

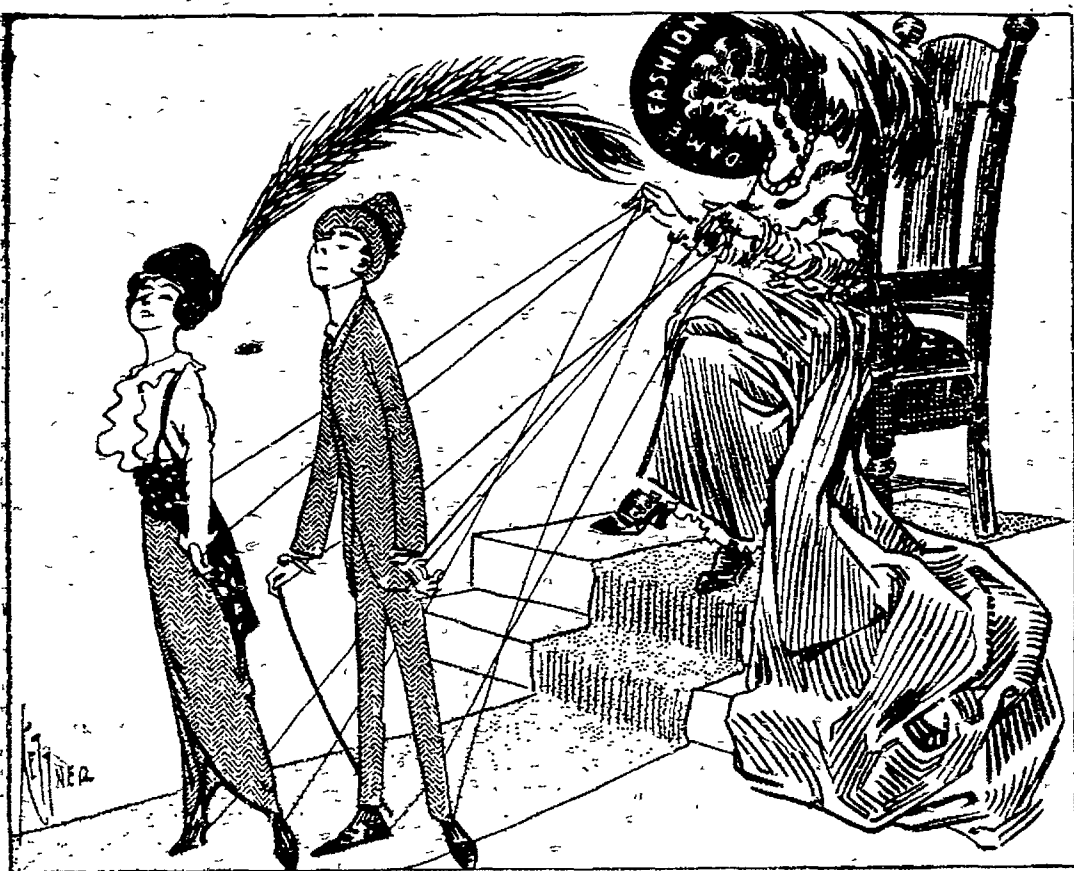
# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIV. NO. 12.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1913.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

## THE PUPPETS



## NORTHVILLE FAIR FOR NEXT YEAR

### GOOD PROSPECTS FOR A REQU. LAR SUMMER HERE

Splendid Grounds; Fine Race Course; Grand Transportation Facilities

The Record interviewed a number of business men this week relative to a three or four days' fair for Northville next year, and without exception they were enthusiastic over the proposition.

The Athletic association could make an event of that kind the biggest thing ever pulled off in this part of Michigan, the fair excepted. The association has the best half mile track in the state and it is well known to all the lovers of fast horses in the state.

As one enthusiastic business man put it, "There is ample room on the grounds for tents which can be rented for the exhibit and that with the splendid ball grounds will make the event a winner."

No village in the state is so favorably situated for an exhibit of this kind. Two electric lines to bring visitors from all parts of southeast Michigan and two beautiful stretches of state roads leading here from Detroit, besides the P. M. railway will bring a crowd that will be a record breaker.

Milford and Fowlerville always have successful fairs with not half so good facilities in the way of transportation for bringing in the crowds as has Northville and there is no reason why this town shouldn't put it over all of them in the way of attractions.

Some of the leading business men suggested that the Athletic association ought to prepare early for this event and set their dates in conjunction with the Milford and State fair so as not to detract one from the other.

## 'NOTHER BUSINESS MEN'S MEETING

Well Attended One at Hall Last Friday Night.

There was a good attendance at the Business Men's meeting at the Village Hall last Friday night. The sentiment seemed to prevail that unity and good feeling should be had in order to accomplish real good for the village's interest.

Some of the speakers pointed out that Northville could not hope to improve or push ahead materially except as a residence place and that could be best brought about through service on the electric lines and commuters-tickets at reduced rates on the P. M. or electric or both. It was thought that if reduced

fares and quick service could be obtained it would be an additional inducement for Detroiters to live here. It was also suggested that publicity as to Northville's attractiveness as a place to live would be beneficial. Switching facilities from the electric line or P. M. to the factories and electric light plants for coal and freight were also mentioned as future problems of importance.

Whatever course is determined for Northville progress and prosperity the Record will always be found assisting just as it has done for 23 years past and just as it did all summer long when it advertised the Saturday night don'ts. It set in type and printed some fifteen columns of type, covering a period of 19 weeks free of charge.

"That must be admitted to have been about as much towards the success of the events as was contributed by any other firm or individual. And compared with other villages would seemingly be considered very enterprising."

The Business Men's association can do a great work in the interests of Northville but it can only be done by a united effort and work, and not by just talking, as was stated at the meeting.

### K. OF P. LODGE RECEPTION.

The reception to Jas. P. Hughes, Michigan Grand Lodge representative, by the K. P. lodge here Tuesday night was a very fine affair, participated in by 75 members. Mr. Hughes gave a very interesting talk and complimented the lodge upon its success; its growth, its splendid set of officers, and its general prosperity. The oyster supper served under the direction of Floyd Northrop and his assistants was a fitting climax to the evening's enjoyment. The Grand Lodge representative stated the reason that the state officers did not visit here often was because there was no need for it as the lodge was in such a flourishing condition that no grand lodge officer would be competent to suggest any points for improvement.

### HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

The Lewis Bros' Sale and Garage company which now occupies the old Perrin shops on Churon street, are highly recommended as to their efficiency along this line by people in Holly, from which place they came to Northville. Auto owners will do well to call on the Lewis Brothers for repair work, etc., satisfaction being assured.—Adv't.

### NOTICE.

From October 13 last, our two respective millinery stores will be closed at 7 o'clock every evening. MRS. GEORGIA TINHAM. MRS. BEILE MCCULLY. 12w1c

### AUCTION.

An auction sale of household goods will be held on the premises, two miles north of Taff's corner, Saturday, October 25, by Jas. Dunham. John Wedow, auctioneer.

## HORSE ATTRACTIONS PROMISE GOOD

### LOT OF FAST DRIVERS WILL MAKE WINTER HERE.

Will Train on Northville Tracks in Spring and Summer.

Northville is proving to be a celebrated horse center, and a lot of trainers will winter some fast prom- ises here for exercising and early spring track training.

Eugene Marsu, who is in charge of Moffit & Adams' (Detroit) string has leased the Shafter barns and will stall eight of that firm's promising steeplechasers.

Horace Wickham will be here again for the winter with 'Ifrim Osborn's (Jackson) string of racers to take advantage of Northville's fine training track facilities.

Henry Thomas also has a bunch that he will keep exercised this winter. Henry is a veteran driver and some of his string look very promising for next summer.

John Timham also has four good promises in training and some of them already look like Blue Ribbon prize winners. John is one of our most careful trainers. He had the honor of training the horses that won the Michigan Breeders' stake at the State Fair this year. They won both first and second money.

Dan Hopkins will also be back in the spring to train on the Northville track and all in all, the town will be a regular mecca for fast prospects.

Northville is also getting quite a name in the horse world and has turned out some of the fast ones in her day. Michigan Queen, which was owned by Tibb's Bros. of this place and sold last summer, recently made a record of 2.03 1/2 at the Lexington races.

Marvin Sloan has a good prospect now being trained by Tatum (Jaunita S.). She is already entered for the Futurity race at the Michigan State fair in 1914. She has now paced off a mile in 30, going the last quarter in 34 sec. The young mare looks like a winner.

Geo. VanVleet owns a fast one in King McKerren, who has a record of 2.23 1/2 and a trial in 15. He has started him in 13 races and finished inside the money in 11 of these this year. He is as good a trotter as there is in Michigan and George has refused \$1,200 for him.

Geo. Stanier has a promising three year old colt in Director C. He has already stepped a mile in 35. Joe Montgomery also has a promising two year old filly by Donald Wilkes out of the dam of Prince K, 2.13 1/2.

Wiley Tibbitts is commencing on two full brothers of Michigan Queen which act very promising and will be heard from later on, among the fast ones.

Ed Starkweather has a nice lot of

Donald Wilkes and Marblegrits in training by Henry Thomas, which give promise of future speed.

The Northville track is pronounced one of the best in the state and it being so easy of access to the street car lines and Detroit, besides being on the "good road" routes, makes the course and the stables additionally attractive. The future for Northville as a training center and as a locality where fast horses are bred and trained, looks very flattering.

## THE LYKE VS. COE DAMAGE CASE

ATTORNEY YERKES WINS IT IN THE PONTIAC CIRCUIT COURT

The damage suit brought by Ralph A. Lyke against L. M. Coe was finished in the circuit court at Pontiac Wednesday. Lyke claimed that his horse was frightened by a dog belonging to Coe and himself thrown out of the buggy and injured. Coe claimed that the horse was frightened by a passing automobile. C. C. Yerkes of Northville, the attorney for the complainant, made the point of law that owners were responsible for actions of their dogs. Lyke told his story in an apparently straightforward manner. He testified the injury to his knee had caused him to keep to his bed for some time and that he was unable to use his leg as he had before the accident. Dr. D. B. Henry and Dr. Forbes testified as to the injury and said it was a question whether the leg ever would be strong again. At the present time they testified it was slightly stiff at the knee.

The jury awarded Mr. Lyke damages to the amount of \$200 which judgment may be doubled by the judge of the circuit court.

It was a hard fought case and against Attorney Yerkes were arrayed two of Pontiac's leading lawyers.

### MRS. GEO. BROOKS DEAD

Mrs. George Brooks died at her home in Flint Tuesday, and her body was brought here to the home of her niece, Mrs. L. L. Brooks. The funeral will be held this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Brooks formerly lived in the farm house west of Northville now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Richardson, and was well known here. She was nearly 79 years of age.

### J. M. PHILLIPS' BUSINESS CONTINUED

The undertaking business formerly conducted by the late James M. Phillips at South Lyon will hereafter be carried on under the personal supervision of Mr. H. L. Richardson. Mr. Phillips' able assistant, in whom Mr. Phillips placed his greatest confidence, and myself.

MRS. JAMES PHILLIPS 12w1c.

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

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

LOST—Gold W. C. T. U. Medal, either on first car from Plymouth to Northville or on street from car to waiting room, or on D. U. R. car to Redford, Thursday morning. Finder please leave at this office. 12w1c.

WANTED—A suite of 3 to 5 furnished light housekeeping rooms. Address, P. O. Box 196. 12w1c.

FOR SALE—I am ready to supply customers with choice potatoes. T. Thompson, Phone 172 R. 12w1p.

FOR SALE—Baled excelsior just the thing, and cheap, for starting store and furnace fires. 35 cents a bale, delivered in town. Jas. L. Huff Hardware. 12w1c.

FOR SALE—Spring chickens, also extracted honey, in 5 or 10 lb pails. Dell Silver. Phone 53R. 3f.

FOR SALE—Car load of new milch cows, mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth, Nov. 3f.

FOR SALE—Wood. Inquire of W. H. Cattermole. 3f.

FOR SALE—House and lot on West Main street, known as the old Fuller place. Inquire E. K. Starkweather. 12w1c, p. 2-e-m.

FOR SALE—Domestic Sewing Machine. Drop head, latest style, and not used more than two days. \$25 takes it. Apply to Record office, Northville. 52f.

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

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



## Stoves! Stoves! Stoves!

Garland Coal Stoves, Ranges, Heaters  
Peninsular Coal Stoves, Ranges, Heaters  
Round Oak Coal Stoves, Ranges, Heaters  
Queen Oak Coal Cook Stoves Nos. 8 and 9  
Sheet Steel Air Tight Heaters, all sizes,  
from \$1.50 to \$5.00  
Laundry Stoves \$4.50 up

Also Have a Few Second-Hand BASE BURNERS, \$12.00 and up.  
Have Several Good Used Coal WOOD COOK STOVES and one Large RANGE. Fitted with Water Heating Front Grate. No trouble to show you any of these.

## FOURTH OFFICIAL VOTE.

HUFF'S HARDWARE, PENNYVOTE CONTEST.

Northville Baptist Church	64,094
Northville Methodist Church	62,954
Northville Presbyterian Church	57,422
St. Mary's Catholic Church	33,210
Knight's of Pythias	12,279
Northville High School	8,003
King's Daughters	6,932
Novi Baptist Church	4,445
Masonic—F. & A. M. Lodge	3,019
Northville German Lutheran Church	2,713
Novi Methodist Church	2,480
Salem Congregational Church	1,793
School Dist No. 5, Waterford	680
Salem Baptist Church	330

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.

## 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. Contest closes Dec. 24.

## JAMES A. HUFF, Northville.

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

## HUFF'S HARDWARE—PENNY VOTE CONTEST

### NOMINATING AND COMPLIMENTARY VOTING COUPON

50 VOTES. 50 VOTES

I Nominate and Vote for

Name Address

### READ CAREFULLY.

This Coupon INVALID if not deposited or mailed to James A. Huff, Hardware, Northville, within 5 DAYS after the date of issue of this paper. Mailed coupons figured from date of post mark.

This Coupon must be signed with each individual subscriber's name and address, but may be deposited at our store singly or in quantity by any interested party.

50 Votes—Issued in Northville Record Oct. 17, '13—50 Votes

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

THE HOME Of Quality Groceries

IT IS DUE To ACTIVE SELLING Of Good Goods That Our Stock Is Kept Fresh and Clean They Are Coming and Going Continually.

TRADE AT RYDER'S



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



## WAYSIDE WISDOM

Much modesty is only skin deep.  
We can't all be intellectual courtesans.

Ennui is the price we pay for knowledge.

Good intentions do not always do good.

To want little is always to have plenty.

It is better to borrow than to give trouble.

The average man's wit is always an hour too late.

The dressmaker's ideal is not always Nature's.

Women's rights are all that some women have left.

A silk hat, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

Have you ever noticed how other people waste time?

You never heard of salary seeking the man, did you?

No man is really old until he has lost his prejudices.

A clever jester is one who never jokes with his wife.

It is a wise woman that turns no offense that it has.

Some men look ahead much better than they go ahead.

An artistic failure is almost as rare as a perfect success.

My idea of a liar is a man who says he is glad he is bald.

Alas, that even the artificial rose should have its thorns!

The people who throw stones usually live in glass houses.

A woman never feels fat when she can call it embonpoint.

There is no grave deep enough in which to bury the past.

It takes a post mortem to bring out some men's good qualities.

A fault is never so offensive as when it is somebody else's.

Nobody believes the truth until he has found it out for himself.

The way to Easy Street runs right through Hard Work Avenue.

To decide which she shall marry—a rich sinner or a poor saint.

It is sometimes only a step from the ridiculous to the sublime.

There are some people to whom it is not courteous to be polite.

Some men are so shrewd that nobody can believe them honest.

It is not what you give, but the way you give it, that makes the gift.

A woman generally gains her point, unless it is the point of a joke.

Some self-made men look as though they forgot to sandpaper the job.

The man who suffers from dyspepsia never dies of a broken heart.

Self-love is the only romance that enters into the average man's life.

There is a kind of fellow who would like to be kicked by a millionaire.

Many people are busy mortgaging the future in order to acquire a past.

Wisdom is more to be desired than riches—and a good deal easier to get.

Some people shake your hand as though they wanted to shake you.

To the paying guest at the boarding house, home is where the ash is.

Literature is the kind of printed matter that only posterity will read.

A woman can get more by her weakness than a man can by his strength.

If there is anybody who deserves sympathy it is the girl who is trying.

It hurts less to be cheated by a rogue than by a pillar of the church.

Way is it that the other fellow's errors always seem so funny to us?

Considering how good everybody says he is, this is a dreadfully wicked old world.

A woman's idea of fame is to refuse to let her name be mentioned in the newspapers.

Time flies, youth flies, money flies—and boarding-house flies are the worst of all.

With the average girl, father's front porch is merely a short cut to hubby's kitchen.

You would never suspect some people of being mean if they didn't try to conceal it.

Divorce represents a man's efforts to get out of the fire and back into the frying pan.

Just because a man is chicken-breasted is no sign that he is chicken-hearted.

The funniest part of it is that the men who make fools of themselves seem to enjoy it.

Why is it that a man in his prime always thinks himself younger than a woman in hers?

Some diseases are less fatal to the patient than to the people who have to live with him.

Perseverance sometimes wins a woman where true love wouldn't even touch her heart.

You may forget the man who helped you, but you will always remember the one who hindered.

