

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVII, NO. 51.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

## COUNTY TREASURER GIVES \$10,000 BAIL

GRAND JURY IS AUTHORIZED BY  
THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

## POLICE COMMISSIONER THINKS "SOMETHING BOTTEN IN DEN- MARK."

Produced by his own attorneys after the prosecutor's office had failed to prepare a warrant, Anthony J. Kloka, formerly mortgage tax clerk in the Wayne county treasurer's office, accused of having embezzled more than \$16,000, appeared before Police Justice Sellers in Detroit, Wednesday afternoon and gave \$10,000 bail for his appearance whenever required. David Nederlander was Kloka's bondsman.

Acting on orders of Prosecuting Attorney Jasnowski, who paid a personal visit to his office Wednesday in spite of illness, Assistant Prosecutor Paul W. Voorhies is drawing a petition for a grand jury session in the September term of court to investigate all suspected irregularity in county administration. The petition will be filed this week, Voorhies asserted.

Police Commissioner Cousins intimates county affairs are in a rotten condition in spots.

Prosecutor Jasnowski also ordered that an audit by private firm be made under the auspices of the prosecutor's office, of the county treasurer's office, previous to the time when Will H. Green took charge (July 1st).

For the stirring up of the affairs and really forcing the investigation the county of Wayne is under deep obligations to the new county treasurer, "Billy" Green.

## CHAUTAUQUA GROVE READY.

By order of the village council a sufficient number of trees was removed last week from the maple grove on Cady street west to permit the erection of the tent for the coming Chautauqua. Only one or two people in the entire village have offered the slightest objection to the plan, while nearly all have readily endorsed it. As several times stated, the Record has been in favor, from the first, of making public use of this beautiful grove instead of allowing it to be an item of expense with no return. It is certainly an ideal place for a public assemblage, and especially one of this kind.

## MORRIS-BARRETT.

The marriage of two of Northville's estimable young people, Mr. Harry F. Morris and Miss Hazel Barrett, was solemnized Monday, July 9 at 11:15 a. m., by Rev. F. I. Walker at the Methodist parsonage, in the presence of a small company of relatives and intimate friends. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the bridal party went to the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, where a reception was held and the wedding dinner served. The bridal couple were taken by motor to Plymouth and went by the afternoon train to Midland where they will visit friends for a couple of weeks. Both young people are favorably known in this village, where Mr. Morris has spent his life and for some years past has been the assistant at the Stanley drug store. Miss Barrett has been an efficient

clerk at C. A. Ponsford's for some time. They are to make their home with Mrs. Moore for the present. The Record joins in the many good wishes extended them.

## PHILLIPS-ANDERSON.

Arthur D. Phillips, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Phillips of this place, and Miss Eda S. Anderson, a former Northville girl and a graduate of the local High school were married July 11, by Bishop McCormick of St. Mark's chapel, at the home of the bride's brother in Grand Rapids, the wedding being the consummation of an interrupted romance of their college days. Miss Anderson has for some time been one of the most popular instructors in the public schools of Durango, Col. In Northville, the home of his boyhood, Mr. Phillips has many friends, who are wishing him all happiness, and former schoolmates of his bride also remember them with congratulations and good wishes. After July 16 Mr. and Mrs. Phillips will be at home at Almont, Mich., where the former has charge of the Halleck pharmacy.

## BUCKLEY-DICKERSON.

Miss Lena Dickerson of this place and Lyle Buckley of Detroit were married July 4 at the home of the groom's parents in Pontiac. An alfresco wedding supper was served to 25 people. The groom is a nephew of John Buckley of this village. The newly married couple will make their home in Detroit on their return from a wedding trip east.

## MUSICAL AT M. E. CHURCH.

Next Tuesday evening, July 17, a musical will be given in the M. E. church by the choir. Both vocal and instrumental numbers are promised, including singing by the popular male quartet. The proceeds are to be used toward the purchase of an electric blower for the church organ.

## DEATH OF MRS. STONER.

Clarity Stoner, daughter of Pathuel and Mary G. Borton was born in Fulton County, Ohio, December 12, 1837. She was united in marriage to Eli Stoner September 15, 1860, and to this union were born four children, Alice, Priscilla, Armintha and Byron. During her early life she was associated with the Society of Friends, later, not being able to attend her own church, she united with the United Brethren church and upon moving to Northville, in 1906, she transferred to the Presbyterian church here.

She engaged in every good cause, was a constant worker in the Sunday school. She was a woman of great faith, loyal to her convictions and devoted to her family. She was a student of the Word, which was a lamp unto her feet and a light unto her pathway, which led her home to glory.

She died July 9, 1917, aged 79 years, 6 months and 27 days, at the home of her daughter, Alice, with whom she has been making her home for the past 7 years.

She leaves to mourn her loss Mrs. Alice Ross and Mrs. Armintha Borton of Northville, Mrs. Priscilla Cox of Esteline, S. D., and Mr. Byron Stoner of Wauseon, O., also four grandchildren, five sisters and one brother.

Short funeral services were held at the home of Mrs. Ross at 2:30 Tues-

day afternoon. The body was taken back to Fulton County, O., Wednesday for burial in the Quaker cemetery where her husband is buried.

## MRS. JOHN WALKER DIED WED- NESDAY.

The passing away of Mrs. Bessie Galbraith Walker, Wednesday, July 11, after a brief illness with peritonitis, brought sadness to many hearts besides those of her own family. Although Mrs. Walker had not been well for some time, she had been attending to her usual duties until quite recently, and few of her friends knew of her serious sickness until shocked by the news of her death.

Mrs. Walker had passed a large part of her life in Northville and in her own quiet way had won the friendship and esteem of all who knew her. She was a valued member and officer of the local Woman's Relief Corps, where she will be greatly missed and deeply mourned.

The nearest surviving relatives besides the husband are her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Galbraith, a sister, Mrs. "Georgia" Goars, a much loved niece, little Dorothy Goars, all of Monroe, and a brother, Russell Galbraith of the 31st Michigan infantry. Funeral services are to be held from the home this, Friday afternoon, at 3:00 o'clock, with burial in Rural Hill cemetery.

## RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY CHAUTAUQUA

### PLEDGING SUPPORT TO PRES- IDENT AND CONGRESS UPON EX- TRANCE INTO THE WAR.

The innate Americanism of the Chautauqua movement has never been more clearly illustrated than by the prompt action of all the Chautauqua managers pledging their support to the president and congress upon our recent entrance into the world war. The following resolution was drawn up by the committee of which S. Eugene Whiteside, general manager of the Central Community Chautauqua system, was chairman and unanimously adopted by the Lyceum and Chautauqua managers association of America at their convention in Chicago on April 7, 1917.

WHEREAS, The Chautauqua and Lyceum movement today is one of the most direct and effective mediums for the creation of public opinion in the United States; and

WHEREAS, since the inception of the movement by such men as Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough, Henry Beecher, Ralph Waldo Emerson and others, it has ever strongly preached the doctrine of practical idealism, has stood emphatically for justice and humanity; has fought unceasingly for the truth and against the wrong, and has upheld unflinchingly the great principles of true Americanism.

THEREFORE, in the present crisis, we, the Lyceum and Chautauqua managers of America, in conference assembled, conducting some four thousand Chautauqua assemblies and sixteen thousand Lyceum courses, and reaching directly every year not less than twenty million people, pledge to

(Continued on page 5).

## Wixom Whisperings.

Miss Maude Patton was a Milford visitor over Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Stevens is visiting Pontiac relatives this week.

Born, July 9, to Albert Stowe and wife, a son.

Frances and Lucetta Proud were Northville visitors Monday and Tuesday.

Several Lady Maccabees expect to attend the convention at Pontiac this Friday.

J. L. Calkins has moved his family to Pontiac, where they have purchased a new house.

B. D. Burch and wife attended the funeral of Mrs. Burch's step-father at Tecumseh, Monday.

R. J. Banfield and wife were the guests of R. B. Cummings and wife at Detroit over Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Banfield left Sunday with her son, Bernard, for a summer's visit at Owendale, the latter's home.

Mrs. Emma Lockwood of California

and Mrs. L. D. Lockwood of Highland visited at John Patton's Saturday.

Mrs. McRae of Toledo is visiting her daughter, Mrs. F. McDonald.

