

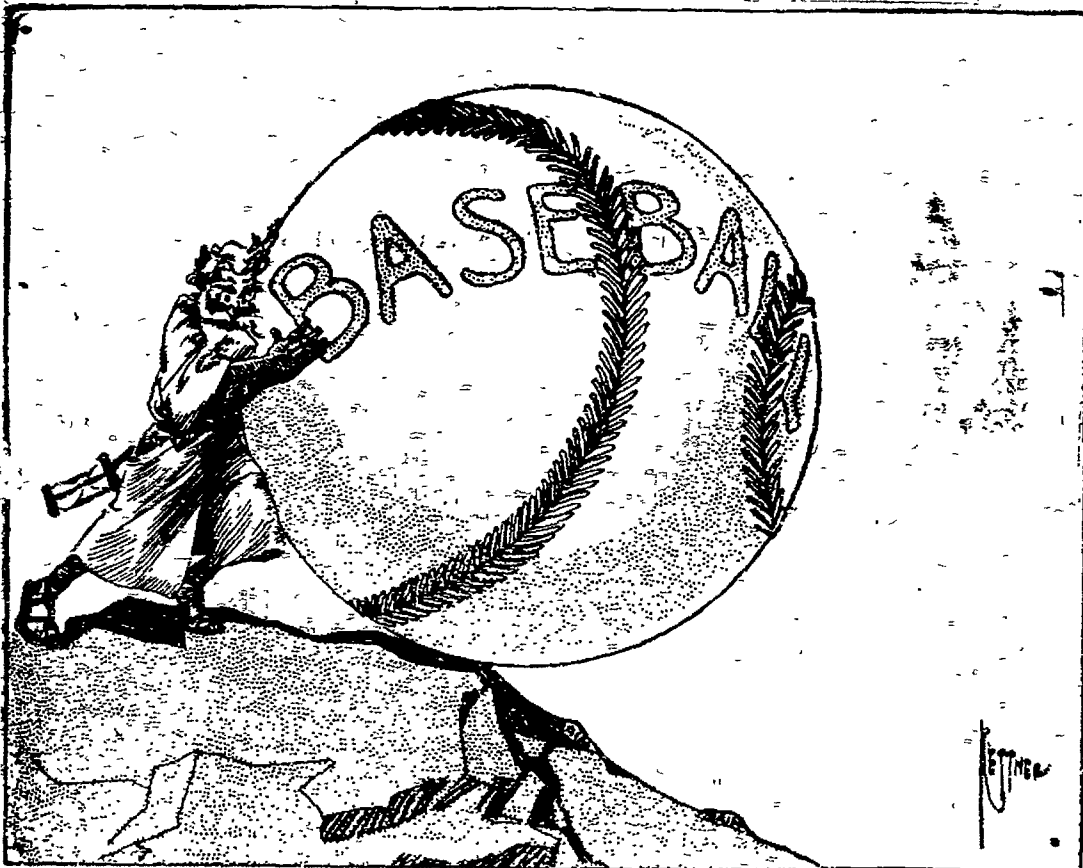
THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIV. NO. 10.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1913.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

WORLD SERIES NOW OCCUPIES THE MAP



PHILADELPHIA AMERICANS VS. THE NEW YORK NATIO NALS.

SAM'L JOHNSON'S NARROW ESCAPE

HORSE KILLED; BUGGY SMASHED AND HIMSELF INJURED.

Struck by Southbound D. U. R.
Freight Car Monday Forenoon

Samuel Johnson, father of Mrs. J. M. Bissett, had a narrow escape Monday morning while driving toward home from a trip to this village. A noisy freight on the D. U. R. 10 o'clock southbound freight car and it struck the rig just as the buggy was on the track. The valuable horse of Mr. Bissett's he was driving was injured so badly it had to be killed, the front part of the buggy was smashed up and Mr. Johnson was thrown with considerable force alongside the track.

Fortunately the old soldier was not born to die just that kind of a death and while he sustained a lot of bruises he is out and around again with just a lameness in about sixty-seven places to remind him of his narrow escape.

NORTHVILLE PASTORS URGING EVERYBODY TO BE PRESENT.

Systematic Effort to get People Out
Next Sunday.

This coming Sunday has been set aside by the churches of Northville as "Community Day," and every person in town is urged to attend some one church and at least one of the services on that day. The evening service will be unusually attractive and there will be special music for the choir and congregations.

As one of the pastors puts it: "The churches of Northville stand in the community as leaders and teachers of justice, and strong positive thinking. They propose to stand as a unit, not three antagonistic and differing bodies, but three parts of one great movement—The Christian Church."

The ministers of the town are planning on a publicity campaign this week whereby they can enlarge the work of the churches for the coming winter. An attempt is being made on the part of each minister, to make 150 calls this week. Other workers will be on hand and they hope that large congregations will be present.

Their slogan for the enterprise is, "Crowd Every Service of all the Churches."

Theme of the Day, "The Place of the Church in the Life of the Community."

PIANO INSTRUCTION.

Miss Arbutus Wolf will be in Northville every Saturday. Pupils wishing to study piano can see her on these days.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

WEEK'S CALENDAR

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Sunday Services "Where's everybody going Sunday?" Why to church? Aren't you going? I hadn't thought much about it.

"Well, you want to go because everybody's going, and it's better to be out of the world than out of the world than out of the fashion." Of course everybody's going. Why shouldn't they? It seems that they ought to go at least one day out of the year. Don't you really think so? You certainly do. So come and swell the crowd on Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. The theme of the day as everybody knows, is "The Place of the Church in the Life of the Community."

Sunday school at 11:15 a. m. We are still studying of a great man, and you want to know of all great men, so come to Sunday school Sunday.

B. Y. P. U. at 6 p. m., still another good meeting to which we may go.

Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Everyone is always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES

(By the Pastor.)

Community Church Day October 5th.

Morning service at 10 o'clock.

Sermon topic "The Place of the Church in the Community."

Evening service at 7 o'clock. A Rally for the winter season. Special music opening song service. Sermon topic "Uncondemned."

The Sabbath school and the League will rally on Sunday. See your neighbors. Call the folks in. Let us have such a day this Sunday as we never had in the history of our church.

Over 75 were out to the first of the Covenant Prayer meetings. We coincidentally look for an increase each Thursday night. Subject for October 9th, "A Survey of the Books of the New Testament." Bring your Bibles.

The Woman's Home Missionary society will send a barrel of canned fruit to the deaconess home in Detroit next week. Those who desire to contribute will please leave fruit at the parsonage.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Community Church Day program: morning service at 10 o'clock. Theme "The Place of the Morning Service in the Life of the Community."

Sunday school at 11:20. Re-Enrollment; Special singing, short address. Subject, "The Place of the Sunday school in the Life of the Community."

Christian Endeavour Rally at 7 o'clock. The regular evening meeting will be given over to the young people. The President of the C. E. will preside. Special music by a double quartet composed of the young men of the C. E. Short address by the pastor. Subject, "Bearing Fruits that Remain."

Young and old are urged to attend.

all the services of the day. Let this be a day to be remembered in the life of church life of this community. Remember the slogan, "Crowd Every Service at Every Church."

Ladies' Rally Wednesday, October 8th. Mrs. J. D. Jeffrey of Detroit Synodical, President of the Ladies' Missionary, will deliver the address. This meeting will be held in the church parlors at 2:30 o'clock. All the close of the address the Ladies' Aid will hold a social meeting and informal discussion of the work for the year. Every lady of the church and congregation is earnestly urged to attend this meeting.

The Dorcas Committee wishes to announce that the barrel of clothing and furnishings for the new cottage at Cabell, West Virginia, will be packed Monday. Please see that all contributions are given to Mrs. Ross or Mrs. Stanley.

The ladies of this church will hold a bake sale two weeks from this Saturday. Notice of place given next week.

GERMAN CHURCH NOTES.

No services on Sunday, 5th. Our new pipe organ is on the way to Northville and may be ready for use by Oct. 12th. On that day we will have services again. Rev. Hahn of Detroit will preach. Please every body come and see the new organ. Salem congregation invited. Please take notice and everybody come.

W. R. C. NOTES.

Relief corps women one and all. Ho! Listen to the bugle-call on Monday next, at half-past two. Our "Hay-foot-Straw-foot" we must do; With in the hall of Cattermole, We'll do our stunts and pay the toll.

We also wish to call attention. To the fifty cents for the Convention, which rure to pay to Nellie Freydl; Now get a hump on, don't be eydl. (idle).

Have you noticed the sad look on the faces of the Hospitality committee? It's because "nobody don't want to do nothing." Hearthen them up a bit by promising to lodge and breakfast one or two of the delegates to the District Convention.

Only one more regular meeting (Oct. 8) before Convention. Let's have every member present if possible. Our treasurer reports 96 members in good standing and some others who are just standing. May we not all be "good" and swell the ranks to one hundred?

Our Drill-Mistress is losing the anxious and discouraged look which has adorned her countenance of late. Cause why? We drill so fine and dandy. Don't laugh! It's the truth, and Mary Ambler says so.

It hath been said that "Any officer who fails to practice next Monday will be forced to sit in the seat of the spectator, and watch her substitute march by on Convention night." Beware!!

RECORD LINERS TRY ONE.

WAITER MARRIES HEIRESS.

Check and Blessing From Traction
Magnate, Father of Bride.

Boston—George A. Lamassee, "the handsomest waiter in Boston," has captured an heiress, Miss Nancy Redding, daughter of Michael J. Redding, a Baltimore traction magnate and president of the Democratic club of Orle City. The couple were married. It has just become known, at the Boston Cathedral of the Holy Cross on May 1.

Lamassee balls from Providence. He was captain of waiters at the Foites Bergere restaurant, New York city. Then he came to Boston and got a job a month ago in the Copley-Plaza hotel in the Back Bay. He waited on Miss Redding at the latter hotel, and it was a case of love at first sight.

Though Mr. Redding, it is said, often told his daughters he would rather they be wedded to workmen than idle society rouths, he gave a gasp, 'tis reported, when told of Miss Nancy's quick match. He barely got here in time to attend the wedding, but he gave the pair a check and a blessing. Jack Redding, the bride's brother, was best man.

Lamassee will manage a restaurant in an amusement park partly owned by his father in law at Oil City, Pa.

BLIND MAN'S MEMORY FEAT.

Recalls Friend's Voice After Twenty-two Years.

Vancouver, Wash.—The ability of Fred Lester, recently stricken blind, to recognize by his voice a man whom he had not heard speak for twenty-two years was demonstrated here. Having lived in the city for so many years, Mr. Lester goes about by use of a cane. His eyes look normal.

When standing at Fifth and Main streets he was addressed by G. W. Holder, who had come to Vancouver for a short visit after being away twenty-two years. He asked Mr. Lester if the car went past a certain point, and when Mr. Lester had answered the question he added, "And, Mr. Holder, I am pleased to greet you." It was not until then that Mr. Holder recognized his friend of long ago.

Long French Fishing Grounds.

It is an established historical fact that for more than 400 years French fishermen have come each season to the shores of Newfoundland and the neighboring banks except during the wars with England, when French ships were temporarily driven from these seas.

How About Madams.

"Under the lax American system of bringing up girls," says a Paris Journal, "the American young man rarely wins the first kiss from the girl who is to be his bride." Maybe, but by Heck! that is not so bad as the Gallic discomfort of never knowing who has won the last kiss from the "madame."—Louisville Courier Journal

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to thank the neighbors and friends and members of the K. P. lodge for the flowers sent during the illness and death of our mother.

GEO. WHIRPLE AND FAMILY
MR. & MRS. JUDD RICHARDSON
MR. & MRS. JAY RENWICK

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

WANTED—Practical Nursing by Mrs. Carr No. 1, Dunlap St. west side of house. 10a1p.

FOUND—Last Friday noon, inner automobile tire on street. Owner call at Record office and pay 25c for this ad. 10w1.

FARM WANTED—Within 50 miles of Detroit—soil, buildings, fruit roads, price, lowest terms. Owner only R. W. Wagar, Stevens building, Detroit, Michigan. 8w2.

FOR SALE—Spring chickens; also extracted honey, in 5 or 10 lb pails. Del. Silver Phone 33R. 8t.

FOR SALE—Car load of new milk cows; mostly Holsteins. Jav Leavenworth, Nov. 8t.

FOR SALE—Wood. Inquire of W. H. Cattermole. 8t.

FOR SALE—Old Papers, clean and in Big Bundles for 5c. Just right for pantry shelves or to put under carpets. Record office. 1t.

FOR SALE—Domestic Sewing Machine. Drop head, latest style, and not used more than two days. \$25 takes it. Apply to Record office, Northville. 8t.

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

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

—EVERY PENNY IS A VOTE.— —EVERY PENNY IS A VOTE.—

Watch This Space

DOUBLE AMOUNT OF VOTE TICKETS GIVEN WITH EACH PURCHASE OF BELOW ITEMS.

\$1.00sythe Blades, 75c Large Stewart Horse Clippers \$10
6 qt. Ice Cream Freezers \$3.25 R. F. D. Mail Boxes \$1.00
2 qt. Ice Cream Freezers \$2.25 Child's Garden Sets, 10c, 25c
Window Screens 15c to 45c Screen Doors, Plain \$17; Fancy \$15.50
Phosphate Corn Planters \$1.50 Grass Seeders 75c to \$2.50
Cheap Hammocks 75c Lawn Mower Grass Catchers
\$3.50 Combination Ironing Board, Stand and Clothes Holder, while they last, \$2.50

Second Official Vote

HUFF'S HARDWARE, PENNYVOTE CONTEST.

Northville Methodist Church	26,788
Northville Presbyterian Church	23,274
Northville Baptist Church	12,666
St. Mary's Catholic Church	12,421
Knights of Pythias	5,354
Northville High School	5,896
King's Daughters	2,894
Novi Baptist Church	1,613
Masonic—F. & A. M. Lodge	511
Salem Congregational Church	580
Novi Methodist Church	520
School Dist No. 5, Waterford	505
Salem Baptist Church	100
Salem Graded School	100
Novi Graded School	100

Every Penny's worth of Merchandise sold you and Every Penny Paid on Account gets you a vote. This Contest closes Christmas Eve, December 24, 1913.

A BULLETIN BOARD with unofficial results up to WEDNESDAY NOON, can be found on east wall of store Show Window, from 3:00 to 5:00 p. m. of that day for time being.

Cash—\$200.00—Cash

Will be distributed in Ten Grand Prizes—1st, \$75.00, 2nd, \$45.00, 3rd, \$25.00; 4th, \$15.00, next two \$10.00 each; next 4, \$5.00 each.

This is no Scheme to deceive the Public. Our intentions are purely Business, and expect service rendered for the time and money invested.

The Purpose of this Penny Vote Contest

Every Penny paid on account and every penny's worth of merchandise sold between now and time of closing contest, Dec. 21, will not have to be moved. Jan. 1st or about, at which time we expect to be in our new store, corner Main and Center Sts. It is not meant that our customers will have a depleted stock to select from, seasonable goods will be carried in stock at all times as near as possible.

JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.

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white canvas, and it has no door
close at the back, but merely an
opening in which another Malay, con-
sidered half slumbers. Two or three
other constables ride inside sitting
on the benches with the prisoners.
It seems to be struck with novelty
to ride to make "any attempt at
escape. I should say that an escape
from this prison van would be as
easy as falling off a log."

The Snapshot

By ANSTRUP NICHOLS.

Morrison, absorbed in the evening paper, was oblivious of everything going on about him, and not until he received a hearty clap on the back did he realize that he was not alone in the restaurant.

"Saunders, by all that's good!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Where did you come from?"

"Through the door," laughed the young man addressed as Saunders. He reached for the other's hand and shook it vigorously. "I was sure that I should find you here. It seems good to see you again."

"Sit down, and we'll have dinner together," Morrison said. "I'm still waiting for my order."

"But I've already dined. It's a little early, to be sure, but I'm going to make a call later. But I was bound to see you tonight. I tell you I'm glad to get back again."

"You're no gladder to get back than I am to have you," said Morrison. "Well, what kind of a time did you have while you were gone? Tell me all about it, old fellow."

Saunders proceeded to relate to his friend everything that he thought would interest him, concerning his trip abroad. When he mentioned the reports, Morrison started slightly, but the other did not notice it.

Morrison was wondering if they were the Gibbsons whom he knew. They probably were, for the family with whom he was acquainted had sailed for Europe about the same time as Saunders. He started to say that they were friends of his, but somehow he changed his mind.

"And Miss Gilbert is the most beautiful girl I ever met," Saunders went on enthusiastically, "and the sweetest."

Morrison forced himself to make some commonplace remark. It was very plain that his friend had fallen a victim of Claire Gilbert's charms. And it was not strange. But what if she had been attracted in turn? Saunders was a fine looking fellow, while he was plainly aware that he was not. But he had hopes, nevertheless.

"When you see her you will say that she is all I have said, and even more," Saunders paused a moment. "Why, I can show you her picture now. It's only a snapshot, and the day was cloudy, but you can get some idea how beautiful she is." From the notebook which he took from his pocket he carefully removed a small picture and handed it to his friend.

Morrison scrutinized himself to look at it calmly. The face was hallowed, but any hope that he might have had that it was not Claire Gilbert's picture disappeared when he looked at it carefully. It was certainly hers, and a pain crept into his heart as he handed the picture back to his friend.

"Yes, she is very beautiful," he said after a moment.

"And she is as good as she is beautiful," declared Saunders. "After tonight I hope to have something to tell you, old chap." He paused a moment. "Why don't you tell me to stop talking about her?" he added, laughingly. "I forgot I might bore you. Well, old chap, I must be going along."

In the days that followed he met Saunders very often—sometimes business brought them together, and frequently they dined at the restaurant. Saunders at every opportunity talked of his fiancée, for a few days after his return he had told Morrison that they were engaged. He would often urge his friend to accompany him to the Gibbsons for an evening, but he always declined, offering some excuse for not accepting the invitation. But there came a night when he allowed himself to be prevailed on to go, and in a very uncomfortable state of mind he found himself with Saunders on the way to their home.

The carriage stopped before a house which was unfamiliar to him, and as they alighted his first thought was that they had probably moved since their return from Europe. But when they were ushered into the drawing room and Saunders with a proprietary air introduced the young lady who came forward to greet them as Miss Gilbert, Morrison found himself looking into a face he had never seen before. His brain was in a whirl. But when he recovered a little, it was very plain that he had made a mistake, that these were not the Gibbsons he knew. For the first time a weeks a genuine smile appeared on Morrison's face, and he could very easily have shouted, so happy was he.

At that moment he did not think of how strange it was that this young lady should resemble Claire so strongly. Only one thought filled his mind. He would call on her the very next evening and the important question should not be delayed any longer. But he did not have to wait until the following night to see her, for a little later Miss Gilbert said that she expected her cousin Claire that evening.

It was about half an hour later when Claire Gilbert came, and as Morrison stepped forward to greet her, something in the way her eyes fell under his gaze told him that he had not been mistaken when he had imagined that she cared for him just a little. He had no opportunity that night to say what he wanted so much to say, but before Saunders and he took their leave, he asked her if he might call the following night, and managed to add in a voice that only she could hear that he intended to ask her something. The blush which crimsoned her sweet face made him very happy, for he guessed what his answer would be. And Morrison was not disappointed.

Boston Post.

DRY FLY FISHING.

Hints to the Angler—How to Entice Big Fish.

Dry fly fishing is very little practiced in this country for the reason that almost all authorities seemed to agree that the wet fly method is the only one suited to our streams. G. M. L. La Branche, in an article in Recreation, declares that a fly "doctor" with a very light application of paraffine is nearly always to be preferred to a wet fly, if an angler once gets "wise" to the right way to cast. A few of the points he emphasizes are as follows:

"If the angler wants big fish—and we all do—the dry fly will take them when nothing else will; but it must be presented properly to the highly 'educated' trout of streams that are much fished. My one great difficulty at the start was a seeming inability to check the impulse to give the fly, after it had alighted, a few spasmodic jerks, thinking to make it look alive. This action is fatal. The small fish will take it, of course, as they will also when it is just floating with the current, but I have never taken a good fish except when my line was quite slack and the fly floating naturally with the current. What is known as the 'drag' also destroys any chance of a rise, but this is not always the fault of the angler. It must be avoided if possible, and the only remedy I can prescribe is practice. If a cast should be bungled, don't become exasperated and snatch the leader and fly off the water in disgust—your court disaster when this is done, for the chances are better than even that you will hang up good and fast in some tree behind you. Permit the fly to drift downstream until it reaches a point nearly opposite you; and then retrieve, and the danger of snatching a fish that you might get on the next cast is minimized."

"The fly should rest on the surface for but an instant, then be lightly whisked off and a false cast or two made in the air to dry it before dropping it again on the water. Each cast must count! If the point of the rod is raised gently at the end of the cast, just before the fly alights, and this elevation continued afterward the leader will be kept out of water, and the danger of drowning the fly, i. e., dragging it, will be avoided. Care must be taken, however, not to make this action too quick, or a motion will be imparted to the fly which is as unnatural as that caused by the 'drag.'"

Tail Montana Folk.

A singular rivalry has arisen between two Montana towns as to which possesses the tallest family. Libby, in Flathead county, professes to have more tall people than any town of its size on the continent. Ten members of one family have a combined height of almost sixty feet. The father weighs 215 pounds and is 6 feet 2 1/2 inches tall. The mother weighs 225 pounds and is 5 feet 5 inches tall. The first son, 5 feet 2 1/2 inches tall, age 21 years; second son, 6 feet 4 inches, age 19 years. The head of this proud family is Herman Beckman.

Red Lodge calls attention to the fact that in that city four members of one family are taller than any four members of the Beckman family. W. A. Talmage is 6 feet 4 1/2 inches tall; Earl Talmage, age 18 years, is 6 feet 8 inches tall; Elmer Talmage, age 19 years, is 6 feet 7 1/4 inches tall; and Nathan, the youngest, who is only 12 years of age, measures 5 feet 6 inches. Then the average height of the father and three sons will unquestionably compare with that of any other family in the entire country—Helena correspondence St. Paul Dispatch.

Kipling and the "Bus Owner."

Annoyed by the injury done to one of his trunks by the driver of the local "bus," Mr. Kipling once wrote a vigorous letter of complaint to the "bus owner," who is also landlord of an inn. The landlord laid the letter before the select company of the bar parlor, who advised calm indifference. Also, a Croesus among them offered 10 shillings in cash for the autograph letter. Both advice and cash were accepted; and a second and stronger letter followed; and this also found a purchaser, this time at £1, as befitting its increased violence. Boniface again said nothing. To him next day entered Mr. Kipling, briskly wrathful. "Why didn't I answer your letters, sir? Why, I was hoping you'd send me a fresh one every day. They pay a deal better than 'bus driving.'"—Boston Times.

Decapitated Turtle Walks.

Arthur Thomason caught a fine turtle one day last week, cut off its head and placed it on ice, expecting to have a few friends enjoy it with him the following night. The next day he went to the ice-box after it, but found the creature walking aimlessly about. He has been back to the ice-box several hours daily since, but the turtle is livelier than ever. Arthur is opposed to boiling it alive and he fears the turtle feast may have to be postponed indefinitely. Friends have informed him that a turtle will give signs of life six months after it is decapitated.—Liberty (Mo.) Tribune.

Pity She's No more.

There was an old-fashioned woman who would blush if company caught her with less than six different kinds of cake and seven different kinds of preserves in the house. If a guest liked coffee for supper, she thought it was right that she should have it. Her pies were always rich, and she used lots of butter and cream. She had never heard of the diet cure, and believed in "people eating just what they liked. What a pity it is that she isn't alive, so we folks who are used to dieting could go and visit her."

IRRESPONSIBLE WOMAN

"It's a perfect shame!" said the girl with the big eyes at the fluffy pompadour.

"I thought you'd feel that way," agreed the young man with the brilliant necktie and glittering patent leather. "You have some sympathy and common sense. Lots of persons have too."

"Dear me," said the girl with big eyes, indignantly. "I should think any one would sympathize with you when you were working so hard and doing so much for the firm, and then after all you were let out like that."

"Yes," said the young man, bitterly. "It just shows that true worth isn't appreciated. Why, lots of times when I had a customer and it was my lunch hour I never said a word but finished waiting on him. Sometimes I've had at least ten minutes cut off my lunch hour, but I didn't care. I had the good of the firm in mind. And then Gibbons, the manager, without even apologizing, hands me my walking papers. He said they couldn't stand my getting down late and—"

"The idea!" said the girl with the big eyes. "They needn't have been so particular over such a little thing when you worked so hard after you got there."

"That's what I thought," said the young man. "Actually, some nights I've gone home with a headache just because I had been so devoted to them."

"Yes, Gibbons actually had kept a list of the times I'd been excused or had taken a day off and he said it was preposterous. There was the time I went to the party out at La Grange."

"I should think any one with sense would see that a man couldn't get into town much before noon the next day. I couldn't be rude to the Howards, who had asked me to stay all night. How would it have looked if I had bolted my breakfast and run? It is so vulgar to act as if money was the only thing on earth."

"I should say so," said the pretty girl, fluffing her pompadour. "Why, they never would have forgiven you."

"I pointed that out to Gibbons," said the young man, "but he just growled Gibbons has speaking manners. I don't see how I ever got to be a man after. I should think it would be better for the firm if they had a man there who was younger and had—er—more social polish."

"He probably was just jealous of you and wanted to get you out of his way," sympathized the girl with the big eyes.

The young man looked conscious. "Well, I'm not saying anything, but I commented darkly. And that day I had to take that New York girl around while she waited for her train. West why, Gibbons has an idea of social courtesies. All he thinks of is his hardware. I believe in a man being broad minded and not such a snigger for unimportant things. As if half an hour or so in the morning mattered."

"I should say so!" exclaimed the pretty girl. "I think that Mr. Gibbons was perfectly horrid."

"It's too bad there aren't more girls like you," said the young man, approvingly. "It is perfectly remarkable how little things give you new light on a person's character. Why, I always liked Alice Whitte ever so much, though she is one of those self-satisfied, haughty creatures. I overlooked that because it is a fault she may outgrow. I have always been nice to her, though I must say she never seems very grateful. But you'd think that in a situation like this it she had any feeling at all it would be roused, wouldn't you? When I told her just what I've told you she acted in the most remarkable way. She smiled a funny little smile and said I'd only got what I deserved and she hoped I'd profit by the lesson and that Mr. Gibbons was considered a very fine business man."

"Not one word of sympathy; only the most cold-blooded heartlessness. I couldn't believe my ears. I hate to have my confidence in my friends shattered. It made me feel dreadfully, for, of course a girl like that is impossible. A man expects sympathy in a woman above all else."

"I should say so," said the girl with the big eyes. "How perfectly horrid of Alice! It's just like her. She may boast of her common sense but as for me, I think it is unwomanly. The idea of talking to you that way! Why, I could cry, I'm so sorry for you! It was the most unjust thing!"

"I knew you'd feel that way," said the young man with the brilliant necktie. "You have a different nature and appreciate a fellow's worth. A girl like Alice makes one—well, tired."

"I certainly hope that I'm different," agreed the girl with big eyes. "And it's a perfect shame!"—Chicago Daily News.

Odd Uses for Mail Boxes.

"Did you ever stop to think of all the odd uses the mail box is put to?" said the old carrier. "I've been taking mail out of 'em for thirty odd years and you wouldn't begin to believe how many queer things. There's no place pickpockets and burglars like so well as a receptacle for their undesirable loot. I've found more empty pocketbooks in them than I could ever count. I've found complete carving sets, stag mounted and with the owner's monogram too deeply set in to make them easily salable by the burglar. Superficially the most valuable thing I ever found was a check, properly made out, for \$10,000."—New York Sun.

CHICK OF INTELLIGENCE, THIS

New Jersey Bird Rolls Egg Against Stone and Forces Its Own Hatching.

Cedar Grove, N. J.—Frank Rue, a chicken fancier in this village, has a young chicken of which he is exceedingly proud. He asserts it already has manifested keen intelligence and judgment, which indicates it will become a paragon among chicken-kind. When Rue returned home from Upper Montclair he went out to look at his chickens. He was astonished to see an egg rolling about the yard. It seemed to be aimed at a large stone in one corner. Rue thought he was a victim of an optical illusion, but the more he looked at the egg the more convinced he became his eyes were all right.

"I guess somebody's been loading an egg with quicksilver or something of that sort as a joke on me," he said to himself.

The egg backed off three or four feet from the big stone and then rolled over and over toward it, gaining speed with each revolution. Finally it hit the stone sharply and the shell burst open. Out hepped a little black-and-white chicken, which shook itself, cocked its head to one side, looked up at Rue quizzically, and said, "Peep!"

"Well, I'm jiggered," Rue said. "I bet you're out of that setting of eggs I bought from that fellow who belongs to the Holy Rollers."

He picked up the biddy and placed it beneath the mother hen, who still was hard at work trying to hatch out the less precious inmates of the other fourteen shells.

Testing Porpoise Sausage as Food.

New York, N. Y.—Try Davy Jones' latest, which he has taken out of his locker for the purpose of beating the Beef Trust. It's porpoise. It is coming on the New York market soon and there are restaurants in Boston, the very home of the sacred codfish, which are advertising this marine substitute for sirloin.

Porpoises, being mammals may be eaten with relish by persons who would run a mile to get away from halibut or mackerel.

Their top layer may be used for shoes and satchels, and hundreds of women of fashion wearing belts of porpoise hide think they are far more stylish than suede. Soup bones do not grow on porpoises, but they have flippers from which a delicious soup is made, known as "Potage à la Baleine." The bones are good for bottoms and the meat is good to eat and may also be converted into frankfurters which need no jelly.