It is a wise man who wants only what he can get, and a lucky one who gets only what he wants.

You never know how popular you can be until you have the only telephone in the neighborhood.

Many a man has asked a girl to share his lot in the hope that her father would build them a house on it.

A clever man never believes a woman when she tells him her age. And a cleverer man always believes her.

Even the most conservative of men doesn't mean all he says when he hits a thumb with the tack hammer.

It is a supremely honest girl who sends back the engagement ring every time she quarrels with her best fellow.

No matter how contented he may be, a woman always likes to think her husband isn't nearly as bad as he would have been if he hadn't married her.

## Burning the Mortgage

At exactly 11 o'clock on New Year's morning there was a curious ceremony at "the old Edwards place" in Maine. The word ceremony, in fact, but faintly describes what happened. It was more like a jubilee, with the semblance of a barbaric rite added. All the Edwards kith and kin were there, with a goodly number of their friends and neighbors.

At the farther end of the garden, in front of the farmhouse, there is a knoll, at the top of which a mossy ledge crops out. On this ledge there was a pyre erected of dry wood, pitch and rolls of curvey birch bark—a fine pile of it. At the centre stood an iron rod, set in a hole, drilled in the ledge, and here an old oppressor of the Edwards homestead was burned at the stake!

This sounds so savage that I make haste to say that the old oppressor was not an animate form of flesh and blood, but merely an effigy.

The effigy was a masterpiece in its way, the very simulacrum of rapacity, with a face like the fabled Harpies and hands like talons, hugging to its breast a folded, yellowed paper.

That yellowed paper was a mortgage, which had rested on the home farm for one entire generation.

The history of that mortgage is so much like thousands of others that it would hardly be worth relating if, at the last moment, a noble effort to lift it had not been crowned by success.

The Edwards farm adjoins the one where I lived when a boy. There were three hundred acres of tillage, pasture and woodland, with a well-built two-story house and two large barns. The Edwards children—Chester, Thomas, Catherine, Eunice—were my youthful neighbors.

In those days the farm was well-tilled, unencumbered and prosperous; but in an evil hour a traveling agent, cajoling Jonas Edwards, the father, into buying the State right to make and sell a certain newly patented automatic farm gate for the sum of two thousand dollars, Edwards had a thousand dollars in the savings bank; he drew out this and raised the other thousand by mortgaging the homestead.

It was the old story. The much-ratified gate proved a gate to trouble for Edwards. He was never able to sell it. But if the gate proved flimsy, the mortgage was tangible. The farmer spent the remaining fifteen years of his life paying interest on it.

After his father's death Chester Edwards, "wary home to live," as people say in Maine. The family then consisted of his mother, his sister Eunice, who was an invalid from spinal curvature, and his mother's brother, Uncle Horace, who had lost a leg in the Civil War, but for some reason did not draw a pension. Chester began by selling off the wood and timber on the old farm, thereby paying the accumulated interest. He then embarked in the dairy business, but did not prove a successful farmer, and during the fifth season lost almost his entire herd of cows from tuberculous. Becoming discouraged, he gave up and set off suddenly for the Klondike gold region.

A nephew then carried on the farm, for a year, but did not remain.

Meanwhile Thomas, the younger son, had become a Methodist minister. He was unable to do anything toward reducing the mortgage.

"The mortgage will get the old place now, and no help for it," the neighbors said.

But there was still another member of the family to be heard from—Catherine, the youngest daughter.

Largely by her own efforts, Catherine Edwards had graduated from the State normal school, and obtained a position as instructor in another normal school at a good salary. We imagined that Catherine would aid her mother and sister, but never supposed that she would come home to care for them there.

But after Chester left, Catherine never hesitated for a moment. She resigned her position, bade farewell to all prospects of advancement as a teacher, and came home.

She had saved seven hundred dollars. With this she paid a year's interest, had the leaky roofs repaired, and hired such help as was necessary, indoors and out. Yet what could she do with that old farm and its mortgage?

That season, however—1902—the old place quietly put forward one of its natural assets.

Our county is in what is known as "the apple belt" of New England. Apple trees spring up everywhere here, and if grafted and trimmed, soon bear well. Although a cripple Uncle Horace Flint had been in the haunt every spring of hobbling about from one young apple tree to another, setting Baldwin stocks and trimming the trees. He had not thought his work amounted to much, but he liked to be doing something.

The year 1903 was an "apple year." Every young tree on the farm was bending down under its load. A great crop with the farmers of the apple belt is far from being an unmixed blessing, however. They rarely get more than a dollar a barrel for their apples. The barrels cost them thirty-five cents each, and as the expense of hauling them is ten or fifteen cents a barrel more, there remains but fifty cents to pay for picking, sorting and barreling. If the farmer does this by hired labor he may clear ten cents

a barrel, or he may not. For Catherine, therefore, a crop of seven or eight hundred barrels of apples on the trees meant little if gathered, barreled and sold in the usual way.

"It seems a shame," one neighbor said to her, "but it will be about as well for you to let these apples harvest themselves."

Against such waste of nature's bounty, however, Catherine's New England thrift revolted. She began to look into the apple problem; and the result of her study of it is worth recording.

She purchased no barrels, and the only help she hired was a boy to push a wheelbarrow. She herself, with Uncle Horace and Eunice, went out to the trees to gather up the fruit. The boy wheeled the apples in two bushels at a load, and stowed them in bins, built up in two rooms in the house, where, later, they could be kept from freezing by means of a stove in the cellar beneath.

Catherine had thought this all out in advance, and she had sent off for four "evaporators," payment for which used nearly all her remaining money.

Carelessly dried apples, on strings, brings no more than six or eight cents a pound, but nicely sliced, "evaporated" apples always commands a much better price. She had resolved to put the whole crop of Baldwin into evaporated apple.

In almost every rural neighborhood, village or small town there is sure to be some old "aunt," "grandma" or widow in indigent circumstances, who has outlived the most of her earthly ties, and must go to the "town farm" or subsist on sufferance with some grudging relative. Life grows very dreary to these old persons. There seems to be no place for them. In cases where a few hundred dollars can be raised for them, they sometimes go to an "old ladies' home."

Within three miles of the Edwards homestead there were two of these old souls, "Aunt Netty" Stiles and "Grandma" Frost, who were by no means helpless or feeble, but had merely outlived their welcome on the earth.

Catherine first made the old farmhouse dining room cozy and warm, and then invited Aunt Netty and Grandma Frost to come and sit with her mother and Eunice and slice apples. She offered them seventy-five cents a week and board. Moreover, she took them all into her confidence and told them her plans for saving the old homestead.

Uncle Horace peeled the apples on a paring machine, and the old women sliced them. Their tongues ran, they were as chipper as crickets. They had not had so good a time for years. Catherine had to look to it that they did not overwork. They produced more sliced apple than the four evaporators would dry. Uncle Horace had to contrive a fifth drier over a large stove out in the north house. Two more old women from the town farm came on foot, begging for work. They were taken in.

Apple drying went on from the first of October till the middle of January, and the whole crop was dried. Before the first of March Catherine had sold the entire output at eleven cents a pound. The result was an object lesson to every apple farmer in that locality. She received fifteen hundred and sixty dollars, and owing to the skill with which she and managed the entire expenses of drying the apples were less than a hundred and seventy dollars.

There was also this other curious result. The old women did not want to go home! In fact, the two from the town farm cried when the last of the apples were cut.

Then Catherine determined to keep them all over for the next season. She bought a lot of yarn and set them to knitting socks and women's gloves. In fact, she had started a happy old women's home before she knew it! And the number of applications which came to her from homeless old women and from those who had aged relatives to be rid of would have been laughable, if it had not been pathetic. But for the time being Catherine could do no more than keep those whom she had.

The year 1904 also proved to be an apple year; and again the whole crop was put into evaporated apple, two other old women having been admitted to the "circle of slicers."

By this time, too, Catherine had come to realize the possibilities of her new business. All the apple trees were carefully looked after, and two hundred young trees set out. She planted, too, a hundred and fifty plum and pear trees, and an acre of blackberry shrubs; for now her design was to make a new venture, canning pears, plums and berries in glass jars. In fact, it would not surprise me if a few years hence this neglected old homestead were producing five thousand dollars' worth of fruit annually.

Catherine appears to have solved two important problems in social economy. First, how to make a run-out farm pay a handsome profit; and second, how to utilize and make happy a class of homeless and forlorn old women who seem to have no place in the world. With their wages in their pockets, and the prospect of home and companionship ahead, it is quite remarkable now these old women have cheered up.

Of course there were many expenses for the first two years. The house and outbuildings had to be repaired and repainted; and it was not until this present autumn—three years from the time she came home—that Catherine saw the way clear to pay off the mortgage and free the old place from its twenty years of bondage.—C. A. Stevens in Youth's Companion.

## MYSTERY OF DEW-PONDS

It's a Fascinating Puzzle as to What Keeps Them Filled.

Dew-ponds are some of the most fascinating puzzles of all, for we may make our own dew-ponds to-day and still remain uncertain as to the precise cause which keeps them filled. Messrs. A. J. and G. Hubbard, in "New-Hibic Dew-Ponds and Cattleways," tells us that at Alfriston, in Sussex, there is a family which has provided successful dew-pond makers for three or four generations.

Their method, if odd, is simple. A site is selected which must be distant even from the nearest rivulet. That, for whatever reason, would spoil all. Then a hole with sloping sides is scooped much deeper than the pond is to be made. Then dry straw is laid over the whole bottom. Over that is placed a coat of well puddled clay. The clay next is thickly strewn with stones. The dry straw is said to be absolutely necessary, and the guess has been made that it is needed not only to supply elasticity so that the clay shall not crack, but chiefly to be a non-conducting barrier between the soil and the floor of the pond.

However the soil may be heated by the summer sun, the floor of the pond remains cold, and so the surface of the pond; as the coldest thing in the neighborhood, condenses on its own surface quantities of steamy vapor which will not condense on the warmer grass and soil around.

The late Charles Cornish has described some experiments, carried out at the suggestion of the Rev. J. G. Cornish on the Downs near Lockinge. When there were heavy dews expected or thick mists on the hills a notched stick was placed in the pond to measure the intake of moisture. Five nights of winter fog raised the pond eight inches. After a night of heavy dew on Jan. 18, 1901, there was a rise of one and a half inches, and on the next night two inches.

That is the manifestation; but the secret of the dew-pond remains untold. The straw is still an enigma, for dew-ponds can be and are made without straw.

The New Clergyman.

Isn't he lovely? I thought his first sermon was splendid!

"Well, I did all I could to prevent his coming. You wait and see. He isn't at all the man for us."

"To be! Isn't it? Anyone can see at a glance that he has no manners."

"Charming, isn't he? I'm just in love with him. I think his reserve is, oh, so inspiring."

"Seems a pity he cannot preach a better sermon. Such a poor fellow."

"What a fine presence he has! And his sermons! I'm in love with them."

"You can tell he is a worker! Wonderful power!"

"Between you and me, I don't like him at all. I'm greatly surprised at the vulgar getting such a man. Why, he's really quite common. And so braggart!"

"Don't you admire his sermons?"

"What wonderful eye!"

"Not at all up to our standard. Oh, dear, and I did not hope that this time we would get some one really worth while."

"I shall give up my pew."

"Too late, my dear. In front I want to be as close to the altar as possible."

BLACK BUSINESS MEN.

The success of an honorable black business man stands out before the black scholar, the black poet, the black artist, in advancing the honor of his race. He is welcome in every community, in which he stands, and in none more than in the metropolis of the nation, which confers to an intense respect for material property and to very little prejudice against the man who will not let New York Globe

## 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.

110 Broadway, Phone Main 5980, Detroit, Mich.

## The Detroit United Bank

The Only Strictly Savings Bank in the City

United States Depository for Postal Savings Funds.

PAYS 4% INTEREST

Compounded semi-annually full-time.  
Loans deposits money on real estate mortgage securities only.  
This 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 8 o'clock.  
Send for booklet, "Banking by Mail."

## DETROIT UNITED BANK BUILDING

204-206 Griswold Street

"ASK THE LADY WHO WEARS ONE"

## L. J. WITHEY

DETROIT

314-315 Washington Arcade

Wholesale and retail of all 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

314-315 WASHINGTON ARCADE.

## RAIN RAIN RAIN COATS! COATS! COATS!

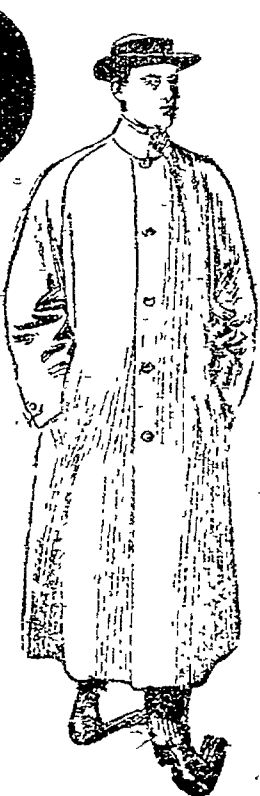
FORCED-TO-VACATE SALE STILL GOING ON.  
WE MUST DISPOSE OF OUR IMMENSE \$60,000 STOCK



NOW  
1/2  
OFF

READ  
At Once  
READ

NOW  
1/2  
OFF



For Men, Women and Children.  
Men's and Ladies' \$5 English 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' \$2.50 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 some quality, some pattern, some style, at either of our Detroit stores.

Goodyear  
RAINCOAT COMPANY

265--WOODWARD--235  
Near Grand Circus Park, Cor. Clifford & Woodward

## The Northville Record

Published by  
NEAL PRINTING CO.  
Established 1869

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. 17, 1913

### READ BY ENTIRE FAMILY.

The local newspaper is read by every member of the family. Not only the local news but all of the advertisements of the local merchants are read in every home by every member of the family and by many friends and neighbors.

The main object of advertising is to impress the name and business upon the public mind. In order to do this one must keep everlastingly at it. One must burn their name into the public mind so that every time the people think of buying anything in your line they think of the name first. This is the drawing power. This is the psychology of advertising.

Speaking of advertising generally, it is the mightiest factor in the business world. It is the main spring—the motive power, in our modern industrial competition. It is the one great business builder of the civilized world.

Advertising rears sky-scrapers; it creates telephone and telegraph lines; it constructs steam and trolley railroads and it multiplies mammoth department stores.

Its potency and power extend far beyond human needs and necessities. It creates and multiplies human desires. It gives timid and hesitating people the courage to buy that which they would like but which under different circumstances they could easily get along without.

It makes two flowers grow and bloom in the business world where only one grew and bloomed before. It hypnotizes the intelligent man and woman into a liberal and progressive mental attitude and prompts them to surround themselves with modern conveniences and comforts. It puts vacuum cleaners in the house, books in the library and pictures on the wall. It is the architect and the beautifier of the home—the school master of culture and the mother of civilization.

### FATHER NOAH TO BLAME

There has been much written of late about "swatting the fly." Walt Mason gives us the following on this popular subject:

Had Father Noah been quite wise he would have killed the pair of flies that roosted in the ark, he let that pregnant dirty shrike while he and Shem and Japheth tried to navigate their bark. Two flies were all there were all told. And Noah might have knocked them cold with one great husky swat; he had the chance he let it slip while he was mooning around the ship—the knowledge makes me hot. And every since the sons of men have toiled and wrought and toiled again, to kill the measly flies; the more we kill the more we find, the more we knock the blamed things blind the more their legions rise. We're all, like Noah, more or less responsible for the distress that makes all hope seem vague; we see some ugly things alive, and let them live and grow and thrive and they are a plague. We calmly view the noxious weeds, and habas bad, and even weeds, which breed so beastly fast. We let them grow and multiply as Father Noah did the fly, and kick ourselves at last. "A slitch in time," the poet said (he had a long and shapely head), will save you mine, by gum." And nothing truer will you find in all the years that lie behind, or all the years to come.

### PIANO INSTRUCTION.

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

### CARD OF THANKS.

Mrs. S. A. Hastings and daughter Mrs. Wm. Foster extend thanks to neighbors and King's Daughters for kindness to the former during her recent illness. 12w1c

## VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. C. A. Dolph visited in Detroit from Tuesday, till Monday.

Mrs. James Foran entertained friends from Detroit, Sunday.

Harold Turner of Lansing spent Saturday and Sunday at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Simmons visited in Corleton a part of last week.

Edwin White was called to Grand Rapids Tuesday by the death of his aunt.

Mrs. W. A. Kalemback of South Lyons is the guest of Mrs. D. B. Henry.

Peter Perkins and Scott Montgomery spent Sunday with friends in Detroit.

Alfred Baker and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Morenci relatives.

Mrs. Arthur Brooks of Birmingham was a Northville visitor a part of last week.

Mrs. J. M. Simmons and daughter, Carrie, spent Wednesday with Farmington friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Scott of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Otis Tewksburg.

Mrs. C. J. Ball returned home Sunday after a few days' visit with friends in Detroit.

Mrs. Geo. Galbraith of Monroe visited her daughter, Mrs. John Walker, last week.

Charles Hutton of Pontiac visited his grandmother, Mrs. L. W. Hutton, the first of this week.

G. H. Baker is in Pittsburg attending a meeting of the state agents of the Imperishable Silk Co.

Mrs. Ida Clark and Miss Grace Thompson spent Wednesday with Mrs. Pearl Dunn at Plymouth.

