

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIV, NO. 3.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1913.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

## SATURDAY NIGHT IN NORTHVILLE

**LAST SATURDAY NIGHT.**  
Regardless of the stormy aspect of the weather, a large number of people were in town last Saturday evening to listen to the band concert and enjoy the numerous street sports and jostling from the general good humor of the many spectators. All cares were left at home for the time being and every one entered into the fun-making spirit of the evening. Come again.

Our local banks, Northville and Latham gave prizes for a men's tug-of-war and ladies' hair dressing contest. In the latter Mrs. Charles Payne won first prize (\$1.00 cash), Mrs. Geo. Hicks, 101st prize (fine toilet comb)—neatness as well as dispatch were the qualifications for this contest.

In the men's tug-of-war Milt Brown, captain, Fred Hicks, Fred Bales, Alnoe Tesha and Wm. Strauss constituted the winning side—prize a box of 50 LaAzora cigars. Ed. Balco, captain, Burr Lyke, Lou Lanning, Barney Schultz, Lou Baloo were the losing contestants and they had the spectators general sympathy as this was one of the closest contests pulled off this season. Mrs. Frank Johnson and Mr. Chas. Brigham acted as judges in the hair dressing and their decision met with general approval.

E. C. Murgock's penny digging flour race produced much laughter from the crowd and especially amongst the committee on judging. (Mrs. Ross Bull, Mrs. Ed. Gay and Miss Lida Richards.) Harold Merithew won 1st prize, 50c; Edgar Bjedel 2nd, 25c; Frank Freydl, 3rd, 10c out. Besides the cash prizes each boy retained their respective five pennies if they were successful in rooting them all out from amongst the flour paste, and they all were.

John McCully's bean guessing contest was another novel feature of the evening's entertainment. A pint fruit can filled with common beans was placed on exhibition with a royalty of \$1 cash prize for the nearest guess as to the number of beans. In some guessing tickets were distributed among the spectators and when turned in to the committee in charge they were found to range from 100 to 1,000. The correct number of beans in the jar was found to be 1,754 and Milton Brown's ticket had the nearest guess, 1,760 (any ordinary bean man ought to make a guess as close as this). Anyway, Milt logged off the lucky dollar.

### THIS SATURDAY NIGHT.

Johnston Watch & Jewelry Co.—Ladies' fruit paring race—to the ladies who can pare, quarter and core a pan of ordinary apples in best time will be awarded. First prize, \$1.00 bar pin; 2nd prize, 50 cent bar pin. Mr. Johnston will furnish his own brand of russets. Ladies, bring your favorite paring knife.

Parrin's Livery—Ladies' driving contest; Alexander's Livery—gentlemen's driving contest. For the best exhibition of good common every day horse driving or fancy driving, if contestant prefers—First prize in ladies, good rawhide whip; 2nd prize, half of ribbon. First prize in gentlemen's, as above, 6 1/2 ft. rawhide whip; 2nd prize, hair cut and shave. Here is a chance ladies and gentlemen to show the public that driving is not set a lost art.

Peerless Laundry—Boys' 5 minute boxing contest. Boys up to 15 yrs of age only, are entitled to partake. First prize, 50 cents cash; 2nd prize, 25 cents cash. Boys may bring their pet boxing gloves, if they so wish. Frank Macomber pays all hospital bills.

Lee Shipley—Giri's penny scramble—Pennies will be tossed in the air from our local band stand and getters are owners. Roughness or other unfair means are barred and boys will be tied to local hitching posts during this part of the program. Everybody come to the band concert and doings. Everything free.

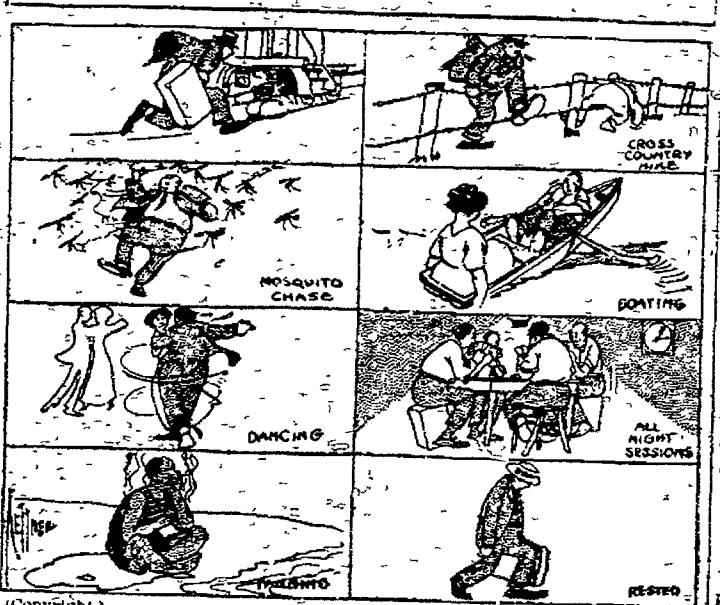
A dance in the rink will round out an enjoyable evening.

### PRIVATE SALE OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

Continuing at once I will dispose of the entire household of a seven room house. All articles in good condition, and can be seen at any time. Terms cash.

MRS. V. E. KING.

## TWO WEEKS OF "REST"



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## THE PARCEL POST ARE NOW LOWER

**NEW SCHEDULE WILL BE OF AID TO LOCAL MERCHANTS.**

Instructions regarding the proposed changes in parcel post regulations to take effect Aug. 15, have reached Postmaster Johnson. They provide for a material change in the first and second zone rates and will be of especial benefit to local merchants and farmers. On and after August 15 the limit of weight will be raised from 11 to 20 lbs. within the first and second zones. The rate of postage on parcels exceeding four ounces shall be five cents on the first pound and one cent for each additional two pounds when intended for local delivery on the routes, and five cents for the first pound and one cent for each additional pound when intended for delivery to any other points within the first and second zone.

## DIVING IN LAKE FOUND GOLD DOLLAR.

A Very Unique Find is that of Garnet Grant.

Quite an unusual find was that of Yaster Garnet Grant, who when diving in Bay Base, Lake, brought up a one dollar gold piece.

The boy is the son of R. A. Grant (formerly of Northville, traveling salesman, of Union street. Grant, with some other boys, was in swimming and diving at Bay Base lake. They were diving from the dock, into water about 15 feet deep. Some of the boys dared Grant to dive to the bottom of the lake. He went down, and brought up a rag. The other boys accused him of taking the rag down with him. Next he went down, and brought up a handful of mud, to prove to the other boys that he had really gone to the bottom. A third time, he dived down, and brought up another handful of mud, and when he reached the top all were very much surprised to find that there was a gold piece in the mud. "The little dollar gold piece bears the date of 1856. One side has been smoothed off, and the initials 'M. T.' are engraved. It had been used as a charm, evidently, for a little hawk had been welded to it. The dollar is as bright, probably, as it was when lost. Mr. Grant is now wearing the gold piece on his watch chain."—Hillsdale Daily News.

## AUCTION SALE.

Mrs. Woolley will have an auction sale of household goods at the barn of Mrs. H. M. White, on Randolph street, Saturday, August 16, at 1:00 p. m. L. L. Brooks, auctioneer.

## Wanted a New Sensation.

"Dropped a little at roulette while I was abroad," remarked the ice man. "Can't beat that game," said the coal man. "Wasn't trying to. I just wanted to see how it feels to lose money."

## Retaliating on the Baby.

"Johnny, did you make the baby cry?" "Yes, I did. I asked him sumthin' an' he wouldn't say. Yes, sir, so I gave him a lesson in politeness, just like you give me. I slapped him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Daily Thought.

Of all human things, nothing is more honorable or more excellent than to deserve well of one's country.—Cicero.

## DETROIT BASE BALL GAMES.

The Tigers will play in Detroit this year as follows:  
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.

## BEAUTIFUL RESORT AT WALLED LAKE

On another page of this issue appears an advertisement of the Randall Chapman farm at Walled Lake. This new, and already popular place is on the shores of that beautiful lake and is easily accessible from this place. There is no better place in this part of the state for summer home, or to spend a few days or weeks than at Walled Lake and the resort mentioned is the best location on this fine body of water. Early application will secure choice building locations at a very low price. As lots are disposed off the prices will advance. At the present prices they are a good investment. Dr. E. F. Holcomb of Farmington is the selling agent and has plans at his office. He will also take parties who contemplate a purchase out to see the place at any time.

## Man Prayed for Associates.

In protest against the refusal of the Winchester board of guardians to deal with the case of a widow already under the care of the relieving officer, Stephen Bull, a member, twice knelt down and prayed for divine guidance for the board. When a suspension of the sitting was ordered he called the members "heathen dogs," and fell on his knees and again prayed in a loud voice as they left the room.—London Hall.

## Peculiar Natural Fact.

One of the puzzles of nature is the fact that many springs show an increased flow of water several hours before a coming rain begins to fall. Various explanations have been attempted, the most plausible being that the weather before a storm is often of the kind which checks loss of moisture from the ground by evaporation and hence leaves more to feed the springs.

## Self-Confidence.

Lack of self-confidence ever makes you fall back in the ranks, weak, helpless, despairing. It shuts from you the revelation of power that is born only of action. Feel in every fiber of your being, feel with the heat and glow of conviction that you have infinite possibilities you must yourself make realities or you will do nothing truly great.—Herbert Knowles.

## Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

- For Rent, For Sale, Lost, Found. Wanted notices inserted under this head for 1 cent per word.
- ROOMS to rent to reliable parties. One room has outside entrance. Very central. Phone 145 X. 12p.
- WANTED—Man for blacking, assembling and handling stoves. Jas. A. Huff, Hardware 31f.
- FOR SALE—Brothers. Inquire of Desl. Siver, 111 St. 3w2c.
- FOR SALE—Wood. Inquire of W. H. Catherine 31f.
- FOR SALE—A good strong baby cab. Mrs. Melvina Carpenter, 38 Cadz street 52w.p.
- FOR SALE—Domestic Sewing Machine. Drop head, latest style, and not used more than two days. \$25. takes it. Apply to Record office, Northville 52tf.
- FOR SALE—At Bargain—Full set Britannica Encyclopaedia, 30 volumes. Apply at Record office, 10tf.
- 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, 45tf.
- FOR SALE—Old Papers, clean and in Big Bundles for 5c. Just right for pantry shelves or to put under carpets. Record office, 11f.
- FOR SALE—Franco-American Hygienic toilet articles, perfumes, extracts and baking powder. 1111 phone, 105 L. G. E. Trotter.

## CHAS. BRISTOL'S MOTHER DEAD.

Was on a Visit to Her Daughter in Detroit.

Mrs. Fannie D. Bristol, 73 years old, was found dead in bed Monday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. S. Lalley, in Detroit.

Mrs. Bristol was a member of the Dearborn Episcopal church. Before coming to Detroit, 23 years ago, she lived in Pontiac. She was born in Oswego, N. Y. Surviving are her husband, G. H. Bristol, and two children, Mrs. Daley and Charles U. Bristol of Northville.

She had been living here with her son and family the past few months but had been on a visit to her daughter for a week or more.

The deceased was in her usual good health and her death was unexpected. The funeral was held Thursday morning from the daughter's home and the remains taken to Pontiac for burial.

## WEEK'S CALENDAR

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES**  
(By the Pastor)  
Morning service at 10 a. m. Mr. F. R. Hurst of Detroit, a former Y. M. C. A. worker, will speak. Mr. Hurst has had unusual success with boys' work. He will talk on the work of the church for young people as viewed from the layman's standpoint. This will be a very interesting address.  
Sunday school at 11-11 C. E. at 6 o'clock.  
Miss Elizabeth Emery of the McDonald school of music of Detroit will sing at the morning service.

## METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor)  
The Woman's Home Missionary society will meet, Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Emery Van Valkenburg. Everyone bring cup, plate, fork and spoon. Do not fail to bring in your benevolence money next Sunday.  
Morning service at 10 o'clock, Rev. S. H. Norton of Detroit will preach. In the evening Rev. Huey of Novi will preach. Union services in the Baptist church.  
The Board of stewards will hold a very important meeting on Tuesday evening, Aug. 19, in the church parlors at 8 o'clock.

## BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(by a member)  
On account of the pastor being away on his vacation there will be no morning services, but Sunday school will be called at the usual hour.

In the evening the Union services will be held in this church and Rev. Mr. Huey of Novi will occupy the pulpit.

## The Voice a Pearl.

Enhu Burritt says of the voice: "Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice in joy, like a lark's song, to a hearth at home. Train it to sweet tones now and it will keep in tune through life."

**MAKE THE WORK EASY FOR THE LADY OF THE HOUSE. PURCHASE A BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER; HOUSE WORK WILL THEN BE A PLEASURE. THERE ARE OTHER SWEEPERS, MADE BUT THE BISSELLS HAS PROVED THE STANDARD FOR MANY YEARS. \$2.50, 2.75, \$3.00 AND UP.**

**PERFECTION, SMOKELESS OIL STOVES, no smoke, no smell, no trouble; guaranteed to give satisfaction. Built on the lines of the ordinary house lamp and will last just as long. Try one. Cheaper and more convenient to use than wood or coal. "QUICK MEAL" instantaneous heat Gasoline Stoves. Our line is still quite complete. No trouble to show you—if you are not suited the goods are ours.**

Plymouth Binder Twine Screen Doors, Lawn Hose, anything in the Hardware line.

**JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.**

**Have peace of mind. Put your money in Our Bank and your Valuables in Our Safety Deposit Vaults.**

YOU WON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR VALUABLE JEWELS AND PAPERS, AND YOUR WILL, IF THEY ARE SECURE AGAINST BURGLARS, CARELESSNESS OR FIRE. PUT THEM IN ONE OF OUR SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES; THEN THEY WILL BE SAFE. FOR A PRIVATE BOX IN OUR VAULTS WE WILL CHARGE YOU ONLY A SMALL SUM PER YEAR. WE SHALL ALSO GLADLY TAKE CARE OF YOUR MONEY IN OUR BANKING DEPARTMENT.

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

**Northville State Savings Bank.**

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

**THE HOME Of Quality Groceries**

**Why We Deliver THE GOODS! FIRST, Because We Have The Goods to Sell! SECONDLY, Because We Sell The Goods We Have Then, There's Another Reason—The Quality!**

**TRADE AT RYDER'S**







# The Lady of the Mount

by **FREDERIC S. ISHAM**  
AUTHOR OF "THE STROLLERS," "UNDER THE ROSE" ETC.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WATERS**  
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**SYNOPSIS.**  
Comtesse Elise, daughter of the governor of the Mount, has chance encounter with a peasant boy, "Beppo," a small, round, balding fellow in a red cap and a blue tunic, who is on his way to the northwestern coast of France during the time of Louis XVI as a government stronghold. Develops that the peasant boy was the son of Seigneur Desaurac, nobleman. Young Desaurac determines to secure an education and become a gentleman, like the governor's daughter. He departs for Paris. Lady Elise, after seven years' schooling, and enters into many nobles. Her ladyship dances with strange gentlemen and a call to arms is made in an effort to capture a mysterious Seigneur Noir. He escapes. Lady Elise is caught in the "Grand" Hotel. The Black Seigneur rescues and takes her to his retreat. Elise discovers that her savior was the boy with the red cap and blue tunic, the "Grand" Seigneur. She is rescued and taken to the Governor's man as he passed by.  
"Ah, Mistress Nanette," Beppo stopped readily enough. "I didn't see you at first."  
"Because you have more important matters to think of," she laughed, showing her strong white teeth.  
The fat-old man looked pleased; a few days before, Nanette had flashed a radiant smile at him from her casement, and, ever since, he had been inclined to regard her with favor.  
"Not more important, but duties that must be attended to! The wedding hour draws near." The island girl half turned her head; a shadow seemed to pass over the bold, sun-burned features. "And her ladyship gives tomorrow a riding party for her guests—a last celebration before she is led to the altar. I am on my way now to arrange about the escort."  
"A riding party?" Nanette spoke quickly. "You mean on horseback?"  
"How else?" said Beppo. "It is a pastime her ladyship has always been very fond of, even as a child. In those days, not without an accent of self-importance, it was my privilege."  
"Do they ride far?" interrupted Nanette with ill-suppressed eagerness.  
"To the old Monastery St. Raphael; an imposing ruin of tenth century architecture, my dear, he added pompously.  
"And where is it?"  
"Off the Paris highway, some ten miles from the Mount."  
"Ten miles? And the country is beautiful? Not open, sandy, like the shore?"  
"It partakes of a rugged grandeur. With forests around," quickly.  
"Yes," faintly. "You like forests, Mistress Nanette?"  
"When they are thick and wild—then I would like these!"  
The girl asked no further questions, yet still Beppo lingered, his glance seeming loath to withdraw from this caubert specimen of vigorous young womanhood. "Which way were you going, good Mistress Nanette?" he asked finally. "On second thoughts, I have a little time to spare and will walk along."  
Nanette looked down from the rampart toward the sands and the shore, did not answer, and, more insinuatingly, Beppo repeated his proposal. Nanette started.  
"La, Monsieur Beppo! I—I'm afraid it wouldn't do. There's my aunt," tossing her head, "that careful of me! Won't even let me go walking on the beach alone! Do you ever go walking on the beach, Monsieur Beppo?" she inquired suddenly, regarding him with an eloquent look.  
"I—it has not been my custom," he murmured. "But," the fishy eyes glistening brighter, "with you—if I might accompany you—"  
"Oh, I didn't mean that! Oh, no! Of course not! And I couldn't think of it. My aunt!"  
But when a few moments later, she turned, to walk quickly away, the round and shining face of Beppo, watching her disappear, wore not the look of a man who had allowed himself to be rebuffed.  
Out of his sight, Nanette's expression changed to one of somber thoughtfulness; it lingered as she entered the palace, with few swings, mounted the steps to her mistress's apartments; was still there, when she took a bit of embroidery from a table and seated herself at the window of an antechamber, bent over her task. Soon, however, she stopped, to sweep abruptly cloth and colored silks from her lap to the floor, and, leaning forward, her arm, brown hand, clasped over her knees, she seemed to be asking herself questions, or weighing some problem.  
"Yes, it is our only chance." In her eyes a steady glow replaced the varying lights, and, getting up with a sudden air of determination, Nanette crossed the room to where, near the door, stood a small desk. Glancing quickly around, she seated herself and, reaching for paper and pen, wrote carefully and somewhat laboriously a few words. She had finished, and was contemplating the result of her eager efforts when a hand at the door caused her to dash down the pen and

spring to her feet. As her aunt entered, Nanette took a few steps forward, and, bending to pick up her work from the floor, turned partly away and thrust the paper into the bosom of her gown.  
"I came to tell you supper is ready," said Marie quietly.  
At the table with her aunt the girl's manner was subdued and deferential; she observed the nicest proprieties, and bestowed on the other's slightest word a need of attention calculated to soften the old woman's attitude and suspicions. And possibly succeeded; for, it may be, Marie's own conscience had begun to reproach her; for a number of days had passed and nothing had as yet occurred to justify the early apprehensions she had entertained. Under the circumstances the meal was a little prolonged; the first sluffs of twilight had entered the courtyard and had begun to steal into the narrow chamber with darkening effect, ere of an accord the two women pushed back their chairs.  
"It gets dark early," said the girl, "or time has passed quicker than I thought. Perhaps it was what you were telling me of the former lady of the Mount. She must have been very beautiful!"  
"She was," answered the woman; "and as good as beautiful!"  
"Heigh-ho!" Nanette sighed, through the window watched the shadows that like dark, trailing figures seemed creeping up the ancient wall to caress and linger on green leaves of vines, bright flowers and other living things. "But I suppose she had everything she wanted." The girl stirred restlessly. "What sort of a man is Monsieur Beppo, aunt?"  
"Beppo?" recalled as from a long train of recollections, the woman did not seem to notice the abruptness of the inquiry. "Oh, he is an old and faithful servant. For almost as many years as I have been here," with an accent of pride, "has he served at the Mount!"  
"And his moral character, aunt?"  
"Monsieur Beppo has a reputation

her eyes, which had returned to the girl's, expressed once more doubt and misgiving. With her glance lifted upward, however, Nanette did not seem to notice this quick change. A star-faint forerunner of a multitude of waiting orbs—peeping dimly down from above the gray, saunt mass of stone, alone absorbed the girl's gaze and attention.  
"Where were you thinking of going?" after a silence of some length the older woman asked.  
"I don't recall that Monsieur Beppo mentioned," was the low-murmured response. "But, of course, aunt, if you object."  
"I do not know that I do," said the older slowly. "Only, as if the thought had suddenly come to her, 'what were you writing at her ladyship's desk when I went to call you?'"  
"Writing?" Nanette regarded her blankly. "I don't understand you, aunt."  
" weren't you writing something that you hid in your dress when I came?"  
"No!" The girl looked full at the other; denied point-blank the accusation. "Now that you speak of it, I believe I did step to the desk," she answered glibly, "to look at some ornament; but as for writing, or darning, I should not have presumed."  
A low discreet rap at the door interrupted; and, with a whispered "There he is now!" Nanette cut short further argument by rising.  
"She is not telling the truth!" For some time the woman stood looking down in gloomy thought after the two had gone. "What does it mean?" Moving to a peg, she took down a shawl. "What can it mean?" she asked herself again, and, wrapping the garment about her head and shoulders, left the room.  
Half an hour later, at Beppo's side, on the beach, Nanette measured her steps to his; listened to the old man's platitudes, and even turned a not unwilling ear to sundry hints and innuendos of a tenderer nature. The girl was in her most complaisant mood, and, in his role of discreet gallant to young and blooming womanhood, the fat factotum strove to make the most of the opportunity. He sighed; he thought him of a sentimentalist, and carped at the beauty of the moon, then gliding the edge of the Mount's high towers! She answered; looked, but soon her eloquent glance swerved to the sands, dotted by desultory seekers of cockles, or belated stragglers from the shore, and fastened itself on a jutting point of the Mount.  
Near it, before a large rock of peculiar shape a man was engaged in that common nocturnal labor of the locality, digging! As the couple drew near, quickly he raised his gaze, almost at once let it fall; engrossed in his work, continued to toss the sand and stood over it searchingly. But when they had gone by, once more he straightened, and, at the same time the girl looked back. Stalwart, black-headed, a sailor by his dress, he felt to make a sign, and, apparently any

and thrust them toward his pocket as he walked off. "Brazen hussy! But her ladyship shall know; and if she doesn't pack you off, bag and baggage—Eh? What is that?" And springing forward, the woman pounced upon something that lay on the sand.  
CHAPTER XXVIII.  
The Hesitation of the Marquis.  
The day of my lady's riding party dawned; in the east a tender flame burned, and, vanishing; left the heavens an unbroken blue. Shoreward the mists rolled up, until only in the neighborhood of the forts did the white, soft vapor linger. On the Mount itself sunshine held sway; it radiated from the fortifications, "craress of the rock," and gleamed on the church, "fiara of its majesty." It warmed a cold palace of marble; looked in at its windows, and threw bold shafts to lighten dark nooks and corners.  
But my lady, mistress of the Mount, seemed not to feel its benedict touch; standing in the full glow and looking from her casement she sighed; a little. Already was she dressed, and her habit of dark green, sitting close, served to accentuate the whiteness of her cheek which general absence of color, in turn, made the more manifest certain dark lines beneath the restless, bright eyes.  
"Your ladyship!"—After knocking in vain, Marie had entered the room and set down the small tray she carried. "There is something your ladyship ought to know!" with an air of excitement.  
"The Governor's daughter half turned. "What now, Marie?" she said sharply.  
"It's about Nanette!" My lady made a quick movement of annoyance, impatience. "I did not tell your ladyship, but I was averse to having her remain here. Your ladyship does not understand, of course, and—"  
"I do understand," said my lady unexpectedly. "And—you need not explain. I overheard you talking with her that night of the banquet!"  
"Your ladyship!" started.  
"And I heard you speak of her father, Pierre Laroche, friend of the Black Seigneur?"  
"And engaged her—after that?"  
"Why not? I could watch—and I have! But you were wrong, Marie! My lady's manner was feverish! Your suspicions were ridiculous. There has been nothing—nothing! And day after tomorrow is the wedding celebration, and the next day, he, the Black Seigneur!" She broke off abruptly.  
Had Marie been less wrought up, less excited, less concerned with the information she had to impart, she could not have failed to notice the odd break in her young mistress's voice; something unusual, almost akin to despair, in her manner. As it was, that which weligned on the old nurse's mind precluded close observation of the other.  
"But something has happened, my lady," the woman half stammered.  
"Comment!" The girl turned to her sharply. "What? Explain, Marie!"  
Disconcertedly, the woman launched into a narration of the events of the night before, my lady listened closely, with an interest and excitement she strove to conceal, half turning so that the other saw no longer her face.  
"And here," ended Marie, extending a crumpled fragment of paper, "is a piece of the note she dropped on the beach. The man tore it up, but by thrusting the bits of paper into his pocket this fell out, and, after he walked away, I picked it up myself from the sand. I can read as your ladyship knows, and there isn't much on it—only a word or two! But it may tell something."  
My lady's face was now composed; the hand she extended, steady; for several moments she regarded the fragment.  
"What does it say?" asked the woman anxiously. "Is it important?"  
Her mistress did not at once answer; twisting the bit of paper in her fingers, stood as if in thought, and the old nurse repeated her question.  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Church Music.  
Music has long been notoriously a provoker of discord. Once in my news-hunting days I suffered the ignominy of a scold on a choir rampus, and I dare repeat the story of lending an anxious ear to rumors of trouble in choir lofts. The average ladder-like Deum, built up for the display of the soprano's vocal prowess, has always struck me as an unpolished thing. I even believe that the horrors of highly embellished offertories are done much to tighten pursestrings and leaden generous impulses. The presence behind the pulpit of a languid quartette praising God on behalf of the bored sinners in the pews has always seemed to me the profanest of anomalies. Nor has long contemplation of vested choir in Episcopal churches shaken my belief that choir music should be an affair of the congregation.—Meredith Nicholson, in the Atlantic.

