'll kick your ribs in!" He bent down menacingly, scowling into the upturned face. "Will you mind, or shall I have to hand you one?"

Carroll shrank back like a whipped child, his lips muttering something indistinguishable. The sergeant, satisfied, turned and floundered through the drifts to the bank of the stream.



He Buried His Eyes on the Neck of the Nearest Horse.

He was alert and fearful, yet determined. No matter what danger of discovery might threaten, he must build a fire to save Carroll's life. The raging storm was not over with, there was no apparent cessation of violence in the blasts of the icy wind, and the snow swept about him in blinding sheets, it would continue all day, all another night, perhaps, and they could never live through it without food and warmth. He realized the risk fully, his gloved hand gripping the butt of his revolver, as he stared up and down the snow-draped bluffs. He wished he had picked up Wasson's rifle. Who was it that had shot them up, anyhow? The very mystery added to the dread. Could it have been Dupont? There was no other conception possible, yet it seemed like a miracle that they could have kept so close on the follow's trail all night long through the storm. Yet who else would open fire at night? Who else, indeed, would be in this God-forsaken country? And whoever it was, where had he gone? How had he disappeared so suddenly and completely? He could not be far away, that was a certainty. No plainsman would attempt to ford that icy stream, nor desert the shelter of these bluffs in face of the storm. It would be suicidal. And if Dupont and his Indians were close at hand, Miss McDonald would be with them. He had had no time in which to reason this out before, but now the swift realization of the close proximity of the girl came to him like an electric shock. Whatever the immediate danger he must throw out Carroll, and thus be free himself.

He could look back to where the weary horses huddled beneath the bank, grouped about the man so helplessly swaddled in blankets on the ground. They were dim, pitiable objects, barely discernible through the driving sleet, yet Hamlin was quick to perceive the advantage of their position—the overhanging bluff was complete protection from any attack except along the open bank of the river. Two armed men could defend the spot against odds. And below, a hundred yards away, perhaps—it was hard to judge through that smother—the bare limbs of several stunted cottonwoods waved dimly against the gray sky. Hesitating, his eyes searching the barrenness above to where the stream bent northward and disappeared, he turned at last and tramped downward along the edge of the stream. Across stretched the level, white prairie, beaten and obscured by the storm, while to his left rose the steep, bare bluff, swept clear by the wind, revealing its ugliness through the haze of snow. Not in all the expanse was there visible a moving object nor track of any kind. He was alone, in the midst of indescribable desolation—a cold dead dreary landscape.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Libby's Luncheon Delicacies

Dried Beef, sliced wafer thin, Hickory Smoked and with a choice flavor that you will remember.

Vienna Sausage—just right for Hot, or to serve cold. We suggest you try them served like this: Cut rye bread in thin slices, spread with creamed butter and remove crusts. Cut a Libby's Vienna Sausage in half, lengthwise, and lay on the bread. Place on the top of the sausage a few thin slices of Libby's Midge Pickles. Cover with the other slice of bread and press lightly together. Arrange on plate and serve garnished with a few parsley sprays.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

Do As Others Do, Take

this time-tested—world proved—home remedy which suits and benefits most people. Tried for three generations, the best corrective and preventive of the numerous ailments caused by defective or irregular action of the organs of digestion and elimination has been proved to be

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World)

If you have not tried this matchless family medicine, you do not know what it means to have better digestion, sounder sleep, brighter eyes, clearer complexion, which come after Beecham's Pills have cleared the system of impurities. Try them now—and know. Always of the same excellence—in all climates; in every season—Beecham's Pills are

The Tried, Trusted Remedy

Sold Everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c. Directions with every box are very valuable, especially to women.

Oddest of Jails.

One of the oddest of jails is that at Clifton, Graham county, Ariz., which lies in one of the copper mining centers of the new state. This jail comprises four large apartments hewn in the side of a hill of solid quartz rock. The entrance is situated in a boxlike vestibule built of heavy masonry and the gates have three sets of steel bars. At intervals in the rock walls holes to serve as windows have been blasted and in these openings a series of massive bars of steel has been fitted firmly in the rock. The floor of this rockbound jail is of cement. The prisoners are confined wholly in the larger apartments. In certain places the wall of quartz about the jail is no less than fifteen feet in thickness. So solid and heavy are the barriers to this institution that no prisoner has ever attempted escape. Harper's Weekly.