When it is determined how well porpoise sausage will keep it will be put on the market.

DISCOVERER OF AUSTRALIA.

Proofs That Amerigo Vespucci Landed There in 1499.

Melbourne, Australia. Mr. Peche, rich, the curator who has charge of the historical records in the Federal Parliamentary Library, claims to have found the convincing proofs that Amerigo Vespucci discovered Australia in the year 1499.

Amerigo Vespucci sailed from Spain in May, 1497, on a voyage of discovery, and during his eighteen months' absence is supposed to have explored the coast of South America. On a subsequent voyage, in 1499, he reached the mainland of South America.

CARL BEUTEL

Eminent American Pianist and Composer

Praises STARR PIANOS

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 30, 1913.

The Starr Piano Co., 110 Broadway, City.

Gentlemen:—Permit me to express my sincere thanks for the Starr Minum Grand which you placed at my disposal during my stay here this summer. I have used the Starr Piano exclusively during the past three years in studio, home and recital work and it has at all times been equal to the varying demands I made in shading of tone color and more delicate passages, and then again when a sonorous fortissimo is needed one does not have to resort to brutal forcing of the piano in order to realize an adequate result. For smoothness and perfect balance on action it is indeed, in my estimation, quite unexcelled.

With sincerest good wishes, I am, very truly yours,

CARL BEUTEL,
Prof. Indianapolis Conservatory of Music.

The Starr Piano Co.

Manufacturers

Starr and Richmond Grand Pianos
Starr, Richmond, Trayer and Remington Player Pianos.
Also made in Manuel Pianos.

The House of Quality.

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The Detroit United Bank

The Only Strictly Savings Bank in the City

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PAYS 4% INTEREST

Compounded semi-annually, full-time.
Loans: depositors' money on real estate mortgage securities only.

Thus bank has no branches. Its business is all transacted at one office, which gives its patrons personal acquaintance with its officers and managers.

Open Saturday evenings from 6 to 9 o'clock.
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"ASK THE LADY WHO WEARS ONE"

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DETROIT

314-315 Washington Arcade

Wishes to announce the arrival of 112 new Fall Styles and is now prepared to accept orders for

Ladies Tailored Suits-Wraps

Three-Piece Suits

THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY

L. J. WITHEY.

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RAIN RAIN RAIN COATS! COATS! COATS!

FORCED-TO-VACATE SALE STILL GOING ON.
WE MUST DISPOSE OF OUR IMMENSE \$60,000 STOCK



NOW 1/2 OFF

READ At Once READ

NOW 1/2 OFF

For Men, Women and Children.

Men's and Ladies' \$5 Slippers, forced-to-vacate sale price \$1.65

Men's and Ladies' \$10 Double Texture Slippers, forced-to-vacate sale price \$4.95

Men's and Ladies' \$15 English Slippers, forced-to-vacate sale price \$7.35

Men's and Ladies' \$20 English Slippers and Gabardines, forced-to-vacate sale price \$11.75

Men's and Ladies' \$7.50 Slippers, forced-to-vacate sale price \$3.45

Men's and Ladies' \$12.50 Slippers, forced-to-vacate sale price \$6.35

Men's and Ladies' \$18 Slippers, forced-to-vacate sale price \$9.35

Remember, please, you are assured of same quality, same patterns, same styles, at either of our Detroit stores.

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Near Grand Circus Park. Cor. Clifford & Woodward

The Northville Record

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.
Established 1899

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., OCT. 3, 1913

WHAT IS LUXURY?

What is a luxury? What is a necessity? It is hard to answer these questions satisfactorily, owing to the fact that one man's luxuries may be another man's necessities, and vice versa, and the two classes overlap and become confused. For example the Republicans when in power put vanilla on the free list, arguing that this is an article which is used in every home and which is costly at best. Now the Democrats come along and put a duty on vanilla holding that is a luxury and that it should therefore be taxed. The case is of no importance, but it illustrates how points of view on the tariff may differ. It also indicates why it is that we need not expect any great reduction in the cost of living as the result of the new tariff. More money than ever will still have to be raised to support the government, and the tax will simply be taken from one thing and shifted to another. The new tariff bill takes bananas off the free list and puts a tax on them, while removing the duty on sugar. It will not matter much whether you pay your tax on the bananas, or on the sugar that you sprinkle on them. Of course the new bill lifts some of the tariff burden by establishing a tax on income, which the well-to-do will have to pay. At least in the first instance. But perhaps they will find ways to pass it on to the rest of us as they always have. At most the tariff tax is not a heavy one and those who look for any very perceptible lowering of the cost of living on account of the new schedule are the only way that the prices of commodities in this country can be made likely to be disappointed. About typically reduced in wages to be reduced, for nearly the whole cost of all products is the labor cost. Wages are high because that means prosperity and high standard of living. We also want the farmers to get liberal prices for all they produce for the welfare of the whole country is founded on the welfare of the farmers.

DETROIT'S STREET CAR SYSTEM.

Detroit and Michigan's leading public is getting very sick of the constant howl on the part of the Detroit press against the D. U. R. If the balance of Detroit's municipal affairs were as well and economically managed as is the D. U. R., there would be less cause for criticism. The general public is not finding fault with either the service or the rates of fare on the D. U. R. system and the people who ride in street cars are not concerned in the animosity of the newspapers toward the D. U. R., nor are they likely to be buncoed much longer by the rantings of politicians at each annual election time.

Detroit's school system is scarcely able to properly care for more than two thirds of its school children; its water system is wholly inadequate; its electric light system is so poor that business men all over the city have been compelled to install a private gas lighting system for the streets; the paving of the city has for years, been in a horrid condition, yet the press continues yelling for municipal ownership of street cars. As a matter of fact the only up-to-date thing about Detroit at the present time is her street car system.

As an illustration of "good roads" will some citizen of Detroit take the good roads congress out Grand? If it isn't the worst half mile in the River avenue near the city limits? United States. We are no judge.

How many of the wearers of tight skirts will care to preserve photographs of themselves for their grandchildren to see?

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. H. M. White visited at South Lyon Thursday.

Mrs. Ida Joslin of Detroit visited old friends here this week.

Mrs. Nellie Coffren is visiting relatives in Detroit this week.

Roy Hendricks visited his mother, Mrs. Wm Richardson, over Sunday.

Mrs. J. M. Burgess of Detroit was in town the latter part of last week.

W. H. Hutton of Pontiac spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. L. W. Hutton.

Otto Loomis is spending the week with his mother and sister in St. Johns.

Miss Irene Dixon left Wednesday to take up her position again in Detroit.

Mrs. Fred Knapp of Monroe visited her aunt, Mrs. C. J. Ball a few days this week.

Mrs. H. McMeekin of Ste. Marie has been spending a few days with Mrs. Jessie Welsh.

Mr. and Mrs. Ossie Richardson of Grand Rapids visited his father, Wm. Richardson, last week.

Charley Johnston was accompanied home from Detroit for over Sunday by Messrs. Lambert and West.

Mrs. L. L. Brooks, Mrs. Rose Little and Mrs. Andrew Harmon visited at Plymouth last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Harger, Mrs. Lizzie Harger and their house guest were Wixom visitors last week.

Mrs. Ben Cook and daughter, Eva have returned to their home in Midland after a visit with friends here.

Mrs. Tom Brayton returned to her home in Detroit Friday after spending a week with Mrs. R. R. McKahan.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark entertained a number of friends and relatives Sunday in honor of Mrs. Maria Clark.

Howard Paine and Guy Phayer of Sodus, N. Y., visited the former's sister, Mrs. R. M. Pierce, this week.

Mrs. Hannah Moore of Pontiac has been the guest of her brother, Harlan Roberts, and wife the past week.

Mrs. Geo Johnston is entertaining her sisters, Mrs. Lottie Killett of Grand Rapids and Mrs. Mary Crocker of Napoleon.

Miss Anna Johnson entertained her sister, Miss Alice, over Sunday. The latter is now attending the normal at Ypsilanti.

Mrs. Geo Groh has been visiting in Saginaw county for a week past. She was with her uncle, Wm. James during his last sickness and death.

Jas. T. Wardock was in Northville the latter part of the week on his way from Ord, Nebraska to Ft. Huron, where he and Mrs. Wardock will make their home.

Mrs. R. M. Terrill entertained at her home last Thursday for the pleasure of Mrs. Maria Clark, Mrs. Jess E. Wheeler, Mrs. F. G. Terrill and Mrs. Stanley Hamilton.

Miss Viola McNally was in Detroit last week having her eyes treated, the condition of which have forced her to give up the college course she had contemplated.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hendricks and son, Russell, have been spending a week with the former's mother, Mrs. Wm. Richardson. They left Thursday for their former home in Pomona, Cal.

R. R. McKahan was home Monday and Tuesday of this week but has returned to the sanitarium in Detroit for two weeks more, as he is being greatly benefited by the treatment he receives there.

Mrs. J. B. Tinham, Miss Lida Richardson, Mrs. C. A. Dohp, Mrs. E. G. Hinkley, Mrs. C. B. Bristol and Mrs. F. S. Neal all attended the King's Daughters' convention at Mt. Clemens on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. Miss Richardson sang a solo at the meeting Thursday evening.

Fingers and the Calendar.

No doubt most people remember the number of days in any particular month by recalling the rhymes they learned at school. Another method is practiced in Iceland, and it is so simple and ingenious as to be worth knowing. Shut the fist and let the knuckle of the forefinger represent January with its thirty-one days, and the depression between that and the next knuckle will represent February with its lesser number of days. And thus every month that corresponds to a knuckle will be found to contain thirty-one days; and every month that corresponds to a depression a less number of days. The little finger will represent July, and beginning again with the forefinger knuckle it stands for August, and from this one continues to count through the months of the year.—Harper's Weekly.

Cheapest accident insurance—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Stops the pain and heals the wound. All druggists sell it.

—Advertisement.

HONESTLY MADE MEDICINE SUCCEEDS IN HEALING.

The value of Foley Kidney Pills over all other kidney medicines is due to their honest make, and to the wise selection of potent and restorative drugs used in their make up. Foley Kidney Pills act in harmony with nature and are a genuine "first aid" in restoring the kidneys and promoting thoroughly healthy action of the kidneys and bladder. Those fortunate ones who have used Foley Kidney Pills are now rid of their ailments. Try them, and they will succeed in helping your case of kidney trouble. 8-10.—Adv.

For Sale by all Druggists.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. P. K. ALEXANDER, DENTIST—Office over Stark Brother's Store. Hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Home phone 29. p18

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office and residence, 31 Main street. Office hours 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. and 12:00 to 2:30 and 6:00 to 7:30 p. m. Both Phones.

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

DR. D. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office, Lapham Savings Bank Bldg., Northville. Hours, 7 to 9 a. m.; 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m. Both Telephones. 3711.

DR. BEEBE RUTH JEPSON, Osteopathic Physician, Northville. Office every day, except Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at Detroit office. Northville Phone 145-R-111.

Rural Borders on Rugs. Rag rugs in two-toned or hit-or-miss design are made now with contrasting borders showing country lanes, schoolhouses, churches, haystacks and other rural attractions. These are especially suitable to rooms furnished with old-fashioned furniture.

Germs Might Be Worse. Germs are bad, of course, but they could be worse. Suppose they sang at their work!—Galveston News.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Elmer Holts has entered the High school.

Report cards were given out Tuesday noon.

Library books are given out Thursday afternoons.

Mrs. Rickel visited in the Third grade Tuesday afternoon.

The Misses Day and Gorton were in Detroit last Saturday.

Miss Martin was in Ypsilanti Saturday taking vocal lessons.

Mr. D. F. Lyons of Heath Co., called at school last Friday.

Miss Carrie Hess visited grade Eight last Friday afternoon.

There were 12 days' absence in grade Eight during September.

Gibson Carpenter attended the Milford fair one day last week.

Kindly send in your voting coupons and help the Northville school.

Betta Pearson and Lena Skinner visited the High school Thursday.

Grace Booth is absent from the Eighth grade on account of illness.

Reginald Hill was absent Wednesday and Thursday because of illness.

Charles (Gibsonburg) has been advanced from grade Five to Sixth.

The Board has had the Seventh grade room equipped with new desk.

Mrs. Roy Clark has given a beautiful gemstone to the Kindergarten.

Bernie Zukowski and Loula Blatow will have enrolled in Olivet college.

Alice M. Johnson of the Mich. Normal college visited her sister over Sunday.

Mrs. DasAntela and Mrs. Freddi visited the Sixth grade last week Thursday.

Miss Pierce took up her work again on Tuesday after an illness of two weeks.

The drawing laboratory has been nicely decorated with bittersweet and barberry.

The Twelfth grade history class is studying the history of the New England colonies.

Thompson's "Railway Library and Statistics for 1912" has been added to the library.

Sadie Bentley visited the High school last week. She will soon go on a visit to Iowa.

Miss Bullis received a beautiful glass dish from the High school on her birthday, last Friday.

The Wayne County Teachers' Ass'n, met at the Ferris school in Highland Park last Saturday.

Many beautiful window boxes are found in the buildings. These give a cheery appearance to the rooms.

The Extension lecture given in the High school by Prof. Henderson last Friday evening was pronounced very fine.

Vere Sonnenberg is back in school. Here's hoping he will be able to come very day the rest of the semester.

The Twelfth grade elected the following officers Tuesday after school: President, Frances Yerkes; Vice-president, Reid Stimpson; Secretary, Myrtle Gorton; Treasurer, Fay Carpenter.

Earnest work on the part of each pupil will insure good marks always; but no Fifth grader need expect a high mark if he lowers his deportment mark, or allows his neighbor to disturb him by whispering or otherwise.

Wednesday morning Miss Pierce told the High school how much she

DETROIT BASE BALL GAMES

The Tigers will play in Detroit this year as follows:

October 3, 4, 5, with Chicago

Before Visiting Sick.

A infectious disease is more liable to be taken when one has been long fasting than soon after a meal. It is well, therefore, when going to see a friend suffering from a disease of this kind to eat a substantial meal first. Neither should one go into an affected area when very warm or after a long, quick walk, when the pores of the body are all open.

Rural Borders on Rugs.

Rag rugs in two-toned or hit-or-miss design are made now with contrasting borders showing country lanes, schoolhouses, churches, haystacks and other rural attractions. These are especially suitable to rooms furnished with old-fashioned furniture.

Germs Might Be Worse.

Germs are bad, of course, but they could be worse. Suppose they sang at their work!—Galveston News.

LADIES' COATS. NOW IS THE TIME TO GET THE BEST CHOICE.