Margert Chamberlain of Pontiac is visiting relatives and friends here.

Mrs. Leona Whipple, her son and daughter and Miss Atchison of Northville and F. E. Whipple of Detroit and John Willis of Toledo, were all guests of Mrs. B. Thompson, Sunday.

While digging under the steps at the elevator last Friday, Bernard Kitson unearthed a sack containing eighteen or more gold watch cases. They had evidently been buried for some time, as the sack was somewhat rotted, but the cases were in good condition.

The people of Wixom and vicinity were much shocked to learn of the death last Saturday, July 7, of Beulah Armstrong Phillips, at Detroit. She was one of the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Armstrong, 24 years old, and had always lived near Wixom. Previous to her marriage two or three years since, when she resided at Highland Park. The family have the sympathy of the whole community; especially the young husband, who is nearly prostrated with grief. The funeral was held at her parental home Monday, Rev. F. A. Brass officiating. Interment at Milford.

## WIXOM-BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

The topics for next Sunday will be as follows: Morning, "How to Gain Divine Approval." Evening, "The Dignity of Toil."

The pastor is enjoying his work at Wixom. We are glad to report good congregations and good interest along all lines of work. There are but few people at Wixom who do not attend Divine service. Of course there are a few exceptions, yet all appear friendly, and express their intentions of becoming regular attendants. Every thing here is co-operative—the store, the school and the church. All work together for the general good. We have a good physician, and a preacher, such as he is. We don't need any lawyer for we all behave ourselves.

## CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the neighbors, friends and pall-bearers for their kind help and beautiful floral offerings during the time of our bereavement.

MR. PHILLIPS  
MR. AND MRS. ARMSTRONG  
AND FAMILY.

## CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to express our heartfelt thanks for the kindly sympathy and beautiful floral pieces received from our many friends and neighbors during our recent bereavement.

MRS. ALICE ROSS  
MRS. MINNIE BORTON  
MRS. PRISCILLA COX  
MR. BYRON STONER

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

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

NOTICE—Any person having old rags, papers, iron, etc., call 44-J. Samuel Kleiman, Northville. 51w12p.

NOTICE—Owl's Nest Dinner Room now open. Center St. north. 12 to 8 o'clock. 51w14p.

STRAYED—Young heifer. Owner may have same by paying for pasture and ad. A. Vandewater, South Lyons. 51w1p.

WANTED—To rent a house in village of Northville with modern conveniences. Central location. Address Record Office. 51w1p.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper in family of adults. Best references. Box 247, Northville. 51w1p.

WANTED—To buy saddle. Man's two cinch rig preferred. Chas. Bassett, Novi. 51w1p.

WANTED—Man and wife on farm. Good wages. Call 314-R-4. Kramer's. 51w1p.

WANTED—Man and wife on farm. Good wages. Call 314-R-4. Kramer's. 51w1p.

WANTED—Current pickers; begin about July 10. S. G. Power. Phone 303 J-2. 50-51p.

FOR SALE—Percheron coach, yearling mare. Call on M. A. Bourne. One mile west of Novi. 50ffc.

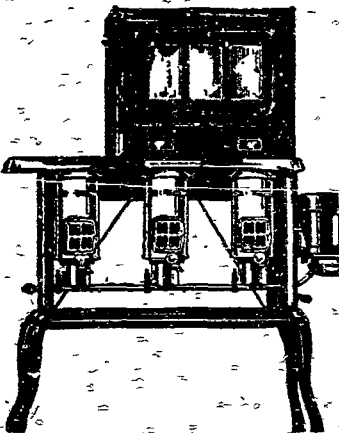
FOR SALE—House and lot in Beal town. Inquire at 40 Wing street. 50-51p.

FOR SALE—Carload of New Milch Cows, mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth. Phone 310-R-3. 29wtf.

FOR RENT—Summer cottage and garage in grove at Walled Lake. Furnished. John L. Shackleton, Plymouth, Mich. Phone 11 F-2. 47-48.

FOR RENT—House on Wing street. For information call Phone 337 R-1. 46tf.

## "The Perfection"



All days are alike to the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook Stove.

No matter for what purpose you need a quick, clean, hot flame, or a slow, steady flame—there is no stove like the New Perfection—the wonderful oil stove that has revolutionized housekeeping. The New Perfection besides being the perfect stove for summer, is just as efficient for year-round use. It is a home and family stove. Will do the family boiling, stewing and frying in a safe and restful manner over a stove that does not overheat the kitchen? You can do all this with the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook Stove. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Shelf.

Hammocks, from \$2.00 to \$6.00  
See our \$25.00 Youth's Bicycle Croquet Sets 95c to \$2.50

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

Report of the Condition of the

## NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK

at the close of business June 30, 1917

### RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, viz.	
Commercial, Dept.,	\$144,157 70
Savings Dept.,	22,417 50
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, viz.	
Commercial Dept.,	7,500 00
Savings Dept.,	172,174 70
Overdrafts,	1,333 82
Banking House,	7,000 00
Furniture and Fixtures,	3,500 00
Items in Transit,	8,257 26
U. S. Bonds,	
Commercial, Dept.,	25,500 00
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities,	
Commercial, Dept.,	14,930 50
Savings Dept.,	25,304 77
U. S. and Nat'l Bank Currency,	
Commercial Dept.,	11,460 00
Gold Coin, Commercial,	2,000 00
Gold Coin Savings,	11,060 00
Silver Coin, Commercial,	55 00
Nickels and Cents,	270 81
Checks and other Cash Items,	175 37
Total,	\$453,087 53

### LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in,	\$25,000 00
Surplus Fund,	12,500 00
Undivided Profits, net,	9,983 33
Commercial Deposits subject to Check,	32,522 91
Commercial Certificates of Deposit,	95,314 12
Savings Deposits, (book accounts),	232,767 17
Total,	\$453,087 53

Bank No. 145 Organized Dec. 4, 1892.

## Specials

3 Boxes Matches for	10c; or 12 for 35c
25c Can Tomatoes	20c
23c Can Tomatoes, for	19c
19c Can Tomatoes for	15c
1 Can "Sweet Sixteen" Peas,	10c
1 Can Ridge Farm Peas, for	12c

Fresh Vegetables, Celery, Tomatoes,  
Peas, St. Beans, etc.

C. E. RYDER, Northville.

## FOR SATURDAY

PEERLESS FLOUR,	\$1.53
6 BOXES MATCHES	30c
H & E SUGAR, (in Limited Quantity),	8 1-2c
COLUMBIA FLAG SALMON,	23c
BEST TOMATOES,	18c

We still have a few Soaps that we can sell at 5c	
All Soaps,	2 for 25c
Best Lard,	26c
Lard Compound,	22c
Blue Valley Butter,	45c
Large Package Snow Boy,	17c
Large Pet Milk,	13c
Small Pet Milk for	7c
Tryphosa or Jell O, package,	10c
Good Bulk Coffee for	23c

WHEELER & BLACKBURN  
CASH STORE



## The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery  
Their Care and Cultivation



Young America Doing His Bit.

### WHEN A GREAT CITY GOES A-FARMING.

By ELIZABETH VAN BENTHUYSEN.

There is something intensely interesting to the farmer of the districts where fields are considered in terms of acres, in the picture of the city man, under stress of war necessity, or fear, cropping the stock taker for the spade. One involuntarily closes the eyes and visualizes Edwin Markham's great picture of "The Man With the Hoe." The figure is not bowed by the weight of centuries. A silk hat takes the place of the wool sombrero, a frock coat the place of the overalls. And yet the underlying motive is all the same.

It is the necessity of getting Old Mother Earth to yield food for her children.

I have frequently told my readers of the wonderful flower gardens that shut the palaces of Long Island and of the Jersey coast. Surely nothing half so costly and artistic can be found either in fairy lore or actual development. Now the garden is being deserted for the truck patch, and the potato is of more import than the rose.

All of the fashionable world, its wife and its son and its daughter, have gone a-farming. From the pathetic little window box, in which city dwellers are experimenting with seeds on window ledges high above the singing street throngs, to the most scientific and elaborate truck patches in the Long Island and Jersey districts, the cabbage has come to attract more attention than the prize chrysanthemum, and the prospect for onions is more alluring than the hope of making a tulip bed that will be the jealous pride of the owner.