Mrs. Ross Dusenbury and little son, George, of Detroit spent Wednesday with relatives here.

James Hamilton and sister, Mrs. Ida Hendryx, have been spending the week with relatives at Flint.

Mrs. Betta Nichols and two friends of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Burrows over Sunday.

Mrs. Sarah Neal who has been visiting relatives here for three weeks left Wednesday for Elsie.

Miss Hazel VanSickle and Ode Webster of Detroit were guests of Northville friends Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Woodworth entertained Mr. and Mrs. Little and Mr. and Mrs. H. D. King of Detroit over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grey of Saginaw, formerly owners of the Becker restaurant, and candy store, were in town Monday.

Mrs. Hazel Boyce will return home the last of the week from Grand Blanc, where she has been visiting for several weeks.

Mrs. Ora Palmer, who has been spending several weeks past with Mrs. Kate Yerkes, left Saturday for her home in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. George Craft of Owosso and Mrs. Maudie Self of Detroit were guests of Mrs. Trempier and daughter, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smitherman spent a couple of days at Whitmore Lake this week, attending a reunion of Mr. Smitherman's company.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Smitherman of Detroit and Rob. Leshe of Leanington Ont., were over Sunday visitors at the home of Geo. Smitherman and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fisher and two children of Bellefonte were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Richardson from Friday till Sunday. Mrs. Fisher is a sister of Mrs. Richardson.

Mrs. Mang Clark, who has been spending some time with her brother, James Clark and other relatives about Northville and Plymouth, left yesterday for her home in Spokane, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno J. Tounney of Detroit were in town Saturday enroute for a visit near Plymouth at the home of Silas Sly. Mr. Tounney expressed himself as highly pleased with the beautiful ride through this section and especially with Northville village.

Bessie Carrothers of Toledo has been visiting Frank Macomber and family this week. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Carrothers were residents of this place some years ago. The family have lately moved from Chicago to Toledo where Will has charge of the J. M. freight yards.

Mrs. C. R. Hontoon who has been spending a couple of months with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Eatherly at Braeside, left Wednesday for her home at Fairbury, Illinois. Her brother, here for some little time visiting with her will remain for some time yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Bannister and Mrs. Wm. Shaw and daughter, Mrs. A.

bert Sines motored from Orion Tuesday to the home of Mrs. H. A. Garfield near this village. Mr. Bannister and wife returned home this same day but the two latter ladies remained for a visit. Mrs. Shaw was a schoolmate of Mrs. Garfield and had not seen her 33 years. — 4

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. P. H. ALEXANDER, DENTIST—Office over Stark Brothers Store. Hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Home phone 29. p13

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. 37tf

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

### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)  
—Morning service at 10 o'clock.  
Subject: "As One Having Authority."

Sunday school at 11:20. Classes for every age. C. E. at 6 o'clock. A meeting place for the young people.

Evening service at 7 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Farber of Plymouth will speak. He will bring his choir with him to furnish special music. Mr. Webber and the choir will have charge of the evening service at Plymouth.

Members of the church and congregation are urged to attend those services. It is hoped that a very large congregation will be present to greet Mr. Farber and his choir and to enjoy the services of the evening.

Remember the bazaar sale at Ryder's store Saturday beginning at 9:00 o'clock. Help swell the pipe organ fund.

A number of the young people are to attend the Young People's Rally at Detroit one week from Friday, when Dr. Stone of Chicago will speak. Here is an opportunity to hear one of America's leading preachers. It is hoped that a great many will attend.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

Ruth Clapp distric eighth Thursday.

The total enrollment has reached nearly 200.

Mrs. Goodale visited the Second grade Tuesday afternoon.

Only one and a half days absence in grade Eight last week.

Several written lessons were given in the High school Friday.

Rosie Schaub and Coze Wilson are new pupils in the Second grade.

Louis Fair has been out part of this week on account of rheumatism.

Mrs. A. C. Wheeler Wheeler of Salem called in the Second grade Monday.

The teachers are expected to attend the State Institute and association at Ann Arbor Oct. 30-31.

The Second graders are making "Masterpiece Booklets" in connection with their picture study.

The Sixth grade and the Physiology class receive copies of the United States daily weather report.

The teachers enjoyed a pleasant ride after school Tuesday out to Mr. James Clark's, attending the social there.

At the teachers' meeting Thursday afternoon, Miss Bullis discussed the teaching of English grammar, Miss Pierce gave a review of Froebel's Life.

The teachers went over the census list of 426 names after school Monday and found that a very large number of the ones listed there are in school.

Barney Zaleski and Louis Flatowski write from Olivet college that they are enjoying work in that institution. The former is carrying seven subjects, the latter six.

Grade Eight is having a series of spell-downs—the boys against the girls—as they are evenly divided this year. The boys won last Friday. Frank Hedge spelling down the grade.

### W. R. C. NOTES.

All officers of the W. R. C. are requested to be in Cattermole hall ready for work at 2 o'clock sharp, Monday afternoon, Oct. 20.

The annual inspection of this Corps will occur Wednesday evening, Oct. 23, being conducted by the Department inspector.

How about the hundred members in good standing?

The best foot forward is the watchword now-a-days.

## FARMINGTON'S NEW POSTMASTER.

After a warm contest, T. H. McGee has been appointed postmaster at Farmington. The appointment was not in compliance with the wishes of Congressman Beakes of the Second District, but Tom had the endorsement of the state administration, including E. O. Wood of Flint, and that was what seemed to have the most weight with President Wilson and Postmaster General Burleson. Mr. McGee has previously served as postmaster at Farmington and is very popular both in the village and surrounding country and the appointment is regarded as a splendid selection.

## LECTURE COURSE COMMENCES NEXT FRIDAY EVENING.

The first number of the new entertainment course will be given next Friday evening, October 24, in the Methodist church. Oseola Pooler will be the attraction. Her selection are of real worth; are presented in an original manner and leave the auditor charmed and satisfied.

Every one is invited to hear Mrs. Pooler in the full confidence that her selections will be heartily approved.

The course tickets are on sale at \$1 for the four numbers or 35 cents for a single entertainment.

Telephone Mrs. J. B. Cook and have her reserve your ticket. Do it today and help all concerned in this promotion.

A sealed penny vote envelope containing 2500 votes has been deposited in vote box at store without any church, society, etc., name. If party who deposited same will make necessary identification they will be duly credited. Jas. Huff. 12w1c

## Financial Explanation.

"Well, sir," cried Mr. Richpop, "what does this mean? My daughter sitting on your lap, sir?" "Why, yes, Mr. Richpop," said Waggle. "You see, sir, I have just suggested a consolidation of our interests, and I have undertaken to act as a holding company until the merger is completed according to established forms."—Harper's Weekly.

## On Life's Wiferies.

Appreciating somewhat the sense of humor, we are still unable to figure out why girls giggle—Aitchison Globe.

## WHAT THEY ARE PAYING.

The Northville Market corrected up to date:

Wheat, White—84c Red—87c  
Oats—41c  
Shelled Corn—70c  
Baled Hay, per ton—\$14 00  
Hogs, alive—\$9.00  
Dressed Hogs—\$12.00  
Cattle—\$5.00  
Lamb—\$5.50  
Veal Calves—87c to 90c per lb.  
Beef—110c—9c  
Pork—24c Butter—24c

## DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

PILLOWS, ALL SIZES, from 18 inch to 24 inch.  
BED PILLOWS ..... \$1.00, 1.50, \$1.75 to \$5 pr  
BLANKETS, ALL PRICES, from 45c.  
(Lots of Extra Large Sizes and Weight)  
COMFORTERS ..... \$1.00, 1.50, 1.75, \$2.00-2.50, \$3.00  
SHEETS ..... 50c, 65c, 75c  
PILLOW CASES ..... 15c and 2 for 25c  
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S GLOVES; LOTS OF CHOICE.  
LADIES' CASHMERE GLOVES, Black, Brown, Navy, Grey, etc., at 25c and 50c  
DRESS GOODS, NEW SHADES, ..... 25c, 50c to \$1.75  
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS; the BEST Styles go first.  
Come Early.  
LONG KIMONOS, FLEECE, ..... \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00  
PILLOW TOPS and RUNNERS, with FREE SILK.  
LADIES' FLANNEL GOWNS; Splendid Heavy Gowns 75c and \$1  
WALL PAPER; NEW ARRIVALS. FINE PATTERNS.  
PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER.

**EDWIN WHITE.**  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

**"Stronger Than The Law"**



Bring This Advertisement With You

MANY laws have been broken, but this famous work shoe has never been broken by even the hardest wear—that's why we call it the "Stronger-Than-The-Law" shoe.

All the money in the world could not produce a more comfortable or durable heavy work shoe. It cannot be equaled by any other manufacturer.

Take a knife and cut it to pieces if you wish, and you will find it honestly made of good leather, through and through. No substitutes for leather are ever used.

The upper is made of Chrome Tanned Leather—as nearly water-proof as leather can be made. The counters, heels and double soles are of the finest sole leather.

The "Stronger-Than-The-Law" shoe is put together so it won't rip. It will keep you feet dry and give you double wear.

It is comfortable and good looking—the strongest and longest wearing shoe known. Beware of imitations. No other work shoe in its class is "just as good."

"Stronger-Than-The-Law" shoes are made in regular heights and high cuts. Men's, Boys' and Youths' at \$2.50 to \$3.00. Also for Women, Misses and Children at \$1.50 to \$2.75.

These and other "Star Brand" shoes—over 750 styles—are sold by 20,000 good merchants. Come to our store and see a "Stronger-Than-The-Law" shoe and you can see just how it is made.

Don't buy shoddy shoes at any price. Always insist upon having "Star Brand" shoes with the name on the sole and the "Star" on the heel.

"Star Brand Shoes Are Better"

CARRINGTON & SON, Northville.

ORCAR 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.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

**"Forest Mills"**  
TRADE MARK.

HAND-FINISHED UNDERWEAR  
For Women and Children All Styles and Qualities



LADIES' UNION SUITS—COTTON FLEECE.  
LADIES' UNION SUITS—WOOL RIBBED.  
LADIES' UNION SUITS—SILK and WOOL RIBBED.  
CHILDREN'S UNION SUITS.  
LADIES', MISSES and CHILDREN'S GARMENTS OF ALL DESCRIPTION.

**LOWELL DRESSES.**  
Kimonas, Dressing Sacques and Night Gowns. The Garments that are made just as particular as you would make them at the home.

NEW SHEPARD CRECKES, in Dress Goods; all wool and very heavy, 56-in. wide ..\$1.35, \$1.50 yd

We want you to see our line of OUTING FLANNELS. The Weights are the light and the Patterns the Latest. We are always glad to submit samples to a Prospective Customer.

**CHARLES A. PONSFORD**  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



## Nature's Warning

Northville People Must Recognize and Heed It.

Kidney ills come mysteriously. But nature generally warns you. Notice the kidney secretions. See if the color is unhealthy. If there are settlements and sediment. Passages frequent, scanty, painful. It's time to use Doan's Kidney Pills.

Doan's have done great work in Northville. G. E. Sinclair, retired farmer, High St., Northville, Mich., says: "Most of my trouble was from my kidneys. The secretions contained much sediment and passed too frequently. At night I had to get up four or five times and the passages were accompanied by burning pains. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and I got a supply at Murdoch Bros. Drug Store and they cured me. I am glad to confirm the testimonial I gave at that time as I have not had any more kidney trouble."

—Advertisement.

## WOMEN

Who Suffer in Silence.

No woman has the health, the strength, or the vitality to withstand the tortures, both mental and physical, that go hand in hand with all functional disorders.

You cannot do it alone—you cannot rely entirely upon your constitution, no matter how strong it is—you must have help. The delicate functional organs must be strengthened—if not they gradually weaken the entire system.

## NYAL'S

VEGETABLE PRESCRIPTION. Will correct the irregularities.

restore the functional organs to soothe and quiet the nerves, build up a nourishing blood supply, and increase the health in general—one that is permanent. There is absolutely no need of your suffering as long as we sell Nyal's Vegetable Prescription—it is sure relief.

One Dollar the Bottle.

A very fine line of rubber goods, such as hot water bottles, fountain syringes, etc. now in stock.

T. E. Murdock

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

TRY A RECORD LINER.

## MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT &amp; SMOKED MEATS.

P. A. MILLER, Propr.

100 Main St. NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## HAPPENINGS IN LOCAL SOCIETY

Water rents.

Hickory nuts.

Nice weather.

Lecture course.

Burning leaves.

Electric light bills.

Second crop strawberries.

Jack Frost Sunday night.

Fourteen days to Halloween.

Better Alseum Saturday night!

Better have a sane Halloween.

Catholic banquet next Wednesday evening, October 23rd.

Monday last day for paying light and water bills.

Good program—the moving picture theatre tomorrow night; also next Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

As a further improvement to his house on Wing St., F. J. Carpenter is building a large porch on the west front.

Special communication Northville lodge, F. &amp; A. M. Monday evening, October 20, at 7 o'clock. Work in M. M. degree.

R. R. McKahan is much improved in health but expects to return to the Detroit sanitarium for further treatment in about two weeks.

The new M. C. depot at Detroit can be seen with the naked eye on a clear day from the residence of William Scotten on Buchner's hill.

The Third Division of the Ladies' Dames of the Salem Congregational church will give a masquerade social in the town hall on Halloween.

Highway Commissioner Green asks the people when raking leaves out of the yard, to do so in some way so that the drains will not be stopped up.

Mr. Markham has just completed the building of ten commodious stables on the back lot of his Center street residence to house the horses he is training.

Frank Harrison's splendid young peach orchard west of town has been bearing for the first time this year, and he has given some choice samples to friends about town.

While going to Detroit last week, F. L. Woodworth's auto was crowded off the pavement by a big Arctic Milk truck which had refused to let him pass for some distance. The Arctic man's auto truck also went in to the ditch in the mixup. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Woodworth were hurt, though their car was somewhat damaged.

While backing out of Mr. Baker's yard on Main street Monday, Rev. Frank James' auto was hit by a D. U. I. car backing up town. In the contact Mr. James was injured about the legs and arms, and the rear and front lights of his car broken. Rev. James claimed the conductor was not on the rear platform or the accident would not have occurred. He resides at Walled Lake.

## RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

Billows? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Constipation? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Regulata cure billows attacks. 25 cents at any drug store. —Advertisement.

## KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Next Regular October 28.

Plan for Detroit trip. Come.

W. L. TINHAM, C. C.

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

Harry Clark has been quite ill this week.

Mrs. S. A. Hastings is recovering from her recent illness.

Mrs. Gardner of Cherry Hill is ill at the home of her brother, E. J. Cobb.

Mrs. Jennie Johnson has been quite ill the past week with nervous prostration.

W. G. Yerkes is improving in health after an attack of grip and tonsillitis.

Mrs. H. C. Thomas, who has been very ill for so long, is now able to walk up town.

Miss Mary Power entertained a number of her old schoolmates on Thursday of last week at her home east of town.

A stove advertised for sale in last week's Record brought 15 buyers, and was sold a few hours after the paper was issued.

The cap social which was to have been given by the Eastern Star ladies this evening has been postponed to October 31.

The West End "500" club met with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ely Monday evening. This was the first meeting of the winter.

The regular meeting of the King's Daughters will be held Tuesday evening Oct. 21 at the home of Mrs. M. M. Johnson, beginning at 7 o'clock.

Jesse Clark has been engaged by the State Highway commission to resurface the Plymouth-Northville road from Phoenix south toward Plymouth.

Deputy Game Warden Ely has been furnished with an auto by the State Game department in order to afford him better facilities in his work of protecting game.

M. B. Burrows has completed his work laying cement walks in the new subdivision at the Monier road near Detroit and has gone to Plymouth to lay several new walks.

Miss Helen Morse has a fine position as copyist in the Detroit Law Library, being in the employ of the C. H. Dugan Co., publishers of the "United States Statute Cite Digest."

A very attractive stone porch is being built around the entrance to the M. D. church. Later on it is expected that a covering will be added over the entire front entrance.

Just to prove how careless the American people are in addressing their U. S. Mail the department at Washington received over 13 million pieces of litter at the dead letter office last year, a large portion of which is still undelivered.

The ladies of the Baptist church will serve a chicken pie supper in the rink Tuesday evening, October 21, from 6 to 7:30 o'clock. Menu: chicken pie, mashed potatoes, bread and butter, salad, pickles, jelly, cake and coffee. 25 cents a plate.

Orin Peck and family have moved from the house formerly owned by them, corner Main and High streets, to the new home which they have just built at Plymouth. F. P. Simmons, who recently purchased the Peck house here, is moving therein, from his fruit farm northwest of town.

Regular meeting of Orient Chapter No. 7, O. E. S. this, Friday evening. The cap social advertised for this meeting has been postponed until Friday evening, Oct. 31. Members are requested to notify everyone of the change and all be on hand for a good old Halloween celebration.

There was sent to the Lost Parcel department of the Detroit United railway recently a camera which was found on a Plymouth-Northville interurban car one morning near the last of April or first of May. The camera was found on the car leaving Detroit at 7:30 a. m. There is no means of identifying the owner as the finder gave only the foregoing information in the anonymous communication which accompanied the camera on its return to the company. The camera will be turned over to the person who can establish ownership to the satisfaction of the Complaint department, 12 Woodward avenue.—Electric News.

SALT—New car just received. Also cement on hand W. H. Cattermole. 12wlc.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once. Price cannot stay where it is used.