THE WHITE HOUSE

LADIES' AND GENTS' BATH ROBES \$1.75 to \$5.50
KIMONA GOODS, CHALLIES, FLEECE GOODS 10c, 12½c, 15c.
150 PILLOWS and RUNNERS. Lots of Choice. Silks included.
BLANKETS, Good Size and Good Weight. All Prices.
COMFORTERS from \$1.00 to \$5.
OUTING FLANNELS. Lots of New Patterns.
BABY BLANKETS 50c, 75c, 85c, \$1.
NEW PATTERNS IN DRESS GOODS, Browns, Blues, Greys, etc.
SASH RIBBONS. All the Latest Styles, Greens, Blues, Satin Stripes, Bulgarian, etc.
OUTING GOWNS, Ladies and Gents 50c, 75c, \$1.
BLACK PETTICOATS 50c, \$1.00 \$1.25 up
PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER.

EDWIN WHITE.
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.
Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.
TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

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

"If You Can't Boost, Don't Knock."

People's Day AT THE Churches

An Open Door--An Open Bible--An Open Message

October 5th, 1913

Go to Church where You Will Feel Most At Home.

Every Seat An Invitation—TO YOU.

RALLY DAY!

Morning Service 10 o'clock Sunday School 11:15 o'clock
Young People's Meeting at 6 Evening Service 7 o'clock

SPECIAL MUSIC AT EVENING SERVICE.

Theme for the Day:

"The Place of the Church in the Life of the Community."

Community Church Day.

appreciated the book and the beautiful flowers sent her by the school during her illness.

Word "Chore" Not Slang.

The word "chore," generally used in the plural, is not slang, but an English word of highly respectable lineage. In this form it is found only in America. In England the spelling and pronunciation being "char," though this is rarely used except in combination with "woman"—"char-woman." But in some of the provincial dialects, that of Cornwall, for example, the word "chores" is used precisely as we use "chores." All these forms come down to us from the Anglo-Saxon word "carr," or "carran," to turn over.

Butcher Shop for Cats.

There is a butcher shop in New York city that is unique in one way at least. It has been there more than 30 years. From the very beginning its proprietor, in addition to his regular business, has made a specialty of furnishing appetizing meals for cats. Every morning there is set forth on a long counter about 100 trays of cats' meat.

The Voice a Pearl.

Elithu 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 heart at home. Train it to sweet tones now and it will keep in tune through life."

FREE
This Brown Pure Linen
PILLOW

Or Your Choice of Other Designs

THE PILLOW TOP AND BACK ARE GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE With Every Purchase of 6 Skeins of

RICHARDSON'S

Grand Prize Grecian Silk Floss

and a DIAGRAM LESSON at the regular retail price of 25c

This Pillow Top and Back Are ABSOLUTELY FREE

We want You to See Our Line of BLANKETS 50c to \$7.00 Good Weight and Large Size.

QUILTS—Hand Tied Comfortables from \$1.00 to \$3.50 COTTON BATTING. The High Price of Raw Cotton does not affect the price of Our "Batts." 10c, 12½c, 15c, 18c, 25c, 30c; 3 lb. Rolls 50c and 75c.

FERRIS WAISTS, the Popular Garment for a Young Girl, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 AMERICAN LADY CORSETS have made Figures for Thousands, they will FOR YOU, \$1.00 to \$3.00.

CHAS. A. PONSFORD, Northville.

Get to The Cause

Northville People Are Learning The Way.

There is but little peace or comfort for the man or woman with a bad back. The distress begins in early morning—keeps up throughout the day. It's hard to get out of bed. It's torture to stoop or straighten. Plasters and liniments may relieve, but cannot cure if the cause is inside—the kidneys. When suffering so, use Doan's Kidney Pills, the tested and proven kidney remedy used in kidney troubles for over 50 years. Doan's Kidney Pills are recommended by thousands for just such cases. Proof of their effectiveness in the testimony of this Northville resident:

Mrs. Sarah Rorabacker, Lake St., Northville, Mich., says: "Lifting was what started my kidneys bothering me. The kidney secretions were unusual. I heard what Doan's Kidney Pills had done for others so I used them and they gave me entire relief, quickly restoring my kidneys to a normal condition. I gladly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to others because of the good they did me."

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

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

—Advertisement.

The Nicest

TOOTH PASTE WE EVER SAW.

Nydena Cream is the most delightful and effective tooth cleanser and preservative you can possibly use.

Nydena enters the crypts and crevices of the teeth—even where the bristles of the brush fail to go—prevents fermentation and inhibits the growth of disease germs upon the mucous membranes of the mouth.

Nydena Cream is a prophylactic and preservative—it supplies the cleansing elements necessary to tooth preservation, elements that are found in the normal secretions of every mouth but always absent in the presence of decay. It hardens the gums, protects, whitens and polishes the enamel of the teeth—cleanses and perfumes the breath.

There is absolutely no waste to Nydena—it is clean and economical.

25 CENTS THE TUBE.

Whatever a good drug store ought to have—and many things that other drug stores don't—keep you'll find here. Come to us first and you'll get what you want.

T. E. Murdock

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

P. A. MILLER, Propr.

Map Plaza Bldg. NORTHVILLE. TELEPHONE.

HAPPENINGS IN LOCAL SOCIETY

October.

Aisleum!

Leaves turning.

Some nice days.

New moon Monday.

Only 27 more days to Halloween.

Business Men's Meeting tonight. Everybody's doing it. Go on to church Sunday.

Lee Wager a former Northville resident died at his home in Columbus, Ohio, last Sunday.

Judging by the Detroit daily papers the courts of that city in order to save time, grant divorces in bunches.

Iky Crocker was out from Detroit Wednesday night to play with the band boys at their regular weekly (not weekly) practice.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a bake sale two weeks from tomorrow. Notice of place announced next week.

Carrington & Son are displaying a very attractive line of foot wear, in both ladies' and men's goods for the fall trade. They make a specialty of the Star brand.

Cris Schum, who is employed in Hoff's hardware store, has rented the Wilkes' house on Dubuque street, and has moved his family here from Detroit.

Twenty little girls were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry DesAutels Tuesday afternoon in honor of their daughter, Olive's thirteenth birthday.

According to Chicago dispatches, Mrs. Mildred Allison Rexroat, the (large) teacher who was slain Friday, September 26, was born in Novi, but careful investigation by the Record has failed to find any resident of that village who ever heard of such a person.

The regular meeting of the Kings Daughters will be held Tuesday, October 7, in the afternoon and evening, at the home of Miss Lida Richardson. Supper will be served at 7:30 o'clock. Reports of the state convention at Mt. Clemens will be given at this meeting.

According to Detroit papers there were 30 divorce cases up Monday; 23 marriage licenses and 54 births. Inasmuch as there are 2 persons involved in each divorce case, if the ratio keeps up, eventually all the citizens of Wayne county will have their nuptial knots untied.

The piano pupils of Miss Emily Snyder gave a very enjoyable recital to their friends in the library last Friday evening. Each did his part very well indeed, reflecting a great deal of credit on their teacher.

During the program, Miss Snyder was presented with a beautiful bouquet of carnations.

One of the most interesting sights which Quarter-Master Starkweather saw at the Grand Army Encampment at Chattanooga, Tenn., about two weeks ago, was the old war engine, "General," which was on exhibition in the Union depot. This railroad engine took a prominent part in some of the battles around Chattanooga.

Through the efforts of the Record and personal correspondence with Supt. of Public Works Fenskel of Detroit the worst part of the Grand River road as it leaves the brick paving near the city limits has been put in good condition. Commissioner Fenskel was not made aware of the really bad condition of the city street at that point until the Record called his attention to it.

We are in receipt of a copy of the "Gossip" a monthly magazine issued by the Senior class of the Ithaca High school, of which J. D. LaRue is superintendent. Following is an extract from its pages: "A small boy appeared at the post-office window and said, 'I want Mr. Ra Loo's mail.' Postmaster: 'Ra Loo, who is he?' Boy: 'Why he's the janitor to the school house, don't you know?'"

Most disgusting skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc. are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a cleansing blood tonic. Makes you clear-eyed, clear-brained clear-skinned.

—Advertisement.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Regular Convention Oct. 14, 1913.

W. L. TINHAM, C. C.

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

Business men's meeting tonight.

Everybody's doing it. Go on to church Sunday.

Lee Wager a former Northville resident died at his home in Columbus, Ohio, last Sunday.

Judging by the Detroit daily papers the courts of that city in order to save time, grant divorces in bunches.

Iky Crocker was out from Detroit Wednesday night to play with the band boys at their regular weekly (not weekly) practice.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a bake sale two weeks from tomorrow. Notice of place announced next week.

Carrington & Son are displaying a very attractive line of foot wear, in both ladies' and men's goods for the fall trade. They make a specialty of the Star brand.

Cris Schum, who is employed in Hoff's hardware store, has rented the Wilkes' house on Dubuque street, and has moved his family here from Detroit.

Twenty little girls were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry DesAutels Tuesday afternoon in honor of their daughter, Olive's thirteenth birthday.

According to Chicago dispatches, Mrs. Mildred Allison Rexroat, the (large) teacher who was slain Friday, September 26, was born in Novi, but careful investigation by the Record has failed to find any resident of that village who ever heard of such a person.

The regular meeting of the Kings Daughters will be held Tuesday, October 7, in the afternoon and evening, at the home of Miss Lida Richardson. Supper will be served at 7:30 o'clock. Reports of the state convention at Mt. Clemens will be given at this meeting.

According to Detroit papers there were 30 divorce cases up Monday; 23 marriage licenses and 54 births. Inasmuch as there are 2 persons involved in each divorce case, if the ratio keeps up, eventually all the citizens of Wayne county will have their nuptial knots untied.

The piano pupils of Miss Emily Snyder gave a very enjoyable recital to their friends in the library last Friday evening. Each did his part very well indeed, reflecting a great deal of credit on their teacher.

During the program, Miss Snyder was presented with a beautiful bouquet of carnations.

One of the most interesting sights which Quarter-Master Starkweather saw at the Grand Army Encampment at Chattanooga, Tenn., about two weeks ago, was the old war engine, "General," which was on exhibition in the Union depot. This railroad engine took a prominent part in some of the battles around Chattanooga.

Through the efforts of the Record and personal correspondence with Supt. of Public Works Fenskel of Detroit the worst part of the Grand River road as it leaves the brick paving near the city limits has been put in good condition. Commissioner Fenskel was not made aware of the really bad condition of the city street at that point until the Record called his attention to it.

We are in receipt of a copy of the "Gossip" a monthly magazine issued by the Senior class of the Ithaca High school, of which J. D. LaRue is superintendent. Following is an extract from its pages: "A small boy appeared at the post-office window and said, 'I want Mr. Ra Loo's mail.' Postmaster: 'Ra Loo, who is he?' Boy: 'Why he's the janitor to the school house, don't you know?'"

Most disgusting skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc. are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a cleansing blood tonic. Makes you clear-eyed, clear-brained clear-skinned.

—Advertisement.

A Battlefield Baby

By ARTHUR W. BREWSTER

Twenty years after the civil war I went south with a party to look over the battlefields of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. A young man accompanied our party who told us that as a baby he had been in a battle. When he had grown old enough to be told anything about himself his supposed father informed him that he (the father) had been a Union soldier in the battle of Missionary Ridge and during the fight hearing a cry in some bushes, had gone there and found a baby. He took the little chap out of the fight, and when ordered to march on the baby was adopted by the company and carried along. The father afterward took him home and brought him up. He was now on his way to visit the battlefield with a view to learning something of his parentage.

I remained for some time at Chattanooga, and the young man, Runyan, who was looking for his ancestors remained with me. I was engaged in certain work on the battlefield of Chickamauga, and Runyan was engaged in his own search. There was an old negro in the hotel at which we stayed who did odd jobs, and I paid him to do things for me. He was a lugubrious old fellow, and I never but once saw a smile on his face.

One day I asked him why he was so melancholy.

"Dat are a story by its own self," was his reply, with a solemn shake of the head.

"Well, uncle," I said to him, "you might as well tell me, for I'm so curious to know that I won't let you alone till you do."

He heaved and hawed awhile and finally told the story:

"I wor borned on a plantation on de redge, and my mam' wor one ob de best young men in de souf. I wor giben to him by his fadder when he wor married. Dat wor not long befo' de wah broke out. My young mam' he had a little plantation ob de own, and he wuk it with so mo' in a dozen niggahs. I wor a house servant and, havin' belonged to de fambly fo' so long, had charge ob eberyting."

"Den de wah come on, and mars' he go jine de Confederate army. When he went away he say to me, 'Joe, I's gwine to lead my wife and my chile what isn't bawn yet in yo' car'—his voice trembled when he spoke ob de chile—and I spect yo' to gib up yo' own life befo' yo' let any trouble happen'em."

"I tol' him dat it don't make no difference wedder it us' the'n or no' the'n usen, I kilt him if he touch a hair of uncase's head."

"While he wor away fightin' wud come to missle dat he got taken sick. By dat time de baby wor bo'n and about a year old. Missle say to me one day, says she: 'Joe, my husban' am berry sick, and I got to go to him. Do yo' tink yo' kin take car' ob de baby till I come back?' I say, 'I sho' I kin.' So missle told me all about de baby's food and what to do when dis happen and dat happen till I don't know wedder I wor on my head or my heels. Den she went away."

"Missle hadn't been gone berry long befo' dere wor fightin' at Chickamauga creek, and I wheeled de baby out to de brow ob de redge where I could see de battle goin' on. De no'then folks wor drithen purty nigh into dis place, and after dat de fightin' stopp'd fo' a long time, Mr. Bragg's army wor down below de redge, and then he come up on top ob de redge. Meantime missle come back, and when de south'n army wor camped on de redge mars' he got taken sick some mo', and she went away ag'in, leavin' me in charge ob de baby."

"One day I wor wheelin' de baby along de brow ob de redge, and I see de no'then folks down below all marchin' up and down 's if dey wor paradin'. Fus' I ting I knowed a lot ob dem sojers jus' started to climb de hill. De men on top wor shootin' down at 'em, and dey wor de debble to pay. I wheeled de baby back tow'd de house as fas' as I kin, but I meet some southe'n sojers, and one ob de cesiters say to me:

"'Heah, yo' niggah, yo' put a shoul-der to de wheel ob de gun."

"I didn't dare disobey. I put my shoul-der to de gun, and we took it to de brow ob de redge. De Yankees come right up and took de gun, and I wor in de middle ob de fight. I tried to git back to de baby, and when I got dar whar I lef' him in de bushes he wor gone."

Runyan while the story was being told was sitting by a table reading a newspaper, though he was really listening to the story. At this point he jumped up and shouted:

"What was the name of your master?"

"Mars' Goodridge."

"Then Goodridge must be my real name. I was the baby you were wheeling along on Missionary ridge. What became of my father?"

"You dat baby! Dat can't be so, mars'." He wain't mo'n a foot and a half high."

Runyan, who had taken the name of the Federal soldier who had found him, was the identical baby that was lost on the battlefield. His father had died of wounds, and his mother had succumbed soon after his death. That is why no effort was ever made to find him.

"When this old darkey was convinced that the baby he had lost stood before him as a man he smiled for the first time in twenty years."