Value of Prayer.  
"Grandma."  
"Yes, Marjorie."  
"You know I just believe a whole lot in prayer."  
"Why, I'm glad to hear it; that's a good little girl."  
"Yes, I prayed the other day that auntie wouldn't be cross with me for breaking her little hand mirror."  
"And was she—"  
"No. She thought it was Uncle John who broke it, and I didn't tell her any better."  
Convenient Pad.  
For the convenience of persons who have small amounts of washing to do at home there has been invented a pad with a washboard sliding in grooves in one side.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)  
For a few moments the Governor's daughter, now standing in the center of her apartment, heard no sound from the other room; then a timid footstep approaching the door was followed by an indecisive rap.  
"Your ladyship rang?" inquired Marie turning a half guilty glance on her mistress.  
"Yes! Did I hear voices, as I came in?"  
"Did your ladyship?" I mean I was going to speak to your ladyship. It's my niece!" suddenly "On her way to Paris!"  
"Your niece?" The Governor's daughter looked at the other. "And you—  
"Your ladyship—" The woman flushed.  
"Of course, though, you must be! She is out there? Show her in!" quickly.  
"At once!"  
"Very well, my lady!" Marie's manner, however, was depressed as, stepping to the threshold, reluctantly she beckoned.  
Erect, with men almost antagonistic, Nanette entered and stood before the lady Elise. The latter did not at once speak, for a few moments the observant brown eyes passed in quick scrutiny over her visitor, noting the aggressive brows, the broad, strong face; the self-assertive pose of the well-developed figure. A woman to do to dare!—What?  
"You wished to see me?" Nanette first spoke. Marie lifted an expository hand. What bad manners, thus to dare! But my lady did not seem to notice "You are from one of the islands?" she began.  
"Yes."  
"Say 'my lady!' broke in the old nurse. "I trust your ladyship will pardon—"  
"Never mind, Marie!" with a quick gesture. "Your aunt tells me you are on your way to Paris!"  
"Yes—my lady!" with the slightest hesitation before the last two words. "To seek a situation as lady's maid!"  
"When are you leaving?"  
"Tomorrow morning, your ladyship!" interposed Marie quickly.  
"So soon?" My lady continued to address the girl. "You have had experience?"  
"No, my lady!"  
"Then how can you secure what you wish?"  
"How? At least, I can try!"  
"To be sure! You can try." My lady's eyes fell; she seemed to be thinking. "Still, it may be difficult; Paris is far away. And if you should fail," her fingers tapped nervously on the chair, "we are very busy at the Mount just now, she added suddenly, directing her glance full upon the other, "and there may be something here!"  
"Here! Your ladyship will keep me here!"  
Marie made a movement as if to speak, but her niece intercepted her. "I will do my best, my lady!"  
"Very well! Then shall you have a trial?"  
"Your ladyship!" interposed Marie.

The Governor's daughter got up quickly. "I am very tired, Marie; and wish now to be alone! You need not remain—I shall not want you again tonight!"  
The old nurse murmured a dejected response, turned away.  
"Thank you, ladyship." The girl's

or plenty, no doubt deserved!" returned the woman, with an accent of surprise. "At any rate, he seldom misses a mass. But why do you ask?"  
"Because I met him today and he invited me to walk with him this evening."  
"He did?" Marie's mouth grew firmer. "And you?"  
"I didn't exactly know how to refuse, he looked so old and respectable! I thought, too, you wouldn't mind—and I'm glad you think so well of him!"  
In the gathering gloom, the listener's face seemed suddenly to grow graver.

"It Gets Dark Early," Said the Girl.



CHAPTER XXVII.  
A Stroll on the Strand.  
"You are in a hurry, Monsieur Beppo?" aims akimbo, Nanette, standing in an embrasure of the rampart, called out to the Governor's man as he passed by.  
"Ah, Mistress Nanette," Beppo stopped readily enough. "I didn't see you at first."  
"Because you have more important matters to think of," she laughed, showing her strong white teeth.  
The fat-old man looked pleased; a few days before, Nanette had flashed a radiant smile at him from her casement, and, ever since, he had been inclined to regard her with favor.  
"Not more important, but duties that must be attended to! The wedding hour draws near." The island girl half turned her head; a shadow seemed to pass over the bold, sun-burned features. "And her ladyship gives tomorrow a riding party for her guests—a last celebration before she is led to the altar. I am on my way now to arrange about the escort."  
"A riding party?" Nanette spoke quickly. "You mean on horseback?"  
"How else?" said Beppo. "It is a pastime her ladyship has always been very fond of, even as a child. In those days, not without an accent of self-importance, it was my privilege."  
"Do they ride far?" interrupted Nanette with ill-suppressed eagerness.  
"To the old Monastery St. Raphael; an imposing ruin of tenth century architecture, my dear, he added pompously.  
"And where is it?"  
"Off the Paris highway, some ten miles from the Mount."  
"Ten miles? And the country is beautiful? Not open, sandy, like the shore?"  
"It partakes of a rugged grandeur. With forests around," quickly.  
"Yes," faintly. "You like forests, Mistress Nanette?"  
"When they are thick and wild—then I would like these!"  
The girl asked no further questions, yet still Beppo lingered, his glance seeming loath to withdraw from this caubert specimen of vigorous young womanhood. "Which way were you going, good Mistress Nanette?" he asked finally. "On second thoughts, I have a little time to spare and will walk along."  
Nanette looked down from the rampart toward the sands and the shore, did not answer, and, more insinuatingly, Beppo repeated his proposal. Nanette started.  
"La, Monsieur Beppo! I—I'm afraid it wouldn't do. There's my aunt," tossing her head, "that careful of me! Won't even let me go walking on the beach alone! Do you ever go walking on the beach, Monsieur Beppo?" she inquired suddenly, regarding him with an eloquent look.  
"I—it has not been my custom," he murmured. "But," the fishy eyes glistening brighter, "with you—if I might accompany you—"  
"Oh, I didn't mean that! Oh, no! Of course not! And I couldn't think of it. My aunt!"  
But when a few moments later, she turned, to walk quickly away, the round and shining face of Beppo, watching her disappear, wore not the look of a man who had allowed himself to be rebuffed.  
Out of his sight, Nanette's expression changed to one of somber thoughtfulness; it lingered as she entered the palace, with few swings, mounted the steps to her mistress's apartments; was still there, when she took a bit of embroidery from a table and seated herself at the window of an antechamber, bent over her task. Soon, however, she stopped, to sweep abruptly cloth and colored silks from her lap to the floor, and, leaning forward, her arm, brown hand, clasped over her knees, she seemed to be asking herself questions, or weighing some problem.  
"Yes, it is our only chance." In her eyes a steady glow replaced the varying lights, and, getting up with a sudden air of determination, Nanette crossed the room to where, near the door, stood a small desk. Glancing quickly around, she seated herself and, reaching for paper and pen, wrote carefully and somewhat laboriously a few words. She had finished, and was contemplating the result of her eager efforts when a hand at the door caused her to dash down the pen and

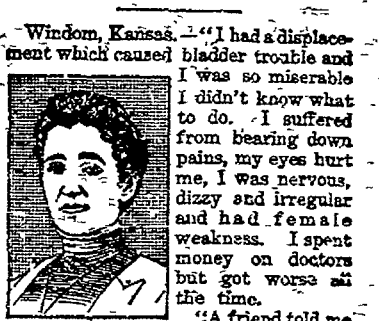
CHAPTER XXVIII.  
The Hesitation of the Marquis.  
The day of my lady's riding party dawned; in the east a tender flame burned, and, vanishing; left the heavens an unbroken blue. Shoreward the mists rolled up, until only in the neighborhood of the forts did the white, soft vapor linger. On the Mount itself sunshine held sway; it radiated from the fortifications, "craress of the rock," and gleamed on the church, "fiara of its majesty." It warmed a cold palace of marble; looked in at its windows, and threw bold shafts to lighten dark nooks and corners.  
But my lady, mistress of the Mount, seemed not to feel its benedict touch; standing in the full glow and looking from her casement she sighed; a little. Already was she dressed, and her habit of dark green, sitting close, served to accentuate the whiteness of her cheek which general absence of color, in turn, made the more manifest certain dark lines beneath the restless, bright eyes.  
"Your ladyship!"—After knocking in vain, Marie had entered the room and set down the small tray she carried. "There is something your ladyship ought to know!" with an air of excitement.  
"The Governor's daughter half turned. "What now, Marie?" she said sharply.  
"It's about Nanette!" My lady made a quick movement of annoyance, impatience. "I did not tell your ladyship, but I was averse to having her remain here. Your ladyship does not understand, of course, and—"  
"I do understand," said my lady unexpectedly. "And—you need not explain. I overheard you talking with her that night of the banquet!"  
"Your ladyship!" started.  
"And I heard you speak of her father, Pierre Laroche, friend of the Black Seigneur?"  
"And engaged her—after that?"  
"Why not? I could watch—and I have! But you were wrong, Marie! My lady's manner was feverish! Your suspicions were ridiculous. There has been nothing—nothing! And day after tomorrow is the wedding celebration, and the next day, he, the Black Seigneur!" She broke off abruptly.  
Had Marie been less wrought up, less excited, less concerned with the information she had to impart, she could not have failed to notice the odd break in her young mistress's voice; something unusual, almost akin to despair, in her manner. As it was, that which weligned on the old nurse's mind precluded close observation of the other.  
"But something has happened, my lady," the woman half stammered.  
"Comment!" The girl turned to her sharply. "What? Explain, Marie!"  
Disconcertedly, the woman launched into a narration of the events of the night before, my lady listened closely, with an interest and excitement she strove to conceal, half turning so that the other saw no longer her face.  
"And here," ended Marie, extending a crumpled fragment of paper, "is a piece of the note she dropped on the beach. The man tore it up, but by thrusting the bits of paper into his pocket this fell out, and, after he walked away, I picked it up myself from the sand. I can read as your ladyship knows, and there isn't much on it—only a word or two! But it may tell something."  
My lady's face was now composed; the hand she extended, steady; for several moments she regarded the fragment.  
"What does it say?" asked the woman anxiously. "Is it important?"  
Her mistress did not at once answer; twisting the bit of paper in her fingers, stood as if in thought, and the old nurse repeated her question.  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Church Music.  
Music has long been notoriously a provoker of discord. Once in my news-hunting days I suffered the ignominy of a scold on a choir rampus, and I dare repeat the story of lending an anxious ear to rumors of trouble in choir lofts. The average ladder-like Deum, built up for the display of the soprano's vocal prowess, has always struck me as an unpolished thing. I even believe that the horrors of highly embellished offertories are done much to tighten pursestrings and leaden generous impulses. The presence behind the pulpit of a languid quartette praising God on behalf of the bored sinners in the pews has always seemed to me the profanest of anomalies. Nor has long contemplation of vested choir in Episcopal churches shaken my belief that choir music should be an affair of the congregation.—Meredith Nicholson, in the Atlantic.

Value of Prayer.  
"Grandma."  
"Yes, Marjorie."  
"You know I just believe a whole lot in prayer."  
"Why, I'm glad to hear it; that's a good little girl."  
"Yes, I prayed the other day that auntie wouldn't be cross with me for breaking her little hand mirror."  
"And was she—"  
"No. She thought it was Uncle John who broke it, and I didn't tell her any better."  
Convenient Pad.  
For the convenience of persons who have small amounts of washing to do at home there has been invented a pad with a washboard sliding in grooves in one side.

## WOMAN TOOK FRIEND'S ADVICE

### And Found Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Windom, Kansas. "I had a displacement which caused bladder trouble and I was so miserable I didn't know what to do. I suffered from bearing down pains, my eyes hurt me, I was nervous, dizzy and irregular and had female weakness. I spent money on doctors but got worse all the time.  
"A friend told me about the Pinkham remedies and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was cured. I cannot praise your remedies enough for I know I never would have been well if I had not taken it."—Miss MARY A. HOBERT, Route No. 2, Box 41, Windom, Kansas.

Consider Well This Advice.  
No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.  
This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for nearly forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.  
If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

## Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure  
**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner, drowsiness—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

## DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

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

## DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, it kills all flies, gnats, mosquitoes, etc. It is a sure and reliable remedy for all insect pests. Write for FREE SAMPLE NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LTD., BUFFALO, N.Y.

## PARKE'S HAIR BALM

A safe preparation of menthol, eucalypti, and other fragrant oils. Keeps the hair clean and beautiful. Write for FREE SAMPLE NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LTD., BUFFALO, N.Y.

## His Views.

Wife—There is finish in that architect's work of our new house.  
Husband—Sure there is, but it's my finish.—Baltimore American

## Fatal Day Was Near.

"Charles seems to be very exacting," said a fond mamma to the dear girl who was dressing for the wedding.  
"Never mind, mamma," said she sweetly, "they are his last wishes."—Lippincott's

## Libby's Luncheon Delicacies





The Northville Record

Published by NEAL PRINTING CO.

Established 1889

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., AUG. 15, '13.

MAIL ORDER COMPETITION.

Although realizing that the big mail order houses of the country take hundreds of thousands of dollars of trade each year, many country merchants sit back complacently and let the business go to their out-of-town competitors without making a move to offset it.

How a small town merchant successfully combated the efforts of the big mail order houses to get his trade was told the other day by one Northville merchant.

Hearing a great deal of comment among his customers about the offering of a prominent catalogue house this merchant got a catalogue of the concern and told a customer he would place orders with that house for his trade without charge.

While the cost difference was small, the woman recognized the difference in values at once and ordered a shirtwaist priced in the catalogue at \$1.29.

Mail order houses have built up their business through judicious advertising, and the merchant who freely uses the columns of his local paper will soon find that he is suffering very little from out-of-town competition.

DETROIT STREET CAR SETTLEMENT.

Everybody is glad to know that at least the Detroit street car fare fight has been settled. For a dozen years this problem has been the life or death of countless politicians and the daily headline sensation for the newspapers.