—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.

Lattie Odson Carpenter has been ill this week.

The First 500 club was entertained at the home of Mrs. C. A. Delph Tuesday evening.

Lewis Bros have completed their new garage on Church street and have it opened for business.

Mr. Petubone has been improving the appearance of his garage by new entrance doors, a newly painted front and a new interior partition.

Milt Brown killed a big blue racer measuring three feet in length on the walk near the corner of Randolph and Center streets Wednesday afternoon.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a bake sale in Hyder's store tomorrow, beginning at 9 o'clock. Proceeds go into pipe organ fund.

An auction sale of farm tools, stock and household goods will be held on the Fred Ward farm, Tuesday, Oct. 28, beginning at 10 o'clock. Frank J. Boyle, auctioneer.

Now that the P. M. company have their block system completed between here and Detroit, Village President Schrader is again taking up the matter with the management of having the afternoon train stop here.

J. A. Dubuar has put in a new cement floor and otherwise improved his barn on Randolph street. The houses will be modernized for occupancy in early spring. This property is splendidly situated and will make a very desirable home for Mr. and Mrs. Dubuar. There are 3 acres in the lot running back as far as the German church and contains 250 very thrifty young fruit trees.

J. M. Phillips, the well known South Lyon undertaker and business man, died suddenly last week while driving his auto with a party of relatives. He happened to be driving the car with the foot lever as the throttle when the death messenger was met. His foot relaxed and the car gradually came to a stand just as the foot of a hill was reached a short distance north of Brighton.

When Mr. and Mrs. Earl Simpson returned to Lansing last week Earl found waiting for him a beautiful loving cup, the gift of Lansing base ball fans as award for having the highest batting average of his team. He will work for the Michigan Sugar Refining Co. during the winter and early spring, having been made the company's state inspector. He had previously expected to go into the bookkeeping department but this is a much better proposition.

E. H. Sadler has his new bungalow on Rogers street completed and has moved his family therein. This is one of the charming residences of Northville and the purchase of this acreage, and the building of the beautiful home by Mr. Sadler is of much value to the west portion of the village. It was through Capt. E. A. Noble that Mr. Sadler learned of this property and was induced to purchase it. In a few years it will contain one of the splendid peach orchards of this section.

Please do not disgrace Penny Vote tickets by writing on them. Deposit envelopes for same are freely furnished at store JAS. HOFF 12wlc.

CEMENT—Freshlot on hand Almo's fresh load salt W. H. Cattermole 12wlc.

## WEEK'S CALENDAR

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor)

Preaching at 10 a. m. Sunday.

Subject "Confession."

Sunday school at 11:15 B. Y. P. U. at 6:00 p. m. This is to be a meeting of special interest. Our president and the chairman of the devotional committee will have charge of the meeting. We expect something good. Come everyone.

Preaching at 7 o'clock. Theme: "The Two Yokes." Our evening services are growing rapidly in numbers and interest. The unique change in the music makes them much better.

Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

The ladies of the church will give a chicken pie supper in the rink on Tuesday evening, Oct. 21. Price 25c. Come and eat chicken pie for only a quarter of a dollar.

The "Bright Stars" held their regular monthly meeting at the home of Hazel Slough last Tuesday evening. The evening passed away very pleasantly. Light refreshments were served at 9 o'clock. After this the business meeting was called to order, and after a short session, the class went home, reporting a good time. Come again, everyone.

MORNING SERVICE at 10:00 o'clock. Sermon-topic: "The Lost Accent."

EVENING SERVICE at 7 o'clock. Sermon-topic: "The Clothes and Pools of a Workman."

The Queen Esther Circle will give

a Rainbow Tea at the church on Saturday afternoon from 4:30 to 6:30. Tickets are 15c.

The prayer meeting attendance was good last Thursday. Over 75 were present. Let each week find everyone at home in the prayer service.

A fork and spoon belonging to Mrs. Wm. Parmenter was lost at the Ad meeting last Thursday. They were tied with pink ribbon. Finder please leave at parsonage.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society will meet with Mrs. George Johnston Tuesday afternoon.

The Woman's Home Missionary society is very thankful for the donations of canned fruit which was sent to the deaconess' home last week.

GERMAN CH. NOTES

Yes, we will have church Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2 p. m. All are invited and Salem.



## There is no Royal Road to Wealth.

The average man must win his way. Some have inherited riches but the foundation of every fortune, big or small, is based on hard work and thrift.

A savings account is the first step to wealth. It enables a man to save his money and at the same time it is earning money for him.

This bank will not only help you save money but it will pay you interest—Remember this—compound interest has made more millions than speculation.

## Lapham State Savings Bank



## Doc Says==

All ye that are cold come to me and I will fit you up with==

Reefers  
Sweaters  
Underwear  
Flannel Shirts  
Winter Caps  
Woolen Sox  
Warm Gloves

and the Swellest Line of Wooley Boy 2-pc. Suits ever shown in Northville.

## WM. GORTON

NORTHVILLE,

MICHIGAN.

I AM EXCLUSIVE AGENT

FOR

## New Century Flour

Best ever milled. Every Sack Guaranteed. Save the C's Head from each sack, and when you have eight, return them to me with \$1.98 in Cash and I will give you a BEAUTIFUL 42 PIECE, HAND DECORATED DINNER SET.

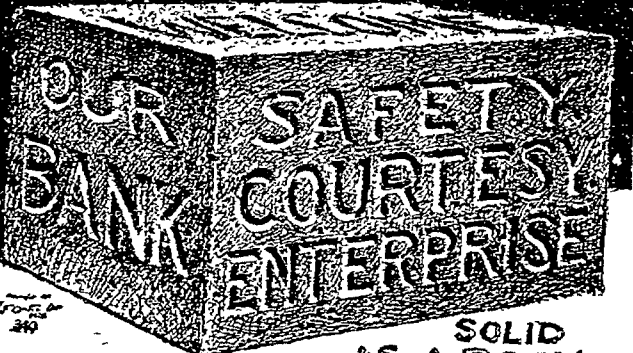
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NORTHVILLE,

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SOLID AS A ROCK

WE REFER THOSE WHO HAVE NOT BANKED WITH US TO THOSE WHO HAVE. WE ARE HERE TO SERVE OUR PATRONS, AND ARE WILLING AT ANY TIME, TO ADVISE THOSE WHO NEED HELP OR ADVICE. YOU GO TO THE DOCTOR WHEN YOU ARE ILL; YOU GO TO THE LAWYER TO STRAIGHTEN OUT YOUR LEGAL DIFFICULTIES; WHEN YOU ARE IN FINANCIAL PERPLEXITY WHY NOT GO TO THE BANK? THE BANKER IS THE ONE MAN WHO GIVES HIS ADVICE FREE AND CHEERFULLY.

DO YOUR BANKING WITH US. WE PAY 3 PER CENT INTEREST.

Northville State Savings Bank.

## Phone 247-J DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLES' MODEL DAIRY.

Everything in a strictly sanitary condition. All milk we sell is the product of our own dairy.

Our having fresh cows at all times of the year gives you a high standard of milk at all times. It is worth a few cents a week to know what you are getting.

WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE.

G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

DO IT NOW



# The Case of Lady Broadstone

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE, MONEY AND INTRIGUE.

By Arthur Marchmont  
Copyright 1903 by the Author

## THE CASE OF LADY BROADSTONE. SYNOPSIS TO END.

CHAPTER I. "Castorion John" Falloway, a multimillionaire, forces his daughter, Eva, to marry Lord Broadstone, calling her lover, Don Stuart, a "blackguard" and a "scoundrel" and left his wife for dead, having tried to poison her. His cousin, Gilbert Dorrisson, who is on the steamship, tries to marry her for her money, but she knows his intention and cleverly humiliates him.

### CHAPTER II.

DORRISON'S BLANK CARTRIDGE. Gilbert Dorrisson felt his defeat keenly. Never in his life before had he had to drink such a cup of humiliation, and the taste rankled and enraged him beyond measure.

The disappointment was bad enough. He had had the golden apple of fortune in his very hands, only to have it turn from him with degradation and insult, and without even a faint hope of recovery.

But the disappointment was not by any means the worst. He had been so out-juggled that in his folly he had let the mask of his hypocrisy be snatched away. Had the skin been torn from his flesh, the pain and smart could not have been worse.

All through the night he winced at the remembrance of Sadie's contemptuous glances and shrug under the lash of her bitter words.

His own stupidity in not having made inquiries about her wealth before, and his like a sword in the flesh. There were a dozen ways in which he could have found out the truth, and he grumbled as he thought how, with that easily earned knowledge, he could have driven a hard bargain of poverty with promises of declarations of undying love for herself, and have pressed her to marry him, whether or not she was tired of that he had let her see right into his inner nature. There is one woman in London who knows you for the paltry scandal you are.

The words bit like a hot iron. There is a little more acute than that of a hyacinth in the house which follow his first detection.

He was in want of money, it was true, but he could trust himself to get enough out of his cousin to smooth matters over.

He looked into his affairs that morning and not without some uneasiness saw that he must have some five thousand pounds to meet his estate needs. He would go down again to Broadstone. Toward that day and get it from his cousin. A very slight turn of the screw ought to be enough to squeeze that sum out of him, although he was by no means willing to pay the money.

Eva had always shrank from the task of entertaining a people, and now pleaded her father's death as a reason for seeing no one, and she passed most of her time alone or with Jack when he was at the Towers. She was often absent from Broadstone, and when there, spent most of her days shooting or riding, and passed the evenings in his own rooms, where he could tattle at his ease.

She was glad to see Dorrisson. Jack liked him, and she took her cue from him. Her life of subjection to her father had made it difficult for her to form any independent opinions or to take the initiative herself. Her nature was one which required some stronger will to rely upon and cling to.

She found Dorrisson when she went down to dinner and welcomed him sweetly. "A pleasant surprise, Mr. Dorrisson. I am glad to see you."

"Didn't Bertram tell you I was coming?" I wired him. "I have never seen him to-day. But he never tells me anything. You see, it wasn't nice for me to know, I mean," she added, with a faint and rather sad smile. "You are always welcome and he don't count you as a guest. Your rooms are always ready."

"That's very pleasant of you, Eva. But if I had known I would have wired you as well as Bertram. You have the knack of always saying pleasant things, you know."

"Have I?" she replied, quite simply. "But I really mean I am glad to see you. Jack's coming in a day or two, and he'll be glad to see you, too."

"How your face brightens when you speak of him, Eva."

"He's all I have in the world to

I mean we have always loved each other so much. You see, in the old days at Petherby I was so dependent on him for heaps of things."

"I understand," he replied, meaningly.

"Don't tell Bertram I said anything like that. But I—"

She faltered and stopped. Then with another wistful smile she added: "I am afraid I am always saying things I ought not to, except to Jack, of course; but he understands."

"I hope I understand too, Eva. But I wish with all my heart that you were happier. You deserve it; on my soul, you do."

Eva tried to restrain a sigh, and to cover it with a smile. "I don't know that I am unhappy, except that I have one little bother now. I am losing my maid, and she has been such a companion that I shall miss her. One gets so used to people about one. I know I'm very selfish."

"I wish I could think that was your only trouble," declared Dorrisson earnestly, and with a steady look that somewhat disconcerted her.

Before she could reply Lord Broadstone entered. He took no notice of Eva, who sank away to the window. "Hello! You here already, Gilbert?" he said.

"I've told you you're out when I arrived. Didn't I tell you I was here?"

"I only came in to turn to scramble into my things. Dinner's ready. Come on! I've once I declare I am hungry," and he went off leaving Dorrisson to give his aim to Eva and follow.

Even the pretense of common courtesy had been abandoned by him.

For a moment was a dull affair. His horse-ship ate much and drank more, and his only rewards to his wife were made when he grumbled at something on the table. Dorrisson tried to make conversation with Eva, but she was overweighed by the presence of her husband; so that even Dorrisson, who could always talk readily, found himself a little at a loss.

When the wine had had some effect, Broadstone spoke a little to his wife. "Been out to-day?" he asked abruptly.

"I went for a drive this afternoon, Bertram," she replied like a child to an elder.

"You look peevy. Want more?"

"Too much indoors. I wish you'd teach her golf, Gilbert."

"I should be delighted. Where are the links?"

"Within motorable distance. Do you no end of good," he added to Eva.

"It's a comfort to a day or two. Bertram, I shall get out more than I do in my lonely kitchen about by myself."

"Well, it's your own fault. You won't be contented, but Jack'll who you are a bit, I hope. I'm glad to be coming."

"I'm sorry. Any kind of reference to her mother would be a mistake. I hope he'll be here to-morrow or the day after," she said as she was leaving the room.

He got up and opened the door for her—on a usual act of attention—and said with a smile: "Try to buck up a bit, Eva. But as soon as she had left the room he shrugged his shoulders and grumbled as he resumed his seat.

"Doesn't seem very happy," Bertram said Dorrisson.

"She's a doll, that's all. And one set in the mood always to be playing with dolls," he returned impatiently. "Gets on one's nerves. Perhaps the rub will do her good."

"I like Jack," declared Dorrisson. "All right! I shouldn't be jealous. Sneered Broadstone. "But what brings you back so soon? I was glad to get your wire. How's the widow?"

"It's off I made an ass of myself, to tell the truth. He could already force himself to speak lightly of it. "I cried off. It turns out she hasn't really any money, so I beat a diplomatic retreat."

"Trust you for diplomacy. But what a sell, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know. I wanted the money; but I'll be hanged if I wanted a wife."

"Come so that, we all want money, by Jove." Broadstone had a strong suspicion of Dorrisson's object and means to forestall him.

"Except you, you mean."

"My dear fellow, I'm as poor as a rat. Think of my throwing myself on the parish to get some pocket money. A little joke at which he laughed.

"But now the old man's dead you ought to be on velvet."

and grinned. "That cock won't fight, old chap. You hinted something about that the other day when you were down, and I've been thinking it over. You see, it's this way. I'm either married to Eva—or to somebody else, and in either case you'd be out of it."

Dorrisson frowned. "Well, I want \$5,000," he said, firmly. "And there'll be trouble if I don't get it."

"Trouble for you, you mean. I'm sorry for you, old man."

"I said trouble. I didn't say for whom."

"If I hadn't been a fool with old Petherby, I could have done it. When he asked what my debts were I was idiot enough to name half the amount. I could as easily have got a hundred thousand out of him as fifty. As it is, I've had to get as much as I could out of Eva. Now her trustees are kicking and golden eggs are scarce."

"I must have the money, Bertram," repeated Dorrisson. "That's what I've come down for."

"Then you'd better ask my wife for it. That's all I can suggest."

"Which one?" asked Dorrisson, sharply and nastily.

But his lordship only shook his head and chuckled. "You don't want to quarrel, old man, do you? That won't help either of us. I'd let you have the money if I had it, but I haven't. I want twice as much myself, but I haven't as man, shillings. I'm kicking my heels in this infernally dull hole, only because I can't afford to live anywhere else till after the next rent audit day."

"You can raise it somewhere."

"My dear fellow, my bankers wouldn't lend me a brass farthing on my signature alone. I'm overdrawn already pretty heavily."

"Get your wife's, then."

"Which one?" asked Broadstone; and then added seriously: "You haven't got the hang of this thing, Gilbert. If you can upset this marriage, do it. I'll be glad enough, on my oath. I don't think Eva would mind. I'm sick of the life. Now old Petherby's gone no one would care."

Dorrisson smoked for a while in troving silence.

"Look here, Gilbert," continued his cousin, "think of some way in which I can help you. I'll do it. But to ask me for ready money is no more good than to throw a fly for a trout in a water-butt."

Dorrisson frowned again this time. "You call it upsetting the marriage, but for you it's more than that—it's brains."

"Don't talk rot, Gilbert. If my first wife is alive I don't know it. I'm married, Eva, and I don't believe it now."

"Oh, no, indeed you didn't. You said something afterwards, but it was too late then of course."

"Do you mean to deny that I wrote and warned you?"

"That's about the size of it, old chap. You've been dreaming. I had no such warning from you."

"Did you deny that Gardner brought you a letter?"

"Not a bit. That was to say you couldn't get down in time for the ceremony, or something equally trifling. I forget."

The eyes of both men met in a long steady stare.

Then Dorrisson said: "You've been seeing some infernal lawyer?"

Lord Broadstone winked. "You ought to know by this time, Gilbert, that a blank cartridge fills no game bag. And now let's talk about something else."

He mixed himself another whisky and soda, and lit a fresh cigar, chuckling to himself at Dorrisson's discomfiture and anger.

## CHAPTER VI.

### SINISTER THOUGHTS

Jack Petherby had one of those bright, open-hearted generous natures which spread sunshine all around. Everybody had a good word for him; and the instant he entered the Towers the place seemed to catch the infection of his winning smile, and to ring with the echo of his caery voice.

There was only one person with whom he could not be friendly—Broadstone himself. The latter professed to Eva that he liked her brother, but Jack made no secret of his dislike for his lordship, and the two nearly came to quarreling the morning after Jack's arrival.

Jack in his impetuous way had walked into Broadstone's room and asked: "How is it that Eva is looking so troubled, Lord Broadstone?"

"You had better ask Dr. Bradford, Jack. He looks after her."

over—well, you know pretty well what I mean. But I can't help that, I suppose."

"He'd have made her much happier than she is now," replied Jack, losing his temper. "I wish I were older; I'd take her away for a bit."