Prominent in the movement to teach the residents of the metropolitan district how to farm is Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. She is working through the suburban districts at the head of a committee of rich women, using a special train. They are teaching the women along the line to preserve and can and save food products to relieve the war-made conditions.

What the men and women of the West and of the South have been learning for 30 years in the state-supported agricultural colleges is now being taught to the city dwellers and the suburbanite, and they are taking to the study with a zest that would lead one to believe that scientific farming was a discovery of the last four months. True, they haven't got along far enough to consider the chemical analysis of the soil and the scientific determination of the elements needed to make it fruitful, but they are learning the elementary points rapidly.

New York city requires every day an endless procession of freight trains to supply it with food. Most of the supply has in the past come from farms comparatively remote from the city. Now the newly promoted movement is resulting in planting truck at the back door, with the automobile for speedy transportation along the excellent roads to the great market centers.

There is coming from this activity one great national benefit that is not generally considered. Political leaders from the congested districts, who have

large voice in congressional and legislative matters, are getting new light upon the dignity and the importance of agriculture that will send valuable aid behind the coming legislation for the protection of the gardener and the farmer, and will put behind the department of agriculture representatives of great wealth, with a newly born sympathy and understanding that have never existed in this country before.

Many a statesman who used to wonder why an appropriation for the development of potatoes, or the like, was necessary in a billion-dollar budget will in future take off his hat to the potato and favor raising the appropriation instead of cutting it.

So much, anyway, is to be gained from the mobilization of the city hoe brigade, and for that the entire farming and gardening population of the country will be duly thankful.

### THE WHITE CARNATION

By BETTY PAKE.

The search of the pure white carnation, one that will keep its pure color for a long period, has never been quite successful.

It is a fact that the average variety remains under cultivation but a few years, and they are constantly running out. They must, therefore, constantly be replaced by newer and more vigorous varieties grown from the seed. Often a carnation that produces beautiful white flowers for two or three years fails entirely after that time.

The common garden soil will not do for the carnation. It should be composed of about three-fourths rich, dark loam and one-fourth well-rotted manure. This should be thoroughly mixed several times and by September the first cuttings should be placed in boxes about five inches deep. Set the plants about ten inches apart.

Spring thoroughly with water until they have a good start. The plants should be staked in order to keep the flowers above the foliage.

The soil should be frequently treated with liquid manure—cow, sheep, or hen droppings are excellent—but it should not be too strong, say about the color of weak tea.

If you want large flowers you must disbud the plants judiciously. Give them plenty of water and ventilation, and syringe with tobacco extract to discourage the red spider.

If potted, they should be in pots of from four to seven inches, according to the size of the plants.

### BEAUTIFUL WINDOW PLANT.

A beautiful blue-flowered window plant is the *browallia speciosa*. It has charming blue flowers and beautiful foliage. It blooms freely throughout the winter and is a good summer bloomer as well. Several plants can be set in a five-inch pot and if pinched back several times the clump will become a dense, globular mass of foliage and rich bloom. It deserves to be better known.

What better monument can a man leave than a tree he has planted?

## HELP THE RED CROSS HELP THESE PEOPLE



### Storm Victims Trust God and the Red Cross

Men, Women and Children Are Stoical in Their Losses of Loved Ones and Homes—Kiddies Brave.

By CHARLES LEE BRYSON.

A firm belief in a protecting Providence, and in the Red Cross as one of the chosen agents of that Providence, was one of the first things that confronted a visitor to Mattoon and Charleston after the terrible tornado which swept across both cities in the spring. This attitude was best exemplified in a middle-aged man I found amid the ruins of Mattoon, but in varying degrees it was shown by almost every grown person I questioned.

I encountered this man in the very heart of the wrecked district. He sat on a little heap of timbers. Beside him lay the crushed frame and wheels of an inexpensive baby cab. All around him were boards, splinters, bricks, bits of bedding and household furniture—grist that had gone through the mill of the storm miller. I asked him if he had been in the storm—though his arm in splints and the lump on his head were evidence that he had.

"Yes, this was my house," he replied simply.

"Did you lose anyone?"

"Oh, yes. My baby and my five-year-old were killed. My wife and four others got hurt, but they're getting better."

I expressed my sympathy and added:

"And yet it seems to me you're lucky that anyone at all is left. I don't see how a cat could come alive through such a wreck as this."

"It was God watched over them," he answered earnestly. "I always asked him to look after them, and he did. He took the ones he wanted, and left the ones he didn't want yet."

Having no argument against his philosophy, I inquired after the injured wife and children.

"Oh, the Red Cross is caring for them," he replied brightly. "They are surely doing a good work. Doctors and

nurses and hospitals and things to eat—they're doing great things for Mattoon."

I got him to talk further on his experiences in the storm. He had not been at home, but near Charleston, several miles to the east. He and several other men had taken refuge in a barn, but it was carried away and all were more or less injured. He was felled by a beam—or something, he could not be sure what—striking him on the head. Then he was plucked by an immense splinter driven through his arm.

"It was God's will," was his only explanation.

Not far away I found a woman of sixty-two clambering over the wreckage, picking radishes from a garden which was buried under fragments of her and her neighbors' houses.

"Did you live here?"

"Yes, this was my house." She swung her arm in a comprehensive semicircle, taking in much of the landscape. "Five rooms full of the nicest furniture."

"Were you at home? Did you get hurt?"

"Oh, yes, it broke three ribs, injured my spine, and hurt me all over," was the cheerful response. "Four hours after the storm they found me under that pile of timbers."

There was not a word of complaint. Only praise for the Red Cross, and the hope that if she could get the bricks and planks off her garden, she might grow some potatoes.

That was the spirit everywhere. Nothing to complain of, and a generous appreciation of the response of the Red Cross with surgeons and nurses and whatever was needed to help them back to a normal life again.

The children actually made a sort of holiday of it. I found a number of them in the Methodist Memorial hospital in Mattoon, and they were glad to have a visitor who would listen to their stories.

"It hurt my leg—just look!" exclaimed a young lady of perhaps nine years, pulling up her hospital gown and displaying with pride bandages from ankle to thigh. "And my arm, too—see?"

A nurse whispered that a great deal of flesh had been torn from the leg, but that she was improving nicely.

"Do you remember what happened?" I asked her.

"Sure. The window broke in, and the wind slammed me down in a corner and the sewing machine went on

top of me, and then a whole lot of other things."

A chubby little girl in a neighboring cot had a great secret to tell me. She was sitting up among her pillows, one arm and her chest swathed in a multitude of bandages.

"I'm going home," she confided. "The doctor don't know it, and I'm not going to tell him, but I'm going."

She had suffered four broken ribs and a lacerated arm. Not a complaint out of her—nothing but chuckles at the dismay the doctor would experience when he should find that she had gone home.

Another was rather crestfallen that she had no broken bones to display.

"But I'm black and blue all over," she declared. "It's just hurt me everywhere."

"Did the sewing machine hit you, too?"

"I don't know," she confessed. "The house just went all to pieces around me, and I didn't know anything. And then I was lying in the potato patch and it was raining in my face."

Some regarded the theater as sinful, but a little boy who came to the Red Cross headquarters said that the theater saved him.

"I'd a been killed," he assured me, earnestly, "only I was down town to the second show, and it didn't blow the theater away."

He did not tell me, but one of the workers did, that his home was literally carved away, and both his father and mother killed. The Red Cross was supplying him with food and clothing, and a neighbor was caring for him.

The city of the dead fared worse, if possible, than the cities of the living. The most vindictive fury of the whole storm seemed centered in Dodge Grove cemetery.

Such trees as were not uprooted or twisted off short—just above the ground were stripped of leaves, branches, large limbs—everything but the stub of a trunk. Even the grave-stones were thrown about like so many bits of wood, some lifted into the air and driven deep into the soil, others shattered to pieces.

In one part of the cemetery a number of heavy stones were torn from their places and thrown to the west. Not ten feet away the wind had picked up an enormous block of solid granite and thrown it to the east. It was like, a satire on the old Saxon phrase which calls the burial ground "God's Acre."