Mowing the road side is compulsory in most states, but the law that makes it so seldom enforced. A man ought to have pride enough in his surroundings to keep the weeds down without a law that tells him to do so.

The Supreme Court has ruled that pedestrians have the same right at crossings as automobiles, but the difficulty is to induce a seven passenger car to stop and argue the matter.

Detroit streets must be pretty bad when the rats on Main thoroughfare

are so deep that a truck wagon overturned causing the death of a teamster.

If you want your town to cut a good figure before the world, subscribe to the home paper, and advertise as much as your business will fairly warrant.

Detroit people can now live in peace and enjoyment for a while, or until the newspapers and politicians dig up some more street car scrape.

Have you ever thought how thoroughly representative a newspaper is of its home town?

Of course in case a man's barn burns the fence corner is the safest place for farm machinery.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

F. W. Wheaton is entertaining his father.

Mrs. Ina Bauman is visiting relatives in Detroit.

Miss Marion Johnston is the guest of Detroit friends.

Miss Lucile Lanning is visiting friends in Detroit.

Mrs. Frank Sutton and children are visiting in Detroit.

Mrs. Albert Stanley is visiting relatives near Royal Oak.

Miss Hazel Perkins is on a week's vacation at Walled Lake.

Miss Harriet VanAlsem of Detroit is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Olen Pepper are visiting friends in St. Johns.

John McCully visited relatives in Leamington, Ont., Sunday.

Miss Ruth Teagan of Detroit spent Sunday at O. S. Harger's.

Mrs. Ashley has returned from a week's visit at Petersburg.

Gerald McIntyre of Detroit spent Sunday with Russell Stewart.

Mark Seeley is receiving a visit from his mother from Pontiac.

Bert Stark and wife and Edward Gay and wife are camping at Walled Lake.

Henry Ballard and family of Ypsilanti visited Northville friends over Sunday.

Bert Palmer of Detroit was the guest of N. I. Coff and family over Sunday.

John Fitzgibbon, special writer for the Detroit News, was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Neal leave today for a two weeks' auto tour through New York State.

Miss Ruby Daniels of Depue, N. V., is visiting her cousin, Mrs. G. W. Holaday.

Mrs. Lucy Clark is spending the week with friends in Lansing and Grand Rapids.

Edward Bogart, who is employed in Detroit, has been home for a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Lily Becker of Pontiac visited Northville, Plymouth and Novi friends this week.

Mrs. Chas. Ryder and three sons spent last week at the former's old home near Salem.

Mrs. W. H. Stark received a visit from her brother from New York state over Sunday.

Mrs. Catherine Wing has returned home from a seven weeks' visit at Jackson and Leslie.

Miss Ruth Green of Farmington spent a couple of days this week with Northville relatives.

Miss Lizzie Dallas of Philadelphia, Pa., is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. O. S. Harger.

Miss Marquis, who has been visiting friends in Chatham, Ont., the past week, returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Renney of Toronto, Ont., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Ponsford the first of the week.

Mrs. George Ford entertained Mrs. Arthur Severance and son of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. McKahan returned Saturday from Milwaukee, Wis., where they had been visiting their son.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McGure and son, Glenn, of Detroit spent Wednesday and Thursday with N. E. Bbgart and family.

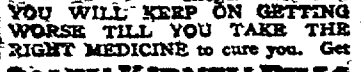
T. S. Ball and daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. R. Ball, left Thursday for a visit with relatives in Syracuse and other points in New York State. Dr. T.

For a good time come to the dance in the rink Saturday night.

A Good Investment. W. D. Magli, a well known merchant of Whitcomb, Wis., bought a stock of Chamberlain's medicines...

Are You Working?

NO MAN need be idle now unless sickness and ill-health keep him from working. Backache, Rheumatism and Lumbago afflict many a man for work.



YOU WILL KEEP ON GETTING WORSE TILL YOU TAKE THE RIGHT MEDICINE to cure you. Get FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS...

For Sale by all Druggists.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. F. R. ALEXANDER, DENTIST. Office over Stark Brother's Store. Hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Home phone 26. 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 2:30 and 8:00 to 7:80 p. m. Both Phones.

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

DR. R. 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: 377.

B. Henry will have charge of the institute during Mr. Ball's absence. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Baker visited in Orion Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Helen White of Lansing, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Jas. Savage. Mrs. Frank Boulton and children are visiting the former's parents at South Lyon.

Miss Elizabeth Emery of Detroit is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Spencer Clark, and other relatives here. Mrs. Jas. Gibson and two children of Wilcox spent Wednesday with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Ambler.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Davis of Lansing were guests at the Neal home yesterday, leaving for Detroit this noon. Mrs. Chas. Stewart of West Branch and sister, Mrs. Neumaier, of Cleveland, O., spent Tuesday at George Johnston's.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brown of Detroit were over Sunday visitors of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brown.

Mrs. W. H. Cattermole and two children and niece, Miss Hattie Newkirk, of Detroit, are camping at Walled Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Sessions and two children left Wednesday for Garson City to attend a reunion of the Sessions family.

Mrs. Mary-Judd and daughter of Columbus, Ohio, are visiting their cousin, Mrs. Helen Gray and brothers, Jovitt and S. E. Cranson.

Prof. and Mrs. J. D. LaRue leave next week for Ithaca where Mr. LaRue takes charge of the city schools for the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Dallas, who have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Harger, returned to their home in Philadelphia Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Stimpson returned to their home in Ann Arbor today, after a week's visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Stimpson.

Mrs. Rose Temple and daughter, Hilda, of Owosso, who have been visiting the former's sister, Mrs. H. James, and other relatives, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Croman of Des Moines, Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Terrill and daughter, Beverly, were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Terrill.

Mrs. Wm. Scotten and two children arrived here Monday from their summer outing at Tawas Beach. As soon as their new home is finished on Buchner heights they and Mr. Scotten will be living there, at the highest point in Wayne county.

Mr. and Mrs. Schrader, and daughter, Reva, Dr. and Mrs. Rickell and son, Ode and daughter, Percilla, Miss Hazel Perkins and Horace Boyden of Northville, O. D. Webster and Miss Hazel VanSickle of Detroit were guests at the Hinkley cottage at Union Lake Sunday.

Miss Grace Tremper returned home Saturday night from Tillsonburg, Ont., where she had been spending the past week. She was accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Ostrander who remained until Tuesday when she left for a two weeks' trip to Montreal and Quebec.

The Best Medicine in the World. My little girl had dysentery very bad. I thought she would die. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured her, and I can truthfully say that I think it is the best medicine in the world.

Advertisement for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION of the Lapham State Savings Bank at Northville, Michigan, at the close of business, Aug. 15, 1913, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

Table with 2 columns: RESOURCES and Amount. Includes Loans and Discounts, Commercial Deposits, Savings Department, Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, etc.

Table with 2 columns: LIABILITIES and Amount. Includes Capital Stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits net, Commercial deposits, etc.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.

I, E. H. Lapham, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief...

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of Aug. 1913.

Notary Public. Commission expires March 11, 1916.

Correct-Attest F. S. HARMON, A. B. SMITH, Directors.

Commenced business April 25, 1897.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION of the Northville State Savings Bank at Northville, Wayne county, Michigan, at the close of business Aug 15, 1913, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

Table with 2 columns: RESOURCES and Amount. Includes Loans and Discounts, Commercial Deposits, Savings Department, Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, etc.

Table with 2 columns: LIABILITIES and Amount. Includes Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits net, Commercial deposits, etc.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.

I, I. A. Babbitt, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief...

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of Aug. 1913.

Notary Public. Commission expires Jan 18th, 1917.

Correct-Attest L. W. SIMMONS, FRANK A. MILLER, C. H. COLDFREN, Directors.

Bank No 145 Organized Dec. 4, 1892.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS. F. A. MILLER, Propr. 109 Main St. NORTHVILLE.

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

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

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

S. LITSENBERGER PRACTICAL HORSESHOER



West Main St. NORTHVILLE. Bell Phone No. 77.

Seersuckers and Crepe Cloths, in White and Fancy Colors

THE WHITE HOUSE

Ratine in white, plain colors and stripes. 25c yd. Fringed Scarfs, all colors. 50c. Kimona Aprons, shepard checks, light and dark blues. Bargains in Lawns to close—Less than Cost. Embroideries, exceptional values. Good line of Underskirts, white, black and colors, at 50c, 75c and \$1.00. Kimonas. \$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.75. Dainty Foulards, the balance to close at 10% c yd. Pillow Tops—Lots of Choice.

EDWIN WHITE. NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Do You Know that NEVISON IS SELLING

Ball Fruit Jars, Quarts 50c doz. Ball Fruit Jars, Pints 40c doz. New York Full Cream Cheese 20c lb. White House Coffee 35c lb. Golden Sun Coffee 35c lb. Karoma Coffee 39c lb. Salada and Togo Tea 44c lb. Immense Value Baking Powder, regular 25c size 20c. Leader Condensed Milk 11c. Spaghetti or Macaroni 9c. Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes 9c.

N. NEVISON, NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

BEAUTIFUL WALLED LAKE

BUY A LOT ON THE RANDALL CHAPMAN FARM

THE NEW SUBDIVISION RECENTLY PLATTED BY HERMAN CZENKUSCH OF DETROIT AND WHICH IS AN IDEAL PLACE FOR A SUMMER HOME OR A DAYS' OUTING, THE GROVE BEING A DELIGHTFUL PLACE FOR PICNIC PARTIES.

PRICE WILL ADVANCE

THE PRICES ARE SURE TO ADVANCE ON THESE LOTS FOR THEY ARE BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED AND ARE SURE TO ATTRACT THOSE LOOKING FOR A DESIRABLE SPOT FOR A SUMMER HOME ON THE SHORE OF A BEAUTIFUL LAKE.

IT WILL BE A GOOD INVESTMENT

THE PLAT CAN BE SEEN AND PRICES OF THESE LOTS ASCERTAINED BY CALLING AT THE OFFICE OF

DR. E. F. HOLCOMB, FARMINGTON

DR. HOLCOMB WILL BE GLAD TO TAKE TO WALLED LAKE ALL PARTIES DESIRING TO INVESTIGATE THESE BARGAINS IN LOTS NEAR THIS BEAUTIFUL LAKE.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

Advertisement for CHICHESTER'S PILLS, featuring a portrait of a man and text about the medicine's benefits.

**All Wrong**

The Mistake is Made by Many Northville Citizens.

Look for the cause of backache. To be cured you must know the cause.

If it's weak kidneys you must set the kidneys working right.

A Northville resident tells you how.

Mrs. G. Barnhardt, Northville, Mich., says: "For a long time one of my family has had kidney trouble. He complained mostly of his back, but recently his condition was worse. His back was so lame he could hardly get around to work and there were sharp burning pains when the kidney secretions were passed. Not long ago he was compelled to stay in the house as he was so bad. For several days he was unable to straighten up and the pains got into his legs so that he couldn't walk without toppling over. He was advised to use Doan's Kidney Pills and I got some at McEwen's Drug Store. After using two boxes he had wonderful relief. His kidneys acted regularly and he is now able to do his work without trouble. He is still using Doan's Kidney Pills and is confident of a complete cure."

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

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

—Advertisement.

**HAPPENINGS IN LOCAL SOCIETY**

**Hot Saturday.**

Hay-fever days.

Nice rain Sunday.

Cold Sunday afternoon.

Noon gets full tomorrow.

Electric light bills next week.

Howell vs. Northville in a ball game at South Lyon this afternoon.

From 95 in the shade on Saturday to 80 in the sun on Sunday is going some.

Mrs. Andrew Harmon's mother continues in a critical condition, requiring her constant care.

Mr. and Mrs. James Duart of Howell were guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Judd Lansing, and family over Sunday.

The rains the past week have been a big help to the late crops, and the farmers are wearing a pleasant smile in consequence.

The Misses Margaret Buck and Susie Smith of Chatham, Ont., spent Friday and Saturday with Mrs. W. E. Ambler and Mrs. Paris.

Regular meeting of Orient Chapter No. 77 O. E. S. this Friday evening. This is the last meeting before our annual. Try and be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Charrier and daughter, Thelma, and Mrs. Winegard of Chatham, Ont., and Miss Iva Chrysler of Pontiac were guests of W. E. Ambler over Sunday.

A family picnic, including the Hargers, Dalleses and Fred Carpenter, wife and son, was held on Belle Isle last Friday, the occasion being a very enjoyable one.

Friday night's electric storm destroyed Carl Yerkes' farm barn two miles north-east of town. Harry Clark also lost a \$125 milch cow by the same element about the same hour, 10 o'clock.

Frank Woodman of Detroit was in town Monday. Mr. Woodman is chief designer for the American Art Glass company of Detroit and he made the beautiful designs for the new Presbyterian church windows in Northville.

A well known Northville business man put in a call for a Ypsilanti party Friday and after a long wait, got in his auto and drove over to that city and returned home to Northville again just as the operator was calling to tell him they had his Ypsilanti party for him.

On a business trip to Northville, a farmer decided to take home to his wife a present of shirt waist. Obliged to a store, he asked the lady clerk to show him some.

"What best?" asked she.

The farmer looked around quickly and answered: "I don't know, I didn't hear nothing."

Highway Commissioner Grant Putnam of Novi has been doing some splendid work on the roads in that town this summer. Excepting for half a mile or so from the P. M. crossing to Grand River the road is now graveled all the way from Northville to Walled Lake, and its a fine job too.