"I wish you were, Jack. Then you'd see what rubbish your talking. You mean well enough but you want tact. Don't bother me any more about it. We can't change things."

Jack went off, feeling very angry at this evident grudge and found Eva in the morning-room looking so thoughtful and troubled that his heart ached for her. He stood watching her for a moment before she saw him. Then she jumped up with a smile.

"Sit down again, girly. I want to talk with you."

"What now, Jack?"

"Look here—you're not happy. What's the matter with you?"

"Not happy when you come? Jack, now ridiculous!"

"Is Broadstone unkind to you?"

"No, Jack. Why?"

"I caught you just now off your guard and you looked so wretched. I'm sure there's something the matter. Tell me."

"There's nothing to tell, dear. I'm alone a great deal; but I suppose it's an awful thing to say—I'd rather be alone than with—oh, don't make me speak about it."

"I know how it hurts to keep things to one's self. I wish I could always be here."

"That's just it. I do miss someone to talk to."

"But there must be heaps of people who would be glad enough to be your friends, Eva. Can't you find someone?"

She smiled. "You know what a nervous little silly I am. I can't make any friends at all. I often wish I could," and she sighed.

"The governor never ought to have made you 'Miss Broadstone,' he burst out impetuously. "It's a beastly shame."

"Don't Jack, it hurts."

"If I'd been at home it wouldn't have happened. We'd have cut away L.S. and gone to America. I wish we had."

Eva made no reply except to sigh again, more heavily than before.

"I heard from old Don the other day, Eva," he said after a pause. "Did you? I hope he's doing well."

He left Montana sometime ago and went to Mexico. He said he was doing all right."

"Does he—does he know I'm married?"

"I wrote and told him all about it."

"That was best, of course," she said, keeping her eyes on her lap. "Is that what worries you, Eva?"

She left her face down and did not answer. "Eva, you can trust me and you can't tell it if it is."

"The boys were in here yesterday and she was trying to help down the sofa. I don't try to think of him, Jack, but—oh, I wish sometimes that I were dead," and the tears gained the mastery and she hid her head on his arm and broke down. "Father told Bertram all about it, Jack," she said between her sobs, "and he often sneers about it when he's had a lot of wine."

"He's a brute," said Jack curtly. "No, Jack, not that. I don't suppose he knows how it hurts, and of ten he's as kind as any man could be."

"When he wants something, I suppose, he growled."

"Never mind Jack," said Eva presently, wiping away the tears. "I can't after it. I have to bear it all my life; and I try to make the best of it. But of course it's a horrible mistake, and after all, it must be as bad for Bertram as for me. I ought not to think of Don, and it serves me right."

"Rot!" declared Jack, laconically. "I wish you'd stand up to him a bit more. He only married you for your coin, and you've got the whip hand there."

"Don't Jack, I'm only too glad to do whatever I can for the sake of peace."

er are coming here on a visit, I understand."

Eva rose. "Oh, don't let us waste the morning talking about Gertrude Hamyl," she cried. "We have to go for our ride, Jack. I'll go and put my habit on."

"What did you mean about that Hamyl girl, Mr. Dorrisson?" asked Jack, when they were alone.

"Nothing, my boy," was the reply, given in a tone that implied much. "I have never seen her."

"You haven't missed much. What Bertram can see in her, I can't for the life of me understand. That's all."

Jack frowned. "Do you mean—"

"I don't mean anything, Jack. But it's an infernal shame. That's all. He did mean a great deal. He had been thinking over that conversation with Broadstone, and had come to the conclusion that it would be a very good stroke indeed for him if he could set Bertram and his wife at loggerheads and perhaps separate them altogether. It might pay him well to stand by Eva's side in the case of a family quarrel. He would at least be on the side of the moneybags. And he knew enough about Broadstone's relations with Miss Hamyl to make capital out of it at need. But he would not let Jack draw him into saying anything more just then; so he rose and asked if he might go with the two for the morning's ride, and then went off to get ready."

Another thought occurred to him in regard to separating husband and wife, and while he and Jack were waiting for Eva he began to sound Jack.

"By the way, did you ever hear any more of that friend of yours, Don Stuart, who went out to Montana? When I was out there I tried to find him. Thought perhaps he'd been a drunken, broken-down, disolute shack."

That a man of Dorrisson's position and family should know him, however; that he should be living a life of ease and have married a wealthy woman; and that Sadie herself of all the world should have been asked to personate his first wife—herself—in order to put blackmail into the pockets of this smooth-tongued, well-dressed scamp, filled Sadie with amazement. And her amazement was for one whit greater than her anger and resentment.

His conduct to her in the past had been infamous in the extreme. In return for her love and work and care, he had treated her with neglect, lies, callous selfishness and harshness, culminating in that act of supreme treachery by which he had sought to use her illness—illness caused by her ceaseless efforts on his behalf—to attempt to poison her.

That despite all this she should have prospered seemed to her nothing less than a colossal injustice, and roused her anger to a white heat.

His offences were unforgivable and by her unforgiveness. She would find and punish him. As he had shown her no mercy in her past, so she would show none to him now. Her hot Southern blood boiled as she nursed her anger in the lap of remembrance, and in the first hours that followed the discovery she did little else but think and scheme and dream of revenge.

Of the woman whom he had married, Sadie scarcely thought, except contemptuously. She had been fool enough to be beguiled by him and must pay the price of her folly. He had always had a winning way with women—she knew that to her bitter cost; and if she herself had suffered, others must look to themselves.

It was a hard philosophy; but Sadie was a woman—and a very angry one, too, when that resolve was first formed.

She had long ceased to have any feeling for her husband except loathing. She would have been glad to have heard of his death any time during the past five years. She had been all-willing to let him believe her dead. Still, he was the father of her child; she was his wife, and no other woman had a right to that place. And that another had taken it enraged and envenomed the wife against that interloper. There are many singular eddies in the maelstrom of a woman's anger.

The task of finding her husband would now be rendered comparatively easy, she thought, on account of the new clue afforded by the recent marriage. A few inquiries enabled her to learn that a record of all marriages was kept at Somerset House, and that it was open to her to search there.

But the search failed to help her. She was looking for the marriage of Bert Hunter; and although she read that of the marriage of Bertram Hunter Dorrisson, Baron Broadstone, to Evangeline Petherby, she had not a suspicion of the truth.

She returned to the hotel weary and irritable, and found awaiting her a telegram which had been sent on from the American Exchange.

She smiled as she opened and read that it was from Don Stuart, the confidential agent of a Mr. Mostyn, a Mexican mine owner and speculator, who had bought some of her late uncle's mining properties.

(To be Continued)

"She'd have Jack's money if—an accident did happen."

"I never thought of that. By gad, I'll see to it."

There was another pause.

"I should. He's very fond of sailing on the big lake, and it's—it's very dangerous. I've been out with him more than once, and I know!"

Broadstone turned and stared at his cousin and their eyes met. After a pause Broadstone said: "I think you've got a heap of the devil in you, Gilbert."

"I didn't say anything."

"But you hinted a heap."

"Rot! Of course, when I'm with him in the boat, it's all safe enough because I look after myself. But—it might happen, even then. And if you had that million and a half of his, you could—"

"About \$20,000 would set me straight and put me well on my feet again."

"I don't pretend to know what your driving at, Gilbert. But, of course, if I had another million or so, I could spare you \$20,000 easily."

But they spoke very little for the rest of the evening; and Lord Broadstone went to bed more drunk than usual.

## CHAPTER VII.

### DON STUART COMES HOME.

The days which followed Sadie's interview with Dorrisson were very busy ones for her. She had been profoundly moved by the knowledge that her husband was alive, but her excitement was due less to the fact itself than to the dramatic manner in which the fact had been thrust upon her.

She had always calculated upon the possibility that he might be alive, but had reckoned that, if she found him, he would be what he had always been—a drunken, broken-down, disolute shack.

That a man of Dorrisson's position and family should know him, however; that he should be living a life of ease and have married a wealthy woman; and that Sadie herself of all the world should have been asked to personate his first wife—herself—in order to put blackmail into the pockets of this smooth-tongued, well-dressed scamp, filled Sadie with amazement. And her amazement was for one whit greater than her anger and resentment.

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(To be Continued)



## THE FLIGHT OF MRS. BODGE

At the solicitation of her eldest daughter, after the death of Mr. Bodge, his widow closed the little house she had entered as a bride years before and went to visit Mary Trimmer's family.

At first she was quite contented. Her room was favored with sunlight, a fact that led the little Trimmers to adopt it for their playground after their first shyness wore off. Mary Trimmer provided her mother with a basket of work, then went every morning to pay long neglected social calls, leaving the grandmother surrounded by her grandchildren.

Their shrill voices pierced the old lady's ears. How her stiff fingers ached with the dozens of articles she hemmed.

Mrs. Bodge lounged at times for her own easy chair in her far-off home, where she could read "Farm Progress" undisturbed. Homesickness was impelling her to leave the Trimmers when the youngest child was taken ill. No one could stroke the flushed forehead with such tenderness as grandma. Her ministrations were constantly demanded by the little sufferer.

When the child was convalescent, Mrs. Bodge would have turned her face homeward, but for the arrival of a peremptory summons from her second daughter, Maria Flint.

The Flint family were fashionable people, deriving their chief amusement from worldly pleasures. Mr. Bodge shrank from Maria Flint's ingratiating glances while waiting for the return of the expressman to fetch the modest trunk. Maria had not put on mourning for her father. She held it to be an error to don black garments in memory of those who, as she expressed it, "had departed to isles of immortal bliss."

The disapproval of her mother's black shawl and gown was plainly visible in Maria's Flint's face. When they arrived at the imposing mansion, Mrs. Bodge was assigned to a room that promised repose. An overladen couch covered by embroidered pillows beckoned the weary little grandmother. The latest up-to-date arrangement of buttons just below the gas fixture near the bed permitted telephonic communication with all parts of the house. Once, in a moment of bewilderment, the unfortunate guest pressed the burglar alarm, bringing a hurrying throng to her door.

Maria Flint tried to moderate her mother by giving her glances to the lady of simple tastes. Suggestions were made for an improved style of hair dressing, all of which affected Mrs. Bodge most uncomfortably. She tried to please her daughter, yet never caught a changed reflection of her self in the mirrors without a start and a half guilty conviction of being disrespectful to the memory of her husband. She remained then on one point, she refused to disrobe morning.

Maria issued invitations to a few friends to meet her mother. Mrs. Bodge found their society uncongenial, and, truth to tell, was puzzled to understand how Maria could enjoy them. Their chatter was of none of the commonplace things of life. It was a distinct relief to the little countrywoman to meet one unfashionable guest, who, in the frankest manner, begged for her recipe for penny-royal tea.

On one of Maria's mornings devoted to general repairs with her mistress, the unhappy visitor crept downstairs to inspect the kitchen. It was only a couple of hours before noon, yet there was absolutely no task for hands unaccustomed to idleness in that spotless room with its modern appliances for time saving.

Mrs. Bodge returned to her room, longing for a glimpse of her stable hills whose upland had helped her in times of loneliness in the past.

The message to Maria was written after the new finery had been laid aside. At last the little grandmother was ready for departure in the plain garments she wore the day of her arrival.

"Maria," she wrote in a firm handwriting, "I'm going back to live the life I've always known in the house that's been a real home to your father and me. I don't need new fixings for the outside at my time of life. You'll find the stylish dresses in the closet. The hair rats are in the bureau drawer. Mother."

When Maria Flint discovered her mother's flight, she was indignantly angry.

Re-established in her familiar niche, busy with her commonplace tasks again after her return home the little lady was content. The Flint had never forgiven her for her flight; had never communicated with her.

The garden gave promise of bloom in the early summer days; the little house had been repainted; it had never seemed so good a place to Mrs. Bodge as when she sat in her pleasant porch within sound of the call of birds that came each year to nest in the elm near her door. She decided to invite her daughters to return her visits. To be sure there were no fashionable diversions such as Maria Flint loved, but the little Trimmers could run and expand their lungs healthfully in the Bodge meadows.

"Dear children," she wrote, "come and make me a long visit. Bring old clothes, old books about nature, old toys. The roses will soon be blooming. Come and let me hear the patter of feet in our old home once more. Grandma."—IDA W. GOULD.

## EDUCATING THE FARMER.

Farmers' colleges in this country have been sticking pretty closely to their functions as experiment stations and schools for teaching soil bacteriology, intensive agriculture, horticulture and stock tending. It is the belief of President Butterfield, of the Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, that they must widen and "socialize" their work.

Nor will the agricultural college have realized its usefulness until it has developed, to a far greater extent than now, the idea of university extension. It must manage farmers' institutes, provide lectures direct the work of rural clubs, distribute farm literature. Its instruction must be brought within reach of all those who cannot go after it. The pioneer and empirical stage of American farming is passing, and the indicated leader in the movement toward a more careful, studious and social period is the agricultural college.

## MAN AND THE FASHIONS.

Is there not another, and a truer view of the outcry against woman's extravagance in dress, her so-called slavish devotion to fashion? Is not she, too, as much as the devoted husband or father who pays, the victim of the social system we have erected, which is based on her supremacy, the Philadelphia Record. She dresses often more elaborately than she would at her husband's request, and for his sake. Her elegance frequently is one of the assets of his business. That she alone should be attacked on this charge of extravagance is, therefore, manifestly unjust. The American man is responsible with her from many motives—pride in her appearance, which he holds cannot be set off too richly, and, finally but not least, policy. Indeed, it is often the woman who holds a tight rein over a generosity that threatens to degenerate into ruinous extravagance.

## JAPAN'S CAUSE AND TRIUMPH.

Japan went to war because Russia would not recognize the rights of China in Manchuria and her own interests in Corea. Japan took time by the forelock and struck the first blow. She has destroyed, captured or driven into neutral ports every Russian warship available for service in the Far East and reduced Russia to a fifth-rate naval power. She has demonstrated by frequent victories in the field that Russia with all her resources cannot wage a successful war against the eastern end of the Trans-Siberian against one Asiatic Power that controls the sea and has a large standing army which can be ferried across a strait in such numbers as are needed at the scene of conflict. Japan has also demonstrated that the fighting units of her army are greatly superior to those of the Russian army and that in every branch the latter is hopelessly inferior.

## REFORM IN CRIMINAL LAW.

The editor of Leslie's Weekly discussing this question says: "If laws could be passed limiting the power of appeal, as in England, or if a law could be enacted by which no judgment of the court below should be reversed except for an error which the court, after reading the entire evidence, can affirmatively say would have led to a different verdict, 'ninety-nine reversals out of one hundred under the present system would be avoided.' Secretary Taft further suggests that if the power of the court by statute to advise the jury, to comment and express its opinion to the jury upon the facts in every criminal case, could be restored, and if the State and defendant were both deprived of peremptory challenges in the selection of a jury, 'twenty-five per cent of those trials which are now miscarriages of justice would result in the conviction of the defendant.'"

## FEMALE IMPERIALISM.

The motto of this country according to Joseph Rubet in an article printed in the Paris "Nouvelles Revue" is "The world for Americans." It appears that this really means "The world for American women."

Let us get away from these small specifications. Our army is kept up to full numbers because the feminine enthusiasm for a uniform inspires American boys to enlist or to go to West Point. Our navy exists in order to exchange hospitalities with the gracious women of Newport and Bar Harbor. The ambition of our bright married women induces men to give up business and embark on a public career at Washington. It is the unbattered women of this country who are conducting "the American invasion" of the world.—St. Louis Republic.

## WRONG CENSURE OF WEALTH.

Our rich people are, to be sure, new to their wealth says the editor of Collier's Weekly. Let them play with it for a while, and it will in a few generations slip back through their feeble fingers to its original level, or else what is retained will have so lost its novelty that it can become a habit to its owners and a strength to the nation. Wealth, after a time, will bring with it natural responsibilities. Rare and costly things will still be caused by it, but the great necessities of the poor and of education and of the development of science will be more intelligently ministered to. Of our Babylonian symptoms, the expenditure for lace and jewels and solid gold plate is the least serious, and may soon develop into a virtue.

In practice campaigns the German troops are going to use Japanese field maneuvers. The Kaiser is bound to show the world that he is up to date.

## Market Report

The fruit market is active in nearly all lines and steady. Peaches are plentiful and the apple deal is not quite so firm as it was a short time ago, although prices are no lower. Potatoes are easy as the recent decline and the market is liberally supplied. The market is firm in all lines of dairy products and offerings are not large. Sugars are easy and lower.

### Fruits.

PLUMS—\$1.25@1.50 per bu.  
COCONUTS—\$3.00 per doz.  
PINEAPPLES—\$2.25@2.50 per case.  
Lemons—Mexican, \$5.50@6.50 per case.  
GRAPE FRUIT—Florida, \$6.50@7 per box.  
CRANBERRIES—\$6.25 per bbl.  
QUINCES—\$6@7 per bbl. and \$8@2.25 per bu.  
APPLES—No. 1, \$3.50@3.75 per bbl.; No. 2, \$2.25@2.75 per bbl.  
MELONS—Arizona Rocky Fords, \$1@1.25 per case; Osage, \$1@1.25 per case.  
PEARS—Bartlett, \$1.50@1.75 per bu.; Duchess, \$3.25@3.50 per bbl.; Keiffer, 75@80 per bu.  
CALIFORNIA FRUITS—Plums, \$1.25; grapes, \$1.50@1.75; pears, \$3@3.25; peaches, \$5@9 per box.  
PEACHES—West Michigan Choice, \$1@1.25; fancy, \$1.40@1.50 per bu.; AA, \$1.25@1.35; A, \$1@1.15; B, \$60@75c per bu.  
GRAPES—Delaware, 4-lb. baskets, 20c; Niagara, 4-lb. baskets, 22c; Concord, 23@25c per 8-lb. basket.