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The Case of Lady Broadstone

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE, MONEY AND INTRIGUE

By Arthur Marchmont
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CHAPTER I.

CAST-IRON JOHN PETHERBY.

"I love Eva and she loves me. That's my answer, Mr. Petherby," and Don Stuart's handsome, frank features flushed as he looked Eva's father in the face, the fearless self-dependence of the tone emphasised by the proud upstanding poise of the tall, powerful frame.

John Petherby's eyes were like flints, his face as a mask of chilled steel, his voice—joy and deliberate—"Cast-iron John," they called him in the huge manufactory he had founded and developed into enormous prosperity. He looked the character now.

"You love my daughter and she loves you, Umph! And that's your reason for turning thief!"

"Mr. Petherby!"

"Haden't you persuaded her to elope when I caught you? What is it but theft to try and steal her away from her home, and with her, the money you calculate to get—"

"Not a penny. I don't want your money."

Mr. Petherby paused. "I don't believe you. I believe your father's son is as capable of lying as he is himself."

"Don't insult my father, sir," cried Don, indignantly.

"I know your father better than you. For twenty years he tried to steal my business from me, using every shift and every lie, and every fraud that didn't bring him into the criminal law. And now you try by the same means to steal my child."

"I asked your consent openly at first."

"Not quite like your father tried, perhaps; but I told you that I would rather see her dead than disgraced and degraded as your wife. And then you schemed and lied until you won her from her father to me to run away with you. That was your father's son. And now you chatter like a fool about your love. If I were to have you kidnapped by my stationer, I would be more than your doer."

"They would a deal sooner horse-whip you," cried Don, red-hot with anger.

But the taunt made no impression. The cold steel eyes fixed on the boy's face never even flickered. "Now, understand, if your father is in this—"

"He is not," was the impulsive interruption.

"If your father is in this, it will spell ruin to him. He can tell you why. I shall write him that unless you get out of the country and leave my child in peace, to forget you—"

"She will never do that. I shall never give her up," broke in Don again.

"I shall crush your father as I crush this," and he crumpled a sheet of paper in his strong white hand. "I am not one of your workgirls to be lectured and bullied by you, Mr. Petherby. I shall not give up Eva."

Mr. Petherby rang the bell. "Gregson, tell Miss Eva to come to me, and tell Roberts and Pilkington I shall wait them in five minutes—when I ring."

There was a wait of some few minutes; but not a word was said. Then the door was opened and a slight girl of about eighteen, fair as a picture and sweet as May flowers, came in timidly. A flower born for the sunshine, but sadly shaken by a tempest she was now, her eyes terror-filled, the lids still dewed with recent tears, her cheeks flushed in agitation and her heart beating wildly beneath her heaving bosom, under the stress of a trouble which threatened wreck and ruin to her young happiness.

Her lover caught his breath at sight of her and stepped forward impulsively. "Eva!"

"Evangeline!" came the iron-bound command at the same moment.

For an instant she hesitated, and stood trembling and casting fleet frightened glances at each in turn. Then the habit of a lifetime conquered, even the impulse of her love. She shrank to her father's side.

John Petherby's flinty eyes seemed to light for an instant with a gleam of triumph as he looked at the discomfited Don; but his voice was as hard, uncomproising, slow

monotone. "Evangeline, you will tell this young man that you will never see him again."

Eva's only answer was a smothered moan of pain.

"Eva!" cried Don with eager pleading.

"Never again, Evangeline," declared the stern old man.

"Father!" she wailed.

"Do you dare disobey me?" The tone even colder in its implacable sternness.

She dropped into a chair and burst into wild sobbing.

The tears drove Don mad. "Have you no mercy?" he cried. "Can't you see what she suffers? Do you want to break her heart?"

"Evangeline!"

"Eva!"

Again the appeal from both came almost simultaneously.

"It's no use, Don. It's no use. Go away, please," she cried, her voice quivering, and her words broken and scarcely audible for her sobs.

"You will never see him again, Evangeline." Tell him so," said her father, holding to his purpose with the relentless tenacity which had given him his great wealth.

"Eva!" The appeal eager and passionate, now eloquent of the pain of impending defeat.

"Don't, Don, don't. I can never see you again."

The instant the words were past her lips, Mr. Petherby rang his bell.

"Eva, do you see what you are doing? Will you send me from you without a word of hope? I will not give you up. I swear it. I cannot come with me now, dearest," and he pushed forward to go to her.

Mr. Petherby blocked his way, and the two stood glaring at each other—the one hot, emotional, resentful; the other cold, hard, resolute—a rock of steadiness against which the young man's heart beat itself in vain.

The two servants entered. "Turn this man out of the house, you two; and if he ever presumes to set foot inside the Manor again, my orders are that he be thrown out."

A gasp of pain from the shrinking girl behind her father; a start of fury and a clenching of fists from her lover; a smothered cry of rage; and then father and daughter were alone.

The instant the door was closed, she jumped up and rushed toward it.

"Don, Don, come back!"

Mr. Petherby put himself before her. "Evangeline! How dare you?"

Love and despair lent her fleeting courage, and she met her father's eyes. But in a moment it fled and, falling on her knees, she clung to him. "Father, father, bring him back to me. I love him so! I love him so! Oh, my heart is breaking!"

The tempest of her anger broke like storm of her lover's anger, broke in vain against the rugged rock of his composure. He clasped her hands, raised and then released her. "The day will come when you will thank me for this more than for any act of my life to you. By your tears, go to your room and remain there until the day after to-morrow. By that time this presumptuous young scoundrel will have left the Manor."

Her face was grey with looking. She looked at him as though scarcely understanding his words, and half-fainting, she layed slightly and caught at the table for support.

He made no attempt to help her. "Remember you are John Petherby's daughter," he said, sternly. With a great effort she rallied her strength and was creeping to the door when it opened, and Jack Petherby, a handsome lad of about sixteen entered, hurriedly and with signs of excitement. Brother and sister were much alike in coloring and features.

"What's this about Don being sent off?" he cried, angrily. "It's a shame."

Eva ran up to him and threw her arms round his neck.

"You dare to use that word to me?" said his father, very sternly. "Do you know anything of this?"

"I know Don Stuart is a good fellow," was the reply, less confidently given.

"Cast-iron John" regarded his son very steadily for some moments in silence. "If that fellow's name is ever mentioned again in this house, you shall leave here. Go to your room, Eva. No, go alone," he cried quickly as Jack was moving away with her. "Stay here, John."

Slowly she unwound her arms from her brother's neck, and with a catch of the breath, crept away. "Merk this, boy. If you dare to encourage Eva in this rebellion against me, you are no son of mine. That's my last word. Sit over there. I have a letter to write."

The lad's opposition was beaten down. He took the place pointed out to him, and sat watching his father write the letter which the old man knew would separate the lovers finally.

One other step the stern old martinet took. He sent his son away that evening from the Manor and only recalled him some eight months later, a week before Eva's wedding to Lord Broadstone, which the rich man had arranged in the interval.

On the eve of the wedding, John Petherby told his prospective son-in-law of the "Don Stuart incident," as the two men sat smoking after dinner.

"I have told you the truth about Eva and that scoundrel Stuart's son because in my view marriage, is a

business contract in which a matter of the kind should not be concealed. And nobody ever knew John Petherby to make a contract without disclosing the facts."

"I had heard something of it, of course, sir. A mere boy and girl affair, I suppose," replied Lord Broadstone with a shrug of the shoulders as he flicked the ash off his cigar.

"I know nothing about boy and girl affairs; but since that time the fellow's name has never been mentioned in this house. He passed out of our lives. His father sent him to America. He made an attempt to see Eva once, and was thrown out of the Manor gates. He tried to write to her; but I opened the letter, and, learning in that way his address, I wrote and told him that any insolence of the kind would be visited on his father. That was the end of it. He is dead to us all."

"I see," was Lord Broadstone's reply, as he helped himself to another glass of wine, and held it up meditatively; and the brilliant electric light on the upturned face brought all the lines into strong relief.

John Petherby was a judge of men and knew well enough that the lines on the weak, washy face, prematurely old, but still handsome face, had been scored not by time or thought, but by hard-living, self-indulgence, dissipation, and worry. Unstable as water, said the drooping mouth, whose irresolution was emphasized rather than concealed by the light moustache; unreliable as a ferret; declared the shifty pale-blue eyes; and the rich self-made man read the signs like the print of a book.

As a man, "Cast-iron John" would not have given him twenty shillings a week in the big factory. But the dispensation of Providence had made the man a peer, and the father believed he was doing well to buy him as a son-in-law. And he was prepared to buy the honour as he bought all things, at a fair price. Fifty thousand pounds in cash to pay his lordship's present debts, and half a million sterling settled on Eva, to revert to her husband if there were no children. That was the price. And both sides considered it a fair bargain.

"And now," said Mr. Petherby, after a pause, "you will meet candour with candour."

"What do you mean?" asked Lord Broadstone, with a shift of uneasiness.

"You have no entanglements of any kind?"

"Of course not. What do you say that for?" The answer was irritably spoken.

"You were away for some years in America before your father came into the title five years ago, and there were rumors—"

"What rumors?" "What do you mean?" broke in the peer.

"That you were married out there."

So I was—but she's dead. Died before I came home. Isn't that enough for you? He spoke more angrily than before, and, after glancing once at Mr. Petherby, stared sullenly down at the table.

"I thought perhaps that, as divorce is so easy in the States, you might—"

"Look here I don't see the good of this," broke in Lord Broadstone. "If you don't take my word, chuck the thing up. Chuck it! I wasn't a saint as a young fellow. I never posed as one. But I cut all that sort of thing off like a knife when I came home. If you don't believe me, then chuck the thing up. You're looking at me as if I was a criminal in the dock, by gad!" and he helped himself to another glass of wine.

He stood in considerable rear of his host, and only with a great effort had he made this speech. An effort prompted by temper and not a little alarm—for he had, many unsavoury secrets.

"Cast-iron John" did his best to smile. "Don't be uneasy. I take your word. If I could not, I should not give you my daughter."

"In a moment I have only one thing more to say. About myself I have, as you know, hurried the marriage forward. I will not deny that Eva's health suffered from that scoundrel's infamous treatment, and I had intended to take her for a voyage. Eva is delicate. But my own health is the cause of my alteration of plans."

Lord Broadstone smiled. "Your health? Why, that must be perfect, judging by the way you suck to the big varnish works. I should think you're as hard as nails."

"I do not show the world all I feel, but you must know this. I am under sentence of death. My heart is wrong. I had a warning a month ago, and have consulted the specialists. They all agree that my death may come at any minute, and cannot be long delayed."

"I hope it's not as bad as that, sir?" cried Lord Broadstone with spontaneous sincerity. He was capable of surface feelings of the sort.

"We may take it as proved," answered Mr. Petherby, without a sign of feeling. "Therefore I wished Eva to be married as soon as possible—to have some one to take my place over her. All other arrangements I have completed. My business is now a limited company. Eva's fortune—half a million—has been invested in gold securities. Your lawyers know of this. My son Jack will have a

million sterling and my share in the business when he becomes of age. If he dies before then everything will go to Eva and her children."

There was a pause. The younger man did not know what reply to make. The spontaneous regret at the news of Mr. Petherby's danger had passed, giving way to speculations of a very different kind. "I've no doubt it will be all right, sir," he murmured, scribbling hieroglyphics on the cloth with the handle of his dessert knife.

"I have been a hard father to Eva in some things," said Mr. Petherby, slowly; "but I have sought to do always the thing which seemed right. I am a hard man, I know; and perhaps she has no idea of the love I bear her. I pray God you will make her a good husband—when I am gone."

"I'll do my utmost, sir, on my honour," said Lord Broadstone, with another emotional flush.

"I am sure of it. And now let us go to the ladies."

As they rose, a servant said that a person of the name of Gardiner wished to see Lord Broadstone at once.

He was waiting in the hall as they went out—a sleek, smooth-faced man with the unmistakable air of a well-trained servant.

"My cousin Dorrisson's man," said Broadstone to his host. "What is it, Gardiner?"

"My master sent me down from London with instructions to give you this letter at once, my lord. He is detained in the House of Commons and cannot get down until to-morrow."

Lord Broadstone took the letter, opened it carelessly, and glanced at the first line.

"I have reason to believe your first wife is still living. I have—"

With a violent start and turning as white as his shirt front, he crushed the letter in his hand and thrust it into his pocket, while he cast a frightened look over his shoulder to make sure that Mr. Petherby had not seen it.

CHAPTER II.

MARRIED.

Mr. Petherby could not fail to observe Lord Broadstone's confusion. "Anything serious occurred?"

"Only an investment going wrong," was the reply, given with obvious striving after indifference. "Because Dorrisson's an M. P., he's always interfering."

"Cast-iron John" pulled at his goatee slowly. "He's the heir of course, and can't be expected to like this marriage."

"It isn't about that," protested Broadstone, "nothing at all to do with it," he repeated.

"I have met Gilbert Dorrisson twice. I think I don't know whether you see much of him, but if you do be on your guard. I put him in the class labelled 'dangerous.'"

"He is one of the best fellows," "Is he?" was Mr. Petherby's dry rejoinder as he drew the younger man into one of his conservatories.

"Does he know anything about you that affects your marriage?"

Lord Broadstone wriggled uneasily under the piercing eyes. "Certainly not, Mr. Petherby of course not. There is nothing to know."

"Sure? Like a surgeon's probe came the one-syllable question. "On a honour."

"Very well," and with that they went on to the drawing-room.

Eva and her brother were sitting together in one corner while a de-cayed relative of her mother's, the Hon. Mrs. Pettifer, who received an "honorarium" for her chaperoning presence in the Manor, was reading by the piano. The brother and sister started nervously when their father entered, and Jack rose. Both brother and sister were in looks and disposition like their dead mother—a gentle, well-born soul who had married the rich man at the bidding of her relatives and had been glad to die soon after Jack's birth.

Lord Broadstone, anxious to avoid Mr. Petherby until feeling less ill at ease, sauntered over to Eva. She made a place for him on the sofa, glancing first to see if her father was watching, and then shrank as far into the corner as possible.

She was strikingly pretty, an oval face—the features thin and regular and beautifully moulded, and the complexion as clear as alabaster—was crowned by a wealth of golden hair, under which in strange contrast to the rest of her colouring, were a pair of deep-fringed eyes, dark and large and wondering, and full of the soft questioning timidity of a roe.

Every look of her eyes, every word she spoke, every gesture she made, seemed to be inspired by the same striking timidity—all painfully eloquent of her intense fear of her stern, iron-handed father.

"We have been a long time, I fear," said Lord Broadstone.

"It has not seemed long to me—I mean Jack was telling me things."

She corrected herself nervously. "It seemed long to me—away from you," he replied, with an obviously insincere smile.

But she did not notice the insincerity. "I am glad, my lord—Bertram, I mean. I shall get used to it in time; but I never call anyone but Jack by his Christian name, you see."