Oscar Hargreave has the prize pumpkin. It is a 14 pounder in perfect condition and is of the gathering of 1912. It has laid on a table in the cellar all winter and thus far this summer and its as good for pies as it was last fall. Oscar will take the pumpkin to the state fair this fall. It is certainly very remarkable.

Mrs. Lucy Cook entertained the following guests at her home on Randolph street Sunday: Her mother, Mrs. Phila Hamilton, Herman and Frank Hamilton and wife and Miss Jet Tiffin of Novi, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Burgess and daughter, Bernice, and Mr. Hayes of Detroit, Miss Vanderhagen of Grand Rapids, and Mrs. Ida Hendryx of this place.

Little Russell Parks spent Sunday at Joe Miller's and while trying to take a ride on one of the cattle, he was thrown off and a badly broken arm was the result. He was taken to Dr. Turner, who reduced the fracture and made him as comfortable as possible. Monday he was taken to Detroit and by the use of an X-ray it was found that the break was a serious one.

Dance in the rink Saturday night. Good music.

Torturing eczema spreads its burning area every day. Doan's Ointment quickly stops its spreading, instantly relieves the itching, cures it permanently. At any drug store.

—Advertisement.

**KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.**

Next Regular—Tuesday evening, Sept. 9.

W. L. TINKHAM, C. C.

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

Letters for the following persons are advertised at the postoffice this week:

Mr. D. Amato.

Mr. Herb Terry.

Mr. C. Al Lane.

Mr. M. Gallagher.

Miss Annie Brown.

Miss Dolie Milton.

Mrs. Anthony Beck.

Mr. Ernest Sigelberg.

Mrs. Schube Abbey, who has been quite ill, is better.

Minstrel show on the streets next week Saturday night.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Emil Sommers, Monday, August 4, a son.

Northville cornet band furnished music for the Gleaners' picnic at Perinville Thursday.

Miss Cecil Johnson left Monday for Pontiac to attend a house party given by Miss Helen Griggs of that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lyko and the latter's cousin, who is visiting her from Kalamazoo, left Thursday for a trip to Niagara Falls.

David Barber of Waterford, who recently suffered a stroke of paralysis, is in a very critical condition. His son, Will, is here from Texas.

Mrs. Harry King of Waterford died Tuesday night after a long illness of Bright's disease. She was about 45 years old and leaves no family.

As an added attraction for Saturday evening, August 23, Manager Porter has secured the "Adams-Scott-Lewis," colored shouters, dancers and banjo players. They are regular whirlwind and do some fine buck and wing dancing—as well as singing and guitar and violin manipulations.

At a church wedding Wednesday at the Thousand Islands Miss Minnie Gladys Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson of No 18 Phelps avenue, this city, became the bride of Harry Walton Nevers, of Brooklyn. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Belden, of the First Baptist church of Binghamton. The church had been handsomely decorated by the bride's island friends with ferns, pinns, pink roses and daisies—Rocheater Chronical.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Johnson were for some years residents of Northville.

**FARMINGTON NEWS.**

E. C. Grace has purchased a new Buick car.

Mrs. George Hendryx spent Wednesday in Detroit.

Miss Louise Chamberlain is spending a few weeks with relatives and friends at Ypsilanti and St. Johns.

Lightning struck the porch of F. M. Warner's farm house, Friday night during a severe storm but no serious damage was done.

Mrs. A. H. Phelps has remodeled the rooms over the Mass & Voss market and the pool room in her brick building on Grand River avenue and is making them into a pleasant seven room flat.

Fred M. Warner's subdivision is attracting a great many people from out of town as well as from the village. Many lots have been sold and the two new houses which was started a short time ago are well on the way to completion. This division is one of the nicest building spots on the Grand River road.

**WIXOM NEWS.**

Pearl Black is quite ill with quinsy.

Mrs. May Proud and daughters are visiting at Mt. Pleasant.

Isaac Ryel was home from Jackson a couple of days this week.

Miss Ellen Madison of Kingsbury, Mich., visited the Madison family this week.

Katherine Birch is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. E. Spaulding at Lapeer.

Miss Doris Butwell of Detroit is visiting Alice Decker and other friends.

Genevieve and Loretta VanJum of Detroit were Wixom visitors Friday and Saturday.

The Embroidery club held a picnic at the home of Mrs. John Gallagher Thursday.

Wm. Baum and family and Mrs. W. Chamberlain and daughters and Mr. and Mrs. Schofield were in Pontiac Monday.

Judd Calkins and family of Newark, were Wixom visitors this week.

J. G. Madison and wife were in Pontiac Monday.

Burglars broke into Chambers' brother's hardware store Monday night and took some razors and a quantity of jewelry.

**\$100 Reward, \$100.**

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

—Advertisement.

**OSCAR S. HARGER**

Real Estate Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

Estates Settled and Managed.

Insurance & Loans. Notary Public.

Ball Phone 60, 124 N. Center St. NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

**W. L. B. CLARK'S MILK ROUTE**

Sweet and Sour Cream

Furnished on Application.

**COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.**

In the matter of the estate of CHARLES M. JOSLIN, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Lapham State Savings Bank, in said county, on Thursday, the 9th day of October A. D. 1913, and on Tuesday, the 9th day of December A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 9th day of August A. D. 1913, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated August 9, 1913.

WILLIAM G. YERKES,  
EDWARD H. LAPHAM,  
Commissioners.

**WHAT THEY ARE PAYING.**

The Northville Market corrected up to date:

Wheat, white—51c. Red—52c.

Oats—38c

Shelled Corn—79c.

Baled Hay, per ton—\$14.00

Hogs, alive—\$9.00

Dressed Hogs—\$12.00

Cattle—\$9.00

Lamb—\$5.50

Veal Calves—\$4 tose. per lb.

Beef Hides—9c.

Eggs—19c. Butter—25c.

**Lapham State Savings Bank**

NORTHVILLE, MICH., AUGUST 9, 1913.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$104,215.13
Bonds, mortgages and securities	149,731.35
Overdrafts	333.82
Bank Building	12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures	4,000.00
Dues from Banks in Reserve Cities	43,663.39
Cash and Cash Items	14,091.63
	\$332,425.32

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund	4,000.00
Undivided Profits	4,352.04
Deposits	
Commercial	\$135,250.14
Savings	163,823.14
	\$332,425.32

Frank S. Harmon, President.  
Asa B. Smith, Vice-President.  
Edward H. Lapham, Cashier.  
Ernest Miller, Assistant Cashier.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

F. S. Harmon, Frank S. Mezi,  
Asa B. Smith, R. Christensen,  
W. G. Yerkes, Francis G. Terrill,  
Edward H. Lapham.

The continued growth of this bank is the best evidence of satisfactory service rendered its depositors. Open an account today.

**3A Folding Pocket KODAK PICTURE POST CARD SIZE Price \$20.00**

So capable as to meet the requirements of the expert. So simple as to fit the needs of the novice.

Kodak Simplicity, Quality and Efficiency all the way.

Other Models \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 ACCORDING TO SIZE.

Developing and Printing—Prompt Service.

Every Model from \$1.00 to \$25.00 IN STOCK.

**STANLEY'S DRUG STORE NORTHVILLE.**

**HURRAH! Grand Rally FORESTERS OF AMERICA PONTIAC Thursday, August 21, '13**

Special Cars Leave Northville at 5:15.

ALL MEMBERS BE ON HAND.

**HOTEL GRISWOLD**

DETROIT MICH EUROPEAN PLAN

\$150 PER DAY AND UP COR. GRAND RIVER AVE AND GRISWOLD ST. The POSTAL HOTEL CO.

A strictly modern and up to date hotel

Three minutes walk to Detroit's famous shopping district

Five minutes walk to all Theatres.

The Finest Cafe West of New York

FRED POSTAL, President; CHAS. POSTAL, Secretary.

**USE NYAL'S FACE CREAM**

FOR chapped skin, cracked lips, tan and sunburn—use Nyal's Face Cream, there's nothing quite so good. It's greenish and porous. Nyal's Face Cream is especially perfumed. You should prefer it above all others. It's sold in two sizes of ornamental jars, 25 and 50 cents. For your complexion's sake—use Nyal's Face Cream. We have the agency for this ideal face cream. Buy a jar of cream and when it's gone—only 15c. This cream is the Cream Supreme. Try it and you'll always buy it.

**T. E. MURDOCK**

**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 5:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11:15 p. m. 10:30 p. m. for Orchard Lake and Pontiac only. 11:15 p. m. for Farmington Junction only. 11:45 p. m.

Half 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 6:44 a. m., 8:44 a. m. and hourly to 6:44 p. m.; also 8:44 p. m., 10:15 p. m. and midnight.

**DETROIT NEWS ADS.**

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

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 House in Detroit

Complete Stock, Up to Date.

We have what you want in our NEW STORE.

Cor. Grand River and Library Aves.

**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.

For over a month past I have been troubled with constipation. Everything I ate upset it terribly. One of Chamberlain's advertising books 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 (3) boxes of them and can now eat almost everything that I want. For sale by all druggists.

—Advertisement.



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

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SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is needed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. Sergeant Hamlin meets the stage in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape to 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 LeFevre of being responsible for his disgrace. Troops appear and under escort of Lieut. Gaskins 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. Lieutenant Gaskins accuses Hamlin of being responsible for his disgrace. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly is company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw her over for LeFevre. Later he overhears Dupont and a soldier hatching up a money-making plot. Molly tells Hamlin her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister. Molly disappears and Hamlin sets out to track her. McDonald is ordered to report Ripley Hamlin, friend of McDonald's murdered body. He takes Wesson, a guide, and two troopers and goes in pursuit of the murderers, who had robbed McDonald's party in a fierce battle. He suspects Dupont. Conners, soldier accomplice of Dupont, is found murdered. Hamlin's party is caught in a fierce battle. He heads for the Cimarron. One man dies from cold and another almost succumbs. Wesson is shot as they come in sight of Mrs. Dupont's house. A fox cabin hidden under a bluff occupied by Hughes, a cow thief, who is loyal for LeFevre, who cheated him in a cattle deal. His description identifies LeFevre and Dupont as one and the same. Hughes shot Wesson mistaking him for one of LeFevre's party. Hamlin and Ripley take up the trail of LeFevre, who is carrying Molly to the Indian camp. Two days out they sight the fugitives. A high storm in which Hughes is shot by an Indian. Dupont makes a desperate attempt to shoot LeFevre, but kills Hamlin while the latter was performing a feat of heroism. Ripley Hamlin and Molly die. Molly tells Hamlin that her father was implicated in the plot to murder Mrs. Dupont. Hamlin confesses his love for Molly, and that if he is to live, Molly does. There her father was taken into the night.

Donald, he exclaimed frankly. "I have known Sergeant Hamlin for two years; he is a soldier and a gentleman." The red blood swept into her cheeks, her eyes brightening. "He is my soldier," she replied softly, "and the man I love." They rode together down the steep hillside covered with its mantle of snow to join the little body of troopers halted in the valley. Only once did Elliott speak. "You know Black Kettle's camp, Sergeant?" "We were almost within sight of it, sir. I saw his pony herd distinctly." "Where was that?" "On the Canadian, close to the mouth of Buffalo Creek." "Did you learn anything—as to the number of Indians with him?" "Nothing, definite, but it is a large encampment, not all Cheyennes." "So we heard, but were unable to discover the exact situation. We have been feeling our way forward cautiously. I fear it is going to be my unpleasant duty to separate you and Miss McDonald. We shall need your services as guide, and the lady will be far better off with the main column. Indeed some of the empty wagons are to be sent back to Camp Supply tonight, and probably Custer will deem it best that she return with them. This winter campaigning is going to be rough work, outside of the fighting. You know Custer, and his style; besides Sheridan is himself at Camp Supply in command." "You hear, Molly?" "Yes; of course, I will do whatever General Custer deems best. Are there any women at Camp Supply, Major?" "Yes, a few; camp women mostly, although there may be also an officer's wife or two—19th Kansas volunteers." "Then it will be best for me to go there, if I can," she smiled. "I am desperately in need of clothes." "I suspected as much. I will arrange to give you a quart at once. And you, Sergeant? As you are still under special orders I presume I have no authority to detain you in my command." "I prefer to remain, sir," grimly. "Dupont, Miss McDonald's captor, in ally and in Black Kettle's camp. We still have a feud to settle." "Good, then that is arranged, ah, Miss McDonald, allow me to present Lieutenant Chambers, Lieutenant, de tail three men to guard the lady back to the main column. Have her taken to General Custer at once." "Very well, sir, and the command?" Elliott looked at the Sergeant in quizzical. "That is for Sergeant Hamlin to determine, he has just been scouting through that country, and will act as guide." The Sergeant stood for a moment motionless beside his horse, studying the vast, snow-draped hillside. The region beyond the crest of the ridge enrolled before his memory. Then he still kept directly on up this valley, sir, he said at last. It's Wolf Creek, is it not? We shall be safer to keep out of sight today, and this depression must lead toward the Canadian. May I exchange mounts with one of those men going back, Major? I fear my pony is about done. "Certainly." There was no opportunity for anything save a simple grasp of the hand, etc. Molly rode away with her escort. Then the little column of troopers moved on, and Hamlin, glancing backward as he rode past took his piece in advance beside Major Elliott.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Indian Trail. The weather became colder as the day advanced. Scattered pellets of snow in the air lashed the faces of the troopers who rode steadily forward, the capes of their overcoats thrown over their heads for protection. The snow of the late storm lay in drifts along the banks of the narrow stream, and the horses picked their passage higher up where the wind had swept the trown earth clear, at the same time keeping well below the crest. As they thus toiled slowly forward, Hamlin related his story to the Major in detail, carefully concealing all suspicion of McDonald's connection with the crime. It was growing dusk when the company emerged into the Valley of the Canadian. All about them was desolation

and silence, and as they were still miles away from the position assigned for Black Kettle's encampment, the men were permitted to build fires, and prepare a warm meal under shelter of the bluffs. Two hours later the main column arrived and also went into camp. It was intensely cold but the men were cheerful as they ate their supper of smoky and half-roasted buffalo meat, bacon, hard-tack, and coffee.