### Farm Produce.

CHESTNUTS—25c per lb.  
CABBAGE—\$2@2.25 per bbl.  
TOMATOES—Home grown, 90c@1 per bu.  
POTATOES—In bulk, 60@65c per bu.; in sacks, 60@70c per bu. for car lots.  
ONIONS—\$1.25 per bu.; Spanish, \$1.40 per crate.  
HONEY—Choice to fancy new white comb, 10@15c; amber, 10@11c; extracted, 7@8c per lb.  
SWEET POTATOES—Virginia, \$2.15@2.25 per bbl. and \$1.25 per bu.; Jersey, \$3.25 per bbl., \$1.25 per bu. and \$1 per hamper.  
LIVE POULTRY—Broilers, 14c, hens, 14c; No. 2 hens, 14@12c; old roosters, 10@11c; turkeys, 17@18c; geese, 10@11c; ducks, 14@15c per lb.  
CHEESE—Wholesale lots: Michigan flats, 15@15 1/2c; New York flats, 16 1/2@17c; brick cream, 17 1/2@18c; Limburger, 14 1/2@15 1/2c, imported Swiss, 26 1/2@27c; Domestic Swiss, new, 19@19 1/2c; block Swiss, 16 1/2@17c; long horns, 17 1/2@18c per lb.

### Veg'ables.

Beets, 75@85c per bu.; cauliflower, \$1.50@1.75 per hamper; mint, 30c per doz.; egg plant, \$1.25@1.50 per doz.; garlic, 10c per lb.; green peppers, 7c per bu.; leaf lettuce, 50@55c per bu.; head lettuce, \$1.50@1.75 per bu.; cucumbers, 40@50c per doz.; watercress, 20@25c per doz.; green beans, \$1@1.25 per bu.; green peas, \$2.75 per bu.; carrots, 75@80c per bu.

### Jobbing Prices.

HIDES—No. 1 cured, 75c; No. 1 green, 75c; No. 1 cured hump, 12 1/2c; No. 1 green hump, 10 1/2c; No. 1 cured veal kip, 18c; No. 1 green veal kip, 14c; No. 1 cured murrain, 12c; No. 1 green murrain, 10c; No. 1 cured calf, 18 1/2c; No. 1 green calf, 18c; No. 1 horse hides, \$4; No. 2 horse hides, \$3; No. 2 kip and calf, 15c off; No. 2 hides, 10c off; heaviest, as to amount of wool, 50c@61.

### Live Stock.

CATTLE—Market steady; best steers and heifers, \$8.75@9.25; fat, \$8.00@8.50; common cows, \$4.50@5.00; grass steers and heifers that are fat, \$6.00 to 7.00; fat cows, \$5.25@5.50; common cows, \$4.50@5.00; canners, \$3.50@4.25; choice heavy bulls, \$5.50; fat to good hogs, \$5.75@6.00; stock bulls, \$5.50@5.80; choice feeding steers, \$6.00@6.75; fair feeding steers, \$5.00 to 7.00; \$6.50@6.75; choice stockers, \$6.00 to 7.00; \$6.50@6.75; fair stockers, \$5.00 to 7.00; \$5.75@6.25; stock heifers, \$5@6; milkers, common milkers, \$4@5.00. Veal Calves—Aret steady; best, \$10@11; others \$7@9.50. Sheep and lambs—Market strong; best lambs, 7c, fair to good lambs, \$6.25@6.75; light to common lambs, \$5@6; fat to good sheep, \$3.75@4.15; culls and common, \$2.50@3. Hogs—Market 5@10c lower; light to good butchers, \$5.70; pigs, \$6.70@6.90; light Yorkers, \$8@8.50, heavy \$8.25@8.65.

Production This Year Is Put at 27,297,467 Bushels.

Columbus—The wheat production in Ohio for the season just closed shows a big improvement over that of the preceding year.

According to the October report of the state agricultural commission, issued today, the total production of wheat for this year aggregated 27,297,467 bushels, which more than doubles the output for 1912. The total acreage of wheat was 1,654,497, the production per acre being 17 bushels. There was an enormous crop of oats, the production being 44,590,805 bushels, the average yield per acre being 28 bushels, with the quality 90 per cent of an average.

## MICHIGAN MARKETS WHEAT

Martindale's Report Shows Farmers Have Sold 1,500,000 Bu.

Lansing, Mich.—In his crop bulletin for September Secretary of State Martindale says the estimated yield of wheat is 16 1/2 bushels an acre, and he reports that 1,500,000 bushels of wheat have been marketed in this state during the last two months. The estimated average yield of barley is 25 bushels an acre, oats, 30, corn 32, potatoes 87 1/2 bushels, buckwheat 15. The estimated average yield of sugar beets is 10 tons to the acre.

## WALL PAPER IN TWO HOURS' TIME

Interesting Notes Concerning the Wall Paper Industry of To-day

### MIXER PAID \$60,000 A YEAR

Mixers Discovered that Arsenic Produced the most Beautiful Green and Its Use Became General—Poisonous Effects Soon Discovered.

A modern wall-paper manufacturer boasts that in two hours' time, he can convert a tree into pulp, manufacture it into wall-paper, and have it on the wall.

But the use of the wood pulp without other stock to strengthen the paper makes it so brittle that it is hard to handle and has little wearing quality.

The most difficult and tedious part of the work, says a dealer who has been in business for forty years, was putting on the designs. The paper came in a big roll drawn over some flat surface and the block on which had been cut the design was dipped in the color and it was then pressed upon the paper.

This operation was repeated with a number of blocks until all the colors required in the design were put on. The paper was moved along a short space and the process repeated. So well was this paper made that it would last a lifetime, and the housewife never dreamed of having it pulled off every spring or fall to be replaced with new.

In the old-fashioned days, the wall paper came in rolls 20 inches wide instead of 18 inches as at present. Borders were not made to match the designs in the wall-paper so the customer selected the decoration he wanted for his wall, and then took the border that looked best with it. Borders with gilt background were in general favor and most of them were decorated with dark red flocking.

Flicking was produced by covering the gilt paper with a malleable substance and then sifting through the design velvet trimmings. After the velvet had dried on the trimmings that did not adhere to the glue were brushed off.

Sometimes these borders were flat gilt papers; sometimes the flocking was put on solid. Solid flocking was used for wall-decoration up to 15 years ago when the modern wall-papers began to come into the market.

English wall-paper came in rolls of 18 yards, but after the industry secured a foothold in this country, the length of a roll was reduced to 12 yards, and the cutting down has been going on ever since until some rolls do not contain more than 13 yards.

Early manufacturers paid high wages for color mixers and block cutters, men who cut the designs in wood blocks, and the result was the manufacture of fast colors. It is said that one firm in New York paid its color mixer \$50,000 a year and he had as an assistant his son, who drew \$5,000 a year salary, and they only worked eight months in a year at that. Designers and cutters received \$5 a day.

Color mixers soon discovered that arsenic produced the most beautiful green for printing wallpapers, and its use quickly became general. It was not long before its poisonous effects were discovered the paperhangers being the first to suffer from it.

Physicians have reported many cases of arsenical poisoning from wall paper and only a few months ago the newspapers printed a story about an Illinois farmer who lost three wives in three years by death, the cause of which was found to be the arsenic in the parlor wall-paper.

According to the story, the women were taken ill immediately after the spring house cleaning, during which the wall paper in the parlor had been brushed. An investigation of the house led to the discovery of the cause of the women's deaths.

General knowledge of the dangerous properties of green wall-paper caused a falling off in the demand, and dealers soon stopped buying it, with the result that the manufacturers, to a large extent abandoned the use of arsenic, so that, to-day there is very little of this kind on the market.

Soon after the introduction of the printing presses, the manufacturers vied with one another in producing artistic wall-papers, the principal object being to put the largest number of colors into a design. One Philadelphia firm surpassed all its competitors in this work and succeeded in producing designs having eighteen different colors, but this faded out, and now not more than eight colors are found in one design.

When wall-paper was made by hand, the borders sold as high as \$3.50 a single roll or \$7 a double roll.—The House Beautiful.

### The Slavs.

The people known as the Slavs appear in history north of the Black Sea about the time of the Emperor Trajan, A. D. 110, and begin to be mentioned with some frequency during the sixth century. Since then they have pushed westward into the teutonic domain, but have nowhere, save in Russia, retained political independence. Of the fifteen or more Slavonic languages, the old Bulgarian and the modern Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Croatian and Serbian are of the most importance.



Would You Like To Dress Well At Small Expense? Buy Sample Garments

Buy them from the man who sells them to the merchants, and save their profits.

Ladies' Coats, Suits, Skirts, Dresses and Furs

WHOLESALE PRICES

ADLER'S SAMPLE SHOP

21 John R Street DETROIT, MICH.  
Half Block from Woodward

## STATE BRIEFS.

CORUNNA—Hiram Whitman, 47 years old, has been released from jail.

ALBION—According to Receiver F. L. Irwin of the defunct Albion National bank, that institution's affairs are practically settled and the receivership could be closed but for the suits pending in the United States district court in Detroit against the former directors of the wrecked bank.

ALBION—Postmaster A. D. Bangham has announced the resignation of J. Morris Martin, assistant postmaster, and the appointment of Grover Cleveland, former clerk in the local office, to the assistant's position. Martin, who has been assistant three years, will accept a teaching position.

ANN ARBOR—Louis Cogswell, for the last two years a member of the vocal department of the University School of Music, has resigned to head the vocal department of the University of Oklahoma. Kenneth Westerman, a graduate of the Hillsdale conservatory, will succeed him.

ROYAL OAK—The bakery of Theodore Goodfellow and the property of E. K. Miller were visited by burglars, but only 44 cents in pennies was taken. The money was taken in the bakery taken in the bakery.

HILLSDALE—Because he refused to pay \$68 alimony, Harold D. Bul, has been sent to jail for six months. If he changes his mind before the sentence expires he will be released.

CADILLAC—One hundred young people have enrolled in Cadillac's new night school in connection with the public schools.

ANN ARBOR—The Studebaker corporation of Detroit has presented the engineering department with a skeleton chassis for use in the new course in automobile engineering on probation, after six weeks' confinement. Hiram attacked his brother Alton with a knife, inflicting a wound in the back, following a quarrel, in a suit.

MI. PLEASANT—Charging an admission fee of 75 to those entering the elementary rural school, an elementary school in the town of Pleasant, Mich., has just been sold. George D. Vanderwerf was the purchaser of the first ten lots.

MUSKEGON—The last holdings of the Beall estate, the family of lumber kings which once over practically all the western half of the state, have just been sold. George D. Vanderwerf was the purchaser of the first ten lots.

BAY CITY—A score of more witnesses are here to testify in several cases to be investigated by the grand jury, the most important of which is the Sterling phosphate robbery, for which Leo Cassady and Frank Lane have been under arrest for some time.

HOUGHTON—The copper strike is leading to a new industry in the northern peninsula, and that is farming. With fertile land under their feet for years, the miners failed to see its worth until they became idle because of the strike. Now large parcels of land are being bought.

As a result of investigations by agents of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, it has been learned that the rose, as well as the chrysanthemum, originated in China.

WANTED—A person in every local experience unnecessary, work awaiting appointments, send stamp for application. N. B. Bureau Investigation, Battle Creek, Mich.

### SHARP'S SPECIAL, 9c.

Sterling silver thimbles made of pure solid silver. The kind you pay 50c for elsewhere. Our price—30c and don't forget the Legal Money-back Guarantee with every purchase. SHARP'S JEWELRY SHOP 5000 River W. Detroit, Mich. Watch for SHARP'S specials each week.

## John D. Mabley

says:

Mabley's Corner

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.

Grand River and Griswold

## Used Cars Bargains

Abbot elroit 7- passenger, 1913 \$1250  
ope-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 Acre 800 ft. from electric line, 100 ft. from city, 100 ft. from highway, 100 ft. from water, 100 ft. from school, 100 ft. from church, 100 ft. from post office, 100 ft. from fire house, 100 ft. from police station, 100 ft. from city hall, 100 ft. from city park, 100 ft. from city library, 100 ft. from city court house, 100 ft. from city jail, 100 ft. from city prison, 100 ft. from city hospital, 100 ft. from city police station, 100 ft. from city fire station, 100 ft. from city post office, 100 ft. from city school, 100 ft. from city church, 100 ft. from city park, 100 ft. from city library, 100 ft. from city court house, 100 ft. from city jail, 100 ft. from city prison, 100 ft. from city hospital, 100 ft. from city police station, 100 ft. from city fire station, 100 ft. from city post office, 100 ft. from city school, 100 ft. from city church, 100 ft. from city park, 100 ft. from city library, 100 ft. from city court house, 100 ft. from city jail, 100 ft. from city prison, 100 ft. 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# The Case of Lady Broadstone

A THRILLING STORY  
OF LOVE, MONEY  
AND INTRIGUE.

By

Arthur Marchmont.

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## THE CASE OF LADY BROADSTONE SYNOPSIS TO END OF CHAPTER IV.

"Cast-iron John" Porter, a multi-millionaire, forces his daughter, Eva, to marry Lord Broadstone, calling her lover, Don Stuart, Lord Broadstone had been married in America under an alias, and left his wife for dead, having tried to poison her. His cousin, Gilbert Dorrisson, heir to the title, discovers she is living. Meanwhile, she has a son, and has inherited wealth. She goes to England to search for her husband, Dorrisson, who is on the rampage, tries to marry her for her money, but she knows his intention and cleverly humiliates him.

Dorrisson in dire need of money, goes to Broadstone and finds his cousin in the same fix. He conceives the idea of getting rid of Eva's brother, Jack, whose money will go to Eva.

It was a wireless message, despatched from the liner, and asked her to send a letter to await his arrival in the "Cravonia" at Liverpool, saying where he could see her at once on urgent business.

Don Stuart had been a favorite of hers in her home in Saltillo, and a frequent visitor. Little "sunny" loved him, too, and he would bring her later news of her wee one. Her eyes brightened at the thought and she lost no time in sending off the message that he was to come at once to The Carlton. It would be like a whirl of home to see Don Stuart, and for the time she put all other bothersome matters aside to indulge in the pleasure of her reveries.

She loved her little one dearly. It had been the hardest of wrenches to come to Europe without him, and the thought of hearing of him from such a sympathetic friend was now sweetly engrossing.

But the next day saw her again busy with her purpose. There was one way in which she could find her husband, unpleasant, but fairly certain. It was to force the information from Gilbert Dorrisson, uncle of her weaver, the facts she had ascertained concerning the Jewellings.

The thought of meeting Dorrisson again was exceedingly distasteful, but she had had to face unpleasant things before and it was not her way to shrink what was necessary. Naturally because it was disagreeable, she sat down at once and wrote to him, saying that she had not seen him immediately on most important business.

Nor did she satisfy herself with that. He might refuse to see her, but accordingly, she thought to prepare herself for that alternative. It occurred to her that it must be possible, in some way to discover enough about Dorrisson and his circumstances to find out whom he would like to blackmail.

She disliked the usual kind of inquiry agents.

"Then she remembered her friend Lady Preston and drove off to see her in the hope that indirectly she could get from her the information she needed.

Guardedly she led the talk around to Mr. Dorrisson and his friends.

"My dear, he has heaps of friends—positively heaps!" declared her friend. "He knows all the best people, or at least many of them. You see, as a rising M. P., and the heir to the Broadstone peerage, he goes everywhere."

"He makes himself extremely popular everywhere. He's down at Broadstone now. They date on him there. You should know Lady Broadstone. She is just the snuggest little creature; I've often asked her to come and stay with me, but she won't. Odd that we should be talking of her, too, for I've just heard from her. I suppose you don't know of a good maid companion? She wants one, and has written me asking if I know of anybody."

But Lady Broadstone's need of a maid did not interest Sadie, who tried to get back to the subject of Gilbert Dorrisson, and when her friend rattled off a list of names in his set, she saw to her chagrin that she had started on the wrong scent and that nothing would come of the interview.

"And why are you so curious about the M. P.?" asked Lady Preston, with a smile.

Sadie knew that the best way to catch her friend off the scent was to tell her half the truth, so she replied: "I made myself so agreeable on the ship, dear, that I wanted to know something more about him."

"He will have a fine position some day, unless of course, an heir is born to the Broadstone title." This she said suggestively, and Sadie thought the best of turn the conversation into other channels.

But Sadie did not hear this. She had heard enough to set her thinking busily. After a pause she said: "I am very busy now, Don—and you must go. But come and dine with me to-night. What I shall probably do is—let the mine go, but you must be the London manager of it and Mr. Mostyn's other matters; and at the same time look after some of my affairs."

"Mrs. Porlock, I—"

"Keep your excuses until you've thought it over. Good-bye."

"Bertram Hunter Dorrisson!" So that was why her search had failed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE TWO WIVES.

Sadie sent Don away thus abruptly, because she wished to think out an idea which had suddenly occurred to her on hearing the all but incredible news that Bert Hunter, the "camp sponge," as Don had called him, had become Lord Broadstone, a peer of the realm. Was it possible that Fate could have juggled the cards so wildly?