### Telegrams at Half Rates.

All official messages between Red Cross chapters and the American Red Cross headquarters at Washington may now be sent at half rates. This is a courtesy by the Postal and the Western Union companies. The next step would seem to be the franking of all official mail, not only between Washington and chapters, but inter-chapter business. This can come only through congressional action.

### Have You Joined Yet?

The Red Cross now has more than 1,200 regularly organized chapters in the United States, with considerably more than 2,000,000 members.

Don't take chances this year! Use **GOOD LUCK** RED RUBBERS

They Fit All Standard Cars

Every teaching "cold pack" causes you GOOD LUCK rubbers because they won't blow out during excursions over bumpy roads or over the ice in winter. Send 2c stamp for new book on preserving or 10c in stamps for 1 doz. rings if you dealer cannot supply you. Address Dept. 24 BOSTON WOVEN ROPE & RUBBER CO. Cambridge, Mass.

**ASTHMA**

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

**TRY THEM**

The next time you suffer with headache, indigestion, biliousness or loss of appetite, try—

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

**WHO IS TO BLAME**

Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder trouble. Thousands recommend Dr. K. in a "Swamp-Root," the great kidney medicine. At druggists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. You may receive a sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N.Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

Balks at One Thing. Buff—He's a pleasure-loving chap. Buff—But he doesn't enjoy a good reputation, somehow.—Town Topics.

**Important to Mothers**

Examining carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Lovers' Quarrel. "Jack and I have parted forever." "Good gracious! What does that mean?" "Means I'll get a five-pound box of candy in about an hour."

### FOR ITCHING, BURNING SKINS

Bathe With Cuticura Soap and Apply the Ointment—Trial Free.

For eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, pimples, dandruff, sore hands, and baby humors, Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supremely effective. Besides they tend to prevent these distressing conditions, if used for every day toilet and nursery preparations.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

### Disproving a Theory.

The man who had a theory was expounding it.

"Everybody is more or less of a poet," he said. "There's not a person on earth, and there never has been a person who hadn't a spark of divine affluence. It's only a matter of degree of inspiration of power to express that makes the difference."

"I disagree with you," put in an auditor, positively. "There was one man—who couldn't have been a poet."

"Who was that, may I ask?"

"Adam."

"How do you make out that Adam couldn't have been a poet?"

"Why, that's simple. Poets are born and not made."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### It Sounded Ominous.

Bobby's grandmother arrived for a visit after he had been tucked away in bed.

She wanted to see him, however, so nurse said, "The switch is right outside the door."

His drowsy car caught the one word, "switch," and he called out, "I'll be good!"

### A Chord of Wood.

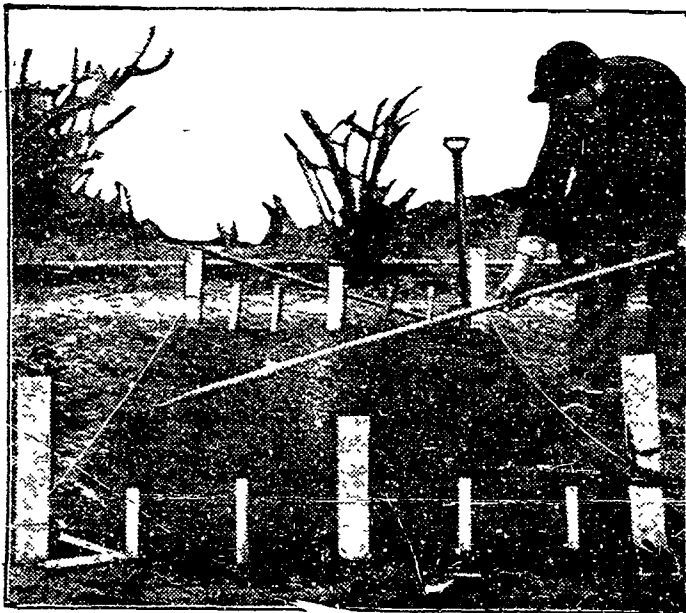
"De Sapp has a voice of wonderful timber."

"It's not surprising—he's such a blockhead."

Women are not like men and it's a mighty good thing for the world that they aren't.

Always fresh and crisp! **Post Toasties** are real corn flakes!

SAVE 10 CENTS



Making the Vegetable Bed.

## RED CROSS ACTIVITIES









## The Northville Record.

Published by  
NEAL PRINTING CO.  
J. S. NEAL, Owner.  
J. W. PERKINS, Manager.

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., JULY 13, 1917.

### THE WAR IN AMERICA.

Any person entertaining the idea that the world war is not actually and actively in progress on the American continent should give heed to the ever recurrent explosion "accidents," strikes, incendiary fires, anti-conscription movements, interference with registrations, the mysterious lack of enthusiasm in volunteering manifest in certain sections, besides numerous other things apparently insignificant as yet but holding possibilities of grave menace. Unquestionably a thoroughly organized, minutely equipped and ably officered secret army had invaded the Americas before a single life had been openly sacrificed in Europe; an army that deployed its far-reaching lines silently, stealthily, under cover of the darkness of a duplicity unprecedented and with a strategic skill unparalleled in the history of treachery between nations. But at least this concealed force has not been permitted to work out the will of its unscrupulous creators unchecked and unhindered. It has found arrayed against it another hidden army, one of the most efficient ever enlisted for the particular purpose. This army of defense has pitted its skill, its unlimited resources and its great numerical strength against the underhand enemy and is steadily and effectively taking entrenchment after entrenchment and discovering and frustrating plot after plot. The U. S. has been indeed fortunate in the preparedness that long ago created and equipped a secret service army perhaps second to none in the world in numbers, efficiency, bravery and patriotic devotion. May we see its triumph even though we are not permitted to know its soldiery.

Either Wayne county has produced the most expert finance juggler and hypnotizer of modern times or else it has the "pinker" system ever devised. In its mortgage tax department appearances indicate both conditions, when a clerk can embezzle an unknown number of thousands of dollars during an unknown period of time and get away with it for years unsuspected, and then escape accusation by those most directly in authority. And now the taxpayers are wondering why are county auditors.

Billy Green, the new treasurer, has evidently stirred things up, and he is to be congratulated on his insistence that a thorough sifting shall be made of the affairs of the treasurer's office before he assumed the responsibility Wayne county's political machinery has had a monkey wrench thrown in its cog wheels.

The following from the clever "Town Corners" correspondent of the Orion Review illustrates the well known truth that very few women of the farming and small town classes require any lessons in economy from literary, governmental or wealthy club-women instructors:

"At the Red Cross meeting Sunday afternoon, Rev. Cutler appealed to the women in the audience to do their 'bit' by wearing less expensive headgear. One woman remarked, 'My hat is done over; the next said 'So is mine—it cost me 50c, colored it and put on some trimming.' The next one—I am wearing the same hat I did last summer,' and so on the entire length of the long bench. Not a woman pleaded guilty."

The millionaires of the U. S. are, as a class, "coming across" in pretty good shape for their country in their hour of need. Five of the costliest yachts under the American flag have been offered as gifts to the government, one of the latest being Mrs. Harriman's \$138,000 boat. Hundreds of private craft of lesser value have been donated, nearly 400 all told. And men of our own Detroit are included in the list of givers, as we are all aware.

This much-advertised "eat fish" movement is all right for those who are fond of fish as food, but it doesn't

appeal to all of us; any more than do a lot of other items in the advice menus submitted by the horde of writers on the subject of what we may, can, (no pun intended) must shall or will eat.

"Use more corn and less wheat" we are advised, and then the price of that commodity immediately jumps up to the highest market price ever put on record, viz. \$1.85. Thus does pudd'n' milk move over into the high-brow food class. It will now regain its old-time popularity, no doubt.

### Farmington Flashes

Carl Parker was in Detroit Tuesday.

Mrs. Bert Gates was a Pontiac visitor Monday.

Don Conroy and Lyman Sprague were in town Saturday.

Harry Minkley and family of Detroit visited friends here last week.

Murray Moore and sister, Marguerite, were Bob-Lo visitors one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed Hambleton and daughter, Jeannette are visiting at El Wayne Ind. this week.

Mrs. Rue Langbecker has returned from Ann Arbor and is improving nicely after her hospital-operation.

John Clark was promoted to the position of Superintendent of the Orchard Lake division of the D. U. R. July 1.