In response to orders the Sergeant went down the line of tiny fires to report in person to Custer. He found that commander ensconced in a small tent, hastily erected in a little grove of cottonwoods, which afforded a slight protection from the piercing wind. Before him on the ground from which the snow had been swept lay a map of the region, while all about, pressed tightly into the narrow quarters, were his troop officers. As Hamlin was announced by the orderly, conversation ceased, and Custer surveyed the newcomer an instant in silence.

"Step forward, Sergeant," he said quietly. "Ah, yes; I had forgotten your name, but remember your face," he smiled about on the group. "We have been so scattered since our organization, gentlemen, that we are all comparative strangers." He stood up, lifting in one hand a tin cup of coffee. "Gentlemen; all we of the Seventh rejoice in the honor of the service, whether it be upheld by officer or enlisted man. I bid you drink a toast with me to Sergeant Hamlin."

"But, General, I have done nothing to deserve—" "Observe the modesty of a real hero. Yet wait until I am through with due regard for his achievements as a soldier. I propose this toast in commemoration of a greater deed of gallantry than those of arms—the capture of Miss Molly McDonald!" There was a quick uplifting of cups, a burst of laughter, and a volley of questions, the Sergeant staring about motionless, his face flushed.

"What is it, General?" "Tell us the story!" "Give us the joke!" "But I assure you it is no joke. I have it direct from the fair lips of the lady. Brace yourselves, gentlemen, for the shock. You young West Pointers lose, and yet the honor remains with the regiment." Miss Molly McDonald, the toast of old Fort Dodge whose bright eyes have won all your hearts, has given hers to Sergeant Hamlin of the Seventh. And now again boys, to the honor of the regiment!

Out of the buzz of conversation and the hearty words of congratulation, Hamlin emerged bewildered, finding himself again facing Custer, whose manner had as swiftly changed into the brusque note of command. "I have met you before, Sergeant," he said slowly. "Before your assignment to the Seventh I think I am not sure where we were in the Shenandoah." "I was, sir." "At Winchester?" "I saw you first at Cedar Creek, General Custer, I brought a flag." "That's it, I have the incident



"He is My Soldier and the Man I Love."

clearly before me now. You were a lieutenant-colonel?" "Of the Fourth Texas, sir." "Exactly; I think I heard later—but never mind that now. Sheridan remembers you, he even mentioned your name to me a few weeks ago. No doubt that was what caused me to recognize your face again after all these years. How long have you been in our service?" "Ever since the war closed." "For a moment the two men looked into each others' faces, the command or smiling, the enlisted man at respectful attention. "I will talk with you at some future time, Sergeant," Custer said at last, resuming his seat on a log. "Now we shall have to consider tomorrow's march. Were you within sight of Black Kettle's camp?" "No, sir; only of his pony herd out in the valley of the Canadian." "Where would you suppose the camp situated?" "Above, behind the bluffs, about

the mouth of Buffalo Creek." Custer drew the map toward him, scrutinizing it carefully. "You may be right, of course," he commented, his glance on the faces of the officers, "but this does not agree with the understanding at Camp Supply, nor the report of our Indian scouts. We supposed Black Kettle to be farther south on the Washita. How large was the pony herd?" "We were not near enough to count the animals, sir, but there must have been two hundred head." "A large party then, at least. What do you say, Corbin?"

The scout addressed, conspicuous in his buffalo skin coat, leaned against the tent-pole, his black whiskers moving industriously as he chewed. "Wal, General," he said slowly, "I know this yer 'Brick' Hamlin, an' he's a right smart plainsman, sojer 'er no sojer. If he says he saw that pony herd, then he sure did. That means a considerable bunch of 'Injuns thar, er tharabouts. Now I know Black Kettle's outfit is down on the Washita, so the only conclusion is that this yer band that the Sergeant stirred up is some new tribe er other, a-driftin' down from the north. I reckon if we ride up ther valley we'll hit their trail, an' it'll lead straight down to them Cheyennes."

Custer took time to consider this explanation, spreading the field map out on his knees, and measuring the distance between the streams. No one in the little group spoke, although several leaned forward eagerly. The chief was not a man to ask advice; he preferred to decide for himself. Suddenly he straightened up and threw back his head to look about.

"In my judgment Corbin is right, gentlemen," he said impetuously. "I had intended crossing here, but instead we will go further up stream. There is doubtless a ford near Buffalo Creek, and if we can strike an Indian trail leading to the Washita, we can follow easily by night, or day, and it is bound to terminate at Black Kettle's camp. Return to your troops, and be ready to march at daybreak. Major Elliott, you will take the advance again, at least three hours ahead of the main column. Move with caution, your flankers well out; both Hamlin and Corbin will go with you. Are there any questions?"

"Full field equipment?" asked a voice. "Certainly, although in case of going into action the overcoats will be discarded. Look over your ammunition carefully tonight." They filed out of the tent one by one, some of the other officers pausing a moment to speak with Hamlin, his own captain extending his hand cordially, with a warm word of commendation. The Sergeant and Major Elliott alone remained.

If I strike a fresh trail, General, asked the latter, "am I to press forward or wait for the main body?" "Send back a courier at once, but advance cautiously, careful not to expose yourselves. There is to be no attack except in surprise and with full force. This is important, Major, as we are doubtless outnumbered, ten to one. Was there something else, Sergeant?"

"I was going to ask about Miss McDonald, sir?" "Oh, yes, she is safely on her way to Camp Supply under ample guard. The convoy was to stop on the Cimarron, and pick up the frozen bodies you left there, and if possible, find the bodies of the two dead men." Long before daylight Elliott's advance camp was under arms, the chilled and sleepy troopers moving forward through the drifted snow of the north bank, the waxy wind sweeping down the valley, stung their faces and numbened their bodies. The night had been cold and blustering, productive of little comfort to either man or beast, but hope of early action animated the troopers and made them oblivious to hardship. There was little grumbling in the ranks, and by daybreak the head of the long column came opposite the opening into the valley, wherein Hamlin had overtaken the fugitives. With Corbin beside him the Sergeant spurred his pony, aside, but there was little to see, the bodies of the dead lay as they had fallen, black blotches on the snow, but there were no fresh trails to show that either Dupont, or any Indian ally, had returned to the spot.

"That's evidence enough," Brick commented the scout, starting about warily, "that thar was no permanent camp over thar," waving his hand toward the crest of the ridge. "Them redskins was on the march, an' that geezer had ter follow 'em, er else starve to death. He'd a bin back afore this, an' on yer trail with a bunch o' young bucks." (TO BE CONTINUED)

Cruel Form of Punishment. A species of punishment, reminiscent of barbarism, was meted out a few days ago to a seven-year-old boy of Kiyosu, Japan, by the child's father. The little lad committed some trivial act of disobedience, and the father punished him by burying him for forty-eight hours in a hole in the ground, leaving only his head above the surface.

Had Good Precedent. When J. Sloat Fassett, of New York was making one of his campaigns for congress his Democratic opponent derided him because he parts his name in the middle. "I admit it," said Fassett in a speech soon afterward, "and I am not ashamed of it." So long as E. Pluribus Unum can stand it, to have his name parted in the middle, I think I can, too.

clothes, there are unquestionably magicians still.—London Telegraph

Here's Walter Johnson Washington "Nationals" (American League) one of the speediest pitchers of either of the big leagues—he Drinks Coca-Cola He's got the head, the arm, the ginger and the endurance. Coca-Cola didn't give him them; but he says it's the one best beverage for the athlete in training. The Successful Thirst-Quencher For Ball Players—and YOU Send for Free Booklet. THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

OTHERS ALSO IN HARD LUCK

Youthful Artist, However, Was in No Mood to Extend Sympathy to Fellow Unfortunate.

Two youthful artists having a studio in Philadelphia, wherein they not only work, but lodge as well, were obliged to make shift, not long ago, during a period of financial stress, with such meals as they could themselves prepare in the studio.

One morning as the younger of the two was "sketching in" the coffee he gave utterance to loud and bitter complaint. "This is a fine way for gentlemen to live!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I don't know," was the airy comment of his friend. "Lots of people are far worse off. I was reading only this morning of a recluse who cooked his own breakfast for 19 years."

"He must have been awfully angry when he finally got it done," rejoined the other, savagely.—Harper's Magazine

Exact Statement. Some one has said that the man who laughs is the man who is secure in superior information, wisdom, wit or sophistry. The navete of the Sudan supplies plenty of food for this kind of laughter.

There is the story of a telegraph clerk in an outlying district of the White Nile who, finding the desolation upon his horse, telegraphed to headquarters "Cannot stay here, am in danger of life, am surrounded by lions, elephants and wolves."

The hard-hearted operator at the other end wired back "There are no wolves in the Sudan."

He received a second wire referring to his wire "Oh, cancel wolves"—Youth Companion

Success demands sacrifice. Two men set out to achieve fame. One succeeded. The other lived.—Louis Hero

GOOD RESULT OF SUGGESTION

Chance Phrases and Ideas That Have Been Utilized and Found to Have Real Value.

Richard Mansfield told me that when he was a lad in London he often nearly starved. There was a certain bakeshop where he would go and feast upon the odors coming from the door. The boyhood notion gave him the idea of putting those lines in his play "Beau Brummel," about "dipping on the names of things"—a suggestion he used with powerful dramatic effect.

This idea of suggestion has done many a good deed. About ninety years ago a thirsty man walked up Wall street—I understand the habit of getting a thirst no longer prevails there, or maybe it is only the manner of allaying it—and pumped a tuncup full of water from his own well. "Not so good as I used to get from my father's well," or something to that effect he remarked to his wife. "A pretty idea for a song," said she, and so he sat down and in an hour wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket."—Philadelphia Ledger

Too Candid an Agreement. "Lovers are prone to self-depreciation," said he tonight, as they sat looking at the stars. "I do not understand what you see in me that you love so much."

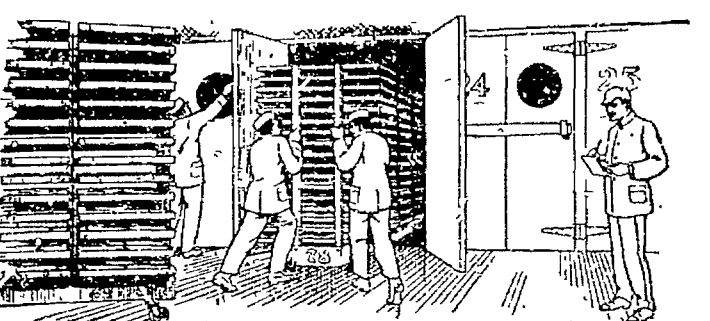
"That's what everybody says," gurgled the ingenuous maiden.

Then the sterner became so deep that you could hear the stars twinkling.

Rather Loud, Eh? Fred—I understand that Ethel's new dress is the latest in harem. Almer—Yes; it's a regular harem.—Dorchester Jack & Lantern.

Judging from their actions a man sometimes wanders if his friends are not enemies in disguise.

We Cook the Breakfast



Your Part is Easy

(The above shows one of many huge ovens in which Grape-Nuts food is given a second baking—from 12 to 16 hours.)

A delicious, wholesome food that is perfectly baked in the spotless kitchens of Postumville—ready to serve direct from the package—

Grape-Nuts

made from choice whole wheat and malted barley.

Medical investigation has found the outer coat of these grains to be rich in "phosphates" which go to make up body and nerve tissues.

In making Grape-Nuts the whole grains are used, including the outer coat of the wheat with its content of natural Phosphate of Potash—so essential for the well-balanced nourishment of muscle, brain and nerves.

Hosts of active, thinking people, who enjoy their Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast every morning and keep well and happy, know

"There's a Reason"

Thousands visit the Grape-Nuts factories each year and watch the interesting processes. You are most welcome!

WHEN WIZARDS CUT LOOSE

Compete Among Themselves in Performance of Wonders at Banquet in London.

The wizards at Anderson's hotel at the seventh annual banquet of the Magic Circle, under the presidency of Miss Maskelyne, bore themselves like ordinary citizens for the greater part of the evening. Their real and extraordinary nature came out, however, at last. The magicians began compet-

ing among themselves in the performance of wonders.

Cecil Lyle started hat trimming by magic, causing an ostrich plume and some white fox trimming to drape itself on an untrimmed hat without the agency of human hands. Chris Hilton manufactured Union Jacks and other flags out of plain colored handkerchiefs. William Dawkes fused a number of billiard balls into one. Herbert Colings produced out of an empty sealed envelope replies to advertisements taken at random from a

daily newspaper while Dr. Herschell carried out a series of uncanny tricks with cards. In an interval, when the normal reigns for a time, Miss Sybil Goodchild sang one or two songs immediately afterwards, however, the magicians recommenced competing one against the other in bewildering exhibitions of magical skill.