If it were true, she was a peeress, and her boy the future Lord Broadstone! Little wonder that she needed time to collect her thoughts. It was a fact which staggered her wildest imaginings.

She must make sure at once, of course, and must do so without arousing attention to herself. She would appear supremely ridiculous, if she went talking about the thing to anyone, even to her friend, Lady Preston, and then found it was all a mistake.

She rang and told the waiter to bring her a Debrett, and as she took it from him asked if there were any books which gave portraits of the peers.

He told her he knew of no such book, but that when any of them did anything a portrait was often published in the fashion papers.

She took the cue, immediately. She read the details of the Broadstone family. The age of the present peer agreed with that of her husband, and with this partial confirmation she drove to the office of a fashion paper and searched the files until she came to the report of a wedding of Lord Broadstone and Eva. A single glance at the portrait sufficed.

It was the "camp sponge" surely enough.

She purchased a copy of the issue containing the portraits and drove straight home with them, not looking at them during the drive but holding the paper in tightly clasped hands, as she began to realize all the news really meant to her. Her child was first in her thoughts.

"Sunny" would be a peer of the realm, and all her maternal instincts were fluttered at the thought. Little "sunny" Lord Broadstone!

But that feeling did not last. As soon as she had unfolded the paper in the privacy of her own rooms and sat staring at Broadstone's likeness, her resentment and wrath awoke again. He was sunny's father, but he had tried to be her murderer. The sight of his face flashed her. She had seen it last with the light of murder in the blood eyes, and the contrast between the cunning, drunken villainy of the memory-picture and the well-groomed, dandified, sleek respectability of the photograph moved her to a transport of fury.

Eva's likeness produced different feelings. Curiosity and a sense of contempt were first; then gradually anger. Curiosity as to what sort of woman she was, contempt stirred by the fact that she had been induced to marry such a man as Broadstone for mere motives of rank and position, and anger because she was the interloper who stood in her rightful place to oust her son. She found herself looking at the sweet lovable face for signs of the hard-heartedness which had killed Don Stuart, and of the ambition which had urged her to sell herself for a title.

Sadie was too full of her own wrongs not to be bitter against Eva, and she let her anger have full sway for the time. She would go down at once to Broadstone and unmask him both. She would have no mercy. She had suffered terrible injuries. The two were both equally guilty; the man had sought to murder her and set another in her place, when that place was one of honour and repute; and the woman had bought that place with her gold. She would drag them both down to the dust.

But in the midst of her vehemence the thought of her child checked her. For sunny's sake the thing must be done with discretion and care and not with temper. Anger bred mistakes, and there was more in this how than the gaining of mere revenge. The path must be cleared of all tangles; the proofs of his parentage must be absolute and unquestionable. His rights were now the paramount consideration.

Bert Hunter the camp sponge, must be clearly identified as Lord Broadstone, and for this Helena must be scoured for witnesses who could prove the identity beyond challenge; and these must be brought to England. At the same time, the legality of their marriage must be established unassailable. Her wealth would render all this easy of accomplishment. And she would wait to strike her blow until everything was in readiness to make it complete.

And meanwhile what was she to do?

Unless it proved necessary for her to go to Montana she would remain in England and watch. Her anger passed in thinking out the details of the campaign, and she now recalled Don Stuart's statement that Eva had been forced into the marriage. She would ascertain the truth of this.

But how? She would trust no one's judgment on such a matter but her own, and she would manage somehow to get a change of going down to Broadstone. Lady Preston knew the Broadstone people, and no doubt could and would find an opportunity of introducing her.

Her face hardened again as she thought of Eva. If she had married of her own will, she should pay the price, and the price should be as heavy as Sadie could make it. Her pride should be dragged in the mire and she should eat the ashes of humiliation until they grieved her teeth. If not—if she had really been forced into it by her father, on the one hand, and cheated by her husband, on the other—she would probably welcome the stroke that would free her from the bondage of the marriage.

If she went to Broadstone, would her husband recognise her? She got up and looked long and critically in a mirror. Her figure was changed beyond recognition, certainly. He would never know her by that. Her hair had been golden and curly; and while it was still curly, it was now nearly white. But her face? In that also a great change had been made. In the old days her looks had been marred by the mouth. Her husband had often jeered at her on that account. The teeth had been prominent and discoloured, and she smiled at the thought that a little bit of vanity was to prove very helpful now.

In Saltillo she had met with an accident which had knocked out two of her teeth, and a dentist in Mexico City had advised her to have the rest of the front ones cut to be replaced with a small set, white and small, and regular in shape. This had entirely changed the contour of the lower part of the face.

If she were to hide her eyes behind glasses, cut her hair short, and wear a wig of black straight hair, the change would be complete enough to deceive anyone, who was not looking for Sadie Hunter or even Sadie Porlock.

She was smiling over this when Gilbert Dorrisson's card was brought to her. She had forgotten all about his visit and now regretted having sent for him. He sent down word, therefore, that she was engaged.

But Dorrisson was not the man to be denied in this way, and, having followed the servant upstairs, disregarded the message and entered the room.

"Mr. Dorrisson," she exclaimed, angrily. "I said I could not see you."

"I know," was the cool reply. "But, of course, that was a mistake. You would have not brought me up to London without good reason. So I came in. What is it?"

"I do not wish to see you now. I should have written you to-day."

"But you've brought me up specially."

Sadie lost her temper. "I shall be happy to recompense you for your wasted time and your travelling expenses," she said nastily.

He laughed. Very American, but scarcely satisfying, he replied: "She bit her lip at the taunt. 'You shall not find your journey wasted then. I have seen Gladys Llewellyn. She and her brother are very anxious to know your address. Shall I tell them to try Broadstone?'"

"Why do you interest yourself in my affairs, Mr. Porlock? What object can you have?"

"You do not answer my question, Mr. Dorrisson."

"I have done you no wrong. I wished to marry you, that was surely no crime. When you told me you were a poor woman, and heavily in debt, I said I could not afford to make you my wife. Perfectly true, on my honour I have heaps of debts of my own. To marry a poor woman would only be to drag her into a mass of difficulties, however much I admired her. It was far better for me to tell the truth bluntly. But that also was no wrong. Why then bound me in this way?"

"I have only this to say. If you do not marry Gladys Llewellyn within a month, I shall tell her and her brother where to look for you. I give you fair warning. And now go, please," and Sadie went to the bell.

Dorrisson shrugged his shoulders and forced a smile. "I have no wish to force myself upon you. We shall probably not meet again until the end of the month," he said lightly, as he went out.

Sadie returned to her plans, and, while thinking of Lady Preston as the means of securing her an introduction to Broadstone, she recalled what her friend had said about Eva being in need of a maid. And in a moment it occurred to her to go in that capacity, taking the name of an old servant of hers at Saltillo, Margaret Hutchingson.

She drove at once to her friend to set the negotiation on foot. She had no difficulty in arranging matters. She said that she had remembered a woman who would suit Lady Broadstone admirably, and so managed the affair that her own name was not to appear at all. Lady Preston accepting her reference, and passing it on as her own to Broadstone, then Sadie declared that she was going away on a trip to the Continent, and in this way cleared the ground for her absence from London.

With her customary energy all the other parts of the scheme were set going at once; and when Don Stuart dined with her that night, the plans were virtually complete. It was one of them to keep Don Stuart in England until she had satisfied herself as to Eva's feelings and attitude. If the two still cared for each other, the best solution of the trouble ahead was that they should be brought together again. She was sure of Don; and she would remain until she had seen Eva.

"I have settled the terms on which Mr. Mostyn shall have the mine, Don," she told him. "You must remain on this side, as London manager, and you must undertake to look after my affairs, as I hinted this morning."

"I would rather not stay, Mrs. Porlock," he declared.

"Then we shall have to call the matter off, Don. I am going to the Continent for a spell, and must have someone here I can trust to look after things."

"The terms Mr. Mostyn offers are good, Mrs. Porlock," he urged.

"Don't you remember my uncle's invariable rule—to take a decision and to hold it? I learnt it from him. You have my last word."

"He had a wonderful habit of getting his own way," he said, with a smile. "I think you have learnt that from him, also."

"If that means yes, I'm real glad. I don't know what money you were getting with Mr. Mostyn, but I'll double it for a start; you will have what he gives you in addition, and you'll find other chances sure to come your way."

"It isn't the money. You know the reason, Mrs. Porlock."

"That may be part of my plans," she said, smiling.

"What can you mean?" he cried, in great surprise.

"Perhaps nothing, perhaps much. But you're just got to stay, Don; and that's all there is to it."

"I think you've startled me."

"I don't care what I do so long as I persuade you," and the smile broadened to a laugh.

"What is behind that laugh?" he asked, shrilly.

"When I come back from the Continent I'll tell you. Meantime you can try how you like the post here."

"Mr. Mostyn may not agree."

"Then we'll knock enough off the price of the mine to convert him."

He was flattered and smiled. "You must be in real earnest to keep me here, then."

"I am, Don. For your sake as well as mine, and you'll say so some day. And now we'll call it settled, and to-morrow we'll cable Mostyn. And I guess you'll be too busy straightening out my affairs while I am away, to bother your head any more about what I've just said as to the personal reasons I have for wanting you here. 'Joyce open and lips closed,' was my uncle's motto for a business man, and I reckon that a rule good enough for him will be about good enough for you," and in that way she carried her point with him.

For the next few days she had her hands very full in concluding all the other arrangements, seeing lawyers and others through whom some of the matters were to be carried through. But a week saw the preparations all completed, and she started, for the tour on the Continent, to commence with a visit to Paris.

Don saw her off and just before they parted she said: "And now I reckon that Mrs. Sadie Porlock is a person of some importance, Don, so I want you to get my departure published in all the papers. It's a little bit of vanity, but I'm a woman and therefore vain. Let it be known that I am going on to Italy from Paris. It's no sort of use to have money if you can't spread yourself a bit in this Old World."

Taking this for a little American vanity, Don smiled as he promised. But it was not vanity.

The fact was published pretty widely, and Gilbert Dorrisson read all about it and once more gashed his teeth over his lost opportunities, just at the time Sadie was leaving Paris to return to London, and had given her maid instructions to stay in the French capital, without revealing the fact that her mistress was not with her.

Three days later, Margaret Hutchingson, a dark-haired, spectacled, self-possessed lady's maid, clad in a sort of nurse's costume of sober grey, drove up to the servant's entrance of Broadstone Towers in the village of with a couple of boxes, and peered out rather curiously at the big rambling house of which by right she was the mistress.

"You're the new maid, I suppose," said the girl who opened the door. "I hope you won't give yourself as many airs as Freeman."

"I hope I haven't any airs," was Sadie's reply.

"I'll show you your room. It's next her ladyship's. As soon as you've got your things off, she'll see you."

A quarter of an hour later Sadie knocked at Eva's door. It was rather a nervous knock. It is true, for it was the first time in her life she had ever knocked before entering a room. A sweet, rather timid voice cried "Come in," and Sadie turned the handle and was in the presence of her husband's wife.

## CHAPTER IX.

### EVA'S WILL.

Don Stuart's late references to Eva and removed some of the hard thoughts which Sadie had once en-

tained toward the woman who sat in her place as mistress of Broadstone, and at the first glance at Eva herself, the rest fled incontinently.

The slight black-robed figure, the pale, sorrowful, old-looking face, the large eyes with their tender, doe-like timidity, the very pose, almost pathetic in its self-distrustful anxiousness, told their own tale. Here was no usurper, no wrongdoer, no wilful trespasser in another's home, no trampler upon another's rights. Nothing surely but a victim of harsh circumstances. Sweetness pining in the desert of neglect. Youth aging prematurely for the lack of all that makes youth young. Love stifled in an atmosphere of crushed remembrance. Gentleness starving for warm sympathy, and getting the cold respect tendered to wealth.

With difficulty Sadie repressed the deep, deep sigh prompted by this intuitive reading of her mistress's heart.

"You are Margaret Hutchingson?"

"Yes, my lady. I have just arrived and was told you wished to see me."

There was a pause, and Eva was rather at a loss what to say next. "Won't you sit down?" adding, with a nervous little laugh. "I don't wish to be too formal."

Sadie sat down, feeling but little less ill at ease. "I thank your ladyship."

"Will you come a little closer to the light? I should like to look at you. I didn't see you before engaging you, you know."

Sadie moved closer. "Lady Preston told me she would explain to you."

"Oh, its all right," said Eva, quickly, almost apologetically. "The truth is, I have not changed my personal maid before. Alice Freeman was with me for years, and only left to get married."

Sadie said nothing, and sat with as deferential an air as she could assume while Eva pretended to be busy with some papers, and kept shooting nervous little glances at her.

"Would you mind taking your glasses off—would the light hurt your eyes?" she asked presently.

"Not at all, my lady," and Sadie took them off.

"I think we shall get on very well," was Eva's verdict, delivered with a smile. "You will think this strange of me, but I judge so much by a person's eyes. Thank you. Put them on again if you wish. I take to any one at once, you know—or the reverse. I am sure you are clever and quick. Alice Freeman was not; and she was not educated. Lady Preston tells me you have been well educated."

"Yes, my lady. I was educated in America."

Eva frowned a little, then smiled and said: "I don't wish you to call me always 'my lady,' in that way it is rather difficult to say exactly what I mean, but you will soon understand. But Lady Preston explains the—the kind of situation it is, is it?"

"I understood I was to be your personal maid."

"It is really something more than that—more a companion-maid. I want someone I can trust. Lady Preston told me something about your having seen better days, and really what I want is partly a companion and partly a maid. I am a great deal alone, you know—especially since my father's death, and I sometimes get tired of myself." This with a little sigh and a pause.

"I will do my utmost to win your confidence," said Sadie, very earnestly, her whole heart going out to this lonely little soul.

"I am sure you will. I read that in your eyes just now—or I should not have spoken as I have. I used to call Freeman by her surname, but I should like to call you Margaret; and I shall give orders that you are to have your meals served in the little room next to your bed-room. You are not like the rest, of course. I can see that. I should like you to dress me and so on, and to be with me a great deal. I hope you can read well. I love to be read to."

"I studied once for the stage," was the reply.

"Oh, how lucky I am. And can you sing?"

"I never sing now." This was not quite true. Sadie was afraid that her husband might chance to hear her and recognise the fall deep contralto voice that at one time he had praised with such enthusiasm.

"Ah, that is part of your life-story," said Eva. "Some day you shall tell it all to me. Would you read now? Don't, if you think you would rather get more accustomed to me."

That such a frail child should imagine herself so formidable as to make Sadie nervous nearly caused a smile as she asked for a book. Eva gave her a volume of Tennyson and then lay back in an easy-chair.

Opening the book at random, Sadie chanced on that part of Enoch Arden which describes Enoch's home-coming, his aching solitude, the yearning to see his wife, the visit to Philip's house, and the painful resolve to keep the secret of his return from her till his death.

The passage appealed to both. Sadie's heart was in her voice as she read, and the tears in Eva's eyes as she listened.

"Oh, how you read!" she cried. "You make me see it and feel it all. What sadness there can be in life even for the innocent."

(To be Continued)

## BIRD SEASON IN NORTHWEST.

Prairie Chicken and Grouse Have Flourished in Absence of Rain.

"This extended drought has been good for one thing, we certainly will have a large crop of prairie chickens and grouse," said a St. Paul sportsman who had just returned from a trip west.

It is reported from other sources that chickens are plentiful this year, and when the season opens there will be good shooting. In former years heavy rains in the breeding season have tended to drown out the nests of the prairie chicken, and last year there were, very few brought back by the hunters. This year promises to be better.

In the meantime the ducks are having a hard time of it. Reports show that the usual haunts of these and other aquatic birds, the small sloughs and ponds of South Dakota and Minnesota, have dried up to such an extent that the ducks are going north.

Many huntersmen from the South sent their dogs and trainers north to break them for the opening of the season. One party with eighteen dogs passed through St. Paul from a hunting club in Georgia. They were on their way to a place north of Winnipeg, and will return to the States in time to get the good shooting.—St. Paul Dispatch.

## Ideal Summer Luncheon.

"Watch the luncheons of Italian laborers if you want pointers on ideal hot weather meals," said a domestic science teacher whose windows overlook a street where many Italians have recently been employed. "Every day at noon I see myself at a window and watch each man as he opens his lunch package."

"Nine out of ten of these luncheons are made up of some fresh green thing like lettuce or radishes or perhaps tomatoes, with brown bread and cheese. What could be better than this viewed from a scientific standpoint? The brown bread and cheese give nourishment and the fresh green vegetables provide the refreshment."

"The tomato is bitten into as you would eat an apple or a pear. In the other hand the luncheon holds his slice of brown bread spread with cheese, and alternates bites from each hand. The melon he cuts in crescent shaped pieces with his pocket knife and gnaws the pulp of each piece close down to the rind. Of course, it isn't cold, but what does he care?"

"The lettuce is not separated into leaves and eaten little by little, not at all. The young Italian workman bites into the head of lettuce just as he did into the raw tomato and munches the leaves slowly, as he takes occasional mouthfuls of the brown bread in his other hand."—New York Sun.