Mrs. M. F. Stanley and grand daughter, Florence of Northville visited the former's daughter, Mrs. George Conroy Friday.

At the meeting of the New Idea club at Mrs. Charles Lamb's last week the process of making bread in war times was very instructively demonstrated.

Three big motor-trucks were stuck on the McGee hill July 4 at one time. It was not until 5 o'clock Thursday morning that the last one was gotten out.

The patriotic play recently given by the Ladies' Literary club, entitled, "Aunt Columbia's Dinner Party," was a decided success. The amount realized after all expenses, were paid was \$17.50 which will be used for the benefit of the Red Cross.

### Novi News.

Rev. W. H. Hutton is enjoying a two weeks vacation at Lake Odessa.

Miss Beryl Bogart visited her cousins at Farmington last week.

Mrs. Frankie Scabin and daughter of Mt Pleasant visited old friends here last week.

The Women's Home Missionary society met with Mrs. M. A. Bourne Thursday afternoon.

B. J. Klump of Pontiac will give a crayon lecture at the Baptist church next Sunday morning.

The B. Y. P. U. will give an ice cream social on Mr. Henry's lawn this week Friday evening July 13.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Flint and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Flint visited their mother and sister in Ypsilanti Sunday.

A number of Novi people attended the National B. Y. P. U. Convention at the Woodward Ave. Baptist church last Sunday.

The Cheerful Workers will meet with Mrs. H. A. Heney Saturday afternoon, July 14. Miss Mildred Spencer will assist Mrs. Heney.

The many friends of Mrs. Kate Simmons and family regret to know that they are to leave Novi permanently. Mrs. Simmons has bought a home at 309 Perry St., Pontiac and will move there in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Armstrong have the sympathy of this community in the deep affliction which has come to them in the loss of their daughter, Mrs. Beulah Armstrong Phillips of Highland Park, who died at Grace Hospital Detroit, Saturday, July 7. Mrs. Phillips was but 24 years of age and was one of those happy people who win the friendship of all with whom they are associated. She had been married 2 1/2 years and leaves to mourn an irreparable loss her husband, parents, three sisters and one brother. Funeral services were held from the home of Mrs. Phillips' parents Monday, and the interment was made in the cemetery at Milford.

### Walled Lake Warbles.

The Red Cross Society will meet in the Baptist church parlors Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Quackinbush of Grand Rapids have a boy. Mrs.

Quackinbush was formerly Blanch Tuttle.

Mrs. Margaret McKnight is spending a week in Detroit.

Miss Ruth Bradley spent Monday with friends at Northville.

Miss Minnie McKnight of Adrian has been visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Devereaux were Milford visitors Monday afternoon.

Miss Lute Hoyt recently entertained friends from Lawrence, Kansas.

Miss Alice Cornell of Romeo spent the week end with her brother, E. J. Cornell and wife.

The Embroidery club enjoyed a picnic Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Henry Moss.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pomerville of Detroit are spending a few days at the home of William Chafy.

Mrs. A. V. Tamlyn has been entertaining her niece and nephew of Linden the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Chafy have returned to Detroit after spending the week with relatives here.

Mrs. Julia Chafy, Mrs. Will Chafy and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pomerville spent Tuesday at Kego Harbor.

Mr. Ferguson of Pontiac gave a talk in the M. E. church Sunday evening on Y. M. C. A. work in the army.

Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Johnson and son Daniel spent the past week with relatives near Kalamazoo, making the trip by Auto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Austin and children have returned to their home in Bay City. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin who will be their guests for a week. The trip was made by Auto.

Announcements have been received of the wedding of Miss Hazel Barrett to Mr. Harry Morris of Northville. Miss Barrett was a former Walled Lake girl and a host of friends extend congratulations.

### W. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)

The 13th regular meeting of Allen M. Harmon W. R. C. was very interesting, although saddened by the death of our dear sister and 2nd color bearer, Miss Bessie Walker, who crossed the dark river Wednesday, July 11, and the sad ceremony of draping our charter in her memory, cast a gloom over the entire evening. She was loyal and true and we shall miss her.

The Department delegate, Mrs. Winifred Sessions, gave a fine report of the Department convention and a rising vote of thanks was tendered her for same.

Mrs. Jennie Carpenter was elected delegate to District convention to be held at Pontiac September 12-13, with Mrs. Flora Peterson as alternate.

An invitation from Miss Grace Tremper was extended the Corps to hold its annual picnic at her home, corner Dunlap and Wing streets, which was accepted for the afternoon of August 15, with a pot-luck lunch.

Our next regular meeting will be held Wednesday evening, Aug. 22.

### BLUE RIBBON RACES AT DETROIT.

For the convenience of its patrons in the state, in other states and in Ontario, the Detroit Driving Club has arranged a remarkably well-balanced program for the annual Blue Ribbon grand circuit meeting which will be held on the state fair track, July 23 to 28. Realizing that some cannot attend on a particular day the club has so divided its features that there will be at least one stake event every afternoon.

On the opening day, Monday, July 23, the Pontchartrain stake for 2:14 trotters is a headliner. The Board of Commerce stake of \$5,000 for 2:06 pacers will be raced on Tuesday. The Merchants & Manufacturers' stake of \$10,000 for 2:08 trotters and the Wayne sweepstakes for three-year-old trotters are underlined for Wednesday. The free for all pace is set for Thursday and the 2:06 or better trot for Friday.

In addition there will be two late closing purse events on each afternoon and all events but the two fastest classes will be raced on the three in five heat plan.

Entries in the stakes this year not only were exceptional both in numbers and quality but fewer horses have been withdrawn than ever in the past, so there is every prospect of large fields in the main events. Reports from the tracks at which the grand circuit

horses are training, are that the stake horses are showing splendid form, which is taken to mean that there will be an abundance of contests.

There will be a bumper entry from the half mile tracks in the class races. Never have horses faced better on the small ovals and their clash with the big line regulars promises to be among the notable happenings at this summer's Blue Ribbon meeting.

### COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the Village hall Monday, July 2, 1917.

Present—Chas. S. Filkins, President; Trustees—Tewksbury, Montgomery, Stanley, Van Valkenburg, Hotelling.

Quorum present.

Minutes of meetings of June 4th and 12, 1917, were read and approved.

The Finance committee audited the following bills:

Chas. Shipley, highway,	\$ 6.00
Chas. Meyer, highway,	3.00
Joe Montgomery highway,	76.80
Otis Tewksbury, highway,	1.50
Harry Jacobs, highway,	16.85
Northville Band,	55.06
M. A. Porter, w. w.,	79.50
Harry Jacobs, w. w.,	45.85
Don Vanatta, w. w.,	2.80
James A. Black, w. w.,	38.00
Otis Tewksbury, w. w.,	7.40
M. R. Seelye, highway,	4.05
Harley Johnson, highway,	3.00
Roy Matheson, highway,	6.00
S. Montgomery, highway,	6.00
W. H. Montgomery, highway,	3.00
S. Litsenberger, highway,	21.15
F. Dolph,	98.97
Archib. Bradner, park,	10.00
Frank Bolton, w. w.,	13.80
Andrew Leadbeter, w. w.,	3.27
Harold Voigt, w. w.,	6.20
Henry Cooper, highway,	2.50
Merrill Franklin, highway,	.69
Neal Printing Co., Printing,	18.75
Am. Bell P. Co.,	1.37
H. B. Taft,	25.00
Otto Loomis,	12.50
Fire Department,	10.00
T. E. Murdoch, Salary,	275.00
Don VanSickle,	4.10
Union Mfg. & Lumber Co.,	9.31
Detroit Edison Co.,	75
T. H. Turner,	30.00
T. E. Murdoch, disinfectant,	24.85
Paris & McKay,	196.49
Standard Oil Co.,	465.12
Detroit Edison Co.,	290.66
J. A. Huff,	10.02
Fred W. Lyke,	38.96
Ernie Lyke,	55.50
John Lockwood,	43.75
Roe Stephens Mfg. Co.,	26.10
C. A. Sessions, back taxes,	12.57

L. L. Lawrence, w. w., 21.78

Moved by Van Valkenburg and supported by Tewksbury that bills be allowed and ordered paid.