"You mustn't call me 'my lord' after to-morrow, Eva."

"No, of course not. I shall remember." The very simplicity of this told its own story. "I have been telling myself over and over again."

"I shall have a very beautiful bride, Eva—bewitchingly beautiful. But we must get some colour back to those cheeks of yours and some laughter into your lovely eyes."

"I don't often laugh, my—Bertram. The Manor is rather—well, rather dull when Jack's away."

"I have seen you laughing with him."

"Oh, that's different. He's only sixteen; and at sixteen one is so silly sometimes."

"And you are wise and sedate nineteen."

"Yes, I am nineteen; nearly twenty, in fact."

"Seems a great age to you, eh?"

"I seem to have lived a long time." She smothered a sigh as she said this.

"But you are happy?"

"Oh, yes—at least, I suppose so."

"I mean about your marriage?"

"I think I am more frightened than anything else. It's very babyish, but I can't help being afraid of to-morrow. I don't mean—I don't mean you—because father has wished this; and of course, I must do what he wishes—I always have. And, indeed, I am glad to do it. I am—indeed," with almost childish eagerness. Don't think I'm not—but I'm afraid I shall be such a failure as—as my lady. Don't be angry, that I am so foolish."

He moved closer and touched her hand. "I shall never be angry with you, Eva," he said, earnestly, his surface feelings touched. "I shall give my life to make you happy and hear you laugh, and bring the roses to your cheeks. Now, let me tell you some of the things we shall do on the honeymoon." And with ready tongue he chattered away, seeking to rouse her interest and at the same time prove to the father that the news in the letter had not upset him.

Eva did her best to appear interested; but she was a poor actress; and between her dread of the morrow's ordeal and her fear of making a blunder which might anger her father, she was distressingly conscious of her failure.

She was thus unfeignedly relieved when Mr. Petherby interposed with the suggestion that as the next would be a tiring day for Eva she had better go to bed.

He went down with Lord Broadstone. "You are sure there is nothing you want to tell me?" he asked.

"Can't think of anything," was the reply, lightly spoken, with apparent indifference.

"That letter from Mr. Dorrisson?"

"Oh, that! That's nothing. What can't be cured, you know. Better luck next time. Good night!"

But it was in his thoughts during the short drive to Broadstone Towers; and when he reached home and was alone, he took out the letter and read it with agitation, intense and real, in place of the feigned indifference.

"House of Commons, Monday."

"My Dear Bertram."

"I have reason to believe your first wife is still living. I have had some most important news from America to-day, and think it right in your interests—which you know I have at heart—to send you a warning. It is too serious for me to write; and most unfortunately I cannot leave the House to-night. But I will be with you the first thing in the morning and will tell you all. Don't marry Miss Petherby on any account until I have seen you and the matter is cleared up."

"Your affectionate cousin,"

"Gilbert Dorrisson."

Lord Broadstone let the letter fall on his lap, and as he sat staring gloomily at nothing, his thoughts slipped back to a scene in the past which his cousin's letter had conjured up.

A scantily-furnished bedroom in a rough frame house in the outskirts of Helena, Montana. On the common iron bedstead in a corner of the room lay a woman battling for life. At the table, by the light of a reeking, smelly paraffin lamp, a man, dressed little better than a tramp, had just finished the stealthy perusal of a letter, the reading interrupted by occasional furtive glances at the woman.

As he put the paper back into his pocket he glanced round the room and shuddered with disgust at the sordid meanness and squalor of the life which it evidenced. It was the letter which had suddenly made the squalor so aggressively obvious. For it had offered him a change from poverty, dirt, and a desperate struggle for bare existence to a life of ease, money, idleness and luxury.

Three years before he had been exiled from England because of his idleness and debauchery; a bare pittance had been allowed him, and he had had to shift for himself. For two years he had tried his fortunes in the mining towns and camps of Nevada and Montana, only to sink lower and lower, until he had gained the name of the "camp sponge."

Then by an accident, and no merit of his own, he had won the heart of old Jebek Crockett's daughter, Sadie. By a strenuous effort he had kept from the drink long enough to make her his wife—believing her rich father would support him. But, instead, the girl-wife had been cast off; and being a brave, clever, inde-

pendent soul, had toiled early and late to maintain him and keep from the world the knowledge of their poverty. Only illness had beaten her, and their plight grew rapidly desperate, until they were face to face with starvation.

At that moment, had come the temptation—the letter:

"If you are free from encumbrances—neither wife nor child—you may return and all will be forgiven. It is rumored that you are married; if so, look for no welcome here. Cable at once."

"If you are free!"

He had had that thought many times during Sadie's illness.

And now she was dying—he was sure of that. The doctor was sure, too. His first thought was to leave her at once. They had sent him money for the journey. He had married her under his two first names—as Bert Hunter; concealing his family name of Dorrisson. He had kept from her all knowledge of his family and friends in England. She would never find him—at least, she might not. On the other hand, if she did, he would be again what he was already, an outcast.

She was dying—sure to die. What harm, then, if— The unfinished thought had driven him out to the saloon, where he had muddled his thoughts with enough whiskey to give him courage to do what an hour before he had not dared to think of openly.

When he returned to the room he had the stuff in his pocket. He read the letter to nerve himself afresh. Then, with a lurch, he rose and put the bottle he had brought in from the drug-store among the medicine phials—it was time for her next dose—and went to the bedside.

"Sadie! Sadie!"

The wife stirred, open her eyes and smiled. She was still little more than a girl, though now drawn and haggard enough for a woman of forty. "Ah, Bert, I think I'm better."

He hiccupped. "It's time for your medicine," he said.

"Dear Bert, how thoughtful you are! I shall soon be about again and make things easier for you."

She felt for his hand feebly; but he moved away to the table and turned the lamp lower.

"What's that for, Bert?"

"Too much light for you," he mumbled as he crossed to the shelf of medicine bottles.

The girl watched him as he fumbled with the bottle, she thought she knew the reason, and coughed heavily. "Don't spill it, Bert. It's the last bottle we can buy, and it's doing me so much good. Your hand's shaky."

"I shan't spill it," he said. His hand did shake, and the lip of the bottle and glass jugled as he poured out the dose.

"She's dying, sure enough. Dying people often think they're getting better," he was saying to himself, as he stood with his back to her brattling a moment in fear before he carried the "medicine" to the bed. He was an afraid coward.

"I am so longing to be well again."

"Don't speak so much, Sadie. Here you are!" He laid her up in bed and trembled so violently that some of the contents of the glass were spilt.

"Drink it—quick!"

"What's the matter, Bert?" she asked, putting his hand away with the testy impatience of an invalid, and looking at him.

"You won't get better if you don't take it," he said.

"Kiss me, Bert, then I'll take it!"

He bowed and kissed her. "Poor Bert! Your lips are as gold as ice and your forehead all wet. You're ill!"

"Are you going to drink it?"

She let him put the glass to her lips and drained the contents. Then a sudden change came over her. "It's not the right taste, Bert!" she cried, and caught him by the lapels of his coat. Strength seemed to come to her suddenly, her voice grew strong, and her hands held him so that he could not get away. "You've mixed up the bottles, Bert. What have you given me?"

"It's all right, Sadie," he said. "Let me go. I'll see." His voice was hoarse and low.

But instead of releasing him she twisted him round till the light of the lamp was on his face. "Bert! Bert! for the love of God, have you poisoned me?"

"Don't be a fool, Sadie—shouting like that!"

She uttered a shrill scream. "You have! You have! Help! Help! I see it in your face! I—"

No more. Rallying his drunken strength he forced her back and thrust the pillow over her face. Once she got free and looked at him with an expression of wild-eyed horror that was like a look of hell to him. He thrust the pillow over her again and held it until she lay still and quiet.

With a hurried look around the place he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and stood dazed with terror at the awesome stillness. Then he turned out the light, thrust the glass he had used for the poison into his pocket, and slunk out of the house.

And now Gilbert Dorrisson said she was alive. It couldn't be true. It was a lie coined to frighten him from marrying. It was Dorrisson's plan to prevent the

WHEN IN DOUBT

CHOOSE SIMPLICITY

Some Clever Ideas in Jewelry—Plaids Very Smart

Vealure a High Note.

Some people are born artists and some are born musicians. Occasionally a woman is born with a natural artistic instinct for the proper adornment of her person. With such a person the mere pinning on of a bow achieves an unconscious artistic triumph. Whatever she wears assumes a style and grace that is inimitable. With such a woman beauty is a natural attribute for she naturally brings out the best in features and form.

The great majority of women are not thus blessed. Most women have to spend some time and thought upon their garments or else look dowdy and out of fashion. Some foolish women get the notion that time thus spent is wasted and such thought an indication of vanity. This is a fallacious course of reasoning. No woman is so beautiful that she can afford to look slovenly on out-of-date. It is not necessary to pick up every fad that foolish men and women design for woman's adornment. Often such fads look absurd. Most styles, even the ridiculous ones, have been becoming to some one. The sensible woman, however, will cling close to the simple lines which are becoming to most figures and depend upon the accessories; the bit of lace or color at the throat, the dainty gloves, good hosiery and footwear to give the finishing touches. Simplicity is never out-of-date and there are certain lines which are always good, no matter to what extremes the fashions lead. A becomingly attired woman is always well dressed—whatever she wears. A woman unbecomingly attired though gowned in the rarest of materials and most exquisite colorings with the latest devices of the tailor is neither stylish or attractive.

The gown should be chosen with a view to the wearer's social position, her husband's pocket-book, the time and place when it will be worn and the wearer's complexion and figure. Simplicity is always safe and can be attained in the widest possible ranges of monetary figures. It can cost much or little, but the woman thus attired is always in good form. This simplicity of design is noticeable in the cutting of many of the gowns and suits and is also a feature of the new jewelry styles. Instead of the gaudy

heavily engraved lockets small pendants are worn and the ginger-bread quality is noticeable in jewelry designs by their absence.

Among the most popular bits of jewelry for neckwear are long, slender pendants, simple in design and beautiful in colorings.

A brand new idea and one destined to be attractive is a slender, graceful drop, suspended from the tiniest velvet band, less than a quarter of an inch in diameter, and worn high on the neck. Sometimes the ornament instead of being a jeweled conceit is a diminutive bow in the center of which glistens a jeweled ornament and whose ends are daintily edged with brilliants.

This year, more than ever before, buyers of suits have given attention to the materials of which the garments are made. The demand for all fabrics of a velvet character has proven a surprise to suit manufacturers, and while many of them placed large advance orders on such goods, very few of them were able to gauge the extent of the demand. Consequently, there is a scarcity of some of the more desirable shades.

Besides the plain velours, cut velours, velour stripes and checks, broche velours, velours de laine and diagonal velours are shown. In the higher priced suits peau de peche, or duvetine, is selling readily and such fabrics are becoming scarcer as the season advances.

Plaids of every description are strong in manufactured garments for children and for women. Especially smart at the moment are silk dresses of dark blue and green plaid silks, some very sombre, while others are almost gay with lines of yellow or blocks of red. Models combining the plain with the plaid have the authority of Paris for their being. For example one number has a scant lower skirt of black satin charmeuse with a scantily draped tunic of plaid silk, a wide collar of black, forming a yoke back, and a panel of the black forming the back of the blouse and extending half way down the middle back. These are intended to be worn with or lace gimpes. Slashed or shirred skirts are more conspicuous in evening gowns than elsewhere.

STATE BRIEFS

EATON RAPIDS—The cider mill have started, but will run only on half time because of the shortage of apples.

HOLLAND—Rev. John Wamshul, the fourth of Hope's graduates to enter the foreign mission field, left for India.

FLINT—Justice T. J. Tolley heard George Hughes, Jr., over to the circuit court for trial on a charge of violating the local option law.

KALAMAZOO—County inspectors condemned the county jail and will recommend to the board of supervisors that a new structure be erected at once.

CADILLAC—The Grand Rapids & Ironston car went over the road, leaving \$10,000 here for Cadillac men. Several of them received substantial checks for overdue pay since May 1.

LANSING—Governor Ferris appointed George S. Brown, of Owosso, a member of the board of examiners of barbers for the term beginning October 2 and ending October 1, 1916.

SAGINAW—Hon. W. L. Burt, who offered \$15,000 for an aged woman's home, provided other citizens would contribute \$10,000, has placed a time limit on his proposal, setting the limit at December 1.

FLINT—Mortimer Rider 65 years old, is in a critical condition at his home in Argentine township as the result of being kicked by a horse. Mrs. Rider found her husband lying in a stall at the horse's feet.

ALMA—Mrs. L. C. Mallory, 80 years old, died at her home in Seville township near here. She had lived continuously on one farm for the last 62 years. Twenty-one years were spent in one of the old-fashioned three-sided log cabins.

ANN ARBOR—Thieves entered two saloons, a restaurant and a meat market on the north side and escaped with nearly \$50 in loot. In each instance entrance was gained by cutting the glass in the front doors.

STURGIS—Herman Carls, 80 years old, a civil war veteran, fell prey to the wiles of Cupid and was wedded to Mrs. Pauline Adams, 60 years old. The aged couple now reside on the groom's farm near Sturgis.

CADILLAC—The employees of the basket factory in Falmouth went on strike for an increase of 10 per cent in wages. Peter Vincent, the proprietor, said it was a case of present wages or no work and all the dissatisfied ones were soon back at work.

BESSEMER—Butler Brothers, of Chicago, have accepted the contract and started operations, stripping the earth-covered ore deposits recently discovered south of Wakefield. Steam shovels are being used to do the work. The deposits are from 50 to 200 feet in depth.

KALAMAZOO—A man is a fool who thinks he can live the life of a criminal and get away with it. He declared John Pabst the purse snatcher who was arrested recently. He says he has made but \$15 at his daring task in three months, and in the bargain, lost his bride.

Phineas Harden's Inheritance

They stood about the farmhouse in awkward, constrained groups, waiting, as they might have expressed it, "for the funeral to start." The dead woman was lying in the best room. It had been the passing away of a hard life.

Phineas Harden leaned his head against the shutter which had been closed to keep out the glaring light, and as he sat there, half hearing the sounds which came to him through the open window, he heard quite distinctly these words:

"Died peaceful at the last, they say. Well, there'd ought to be some peace in the course of a natural life, an' if there was going to be any in old Miss Harden's life, guess it had to get its innings in at pretty nigh the last look, an' a close shave at that. My, didn't she lead Dick Harden a life. Reclect when there warn't a sprucer man in town, but she took the spirit right out of him, an' it warn't much of a job for consumption ter finish him up."

Phineas never forgot that. It had been the putting into words what he had never quite admitted even to himself.

The days that followed his mother's death passed peacefully enough. After a while he became used to the quiet of the house. It didn't seem lonely to him; he had never felt lonely, not even at the first.