## A Country With One Railroad.

Persia like Turkey, is awakening from her sleep of centuries, and expects to resume the position she once occupied in the affairs of the great world. She has a constitution and some other modern improvements, but she hasn't caught up with the times enough to provide herself with a real transportation system. Horses and donkeys still constitute the messenger and freight carrying resources of the empire when once dominated the East. Soil Persia has one railroad. It is 10 miles long and runs from Teheran, the capital, to the shrine of a defunct shah. The general manager of this road hasn't much trouble in figuring his ton-mile costs. Strikes do not disturb his slumbers. The finance committee does not bother itself with dividend policies or bond issues, nor does it lie awake nights wondering if rate-regulating bills are going to pass the Persian Parliament.—Moody's Magazine.

## Not a Slave of the Needle.

A hot night, so hot that even for a person making no exertion it is simply impossible to keep comfortable.

Then through the open windows comes the busy whirr of a sewing machine. Even in this hot night somebody toiling.

"Some slave of the needle," says one solemn listener, "compelled even into the night to struggle for the barest existence. Pity—"

"Pity nothing!" says the jolly man. "Ten to one this slave of the needle is a lively girl—who is going to start for the country to-morrow and who is sewing away now like mad putting the last tucks and flounces in some fluffy summer frock that she's simply got to finish to-night because the man is coming for the trunk in the morning."—New York Sun.

## Origin of the Pigtail.

The report that the Chinese department of state affairs contemplates issuing an order directing officials, soldiers and police to give up the queue and to wear their hair short recalls that the queue was introduced into China by the Manchou dynasty nearly three centuries ago. It is said to have been originally suggested to the Manchus by their sense of gratitude to the horse, that animal having played a great part in the Tatar conquests. In short, the "pigtail" was a method of establishing a relationship between human beings and horses.—Japan Mail.

## China Orders New Coinage.

China is at last to have a properly standardized currency, and an order has been issued by the Imperial board of finance to the central and provincial mints to proceed with the manufacture of new coins. It may not be possible for a year or so to enforce the law in this regard, especially in the interior.

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## Market Report

Quinces are very scarce and firm. All other fruits are steady and in fair demand. Potatoes are easy. Everything in the line of dairy products is firm and scarce. Poultry is coming in freely and demand is slow. The market is easy and unchanged. General trading in farm stuff is active.

### Fruits.

PLUMS—\$1.25 to \$1.50 per bu.  
QUINCES—\$3.00 per bbl and \$2.00 per bushel.  
APPLES—No. 1, \$3.25; No. 2, \$2.50 per bbl.  
PEACHES—Island, AA \$1.75, A \$1.50, B \$1.25 per bu.  
PEARS—Bartlett, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per bu.; Duchess, \$3.25 to \$3.50 per bbl.; Keiffer, 75¢ to \$1.00 per bu.  
CALIFORNIA FRUITS—Plums, \$1.25; grapes, \$1.50 to \$1.75; pears, \$3.00 to \$3.25; peaches, 85¢ to 90¢ per box.  
GRAPES—Delaware, 4-lb baskets, 20¢; Niagara, 4-lb baskets, 18¢; Concord, 26¢ to 28¢ per 8-lb basket.

### Farm Produce.

CHESTNUTS—25¢ per lb.  
CABBAGE—\$2.25 per bbl.  
TOMATOES—Home-grown, 90¢ to \$1.00 per bu.

ONIONS—\$1.15 per bu.; Spanish, \$1.40 per crate.  
POTATOES—In bulk, 60¢ to 65¢ per bu.; in sacks, 60¢ to 70¢ per bu. for car lots.

HONEY—Choice, to fancy new white comb, 15¢ to 16¢; amber, 10¢ to 11¢; extracted, 7¢ to 8¢ per lb.

SWEET POTATOES—Virginia, \$2.15 to \$2.25 per bbl and \$1.00 per bu.; Jersey, \$3.25 to \$3.50 per bbl, \$1.25 per bu. and 90¢ to \$1.00 per hamper.

LIVE POULTRY—Broilers, 18¢ to 14¢; hens, 18¢ to 14¢; No. 2 hens, 11¢ to 12¢; old roosters, 10¢ to 11¢; turkeys, 17¢ to 18¢; geese, 10¢ to 11¢; ducks, 15¢ to 16¢ per lb.

CHEESE—Wholesale lots: Ohio flats, 15¢ to 16¢; New York flats, 17¢ to 18¢; brick cream, 17¢ to 18¢; Limburger, 14¢ to 15¢; imported Swiss, 23¢ to 24¢; domestic Swiss, new, 19¢ to 20¢; block Swiss, 18¢ to 17¢; long horns, 17¢ to 18¢ per lb.

### Vegetables.

Beets, 75¢ to 85¢ per bu.; cauliflower, \$1.50 to \$1.75 per hamper; mint, 30¢ per doz; parsley, 19¢ to 20¢ per bu.; radishes, 10¢ per doz; eggplant, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per doz; garlic, 10¢ per lb; green peppers, \$1 per bu; leaf lettuce, 50¢ to 60¢ per bu; head lettuce, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per hamper; hothouse cucumbers, 90¢ to \$1 per doz; watercress, 20¢ to 25¢ per doz; green beans, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per bu; green peas, 25¢ to 30¢ per bu; carrots, 65¢ to 70¢ per bu.

## Agents Make Big Money

Seitlich-looking imported Rag, 35¢ to 55¢ each. Gracie, Teon, sold 115 in 4 days, profit, \$57.00. You can do the same. Write for sample offer selling plan exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post, prepaid, 45¢.

KONDAN, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED—One in every county, or town, for an article which no housewife can resist, sells at almost every home. The Reliable Supply Co., 732 Baxter St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Do you want to co-operate with me in a profit sharing plan? I have a business proposition in the form of a money proposition. I have a business proposition in the form of a money proposition. I have a business proposition in the form of a money proposition.

HAYEN A. HORTON, Toledo, Mich.

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which are of no value to you. Highest prices paid for Old Gold, Silver, Platinum, Old Watches, Broken Jewelry, Diamonds. OHIO SMELTING & REFINING COMPANY, 612 Euclid Avenue, CLEVELAND, O.

## Horses and Live Stock

## HOG CHOLERA

There is much Hog Cholera in Northwestern Ohio. There are also many fake remedies and sure cures advertised.

My Hog Cholera Compound is prepared from my own prescription, which I have used with unfailing success the past three years.

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25¢ per pound; sent prepaid to any address. Sold in proportions of 1 to 1½ lbs. to each 200-lb. hog.

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## CHARITY THAT IS GOING A-BEGGING

One Lone Minister Profits in Solitary Grandeur by Woman's Rich Bequest

## MYSTERY OF FUND'S FAILURE

Remarkable Story About the Splendid Estate Which Mrs. Jane Mercer of Ambler, Pa., Left to Support Independent Presbyterian Ministers.

A remarkable story of charity going begging is to be found in the failure of a fund that for the last twenty-five years has appealed in vain to ministers of the Presbyterian faith. The story begins a quarter of a century ago, when Mrs. Anne Jane Mercer, of Ambler, Pa., died. She had bequeathed her fortune with her fine house and grounds at that place for the use of infirm ministers of the Presbyterian Church. It was a splendid property, and the will was read amid the despairing comments of relatives who had hoped that different disposition would be made of the Mercer wealth.

The house and grounds were ideal for an institution such as the woman contemplated. The mansion was commodious and the park in which it stood a large tract in one of the most picturesque and healthful spots in that part of the Keystone State. As the amount in cash to be used for the maintenance of the institution was \$100,000, it looked as if the legate had done all she could to insure comfort for the declining lives of a goodly number of Presbyterian ministers. But after twenty-five years the fine home willed by Mrs. Mercer, houses only one lone occupant, and despite all the efforts of the trustees and directors no more infirm Presbyterian clergymen can be induced to spend the winter of their lives within its hospitable walls.

This much has come to light through the attempt of the trustees to have the courts make some other disposition of the Mercer money, instead of permitting it longer to remain dormant, appealing without result to ministers who simply will not be supported from this fund.

Some light is shed on the mystery of this unaccountable charity by the items in the bill praying for relief from the terms of the will and for some other project for the expenditure of the Mercer fortune. It is asserted in this bill that only thirty-five ministers have made application for admission to the home in all the twenty-five years that its doors have remained open to the applicants who could qualify. Twelve were found to be ineligible fifteen were taken in and the rest were not heard from again. Of the lucky fifteen ten went away for various reasons, four of the remainder died, and that left one who is now the sole beneficiary under the will.

It might be supposed that some "joker" in the will deceived the ministers from availing themselves of the opportunity to end their days in comfort, but there appears to be none, except, possibly that forbidding use of tobacco. It is not easy to imagine that in the case of ministers of the Gospel this clause would prove an insurmountable obstacle. What, then, is the reason that this charity has so signally failed?

The lone survivor of the fifteen was asked this question, but could give no valid reason for the failure other than that the home was too lonesome. It cannot be denied that it is lonesome for him, this ancient minister, eating, living and sleeping in a great house, with none to speak to but the servants who wait on him, and no object in life except to make as good a record on the charity as he can. It would not be lonesome if he had the company of a hundred or so of old ministers like himself.

The "help" have an easy time of it. There are four of them, three big men and one woman. With only one inmate to wait upon, it may be understood that time hangs rather heavily on their hands.

### A Dramatic Suicide.

A novel, but gruesome, method of suicide is that of Lieut. Stanwick, Galicia. He saturated the furniture of his room with naphtha, which he also poured over the floor, and he placed on the carpet a number of ball cartridges. Then he fired the room in several places, so that in a few minutes it was converted into a veritable furnace, and finally buried himself into the midst of the flames. The smoke and a series of violent explosions alarmed the neighbors, who hastened to help in extinguishing the fire, but when it was possible to enter the house only the ashes of the lieutenant were to be found.

### Snowballs Rolled By Wind.

A correspondent from Nichoville, a town in the northern part of New York state, tells of a storm lasting several hours, during which time the wind made snow balls. It began with small lumps of snow which it rolled over and over till they were too large and heavy to move. The ground was almost covered with these balls, some being as much as ten inches in diameter. A great many people noticed them, and some of the oldest inhabitants of the place said they never had seen such a thing before. Nevertheless the occurrence is in reality not a record.

## FROGS AS FIRE GRENADES

Pumped Through a Fire Hose When the Water is Exhausted—Chemical Ingredients in Make Up.

Greenwich, Conn.—Five hundred gallons of peep frogs mixed with 200 gallons of water were pumped through the auto fire engine from Milanus and used to put out a fire after the supply of water had been exhausted. It is the first time in the history of fire fighting here or elsewhere that frogs were used as a substitute for water, and by the same token it is the first time any one knew that peep frogs have in their make-up chemical ingredients which make them almost as effective as handgrenades in combat.

The discovery was made on the farm of Amos Morrell, near Milanus, Morrell's nearest neighbor is Lawrence Delucia. The home of the latter caught fire and was in full blaze when the firemen arrived. They turned on their streams and tried to save the Delucia home. It was a hopeless fight. The situation was made worse by the fact that the fire spread to the Morrell home just when the water supply was exhausted.

"Try to find pools which are filled with water," the fire chief said, and the firemen ran in all directions.

"I've found a small pool," one of the firemen reported a few seconds later. "It contains 300 gallons of peep frogs and 200 gallons of water."

"I've never used peep frogs," the chief said, "but so long as they are wet, I guess I'll have to do it now."

The feed pipe was dropped into the pool and in a little while a steady stream of peep frogs was being poured on the incipient blaze on the roof of the Morrell home. Just as the supply of peep frogs was exhausted the last flicker of the fire went out.

"Cheap Meat Never Again," the Cry.

Washington D. C.—"Unless some one can find a way to repeal the law of supply and demand, there is no remedy for increasing prices," asserted Samuel H. Coxan of Fort Worth, Texas, before the Senate Food Investigating Committee. "The people of the United States need never expect cheap meat again."

### LOCK OF MAJOR ANDRE'S HAIR.

Pen Portrait of the Spy Also Found in Yale Treasury Vault.

New Haven, Conn. In the vaults of the Yale treasury, hidden away for many years, there have just been found two relics. One is a small gilt frame containing a sheet of paper, faded and yellow with age, upon which is fixed a lock of hair. A written inscription below shows that the lock of hair was taken from the head of Major Andre, the British spy, forty years after his execution. The hair has extremely fine fibrils and is dark in color. It has been placed on exhibition at the Yale library, which also has the pen portrait of Major Andre drawn by himself on the night before his execution and given to one of the American officers in charge.

The second relic is a large trunk owned by President Dwight of Yale College from 1766 to 1778. The inscription shows that it was given to the Yale College Church by a granddaughter of President Daggett.

### BOTH CATCH THE SAME FISH.

Greedy Bass Swallows the Bait on Lines of Two Anglers.

Nashville, Ind.—Thurman Percifield and Clarence Marshall tell a new fish story and are willing to make affidavit that the story is true. The two young men were fishing with minnows in Salt Creek and were sitting close together.

A bass took the minnow on Percifield's hook, and then gobbled the minnow on Marshall's hook. Both men jerked at about the same time and landed the fish, which was fastened to both hooks.

### WHISTLE SAVED BOY FROM CAT.

Had Been Attacked by Wild Creature and Fell on Cord.

Seaside, Ore.—Willie Sellers, whistle boy at a sawmill, owes his escape from being seriously injured by a wild cat to falling across the whistle cord. The boy is employed at the head of a log chute, and when he was attacked by the cat, he faltered. By falling across the whistle cord, he caused a prolonged blast to sound. The foreman investigated, and shot the animal, which had pounced upon the body of the prostrate lad.

### BOILED SHIRTS FOR PEONS.

Paternal Mexican Government Also Exacts Festive Trousers.

Mexico City.—The Federal District Government has issued an order that all peons must be dressed in trousers, shirts and shoes in the month of the centennial celebrations.

No peon with the loose shirt, white loose trousers and the big straw hat will be allowed to enter the city in that month.

### Used Mirrors on Cannibals.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.—When cannibals attacked Capt. Greenhill and crew of the British ship George Fleming off the coast of Patagonia, the Britishers used neither guns nor cutlasses. They held mirrors so the savages could see themselves and the latter fled in fright.

## Recent Ohio Patents of Interest to the Farmer.

Owen, Owen, & Crampton, Toledo, O., patent attorneys, 922-926 Nicholas Building, report the following patents granted to Ohio inventors during the week of October 14, 1913:

E. T. Burgess, Columbus, Soldering-furnace.  
H. D. Clark, Columbus, demonstrating device; also metallic fence-post.

W. Drayton, Shawnee, Minn.

W. J. Dunham, Berea, implement attachment.

R. B. Goodrich, Cincinnati, operating mechanism for washing and wringing machines.

A. C. Harry, Portsmouth, portable wall-paper hanger.

I. Helli, Elyria, collapsible bathtub.

E. E. Hickerson, McComb, nut-lock.

D. B. Hughes, Cleveland, double ignition system for internal-combustion engines.

O. B. Kadow, Cleveland, combined filter and sediment trap.

M. T. McKee, Belle Valley, well-spring drill.

B. D. Miller, Wooster, box-hd holder.

C. F. Moors, Cincinnati, rotary engine.

R. D. Morgan, Cleveland, folding stool.

W. Moser, Perrysburg, combined intake and exhaust valve for internal-combustion engines.

H. F. Patton, Cleveland, projecting apparatus.

T. J. Powers, Steubenville, face-shield.

I. Rystadt and M. Steele, Dayton, fighting-machine.

R. P. Scott, Cadiz, demountable rim for pneumatic tires.

S. P. Smith, St. Paris, ice-creeper attachment for horseshoes.

F. H. Stanley, Cleveland, treating cream and similar substances.

E. E. Threshner, Aurora, artificial bird-target.

J. Welfe, Hamler, fence-post.

O. and W. Wright, Dayton, flying-machine.

Apply a coat of starch water on a dirty wall before painting. When dry the dirt and starch can be brushed or wiped off.

Reverse the flow of electric current periodically to reduce the wear on vibrator points.

Automobile headlights should be set to throw the light straight ahead, not pointed down at the road at an angle.

"Sprinkle unslaked lime along the comb of a roof, and the rain will dissolve it and carry it over the shingled surface, thus removing moss and accumulations of dirt.

Another use for aluminum has been found in combining it with gold to produce a metal that is said to possess a beautiful color, adaptable for wide use in the jewelry trade.

A process has been recently discovered by means of which banana stocks can be subjected to a process which squeezes out the juice and shreds the fiber, the result being a substitute for cotton waste.

## Wood of Mummy Coffins.

A query has been addressed to Kew, as to the wood used for mummy coffins in Egypt, which was stated by the correspondent to be that of sycamore. Some pieces of mummy coffin wood were presented to Kew in 1874 by H. H. Cavert, H. M. Consul at Alexandria, and later specimens of the wood of ficus sycamorus were forwarded from Egypt by Dr. Schweinfurth. The microscopic structure of these specimens has been compared in the laboratory and we learn from the "Bulletin" that there is no reason to doubt that the mummy coffins referred to were made from the wood of ficus sycamorus—the sycamore fig.

## Artificial Wants.

Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. "Sink and scold, scold and scold," as Poor Richard says, "put out the kitchen fire." These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and as Poor Dick says: "For one poor person, there are a hundred indigent." Benjamin Franklin.

## British Women Inventors.

Patents for inventions relating to flying machines have been applied for by British women, and they have also directed inventive attention to railroad cars and to wireless telegraphy.

## German Proverb.

Though you drive Nature out with a pitchfork she always comes back.

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