Yeas—Tewksbury, Montgomery, Stanley, Van Valkenburg, Hotelling. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Van Valkenburg and supported by Tewksbury that the Property committee be instructed to remove 11 trees and fix the grounds suitable for Chautauqua tents.

Yeas—Tewksbury, Montgomery, Stanley, Van Valkenburg, Hotelling. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Hotelling and supported by Tewksbury that the Civic committee communication be laid on the table indefinitely.

Yeas—Tewksbury, Montgomery, Stanley, Van Valkenburg, Hotelling. Nays—None. Carried.

On motion Council adjourned.

GEO. W. HOTELLING, Clerk pro tem.

### FORMER PRICE means FORMER STYLE!

Why, the "sale" stores themselves blantly say that their "sales" are held for the purpose of clearance to make room for New styles! In other words, they expect you to buy their former-style clothes merely because they want to get rid of them! Why take chances on "bargains" when

### MABLEY SUITS AND OVERCOATS

give maximum style plus extra value at

\$10.00 \$20.00 \$25.00

### JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner DETROIT, Grand River and Griswold.  
Best \$10 and \$15 Men's Suits in the World.

### DO YOUR IRONING

in coolness, in comfort, and in half the time, with an

### ELECTRIC FLAT IRON.

An Electric Iron will make your ironing an easy and pleasant task. You are welcome to try one, and to return it, if you want to.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY

# Eighth Annual Clearing Sale!

COMMENCING  
Saturday, July 14; Ending Saturday, July 28

You will find it a Big Saving to Take Advantage of this Sale, as Prices are Booming right along.

16-in. Stevens Linen Crash, 18c for 15c;  
18-in. Crash, 20c for 17c  
25c Bleached Crash for 21c

Manufacturers have withdrawn quotations on Crashes, and there is a possibility of not being able to get them at any price.

45-in. Tubing, worth 25c, for 21c  
45-in. Pequot Tubing, the best that's made, worth today 30c yd. A limited quantity, at per yard, 25c  
9-4 Bleached Sheetting, 35c, 40c, 45c  
These Sheettings cannot be bought at wholesale at the price.

Bed Spreads—We have some exceptionally good values, from \$1.00 up. \$1.35 Spread for \$1.10; \$1.75 for \$1.45; \$1.95 for \$1.65; \$2.25 for \$1.85; \$4.50 for \$3.50; \$5.50 for \$4.50.

150 Boudoir Caps 10c; Splendid Values.  
50 Pretty Caps 15c, 2 for 25c  
Kirsch's Brass Curtain Rods, 24-in., to 40-in., 25c; 30-in. to 58-in., 35c.

Extensions to extend Rods to 76-in., 20c ea  
Brass Curtain Rods, 3 for 25c  
Lot of Colored Scrims, 20c values, 10c yd.  
Several Satin Stripe Scrims, White and Ecru, 25c value, for 21c.

15c Colored Lawns, for 10c; 25c for 19c; 50c for 35c.

Linen Guest Towels, 75c for 50c; \$1.00 for 69c.

Children's Dresses, 59c for 45c; 65c for 49c; \$1.25 for 89c.

Ladies' \$2.25 Silk Waists, for \$1.49  
Ladies' Voile Waists, \$2.00 for \$1.39  
Ladies' Lawn Waists, \$1.25 for 89c

(No Waist returned at this price, try them on before you leave the store.)

Lot Good Styles in Middies, 65c for 49c. \$1.00 for 69c; \$1.25 for 89c.

Odd Lot of Percalé by the piece, 2 to 10 yards, per yard 12 1-2c.

Pearl Buttons, 2 dozen for 5c

Splendid lot of Buttons, worth from 8c to 10c dozen, for 5c doz.

Ecru and White Curtain Edge, worth 5c, for 3c yard.

Matting, 35c; cannot equal at less than 50c 20 doz. Oil Window Shades, regular price 60c, for 45c each.

Ladies' Black Fibre Silk Hose, 30c quantity for 22c.

Several hundred yards of Lace Insertion, worth 5c to 10c yd., for 3c yard.

Fruit of the Loom Muslin, 16c yd., less than wholesale prices.

Apron Gingham, 12 1-2c; Grey and Blue Calico, 10c. These are wholesale prices and have got to go higher.

Blankets and Outing Flannels. We have received a portion of our fall order, and we shall have difficulty in getting enough for our fall and winter needs; but during sale we will give a 10 per cent discount.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SALE, AS YOU WILL FIND IT A MONEY SAVER.

EDWIN WHITE, Northville

Northville Chautauqua  
July 27-31, 1917.

Detroit News Liner Ads  
received at the Northville  
Record Office.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS

**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. Telephone.

**DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND**  
Surgeon. Office in Lapham State  
Bank Building, corner Main and Center  
streets. Office hours: 9:00 to  
1:00 a. m. and 1:00 to 2:30 p. m. and  
6:00 to 7:30 p. m. Phone No. 1.

A reliable time-tested remedy for  
the treatment of kidney disorders

PENSLAR  
KIDNEY PILLS

This effective remedy has proven  
itself of real value time and time  
again, and wherever it has been  
tried successful results have  
usually followed.

We believe that these pills de-  
serve in your case and the sooner  
you start treating your kidney  
trouble the less likely you are to  
suffer further complications. Let  
us show you the formula of these  
Penslar Kidney Pills which we sell  
in two sizes at 25c and 50c.

**T. E. Murdock**  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

Phone 247-J

## DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.

Everything in a Strictly Sanitary  
Condition. All Milk we sell is the  
product of our own dairy.

Our having fresh cows at all times  
of the year gives you a high stan-  
dard 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.

## FLOWERS

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF  
FLOWERS, PLEASE REMEM-  
BER DIXON AND PHONE 140 J.  
OR CALL IN PERSON.

**NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE**  
J. M. DIXON, Prop. Phone.

## FORD AGENCY

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.  
Ford Touring Cars \$360  
Ford Runabouts \$345  
Ford Chassis \$325

DETROIT  
UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

Eastern Standard Time.

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

Cars leave Northville for Farmington  
and Detroit at 6:20 a. m., and  
every hour thereafter until 8:20 p. m.  
8:35 p. m. and 10:35 p. m.; for Orchard  
Lake and Pontiac only 11:35 p. m.;  
for Farmington Junction only 12:35  
a. m.

Limited to Detroit at 6:43 a. m. daily  
except Sunday.

Cars leave Detroit for Northville at  
5:35 a. m. and hourly to 7:35 p. m.;  
5:35 p. m. and hourly to 11:05 p. m.;  
Limited at 5:00 p. m. daily, except  
Sunday.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and  
Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for  
Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., and  
hourly to 7:30 p. m.; 9:30 p. m. To  
Wayne only 11:15 p. m.

Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:43  
a. m., and hourly to 6:43 p. m.;  
also 8:43 p. m., 10:17 p. m., and  
12:09 a. m.

## COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN  
C. GOW, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been  
appointed by the Probate Court for the  
county of Wayne, state of Michigan,  
commissioners to receive, examine and  
adjust all claims and demands of all  
persons against said deceased, do hereby  
give notice that we will meet at the  
Northville State Savings Bank, in said  
county, on Tuesday, the 21st day of  
August, A. D. 1917, and on Saturday,  
the 24th day of October, A. D. 1917, at  
10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days,  
for the purpose of examining and al-  
lowing said claims, and that four  
months from the 21st day of June, A.  
D. 1917, were allowed by said court  
for creditors to present their claims  
to us for examination and allowance.  
Dated June 21, 1917.

LOUIE A. BABBITT,  
HARRY TAFT,  
Commissioners.

## Northville Newslets.

South Lyon has a lady undertaker,  
Mrs. Ada Phillips, of the firm of  
Phillips & Richardson.

The late John A. Smith of South  
Lyon left by will a fund of \$300 for the  
care of his burial plot in Rural Hill  
cemetery, here.

Northville's only serious Fourth of  
July accident so far as reported was  
that which happened to Harold Alger  
whose face was badly burned by  
powder the day before the 4th, endan-  
gering his sight.

Pontiac people evidently think Chau-  
taquas are a good thing. They  
began five years ago and the first two  
years left a deficit of \$1,400, but they  
have kept steadily at it, reducing the  
debt each year and hope this season  
to wipe it out entirely. The Board  
of Commerce has the matter in charge.