It was self-evident that evening dress, so far as modern magicians are concerned, is a mere decoration. Even without the wand, the pointed shoes and the cabalistic signs upon their

clothes, there are unquestionably magicians still.—London Telegraph



# HIT THE WRONG MAN

How the Making of a Black Eye Brought Happiness to Two.

By JAMES HALE.

Collins was in a very uncomfortable frame of mind as he journeyed downtown in the Subway. He had been unemployed for nearly two months and was fast approaching the end of his resources when he answered the promising advertisement in the newspaper. An invitation to call was the response, and Collins was almost certain that his application would be "turned down."

The reason for this pessimistic conclusion was that both the advertisement and the letter especially stated that the advertiser wanted a "clean-cut" man. Collins did not know what a clean-cut man was, but he had always associated the phrase in his mind with the mental picture of one of those tailoring advertisements that appear so lavishly in the periodical press, wherein a youth of aristocratic bearing and classical build is shown, carelessly dressed in clothes that have evidently been moulded to his figure. Collins was decidedly not a clothes horse type. His hair was curly, where it should have been straight; his nose was a little retroussé, and his shoulders sloped a little, as all muscular shoulders do, and were wholly innocent of padding. Decidedly Collins was not "clean-cut" in the fashion-plate sense.

The car was crowded and Collins was hanging to a strap. He fell to watching the face of a girl who was seated opposite. It was one of those sweet, composed faces which are so rarely seen in cities, and which, when seen, impress themselves for a long time upon the mind of the beholder. She might be a stenographer, Collins thought, going to her work in the downtown section. A girl of respon-



"Won't You Accept My Humble Apologies?"

sibility too, no doubt, for there was a quiet self-confidence in her manner which made her, quite unconsciously, a personality among the nondescript humanity that crowded the car. Her hair was light brown, and her eyes, Collins perceived, when she lifted them, for a moment in his direction, were his favorite color—at least, at that moment—blue-gray.

On one side of her sat a swarthy, mean-visaged individual, a common Subway type. On the other sat a puffy-faced gentleman, reading his newspaper. Collins took all this in, but his mind was busy with the prospective interview, and the thought drove away the arrows of the busy little god. Allison was the head of an important corporation, and the whole of Collins' future hinged upon Allison's definition of a "clean-cut" man. Collins had totally forgotten the girl by the time the train stopped at Brooklyn bridge.

Suddenly his attention was drawn to her by hearing her exclaim in a low, well-modulated voice, but expressive of intense scorn:

"Will you kindly stop pressing my arm, sir?"

His nerves were already tingling. This slight incident completely upset his equilibrium. He saw the puffy-faced man, who had begun to look exceedingly uncomfortable, apparently attempting to conceal himself behind his newspaper. On the other side of the girl the mean-faced individual was snickering, evidently at her indignation. It was just a common Subway incident. The puffy-faced man was evidently one of those despicable creatures who make a practice of molesting women. Collins leaped forward and dragged the puffy-faced man from his seat. Holding him by the collar with one hand he delivered a clean uppercut with the free fist, and had the satisfaction of landing squarely upon the puffy-faced man's optic.

Instantly the car was in an uproar. Collins found himself the center of a mass of struggling humanity. A man was clapping him on the shoulder and shouting approvingly. "Well done, young fellow!" he exclaimed. "That's the way we Southerners would do. Give him what he deserves!" Others were straining to get at the puffy-faced man, who, prone on the floor, was endeavoring to shield himself from a rain of kicks and blows.

Collins worked himself free and tried to help the girl through the

thing. He rushed her and offered her his arm. She declined it indignantly, and Collins, crestfallen, followed her to the car door, where he was at once seized by a gray-coated Subway guard.

"Hold him!" yelled the puffy-faced man, who, hatless and coatless, now appeared on the scene. Even then Collins noticed with satisfaction that his eye was nearly closed and surrounded by a widening circle of black, shading off into a medley of crimson, magenta, and maroon. "That's the fellow that assaulted and tried to rob me."

Collins saw the girl stop suddenly, hesitate, and then return impulsively toward him. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"No, it is a mistake," she said. "This gentleman tried to protect me against a despicable fellow who was insulting me, only—only—"

Her lips were trembling and she was evidently overcome by her emotion. Collins looked up, wretched to think that he should have been the cause of bringing tears to her eyes. Then, to his amazement, he saw that it was mirth, not fear, that agitated her.

"Only he struck the wrong man," she said. "This gentleman was perfectly innocent."

"Innocent!" snorted the puffy-faced man. "I should say that I am innocent. I am a family man, and I can't go home with a black eye. Besides, I'm a churchwarden, and there's nothing in my life I have to conceal. My name is Robert B. Allison, president of the Western Manufacturing company, and the little influence that I have I shall use to see that this young black-guard gets the punishment he deserves."

Collins was thunderstruck at this piece of information. Surely fate had dealt very hardly with him. The puffy-faced man, who had now adjusted his coat and hat, did not look much like a prospective employer.

"Mr. Allison," he said impulsively. "I don't care for myself, but if you are a gentleman you will let me get this lady out of this crowd. Won't you accept my humble apologies? My name is Collins—Frank Collins, and I was on my way downtown to apply to you for a position. I lose the position; let us call the account even."

"You are Mr. Allison?" exclaimed the girl. "Why, I am Grace Loomis, and I was on my way to your office in answer to your letter to call concerning a private secretaryship."

There was an awful silence. Collins dared not look up. The crowd was melting away; the three stood there together, for even the guard, seeing the turn matters were taking, had wisely gone about his business. Suddenly a roar burst from Allison's lips. "Good Lord, that's one on me!" he said. "I can't afford to have it get about that I was molested by one of my employees to punish me for insulting my secretary. Besides, I need you both to give evidence to my wife about my eye. Come on down to my office and we'll adjust matters. Mr. Collins, your first official act will be to buy me an eye-plaster. You're a clean-cut man, sir, and a clean uppercut man too. You're both engaged."

But somehow there was a lurking double meaning in that last word that made Miss Loomis blush.

(Copyright, 1913 by W. G. Chapman)

**Mighty Y. M. C. A.**  
Three-score years ago, T. V. Sullivan, a sea captain, organized in Boston a new business, modeled after something he had heard existed in England. It was different from any American business then in existence. The new venture began in a very small way, with practically no capital and no backing. As it became a demonstrated success, capital came to it and men of affairs became interested in the management.

Today this organization has thousands of employees. It has 2,196 offices in almost as many American cities. Its expenses are more than ten million dollars a year. It has recently erected a building in Chicago worth \$300,000, one in New York costing \$400,000, and another in Cleveland valued at \$953,000. It is building an office building in Atlanta at a cost of \$442,000, another in Philadelphia valued at \$637,000, and a third in Boston at an expenditure of \$1,200,000. For five years this corporation has been erecting branch houses at the rate of one every six days. All told, it owns 725 buildings. Its real estate is worth \$70,000,000, and it has maintenance funds of \$14,000,000 more, giving it a total capital of \$84,000,000. The name of this organization is the Young Men's Christian association. Its business is the conservation of America's manhood—World's Work.

**Still Works at Handloom.**

The last of the handloom weavers of Wales, a man named Williams, was present at the Home Arts and Industries exhibition at the Albert hall, London, not long since. Although he was married only a few days before the exhibition, his enthusiasm for Welsh fabrics is so great that he spent the first part of his honeymoon in displaying them. For 400 years without a break the Williamses of Denbighshire have worked their silk looms. Mrs. Williams declares that she will now give up her drapery shop, acquire a small loom, and create her own designs. Williams made petticoats of silk linsey for Queen Victoria, and he has made some for the queen.

**Very Embarrassing.**  
Deacon (anxiously)—I wish that our young minister weren't obliged to preach to such a small congregation.  
Widow—So do I. Every time he said "dearly beloved" this morning I felt as if I had received a proposal.

# Practical Fashions

LADY'S MATERNITY GOWN.



6229

In this gown there is no attempt at making even the semblance of a dress. The inner body lining can be laced at the darts and down the front and the outer portion, with its short empire bodice and skirt with double box plait in front and back will give as much as is needed for comfort and looks. Challis, saten, outing flannel, lawn, gingham, ratine, and other soft, thin fabrics are suitable for this gown.

The gown pattern (6229) is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 6 3/4 yards of 36 inch material, 5/8 yard of 2 1/2 inch all-over and 1 1/4 yards of 70 inch lining. 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. 6229 = SIZE.....  
NAME.....  
TOWN.....  
STREET AND NO.....  
STATE.....

GIRL'S DRESS.



6260

This simple but dainty and stylish frock has a long body with tucks or gathers at the shoulders and along the edge of the small yoke. The skirt is also gathered and the sleeves may be short or long. Batiste, lawn, dimity, gingham, cotton voile and other soft fabrics will make up nicely in this style.

The dress pattern (6260) is cut in sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Medium size requires 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch 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. 6260. = SIZE.....  
NAME.....  
TOWN.....  
STREET AND NO.....  
STATE.....

**Accounting for the Balkan Hatred.**  
"I can't figger it out any other way," mused Stanley Livingston Mutschaw, the amateur philosopher, "that the Serbs, Bulgars, Roumanians and the rest of those feverish folks in the Balkan states are all related to each other by marriage—brothers-in-law, mostly, I should judge. Otherwise there seems no way of accounting for the hearty, whole-souled manner in which they hate each other."—Kansas City Star

**Largest of All Barometers.**  
The big barometer at Faenza, Italy, set up some years ago as a memorial to Torricelli, is thought to be the biggest of all such instruments. The oil column in this barometer stands normally at about thirty-seven feet, and its fluctuations are read in feet instead of inches, as in the case of ordinary thermometers.

**Of Little Value to the World.**  
A face which cannot smile is like a bud which cannot blossom, which dries up on the stem.—Richter.

**He Guessed He Knew.**  
One of the keepers at the bird-house in Bronx park has a "nature story" to tell. There came to the park a public school teacher and a class of children. They stood by the great open-air cage. One of the birds was a goose.  
"Now, children," the teacher asked, "what is the male of the goose called?"  
After a full half-minute, a boy of Scotch ancestry ventured to answer: "I think I know, teacher; he's a mongoose."—New York Evening Post.

# ITCHING TERRIBLE ON LIMB

R. F. D. No. 3, Clarkfield, Minn.—"My trouble was of long standing. It started with some small red and yellow spots about the size of a pin head on my leg and every morning there was a dry scale on top covering the affected part and when those scales were falling off the itching was more than I could stand at times. The first year I did not mind it so much as it was only itching very badly at times, but the second year it advanced all around my leg and the itching was terrible. I had to be very careful to have my clothing around the affected part very loose. At night time I often happened to scratch the sore in my sleep. Then I had to stand up, get out of bed and walk the floor till the spell was over."

"I bought lots of ointments and tried many different kinds of medicine but without any success. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a fifty-cent box of Cuticura Ointment and when I had used them I was nearly over the itching. But I kept on with the Cuticura Soap for six weeks and the cure was complete." (Signed) S. O. Gordon, Nov. 20, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 22-p Skin Book. Address post card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

**High Note, Probably.**  
"Don't you think the tenor sings with a great deal of feeling?"  
"Yes. He seems to be feeling for something he can't reach."

**Important to Mothers.**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for *Wheeler's Castoria*.

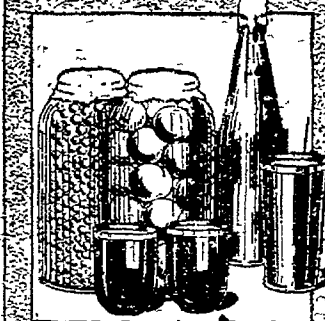
**Of Course, the Composer.**  
An Englishman who had been a long time toward the world was one day annoyed with a report of his return which appeared in a local paper. This report read:

"A numerous file is reported of 'that he is unhappy'."  
He did not know that the offender was the composer, who, in setting up the report had omitted a letter "e," thus substituting the word "unhappy" for "unhappy," which the reporter had written.

**New Name for Banglow.**  
A carpenter contractor had been fixing up a small home for a prosperous European American workman in an outlying district. "Come up to my office," he said to the prospective patron "and we will look over some plans in a book I have." The young man came to the office and spent some time looking over the plans with the contractor who finally inquired "Have you thought anything about the kind of a place you wish to build? What do you think of a nice cottage?" "I do know," replied the young man "but I think maybe we like have nice banghole."—Youngstown Telegram

**Could Afford It Now.**  
"Why have you cut that lady who has just passed? Yesterday you were most cordial to her." "That is my dressmaker, and I paid her oil this morning."

Some spinsters advance step by step until they become stepmothers.



# Just as Easy!

Preserving is now a pleasure—thanks to Parowax. For fruits, vegetable, jellies, catsup and chow-chow, when sealed with Parowax, indefinitely retain their natural flavor. And their sealing is as simple as can be.

Up the tops of jars and canning bottles is melted Parowax. Or pour this pure paraffine directly on top of contents of each jelly glass. Result—a perfect air-tight, mould-proof seal. It is even simpler than it sounds. It is as cheap as it is easy. Not even paper covers need be used.