People sometimes looked curiously at him and wondered if he ever thought of Lorinda North. But no one could read the thoughts that were hidden back of his eyes. They were eyes that rather baffled you; they had always annoyed his mother. When he was a child she had said one day, "Where he gets that look beats me. He minds well, an' he'd oughter, seein' the trouble I've been to bring him up. His hands an' feet are quick enough to do as I say, but I can't feel but what there's somethin' back of his eyes that I ain't never touched."

Lorinda North kept a little shop, which was the exponent of metropolitan styles. She was a woman who took life hard. It did not come easy to any of these hard worked, narrow lived women, and she had fought against each hard knock until all the softness, which may once have been hers, had been rubbed off. There had been an old love affair between those two, but how far it had progressed no one ever quite knew. Some one had once ventured to ask Lorinda about it. "She wasn't going to be an old woman's nurse," she had said. "She'd always made out to make a living for herself, and she guessed she could still."

Perhaps in those years in which there had been plenty of time for quiet thought she had sometimes regretted her lost chance of happiness. Surely they had been lonely years, hard years, too, and they had borne their fruit in Lorinda North. There wasn't a woman in the town who did not feel a little uneasy when under the battery of her sharp eyes. Phineas Harden had been the only one, who had ever pushed open, even over so slightly the door of her heart, and after she had closed this little chink, love had gone to easier pathways and left the door of Lorinda's heart closed hard and fast.

People had speculated somewhat as to how she would take the news of Mrs. Harden's death. Perhaps it had stirred, more deeply than she knew, the undercurrent of her life. Surely, Phineas was often in her mind in these days. Not with any tenderness of feeling did she think of the lonely man, but perhaps because his solitary life bore so closely on her own did her thoughts so often turn to him. As she looked forward, as she did sometimes of late, to the years and years, stretching out their weary length before her, a thought which was at first vague and undefined, gradually took definite shape in her mind.

They had both always been regular church attendants. Through the summer Lorinda had sat just back of Phineas Harden's pew, and the time seemed very long ago when the pew in front had been empty at the evening meeting and he had sat back with her.

His mother had been dead just six months. The cold and dreariness of the winter was gone, and it was a soft night in early June. The windows in the old church were open, and perhaps Phineas listened more to the sounds of the night than to the monotonous voice of the minister. When he was a little boy he had often wished that they would have church out-doors. God seemed nearer there. The woman sat and watched his face during the long sermon. She looked at it more carefully, perhaps, than she had ever done before. But Lorinda North was not capable of seeing the real Phineas Harden. All she saw was a slight, bent figure, a face with eyes that were apt to fall a little before the hard look in her own. She could not know that he did not meet her eyes only because it pained him to see the expression which time had printed on her face.

The long service was over, and there was a sigh of relief as the congregation stood and received the benediction. Phineas had never passed out of his pew without stopping and speaking to Lorinda. To-night he looked up with his usual smile; she was just beside him, her hand resting on the railing of the old pew that stood between them. Something in her face arrested him; he stopped and

took her hand. "What is it, Lorinda? Is anything the matter?"

She looked for a full minute into his kind, enquiring eyes before she spoke. "No, nothing's the matter. I only thought that perhaps—perhaps, we might walk home together."

He dropped her hand, and the color flashed to his face. But the blood moves more slowly at forty than at twenty, and he only said:

"Why, yes, Lorinda, of course."

The night was clear and beautiful. It was strange how the man noted each sound and how his thoughts went back to another June night long ago, when he had walked over the same road with the woman beside him. He looked at her face; even in this soft half-light, it was hard and cold. There was something pathetic in the silent walk of these two old lovers. They were almost at her door now, and she turned her face toward him. If he could have known it, there were two bright spots on her cheeks; as it was, he felt a great pity for the lonely woman. He did not know that they were two players in "the tragedy of what might have been," but he dimly felt that she was trying to bridge over the lapse of time that had come between them. He remembered something of the feeling he had once had when she was beside him, and a wave of longing, not for her, but for the love that had gone, came over him. He almost forgot the woman in his remembrance of the love which she had once awakened.

As the memory of the old emotions came over him his heart softened and he turned toward her with ready words on his lips. But they had reached her door, and she was holding out her hand.

"Good-night, Phineas. I haven't any idea but that you think strange of what I've done to-night, but what ever you think, I know I can trust you to keep still. Perhaps there's things we all regret. I don't know how you feel, but—" she had opened the door now and had stepped just within the shop—"but I won't be busy Saturday night, and if you want to come I'll be at home." And before he had time to answer, the door had been shut and he was alone.

It had been a hot week for so early in the season. Phineas felt tired and spent as he drove home from town on Saturday afternoon. As he neared his house its loneliness struck him as something new. The heat of the day, and his struggles with the question which had been evading and which kept coming for an answer, depressed him. He longed for quiet and peace; whether the old quiet life or the possible peace of a new one, he did not know. But his house was not so lonely after all, for, as he came nearer, he saw the old doctor's bulky body in the gate. He had always liked the cheerful, sensible old man, and he nudged him now with even a note of relief in his voice.

"Hello, Phineas, thought you'd be along if I waited a minute."

Phineas got out and stood by the side of the doctor's buggy. "It's about the bill, I s'pose," he said. "I meant to see about it before, but—"

"See here, Phineas, did you ever know me to drive people on my little? It ain't a bill this time, but something that I ought to have attended to as soon as your mother died, but it clean slipped my mind and that's the only excuse I have to offer. I don't know whether you ever thought much about your father, he died when you were pretty young. He was one of the best friends I ever had. They said he died of consumption, I said to myself, and I suppose he did, but if ever a man died of loneliness and want of sympathy it was Dick Harden. Just before he died he gave me a letter to give you. He told me to keep it as long as your mother lived, and at her death to give it to you if you were still unmarried, so since you're a blooming old bachelor like myself, here it is. And whatever it is, just remember that your father was a good man, and lived better than most men die."

In the afterglow of the sunset Phineas sat turning the letter over in his hand. The fading light was too dim for the faint, indistinct writing, and he lit the lamp.

He looked at the date and it gave him a curious feeling to know that his father had been younger than he himself was when he had written the letter. It was true that he had thought of his father but little, and perhaps nothing in his life had ever touched him as did this letter, which seemed as real to him as though it were his father's voice coming down to him through the years.

"To My Dear Son—Whether you will ever see this I cannot tell. When life is almost ended, some things seem very clear. I cannot leave you much, but perhaps you will some time understand. There is only just enough to take care of your mother. I wish God only knows how I wish, that I could leave you happiness. Lying here I've had time to think it all over, and I am leaving this letter with the prayer that God will somehow make it do the work."

There is just one thing I want to say. Be sure of yourself. Never make friends because you are lonely. There is no loneliness like that of a heart that cannot get back to itself. Perhaps you will know what I mean; if you don't, it won't make any difference anyway. I leave you my dying blessing. Your father.

"RICHARD HARDEN"

The evening hours were slowly away. When her little, restless clock struck nine, Lorinda North blew out the light in her sitting room. Phineas Harden had not come.—The Springfield Republican.

Market Report

Potatoes are in good demand and higher. Offerings are not large from Michigan points. Apples are higher and in better demand than supply. Peaches are active and easy. Offerings are ample and quality is good. Pears and plums are steady. The market for dairy products is firm and little increase is noted in offerings. The produce market is firm in all lines.

DETROIT BUTTER AND EGG QUOTATIONS. BUTTER—Receipts, 98 packages; creamery, firsts, 30c; dairy, 22c; packing, 20c per lb.

EGGS—Receipts, 433 cases; current receipts, cases included, 24c per doz.

FRUITS. APPLES—No. 1, \$3@3.50 per bbl.; No. 2, \$2.50@2.

PEACHES—West Michigan, \$1.50@1.75 for choice, and \$2@2.25 for fancy per bu.; white, \$1@1.25 per bu. and 20@60c per peck.

PINEAPPLES—\$3.25@4 per case. PLUMS—\$1.50@1.75 per bu. CRANBERRIES—\$2.25 per bu. PEARS—Bartlett's, \$1.50@1.75 per bu.

GRAPES—Delaware, 40@45c; Niagara, 40@45c; blue, 20@25c per basket; Delaware, 4-lb basket, 20c; Niagara, 4-lb basket, 20c; Michigan, 4-lb basket, 20c.

FIGS—New California, 85c per box. MELONS—Arizona Rocky Fords, \$1.25 per case; Osage, \$3@3.25 per bbl. and \$1.75@2 per bu. ORANGES—California Valencia's, \$5.75@6.75 per box.

LEMONS—Messina, \$5.50@6 per box. CALIFORNIA FRUITS—Plums, \$1.25 per box; pears, \$3@3.25 per box; grapes, \$2@2.25 per box; peaches, 90c@1.10 per box.

COCOANUTS—90c per doz. Farm and Garden.

CABBAGES—\$2@2.25 per bbl. POTATOES—\$2.15@2.25 per sack. ONIONS—New southern, \$1 per bu.; Spanish, \$1.40 per crate.

SWEET POTATOES—Virginia, \$2.25@2.35 per bbl.; \$1 per bu.; Jersey, \$1.75 per bbl.

TOMATOES—Home-grown, \$1.10 per bu. HONEY—Choice to fancy, new, white comb, 14@15c per lb; amber, 10@11c; extracted, 7@8c per lb.

GREEN CORN—10@12c per doz. LIVE POULTRY—Broilers, 16c; hens, 15c; No. 2 hens, 11@12c; old roosters, 10@11c; ducks, 14@15c; geese, 10@11c; turkeys, 17@18c per lb.

VEGETABLES—Cucumbers, 15c per doz.; watercress, 20@25c per doz.; green peppers, \$1 per bu.; parsley, 1c@2c per doz.; radishes, 10c per doz.; wax beans, \$1@1.25 per bu.; green beans, \$1@1.25; green peas, \$2.50 per bu.; new beets, 45@55c per bu.; raw carrots, 75@80c per bu.; lettuce, 50@60c per bu.; head lettuce, \$1.50@1.75 per hanger; cauliflower, \$1.50@1.75 per bu.; egg plant, \$1.25@1.50 per doz.

HAY—Cut lots, tra k, Detroit, No. 1 timothy, 16@16.50; standard, \$15.00@15.50; No. 2 timothy, \$14@14.50; light mixed, \$13@13.50; No. 1 mixed, \$11@11.50; 1st straw, \$8@9; wheat and oat straw, \$7.50 per ton.

Flouring. FLOUR—In 1-bbl. paper sacks: best patent, \$6.00; second patent, \$5.75; third patent, \$5.50; spring patent, \$5.25; \$1.50 per sack. In 100-lb. sacks: Best, \$2.75; second, \$2.50; third, \$2.25; cracked corn, \$1.40; corn meal, \$1.25; oat chop, \$2.50 per ton.

CHEESE—Wholesale lots, Mich grade, 13@14c; New York, 16@16.50; Swiss, 17@18c; Limburger, 14@15c; imported, 16@17c; domestic Swiss, 16@17c; block Swiss, 17@18c; young cheddar, 17@17.50 per lb.

PROVISIONS—Mess pork, \$23.50; family pork, \$24; clear backs, \$20.25; hams, 17c@18c; briskets, 13@14c; bacon, 17@22c; shoulders, 13@14c; picnic hams, 12c; lard, 12c@13c per lb.

COFFEE—Package coffee, per 100-lb case, standard, \$22@25; White House, 29@30c.

OILS—Raw linseed, 55c; boiled linseed, 56c; diamond headlight kerosene, 10c; perfection, 11c; n. a. line, 12c; crown gasoline, 13c per gal.

HIDES—No. 1 cured, 15c; No. 1 green, 12c; No. 1 cured bulls, 12c; No. 2 green bulls, 10c; No. 1 cured veal kip, 15c; No. 1 green veal kip, 14c; No. 1 cured murrain, 12c; No. 1 green murrain, 10c; No. 1 cured calf, 15c; No. 2 kip and calf, 12c off. No. 2 hides, 1c off; No. 1 horse skins, \$4; No. 2 horse hides, \$3; sheepskins, as to amount of wool, 50c@51.

Sugars. Wholesale rice—Crystal dominoes, 2-lb., \$8.80; royal dominoes, 5-lb., \$8.80; eagle tablets, \$6.90; cut loaf, \$6.40; cubes, \$5.85; XXXX powdered, \$5.85; standard powdered, \$5.80; granulated, extra coarse, \$5.50; granulated, fine in bulk, \$5.40; granulated, 2-lb. cartons, \$5.60; granulated, 5-lb. cartons, \$5.55; granulated, 25-lb. cartons, \$5.45; crystal dominoes, granulated, 2-lb. and 5-lb. cartons, in cases, \$5.70; crystal dominoes, granulated, half cases, \$5.20; diamond A, \$5.40; confectioners' A, \$5.35; No. 4, \$5.30; No. 5, \$5.25; No. 6, \$5.20; No. 7, \$5.15; No. 8, \$5.10; No. 9, \$5.05; No. 10, \$5; No. 11, \$4.95; No. 12, \$4.90; No.

13, \$4.85; No. 14, \$4.85; No. 15, \$4.85; non-caking mixture, \$6.25; household powdered, 1-lb. cartons, 48 to case, \$3.80 per case.

Live Stock Markets.

HOGS—Selected heavies, \$9@9.10; mediums, \$9.10@9.25; heavy Yorkers, \$9.25@9.30; light Yorkers, \$9.25@9.30; good mixed, \$9.10@9.25; bulk of sales, \$9.10@9.25; common light pigs, \$8@8.25; stags and roughs, \$6@7.50.

CATTLE—Prime steers, \$8.25@8.40; good to choice, \$8@8.25; good fat, \$7.50@8; fair to good, \$7@7.50; common to light steers, \$6.50@7; choice fat cows, \$6.50@7; fair to good cows, \$5@6; common cows, \$4.25@4.50; fair to good heifers, \$7@7.50; canners and cutters, \$2@2.25; prime export bulls, \$6.50@7; good butchers' bulls, \$6.25@6.50; fair to good hogs, \$6@6.50; common, \$5@6; choice fat heifers, \$7@7.50; fair to good feeders, \$6.50@7; common to light heifers, \$5.50@6; fair to good feeders, \$6.50@7; stockers, good to choice, \$5.50@6.50; stockers, common to fair, \$5.50@6; milkers and springers, \$3@4@7.

VEAL CALVES—Choice to extra, \$12@12.50; fair to good, \$10@11; common to light, \$8@10; heavy and fed, \$4@5.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime wethers, \$4.50@5; good, \$4@4.50; fair to good, \$3@3.50; culls and common, \$2@3; yearlings, \$4@5; lambs, \$5@7.25; ewes, \$3@5.

HIGH LOSS OF EGGS LAID TO

LOSS IN TRANSPORTATION

At the convention of the National Poultry, Butter and Egg Association, held in Chicago recently, W. F. Priebe declared that the eggs sold every year were now valued at \$1,000,000,000 and that fully \$75,000,000 of the output is destroyed every year because of poor transportation facilities. This enormous waste has a direct bearing on the consumer, as it keeps up prices.