A coroners jury in Justice Camp-  
bell's court, rendered a verdict that  
the young son of John Kuhn, who was  
hit by an automobile driven by Mrs.  
Nora VanSickle of Northville, and  
died from his injuries, came to his  
death from his own carelessness; thus  
exonerating Mrs. VanSickle from all  
blame. Plymouth Mail.

Rev. Karl P. Miller, formerly of Tip-  
ton, Indiana, was formally installed  
last Friday as pastor of the Presby-  
terian church in Plymouth. The  
former pastor, Rev. B. F. Farber, now  
of Detroit, preached the installation  
sermon, and among the other clergy-  
men who assisted was Rev. E. V.  
Belles of the Northville Presbyterian  
church.

Speaking of the conservation of food,  
duty, a recipe from a recent paper  
tells the cook how to make fruit pies.  
You make the pie crust and line the  
baking dish as usual, "fill with un-  
cooked rice to hold crusts in shape,  
bake, and when cool turn out rice and  
put in fruit." That would, of course,  
preserve all waste of juices but what  
about the rice? Would it remain  
"uncooked" to use again and again?

## DIRECTORS' REPORT—1917.

The following is submitted as the  
Board's report for the past school  
year

Receipts.	
On hand 1916	
General Fund	\$2,925.91
Less Overdrawn	130.22
By Library Fund	2,795.69
Building Fund	52,979.00
	\$55,774.69
Received from—	
Bond Issue	\$15,213.75
Interest	486.15
Loan	3,000.00
Primary Fund	3,280.20
General Taxes	8,691.24
Mill Tax	1,154.00
Library	70.81
Sale Old Building	250.00
Sundry Sales	96.00
Tuition	1,172.15
	\$89,188.89

Disbursements

(District Orders 1—318, inclusive.)	
Teachers	\$3,764.80
Library	11.50
Building	70,589.56
Janitor	801.90
Janitor Supplies	108.65
Fuel	1,436.82
Insurance	768.12
Printing	91.25
Bond Interest	2,748.95
Telephone	23.35
Kindergarten, Supplies, etc.	39.30
Lights	124.38
Power	36.00
Water	125.00
Repairs	13.91
Laboratory Supplies	327.67
Laboratory Apparatus	52.00
Neostyle	37.00
Keystone Views	90.15
New Maps	65.00
Director and Census	2,000.00
Loan Repaid	709.87
Sundry Supplies	129.16
On Hand	70.91
General Fund	
Less Library	58.19
Overdrawn	89.34
Building Fund	
	\$89,188.89

The new building is now complete,  
except the grading. This item will  
be finished during the summer.

The Building has cost as follows:

General Contract	\$57,299.38
Wiring	1,788.40
Furnaces	6,090.00
Gas Fixtures	24.34
Sewer	403.44
Oiling Floors	113.00
Gravel and Filling	112.00
Program Clock	565.00
School Desks	1,039.40
Hardware	910.00
Curtains	252.65
Lighting Fixtures	778.00
Folding Chairs	360.00
Vacuum Cleaner	480.00
Side Walks	516.59
Teachers' Desks, Chairs, etc.	357.60
Laboratory Furniture	1,136.00
Architect's Fee	3,352.29
Total	\$75,581.07

The building has been erected ac-  
cording to specifications, and rigidly  
inspected by the Architect Mills, so  
that we have a structure which is  
beautiful in outward appearance, and  
well arranged within for school needs.

Many committees of other districts  
have visited the building to get ideas  
for the new school which they were  
about to erect. All have expressed  
admiration of building and equip-  
ment.

The teachers' pay roll for the en-  
suing school year will total \$9,525.  
There are 14 teachers.

CHARLES A. DOLPH,  
Secretary.

WATER  
RENTALS  
NOW DUE.

Must be paid on or before  
the 20th of the  
month.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moffat have a new  
son, born July 3, 1917.

Arch Johnson of Detroit has been  
the guest of his brother, M. N. Johnson  
and wife this week.

Northville has been in the "throw-  
ing" of a street carnival this week, for the  
first time—and possibly the last.

At the annual school meeting Mon-  
day night the two trustees whose terms  
of office expired, C. L. Dubuar and D.  
P. Yerkes, were re-elected.

A postal received at this office re-  
ports the birth of an 8½ pound son  
July 3, to Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Misenar  
at East Jordan, Mich. "All doing  
well."

The body of Miss Sarah Cochran,  
of Detroit, a former teacher here in  
Northville's early days, and for many  
years an employee in the Detroit pub-  
lic library, was brought to this place  
Wednesday for interment in Rural  
Hill cemetery.

Mrs. Thomas B. Henry of this place  
probably has the distinction of claim-  
ing more close relatives among the  
U. S. soldiers than any one else in  
Northville's vicinity. Her husband,  
one brother, a foster brother and two  
brothers-in-law are all in the service  
of their country.

The band concert in the park Sun-  
day afternoon was a great success, a  
large audience enjoying the excellent  
music. Nearly thirty automobiles and  
several horse-drawn vehicles afforded  
"box seats" for listeners. While a  
large number of people utilized the few  
benches and the grassy lawn.

The town was thrown into a wild  
state of excitement over the actions  
of Ross Northrop last Saturday. He  
was found hatless, coatless and sock-  
less in the early hours of the morn-  
ing. His wild antics of joy were be-  
yond description. For 13 long years  
nothing has been running around the  
house but a cat and now they have a  
big, bright, bouncing baby boy—Red-  
ford Regard. Mrs. Northrop was for-  
merly Barde Johnson of this vicinity.

## RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED

BY CHAUTAQUA.

(Continued from page 1).

the president and the congress of the  
United States, our loyal and unswerv-  
ing support in their efforts to maintain  
for the American people, their rights,  
their liberties and their sacred honor.

Furthermore, we heartily endorse  
such measures as the Federal authori-  
ties in their wisdom shall deem neces-  
sary to the proper upholding of our  
rights and to the adequate preparation  
for the future welfare of our nation,  
not only in matters of defense but in  
the efficient and democratic organiza-  
tion of our industrial and social forces,  
which depend to a great extent on the  
universal physical and moral develop-  
ment of our young men, the spiritual  
discipline of our people and the unifor-  
mity of the diversified elements of  
our population.

This spirit of patriotism will be  
emphasized at our assembly this year  
and specific means by which our citi-  
zens can "do their bit" will be pointed  
out.

At the same time, of course, the  
popular entertainment educational and  
inspirational features that have made  
the Chautauqua so popular with the  
people in the past will not be slighted.  
There will be a delightful entertain-  
ment by the Mrs. Wilbur Starr concert  
party; symphonic airs of the southland  
by Hann's Jubilee singers; a varied  
program by Emerson and Alice Stira  
Winters; a day of spectacular band  
music by Francesco Pallaria and his  
band; stirring solos by Ruth Helene  
Dahly and a wonderful musical climax  
to the Chautauqua by Madame Shank  
and the Handel choir.

Among the lecturers are Robert  
Parker Miles, world traveler, giving  
his dramatic lecture "Tallow Dips";  
Andre Tridon, telling "The Truth  
about Mexico"; Albert Edward Wig-  
gam, in his popular scientific lecture  
"Hereditary and Human Progress"; J.  
Franklin Caveny, the clever cartoonist  
and clay modeler and Wallace Pruse  
Amshary in his pleasing literary gem,  
"The Poet Seer of Lockerbie Street."

## ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Mr. H. C. Williams.

Northville Chautauqua  
July 27-31, 1917.

## KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Second and Fourth Tuesdays

meeting nights.

F. B. SHAFFER, K. of R. &amp; S.

S. W. McLEAN, C. C.

## FORESTERS OF AMERICA

Regular Meetings

July 6th and 20th.

A. J. SIMMONS, B. A. SCHULTZ,

Secy. C. R.

## NORTHVILLE LODGE NO.

186, F. &amp; A. M.

## UNION CHAPTER NO. 55

R. A. M.

## NORTHVILLE

COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.

## ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77

O. E. S.

Regular July 20.

Features at the New  
Alseum Theatre.

For Saturday evening a delightful  
photoplay has been secured, "The  
River of Romance." Harold Lock-  
wood and May Allison have the lead-  
ing parts. The play is founded on  
the popular novel, "Sam," which is  
well known here as one of the books  
in the local library, a clean, entertain-  
ing story.