RINGWORM ON CHILD'S FACE

Stratford, Iowa.—Three years ago this winter my seven-year-old son had ringworm on the face. First it was in small red spots which had a rough crust on the top. When they started they looked like little red dots and then they got bigger about the size of a bird's egg. They had a white rough ring around them, and grew continually worse and soon spread over his face and legs. The child suffered terrible itching and burning, so that he could not sleep nights. He scratched them and they looked fearful. He was cross when he had them. We used several bottles of Haimine, but nothing helped.

"I saw where a child had a rash on the face and was cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I decided to use them. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment about one month and they cured my child completely." (Signed) Mrs. Barbara Prom, Jan. 30, 1912.

"Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32p. Skin Book. Address post-card 'Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston.'"

It doesn't pay to go entirely on the theory that it's the unexpected that always happens.

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer.

Love makes a light heart, also a dark parlor.

A HIDDEN DANGER

It is a duty of the kidneys to rid the blood of uric acid, an irritating poison that is constantly forming inside.

When the kidneys fail, uric acid causes rheumatic attacks, headaches, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy or heart disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills help the kidneys fight off uric acid—bringing new strength to weak kidneys and relief from backache and urinary ills.

An Indiana Case. Mr. George Blair, of Crawford, Ind., says: "My back ached twice a week for some time. I was so tired I could hardly breathe. I had a terrible headache and a bad ache in my back. I had given up hope when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me completely, and I have had no trouble since."

Get Doan's at any drug store, or write to Doan's Kidney Pills, 263 Madison Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

Get a Canadian Home

In Western Canada's Free Homestead Area

160-ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA

For Grain Growing and Cattle Raising

Perfect climate, good markets, railroads, schools, and all the modern conveniences. The land is free, and the government will give you a free homestead. Write for details to the Canadian Government, Ottawa, or to the nearest Canadian agent.

DON'T CUT OUT A VARICOSE VEIN

USE ABSORBINE JR. LINIMENT

A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles.

Mr. R. C. Killogg, Becket, Mass., before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins; they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of ABSORBINE JR., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years." Also removes Gynae. Pains, Swellings, Wens, Cysts, Callouses, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 5 G free. Write for it. W. F. Young, P.O.F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

Therapion is a new and powerful remedy for all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, and other painful conditions. It is free to all sufferers. Write for details to the Therapion Co., 215 Madison Ave., New York City.

DAISY FLY KILLER

Harold Bowers, 156 DeWitt Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

FOR DRUGS AND DRUG HABITS

Write for Booklets and Free Consultation. Real Life Insurance Co., 215 Madison Ave., New York City.

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Write today. OXYGEN FUEL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

PATENTS

Write today. OXYGEN FUEL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

W. M. U., DETROIT, MICH., NO. 26-1912

NOT QUITE PROPER TRIBUTE

Effusive Indian Rather Spoiled the Effect of Praise Bestowed on "Joe" Jefferson.

Jefferson was once strolling through the corridor of a hotel in Terre Haute, Ind., when a very pompous man came up to him and, extending his hand, said: "Mr. Jefferson, you do not know me, but I know you very well. I am very glad to see you in this city. You are a great actor. I have

seen you ever since I was a little boy"—he looked fully as old as Jefferson—"and I have always looked forward to your visit to this place." Presently Jefferson interrupted the stream of praise to say: "I thank you very much. You are very kind." If the incident had only ended here! But the Terre Haute gentleman went on: "I tell you, everywhere in this town people are glad to see old Josh Whitcomb." There was a moment of silence, and then Mr. Jefferson said: "I think you are mistaken. I play Rip

Van Winkle. You must mean Mr. Thompson. He plays 'Josh Whitcomb.' The effusive gentleman paused long enough to collect his wits, and then said cheerfully: "Oh, yes. So you are the old fellow who played Rip Van Winkle? Well, you're good, too."—Mary Shaw in the Century.

Relics of Captain Cook. Relics of Captain Cook, the great English navigator, have been discovered at St. Petersburg. The relics were given to the governor of Kam-

chatka, Honolulu, by Captain Cook's party after the death of Cook. These relics were sent by the governor to St. Petersburg, where they remained until two or three years ago when the boxes containing them were opened, but no one knew where they came from. Luckily a professor in St. Petersburg university, who had been at Honolulu, recognized them. The relics are very choice, although there is nothing new amongst them except a black leather helmet, which is a rare curiosity.