Used Cars Bargains

Abbot Detroit 7-passenger, 1913 \$1250

Pope-Hartford 5-passenger \$375

Paige "25" Touring \$550

Paige "25" Roadster \$500

Everitt 6-cylinder Roadster \$600

Paige "25" Touring Electric starter \$975

Come and look over this stock at 703 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Open Saturday Night and All Day Sunday

FARM BARGAINS

15 acres in Wood County, Ohio, adjoining town of Portage, on electric line. New room house but water heat and cellar natural gas for fuel; good farm orchard. No better land anywhere. \$140 per acre. Better buy. Louis Angere, The Farm Man. See me for bargains. 301 St Clair Bldg., Toledo, O.

LEGAL! Absolutely the only jeweler in Michigan who gives you a legal money-back guarantee with every purchase. See Mr. Sharp, proprietor of SHARP'S JEWELRY SHOP, 50 Gr. River, W., Detroit, Mich.

Watch for SHARP'S Specials every week.

FARM BARGAIN

15 acres in Wood County, Ohio, adjoining town of Portage, on electric line. New room house but water heat and cellar natural gas for fuel; good farm orchard. No better land anywhere. \$140 per acre. Better buy. Louis Angere, The Farm Man. See me for bargains. 301 St Clair Bldg., Toledo, O.

Salesmen wanted in all towns. Liberal inducements to good men. No capital required as we furnish everything. Experience unnecessary. We will teach you. Start now and you will never regret it. No takers need apply as we mean business. Address at once.

Herrick Seed Co. Rochester, N.Y.

OWN A BEAUTY BUSINESS

Make your own goods; big profits; everything told in detail formulas for dyes, shampoo, toilet water, etc. Send only 50c

AREGGLEY 822 Violet Ave., Springfield, Mo.

John D. Mabley

When you pay \$10 or \$15 for one of these medium weight suits, you're not getting a "cheap" suit by any means. You're getting the best in the world for the money—and I'm proud to sell it to you.

Mabley's Corner

Grand River and Griswold

S. LITSENBERGERPRACTICAL
HORSESHOEERWest Main St. NORTHVILLE.
Bell Phone No. 78.**W. L. B. CLARK'S**

MILK ROUTE

Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.The Beauty
of Your Figure
may be Realized

Barclay Custom Corsets

SOLD IN STORES.

WANT AD—Capable lady to represent above concern in this territory. No investment required. We teach you the business and refer customers to you.

BARCLAY CORSETS are NOT SOLD IN STORES.

611.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
I suffered from Constipation for many years. I tried many remedies but failed. I then tried Chichester's Pills and found them to be the best. I am now in perfect health and feel like a new man.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

FARMINGTON NEWS.

Sheldon Noble of Midland is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

The wall for the cellar of W. P. Payne's new house has been laid and work on the building began.

Miss Lucile Davis has resumed her work in Wake's store at Pontiac after spending her vacation at her home here.

Mrs S W Horner was a Farmington visitor last week. She expects to leave for her home in Philadelphia, Pa., within a week.

Twelve Detroit Italians were arrested at Pontiac this week for having more than 50 song birds in their possession, and for Sunday hunting.

Edwin Galdemeister has gone to Lansing to resume his studies at the M. A. C. He was accompanied by Wilmer Johnson, who will also attend college there this year.

Mrs Lyman W. Sowle, a well known Farmington resident, died Saturday night, after a long illness. She leaves her husband who is a veteran of the Civil war, and six daughters and one son.

The year and a half old child of Frank Allen, chief engineer at the power house here, was seriously injured Sunday. The child had crawled, unnoticed, to the trestle and was playing there when a car approached. To the motorman appeared the brakes as soon as he saw the child, the car did not stop in time to avoid him. The youngster was taken to a Detroit hospital.

The Michigan Universalist society and the Universalist church here will receive only \$106 of the \$125 left them by the late Mrs. Betsy Longmeyer of Wixom. The will was admitted to probate some time ago and objections from a local underwriter and her appeal to the circuit court. A settlement has been effected so that the society is to receive \$106 from the two heirs, thereby avoiding a suit.

Deputy Sheriff Wiley was called here Monday afternoon by Deputy Sheriff Wilcox to investigate the supposed theft of a horse belonging to the Queen Ann Soap Co., of Detroit, which was missing from the barn of I. C. Hanger. No traces.

Sooties taking said. Heals cuts or burns without a scar. Cures piles, hemorrhoids, and your druggist sells.

—Advertisement—

have been found of the animal. Albert Price and Sidney Morris who passed by the place on a wheel, were interrogated by the officers, and it was learned the wheel they were riding belonged to a Lansing firm. After getting into communication with that firm the wheel was retained and the boys were permitted to go on.

GILT EDGE NEWS.

Several from this vicinity attended the Baby Show at Farmington Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. John Myers and daughter Zolpha called on friends on friends in this neighborhood Sunday.

Mr. Beals visited the Pearson district Sunday school. Sunday Mr. Beals was once Superintendent of that Sunday school.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Tuck and daughter Helen, and Mr. and Mrs. Collins of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. Raley Wolf from Sunday.

Rally day exercises are to be held in Livonia Centre church Sunday. All Livonia township Sunday schools are cordially invited to attend the morning and afternoon services. Dinner is to be served in the church.

Avoid Sedative Cough Medicines.

If you want to contribute directly to the occurrence of capillary bronchitis and pneumonia, use cough medicines that contain codeine, morphine, heroin and other sedatives when you have a cough or cold. An expectorant like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is what is needed. It cleans out the culture beds or breeding places for the germs of pneumonia and other germ diseases. That is why pneumonia never results from a cold when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is used. It has a world wide reputation for its cures. It contains no morphine or other sedative. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

WALLED LAKE NEWS.

Mr. Gage has returned from a visit with Rev. and Mrs. P. A. Brass. The Baptist church entertained the Wayne association on October 1 and 2.

Mrs. Chas. Polley of Omaha, Neb., is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Ramon.

S. M. Gage left Wednesday for his home in Riverside Cal. after a visit with friends here.

The interior of the Methodist church, which was recently damaged by lightning has been repaired.

Mrs. Erastus Carey, who was injured in an automobile accident at Pontiac two weeks ago, is now at her home here, and is getting along very nicely.

Miss Corla Gould of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., who is staying with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Westow, is the guest of South Lyon friends.

Mrs. Nettie Johnson attended the wedding of her daughter, Emma, to Judd Robbins of Pontiac at that city, on Thursday of last week. Miss Johnson has been employed at Pontiac for the past two years. The bride and groom were attended by Miss Edna DeRosier and Frank Grogan both of Pontiac. Rev. Traver performed the ceremony in the presence of the immediate relatives of the young people who will make their home in Pontiac.

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

—Advertisement—

A Marvelous Escape.

"My little boy had a marvelous escape," writes P. F. Bastians of Prince Albert, Cape of Good Hope. "It occurred in the middle of the night. He got a very severe attack of croup. As luck would have it, I had a large bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house. After following the directions for an hour and twenty minutes he was through all danger." Sold by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Self-Confidence.

Lack of self-confidence ever makes you fall back in the ranks, weak, helpless, despairing. It snuffs 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.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.—Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1913.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

—Advertisement—

NOVI NEWS.

Orville Grant was a Detroit visitor Saturday.

Albert Bowen was a Pontiac visitor Saturday.

Mrs. W. D. Flint has returned from Charlevoix.

Mrs. Jay Leavenworth is visiting in Detroit this week.

Ruth Clapp entertained some Northville friends Sunday.

Mr. J. H. Abrams is having a tussle with the grip.

Mrs. M. J. Moern and Mrs. Allen were Detroit visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. D. Donelson is spending the week at their farm near Montrose.

Mrs. Frances McGuire of Fenton is visiting her many friends in Wixom.

Newton Wixom who has been very sick with acute indigestion, is some better.

Mrs. Carrie Bliss of Cadillac visited at Jay Hammond's a part of this week.

Geo. Tack and family of Detroit visited his mother from Saturday till Wednesday.

Miss Pearl Rockwell of Starits lake visited at H. A. Smith's last Wednesday.

Mrs. Clara Biery of Pontiac is visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Leavenworth.

Mrs. H. P. Gillick and daughter, Gladys, were Milford visitors Saturday of last week.

The Woman's Home Missionary Circle will meet Thursday, Oct. 9, at the Methodist church.

August Holcomb has resumed his studies in the Detroit college of medicine, this being his second year.

Carl and Verie Sheppo of Andersonville visited Wixom friends and attended the Milford fair last week.

Miss Mae McCullough of Milford began giving music lessons to her Wixom pupils Tuesday after a long vacation.

Rev. Huey will speak Sunday morning on the subject, "The Church's Place in the Community." The community is asked to attend. All are welcome.

I. Freeman, wife and son, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Brown, C. Schofield, and Edward Dopp all of Detroit, called at the home of Walter Coates and family Saturday.

The ladies of the M. A. church will hold a Bazaar in Mrs. Bloomer's store, Wednesday, October 9. All are welcome to attend and there will also be baked goods for sale.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Coates entertained at C. Schofield, wife and son Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hanson and two daughters all of Detroit and Mrs. Bertha Donelson of this village Sunday.

Mrs. Beulah Thompson celebrated her 74th birthday Monday. Her guests were Mrs. Julia Phillips and Mrs. Francis McGuire of Fenton, Mr. Oscar Kelsey and Mrs. C. Madison of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Adams of Highland and Mr. and Mrs. Shannon of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Mowrey who have been Wixom residents since 1903 are preparing to move to Chippewa, having exchanged their property here for a farm at that place. The Wixom people will give them a farewell reception Saturday, October 4th. Everybody invited.

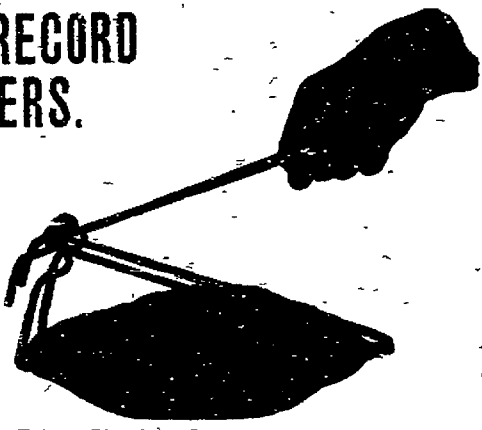
Mrs. Jane Hewitt who suffered a stroke of paralysis last week died Tuesday. She spent the summer with her sister in Ypsilanti and had only been at her home here a month. Seemingly, she was in better health when she returned home. The funeral will be held from the home this Friday afternoon. Deceased leaves three children, Bert McCrumb of Tuscola, Myron McCrumb of this place and Mrs. Will Brown of Detroit.

Mrs. Jane Whipple died at her home of her daughter, Mrs. Judd Richardson, Monday, September 29. Jane Helen Jones was born in Plymouth township on May 4, 1935. In 1873 she was united in marriage with James Whipple who died in 1900. To them were born five children, three of whom survive their mother. They are George of Novi, Mrs. Judd Richardson of Novi, this place, and Mrs. Mary Renwick of New Hudson. Mrs. Whipple had lived here nearly her entire lifetime and was greatly respected and beloved. The funeral was held from her old home west of Northville, on the Salem Congregational church, Wednesday. Rev. Knowles pastor officiated.

Feel languid, weak, run-down? Headache? Stomach "off"?—Just a plain case of lazy liver. Burdock Blood Bitters tones liver and stomach, promotes digestion, purifies the blood, eczema, salt rheum, any itching.

—Advertisement—

They Make You Feel Good.
The pleasant purgative effect produced by Chamberlain's Tablets and the healthy condition of body and mind which they create make one feel joyful. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

FREE TO RECORD SUBSCRIBERS.Pot and
Pan
Safety
Lifter

Taking Pies from Oven.



Draining Water from Vegetables.

Most Useful Kitchen Utensil ever made. No kitchen complete without one. Safe, Sanitary, Handy, Necessary.

ONE FREE to every subscriber who pays a Dollar on their Subscription.

NEAL PRINTING COMPANY

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

FREE TO RECORD SUBSCRIBERS.**Liberty.**

We know the nature condition of Liberty—that it must be recognized over and over again; yes, day by day; that it is a state of war, that it is always slipping from those who boast it to those who fight for it.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Chronic Dyspepsia.

The following unqualified testimonial should certainly be sufficient to give hope and courage to persons afflicted with chronic dyspepsia. "I have been a chronic dyspeptic for years, and of all the medicines I have taken, Chamberlain's Tablets have done me more good than anything else."—W. G. Matthews, No. 7 Sherman St., Hornellsville, N. Y. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

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

Oldest China House in Detroit
Complete Stock, Up to Date.
We have what you want in
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Sold and Rented. Estates Set-
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Fire Insurance on Real Estate and
Household Goods Solicited.
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DETROIT NEWS ADS.
Detroit News Liner Ads
received at the Northville
Record Office.

MORTGAGE SALE.

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 of the same place and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 457 of Mortgages on page 366 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. Babbitt, executrix 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 315, and upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of (\$357.35) eight hundred fifty-seven and thirty-five one-hundredths dollars for principal and interest, and no proceedings having been taken in law or equity to recover the same or any part 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 20th day of October, 1913, at 12:00 o'clock noon at the southern 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 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 situated 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 Mortgage.
Dated July 23, 1913.
Yerkes & Cochran,
Attorneys for Mortgagee,
Northville, Mich.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

DETROIT CLEVELAND BUFFALO NIAGARA FALLS

TOLEDO PORT HURON GODERICH ALPENA ST. IGNACE

THE COAST LINE TO
MACKINAC**THE CHARM OF OUR SUMMER SEAS**

Send your vacation on the Great Lakes, the most scenic and enjoyable during in America.

Where You Can Go No matter what point you want to go, use D. & C. Line Steamers operating to all important ports. Day service between Detroit and Buffalo, May 1st to November 1st. City of Detroit to Buffalo and Cleveland, May 1st to September 10th. Daily service between Detroit and Cleveland, April 1st to September 1st. During July and August two boats a day out of Detroit and Cleveland every Saturday and Sunday night.

For trips weekly between Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac Island and way ports. Ten day service between Toledo, Cleveland and Putnam Bay. Special Steamer Cleveland to Mackinac Island twice weekly, June 15th to September 15th stopping only at Detroit every trip and Goderich, Ont. every Monday, Tuesday and Sunday down bound.

Special Day Trips between Detroit and Cleveland During July and August Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday out of Detroit. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday out of Cleveland.

RAILROAD TICKETS AVAILABLE—Tickets reading via any rail line between Detroit and Buffalo and Detroit and Cleveland will be honored for transportation on D. & C. Line Steamers in either direction. Send cent stamp for illustrated pamphlet and Great Lakes Map. Address: L. G. Lewis, G. F. A., Detroit, Mich.

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L. G. Lewis, Vice-Pres. and Gen'l Mgr.

Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Company**HOTEL GRISWOLD**

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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

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