# Parowax

is pure, refined paraffine—tasteless and odorless. It has many valued household uses. In the laundry, for instance, it is invaluable. In the wash boiler, it cleans and whitens clothes. A bit of Parowax in the starch imparts a beautiful finish in the ironing. Parowax cannot injure the most delicate of fabrics or colors. Remember to order from your dealer today.

# Preserve and Jelly Recipes by Mrs. Rorer

A collection of prized recipes by this celebrated culinary expert—fully sent upon request.

Standard Oil Company (AN INDIANA CORPORATION) CHICAGO, ILL.

# Save Your Health

Most sicknesses that impair health have their start in quite ordinary ailments of the organs of digestion, or elimination. Stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are quickly benefited by the action of

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 33-1913.

# Summer Clothes.

Mildred Lawson, a pretty American dancing girl, made her debut in London last month, and the English critics, while admiring her dances, complained a good deal about the scantiness of her costumes. Miss Lawson went to some of these English criticisms to a New York agent the other day, and in a letter accompanying them she said: "You'll notice that they kick a lot about my dresses. But what's the use, say I—what's the use of making such a fuss about nothing, or almost nothing?"

# Know What to Expect.

Husband (at 11 p. m.)—Well, good night, you fellows. I am going home to a vegetarian supper.  
"What do you mean by that?" asked one of the company.  
"Well, my wife said that if I was not at home by 10 o'clock she would give me beans."—Stray Stories.

# Not So Slow.

"What is your brother's walk in life?"  
"He hasn't any."  
"He hasn't?"  
"No; he's a chauffeur."

# Parcel Post.

"Is a bulldog mailable?"  
"Yes; but not in this mail. Cats and pigs go in this mail."

A woman is unpopular with her neighbors if she never does anything that they can gossip about.

**"Hey, Skinnay, Come on over!"**

Post Toasties

Postum Cereal Co., Limited



Horse Department

By N. P. HULL,

Vice President of the Michigan State Fair and Superintendent of the Horse Department.



ESTIMATES place the value of Michigan's farm horses alone at \$86,000,000. In this the horses in the cities are not taken into consideration. Then they say that the death knell of the horse was sounded with the coming of the steel spades, the autos. What the State Fair is endeavoring to do is to encourage the breeding of those types which give the greatest service on the farm. We are making every effort to secure the most attractive exhibit of heavy horses the Fair has ever known this year.

There has been a steady increase in this class the last ten years and there is every indication that the 1915 contest will show a healthy growth over any previous year.

There will be unusual features in this year's horse department to attract the attention of western breeders. Liberal prizes under distinct classifications are offered for some of the following well known and approved types: Percheron, Clydesdale, Shire, Belgian, French and German coach.

Special prizes are also offered for stallions, "bred, owned, in service and registered in Michigan." In addition to the many handsome awards presented to successful competitors by the Fair, there will be several valuable medals and cups given by the horse breeding associations.

BIG AWARDS FOR POTATOES.

State Fair Alters Conditions on "Spuds"—Ward Libber.

A change in the manner of awarding premiums for superior potatoes will be instituted at the Michigan State Fair this year.

In the past there has been an end of uncertainty as to the method of awarding prizes. It is not the intention of the Fair to encourage any such practice.

This year the fair growers have got together and expressed a desire to reform in the matter of awarding prizes, and the Fair officials have responded to their appeals.

The increase of the rewards for perfected produce in this and other lines will be an incentive for Michigan growers to produce the best food-stuffs.

Any instruction which elevates the standard of food products is deserving of the support and encouragement of a good thinking citizen of the state.

SPEED TESTS AT THE STATE FAIR

World's Foremost Auto Drivers to Compete.

MOST POWERFUL MACHINES

Oldfield, Disbrow, Burman, Mulford and Others to Perform on Sept. 20. Will Be Actual Competitions and Not Exhibitions—Electrical Timing Devices—Races Are Sanctioned Ones.

This year's Michigan State Fair auto races will easily take precedence over any similar tests ever held in connection with the Fair if not in the middle west.

Saturday, Sept. 20, is the day set for this year's speed carnival. Those who have seen such daring performers as Ralph Mulford, Louis Disbrow, Teddy Tetzlaff, Barney Oldfield, Bill Endicott and "Wild Bob" Burman in action can well realize what a treat is in store for Michigan State Fair visitors this year.

Not one of these men but is the possessor of some national record or distinction, and with the rich prizes hung up by the Fair authorities some dirt track records are sure to be crumbled by the winners.

It will be remembered that Ralph Mulford, Burman and Louis Disbrow finished well in the money in the big Indianapolis speedway contest on Decoration day. Those pilots are in themselves enough to insure the success of the races, not to mention such internationally known men as Barney Oldfield, Teddy Tetzlaff and Endicott.

To what around a circular mile track in a minute is a thrilling exhibition, but State Fair visitors are sure to see much faster miles than this for the auto speeding this year will not be demonstrations, but actual competitions.

Comer and Manager Dickerson will take every precaution to have the Fair open in the best possible condition. This precaution also will apply to the handling of the spectators and every measure will be taken to prevent accidents.

The blinding dust on the turns which has so many a racing pilot as an annoyance will be eliminated by a scientific oiling system and the track rolled hard and firm so that the giant machines will have solid footing for the big speed tests.

As the Michigan State Fair course is regarded by one of the fastest tracks in the country it was not hard to get these drivers to compete. They know that their delicately adjusted iron steeds will not be shaken apart and perhaps put out of commission by the rocky traveling, as is the case on smaller and less smooth fair surfaces.

This year's auto speeding is sanctioned by the national auto organization so that the records made will be official in every way. Electric timing devices will be used so that the spectators will know that any time announced is absolutely right.

Remember this big racing feature comes on the last day of the Fair, Sept. 20.

OLD SOLDIERS AT FAIR.

Veterans Will Mingle With Youngsters This Year.

Monday, Sept. 15, will this year be known as Grand Army day at the Michigan State Fair. All the Michigan veterans who wear the regular Grand Army badge or the reunion medal will be admitted free of charge.

Various tents about the grounds will be set aside where the veterans may convene and discuss old times and have a good time in general.

As Monday will also be Children's day, there will be a remarkable contrast in the maturity of the patrons. The old soldiers are in the majority grounds and will certainly welcome young America for whose happiness they endured such hardships in the stirring days of the sixties.

MABLEY CLOTHES THE BEST IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY. Hats Men's Suits. JOHN D. MABLEY DETROIT, MICH. GRAND RIVER AND GRISWOLD.

NOVI NEWS.

Miss Cora Banks returned to Redford Tuesday.

Miss Alma Reader is sick with typhoid fever.

Mrs. W. D. Flint was a Detroit visitor last Tuesday.

L. B. Flint visited his mother in Ypsilanti this week.

Born of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bassett, August 11, a son.

Miss Cooper is entertaining cousins from Jackson and Manistee.

The Methodist church is closed while the interior is being redecorated.

Forest Wilcox is much better at present writing, but not out of danger yet.

Mrs. Lizzie Kelly of Detroit visited Novi friends from Saturday till Monday.

Mrs. D. Dorjeska and Mrs. W. Coates visited in North Farmington Tuesday.

Mrs. J. O. Munro and son spent Tuesday at Newburg, the guests of her mother, Mrs. Geer.

Mrs. Lulu Davidson of Novi will spend the week with her sister Mrs. Mairs, at Walpole Lake.

Miss Alice Aldrich of Saginaw will spend a week or more with her mother Mrs. Chas. Aldrich.

Mrs. Chas. Aldrich and daughter, Lottie, who have been visiting friends in Saginaw, the past week have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. V. Babin were called to Wayne Monday to attend the funeral of an old friend, Mrs. O'Brien, who had been ill for some time.

Charles Parks of Chicago called on his cousin Herman Taylor here this week, while enroute to White Lake where he has purchased a farm. Mr. Parks' boyhood days were spent in Novi and New Hudson and he has numerous friends and relatives in this vicinity. He came by auto.

Don's Re-Quets cure constipation, tone the stomach, stimulates the liver, promote digestion and appetite and easy passages of the bowels. Ask your druggist for them 25 cents a box.

Advertisement.

Causes of Stomach Troubles. Sedentary habits, lack of out-door exercise, insufficient mastication of food, constipation, a torpid liver, worry and anxiety, overeating, partaking of food and drink not suited to your age and occupation. Correct your habits and take Chamberlain's Tablets and you will soon be well again. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Mrs. C. Collins of Detroit is spending a few weeks at her parental home.

Miss Dorothy Lambright of Northville was the guest of Miss Fern Peck a few days last week.

Mrs. C. Ely and Mrs. J. Walters of Farmington called on Mrs. E. W. Millard Friday afternoon.

Helen Bradley attended a party given by Miss Ola Webster at Farmington Tuesday afternoon.

The music pupils of Miss LaVilla Adams gave a recital at the home of M. Miller last Saturday afternoon. The recital was enjoyed by all present.

There's nothing so good for a sore throat as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Cures it in a few hours. Relieves any pain in any part. Advertisement.

Traces Resist Lighting. The electric resistance of trees is quite great, a quality which protects them to a considerable degree from lightning stroke. This resistance varies greatly with the character of the tissues and also with the temperature. This fact results in an annual and daily period in resistance. The cambium layer shows the least electrical resistance, followed by the phloem and sapwood.

Painful Operation. She—John, why on earth are you wearing those goggles? John—Only a moment, dear, until I finish this grapefruit.

Woman loves a clear, rosy complexion. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood, clears the skin, restores ruddy, sound health.



Backing Up the Purchaser. If we didn't have an eye to the future, and if we didn't care what you or anybody else was going to think of us, we could sell engines and other machines for much less money, but we could not put IHC quality into them. The kinks would start coming in right away, and soon there would be no market for IHC engines.

IHC Oil and Gas Engine buys security and safety with it. He banks on the many years of square dealing and the reputation back of all IHC machines. He knows it is the best engine bargain because it gives him efficient service in all kinds of farm work—pumping, sawing wood, spraying, running roping shop, grindstone, cream separator, etc. He knows that IHC responsibility for it lasts as long as the engine is in service on his farm. IHC oil and gas engines operate on gas, gasoline, naphtha, kerosene, distillate, and alcohol. Sizes range from 1 to 50-horse power. They are built vertical, horizontal, portable, stationary, skidded, air-cooled and water-cooled. IHC oil-tractors range in size from 6-12 to 30-60-horse power, for plowing, threshing, etc.

Look over an IHC engine at the local dealer's. Learn from him what it will do for you, or write for catalogues to International Harvester Company of America Detroit Mich.

DETROIT CLEVELAND BUFFALO NIAGARA FALLS TOLEDO PORT HURON GODERICH ALPENA ST. IGNACE THE COAST LINE TO MACKINAC

THE CHARM OF OUR SUMMER SEAS Spend your vacation on the Great Lakes. The most economical and enjoyable outing in America. Where You Can Go No larger to what point you want to go use D. & C. Line Steamers operating to all important ports.

The Advertised Article is one in which the merchant himself has implicit faith—else he would not advertise it. You are safe in patronizing the merchants whose ads appear in this paper because their goods are up-to-date and never shopworn.

Verkes & Cochran, Attorneys. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss: At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Court room in the City of Detroit on the twenty-fifth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirteen. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage dated the 11th day of May, 1907, given by E. J. Bradner and wife, Mary A. Bradner of the village of Northville, Wayne county, Michigan, to Frank A. Gutherat on the same place and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Wayne county Michigan, in Liber 457 of Mortgages on page 360 on the 14th day of May, 1907, and which mortgage was on the 21st day of October, 1910, duly assigned by Henrietta A. Gutherat and Louis A. Babitt, co-trustee and executor respectively of the last will and testament of said Frank A. Gutherat, deceased, to said Henrietta A. Gutherat, and which assignment of mortgage was duly recorded in said register of deeds' office on the 16th day of July, 1913, in Liber 39 of Assignments of mortgages on page 747, and upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of (\$367.35) eight hundred fifty-seven and thirty-five one-hundredths dollars and proceedings having been taken in law or equity to recover the same any and all thereof. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the statute in such case made and provided, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on Monday, the 26th day of October, 1913, at 12 o'clock noon at the southerly or Congress street entrance to the County Building in the City of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, (in which building the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne is held) the premises described in said mortgage to satisfy said indebtedness, costs and expenses of sale, including an attorney's fee of \$25.00 as provided in said mortgage and further sums as may be necessarily spent for insurance on said premises. Said premises being situate in the Village of Northville, Wayne county, Michigan, and described as lot number two (2) of the William P. Yerkes addition to the Village of Northville aforesaid.

HENRIETTA A. GUTHERAT, Assignee of Mortgagee. Dated July 23, 1913. Verkes & Cochran, Attorneys for Mortgagee, Northville Mich 52-12.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE. In the matter of the estate of SOPHIA BOCK, 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 store of Thomas A. Jamieson, in the Village of Wayne in said county, on Tuesday, the 30th day of September, A. D. 1913, and on Saturday, the 27th day of November, A. D. 1913, at one o'clock p. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 30th day of July, A. D. 1913, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. Dated July 30th, 1913. HENRY WINSOR, CHARLES HASTY, Commissioners.



PRETTY COSTUMED CHILDREN IN SINGING AND PANTOMIMIC EXERCISES AT MICHIGAN STATE FAIR. SPECIAL DRILLS AND SONGS WILL BE OFFERED AT THIS YEAR'S FAIR.