Thursday evening's program will  
show a fine Paramount production.

## WEEKLY CALENDAR.

## BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

M. Moorey of Pontiac will occupy  
the pulpit Sunday morning.

Sunday school at the usual hour.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening as  
usual.

Rev. Mr. Riley of Byron, Mich., has  
been engaged as pastor of our church  
and will be on the field August 1st.

The Farther Light class will meet  
Tuesday evening at the home of Miss  
Lockwood at 7:30 o'clock.

## METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Regular preaching service Sunday  
morning at the usual hour.

Sunday school at 11:30. All are  
urged to attend this important part  
of the church service.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening  
at 7:30.

Union meeting Sunday evening in  
the Presbyterian church. The pastor  
of this church will be the speaker.

Don't forget the musicale next  
Tuesday night to be given by the  
choir for the benefit of the organ-  
blower fund. It will be a treat.  
Solos, quartettes, and various other  
combinations will be on the program.  
The object is both necessary and  
worthy, and should receive the  
support of all our people, especially.

## ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)

English services next Sunday after-  
noon.

It was inspiring to the pastor to  
see so many of the young folks turn  
out for the last English service, and  
it will make him happy to see them  
all turn out next Sunday side by side  
with the older and old folks.

He will try to make them happy in  
return by his preaching.

Everybody come and bring your  
friends along.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Sunday morning service at 10:00  
o'clock. The subject of the sermon  
will be "Fruits of Consecration, I.  
Humility."

Sunday school at 11:55.

The Union Service in the evening  
will be in our Church. Rev. Mr.  
Walker will preach, and all the  
members of the congregation are  
urged to be present. Let us make  
these union meetings count for much  
in the community. We can do our  
part by attending and thus giving our  
influence and adding our bit of in-  
terest and enthusiasm.

Prayer meeting on Thursday even-  
ing at 7:30 o'clock.

The Ladies of the Aid Society will  
hold their monthly meeting on Wed-  
nesday, July 18, at the home of Mrs.  
D. P. Yerkes. Everybody come and  
bring her experience money.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

Christian Science service in the  
Ladies Library Sunday morning at  
10:45 o'clock.

LAPHAM  
STATE SAVINGS BANK

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

at the close of business June 20, 1917.

## RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$177,476.69
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities	219,758.24
Overdrafts	73.02
Banking House	12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,700.00
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities	32,453.68
U. S. Bonds	10,000.00
Cash and Cash Items	29,203.61
Total	\$514,114.64

## LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund	7,000.00
Undivided Profits	3,704.28
Reserved for Taxes and Interest	555.37
Deposits	
Commercial	\$212,532.22
Savings	265,322.77
Total	\$514,114.64

## OFFICERS.

F. S. Harmon, President.  
R. Christensen, Vice-President.  
F. S. Neal, Vice-President.  
E. H. Lapham, Cashier.  
Ernest Miller, Asst. Cashier.

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

F. S. Harmon, R. Christensen,  
F. E. Bradley, Frank S. Neal,  
M. N. Johnson, F. G. Terrill,  
E. H. Lapham.

Interest on Savings Deposits for the Full Time.

## THE Rexall STORE

You can buy any one of our Household Rem-  
edies or Toilet Articles with Full Confidence that  
you will get Good Value for your money. Our  
list is growing all the time. It includes.

Milk of Magnesia, (8 oz.)	25c
White Pine Cough Syrup, (3 oz.)	25c
Mentholated Cough Syrup, (3 oz.)	25c
Cold Cream, (2 oz.)	25c
Vanishing Cream, (2 oz.)	25c
Tooth Paste, (2 oz.)	25c
Talc Powders, (4 odors)	25c

And Many Other Articles.  
See Our Window.

STANLEY'S DRUG STORE.  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

## SPRING BROOK DAIRY

Our Milk and Cream is of the Highest Quality and our Facilities  
for Handling our Dairy Product are Second to None.

Telephone 399 J. G. K. SCHOOF, Propr.



## Japanese Silk Shirts

We are Showing an Extensive  
Line of Japanese Silk Shirts.  
Also in Silk Mixtures.

Manufactured by such well  
known houses as Cluett, Peabody  
& Co., and The Rauh & Mack  
Shirt Co.

We are Sole Agents in  
Northville for the above  
concerns.

## WM. GORTON

Northville, Michigan.



# THE HILLMAN

## An Unusual Love Story

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ALL the world loves a lover, and all the world chortles with delight when a charming girl fascinates an avowed woman-hater and trains him to eat quietly out of her hand. In the story which we offer here, the charming heroine does nothing so commonplace as to fascinate one man; she fascinates dozens. And in the end she has not one woman-hater eating out of her hand, but three of the crustiest bachelors you ever saw following her around like faithful dogs. "The Hillman" is altogether delightful, and we feel sure our readers will enjoy the serial thoroughly.

THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER I.

Louise was leaning back among the cushions of the motionless car. The moon had not yet risen, but a faint and luminous glow, spreading like a halo about the topmost peak of the ragged line of hills, heralded its approach. Her eyes swept the hillside, vainly yet without curiosity, for any sign of a human dwelling. Her chauffeur and her maid stood, talking heatedly together near the radiator.

Louise leaned forward and called to the chauffeur.

"Charles," she asked, "what has happened? Are we really stranded here?"

The man's head emerged from the bonnet. He came round to the side of the car.

"I am very sorry, madam," he reported, "but something has gone wrong with the magnet. I shall have to take it to pieces before I can tell exactly what is wrong. It will take several hours and it ought to be done by daylight. Perhaps I had better go and see whether there isn't a farm somewhere near."

"And leave us here alone?" Aline exclaimed indignantly.

Her mistress smiled at her reassurance.

"What have we to fear, you foolish girl? For myself, I would like better than anything to remain here until the moon comes over the top of that round hill. But listen! There is no necessity for Charles to leave us."

They all turned their heads. From some distance behind them came, faintly at first, but more distinctly every moment, the sound of horse's hoofs. Louder and louder came the sound. Louise gave a little cry as a man on horseback appeared in sight at the crest of the hill. The narrow strip of road seemed suddenly dwarfed, an unreasonable portion of the horizon blotted out. In the half light there was something almost awesome in the unusual size of the horse and of the man who rode it.

"It is a world of gobblins, this, Aline," her mistress exclaimed softly. "What is it that comes?"

"It is a human being, Dieu merci!" the maid replied, with a matter-of-fact little sign of content.

A few moments later horse and rider were beside the car.

"Has anything happened?" the newcomer asked, dismounting and raising his whip to his cap.

"Please tell us what you would advise us to do. Is there a village near, or an inn, or even a barn? Or shall we have to spend the night in the car?"

"The nearest village," he replied, "is twelve miles away. Fortunately, my own home is close by. I shall be very

me, you really are almost as tall as you appeared," she added, as she stood by his side. "For the first time in my life you make me feel undersized."

He looked down at her, a little more at his ease now by reason of the friendliness of her manner, although he had still the air of one embarked upon an adventure, the outcome of which was to be regarded with some qualms. She was of little more than medium height, and his first impressions of her were that she was thin, and too pale to be good-looking; that her eyes were large and soft, with eyebrows more clearly defined than is usual among English women; and that she moved without seeming to walk.

"I suppose I am tall," he admitted, as they started off along the road. "One doesn't notice it around here. My name is John Strangewey, and my house is just behind that clump of trees there, on the top of the hill. We will do our best to make you comfortable," he added a little doubtfully; "but there are only my brother and myself, and we have no women servants in the house."

"A roof of any sort will be a luxury," she assured him. "I only hope that we shall not be a trouble to you in any way."

"And your name, please?" he asked. She was a little amazed at his directness, but she answered him without hesitation.

"My name," she told him, "is Louise."

He leaned down toward her, a little puzzled.

"Louise. But your surname?"

She laughed softly. It occurred to him that nothing like her laugh had ever been heard on that gray-walled stretch of mountain road.

"Never mind! I am traveling incognito. Who I am, or where I am going—well, what does that matter to anybody? Perhaps I do not know myself. You can imagine, if you like, that we came from the heart of your hills, and that tomorrow they will open again and welcome us back."

"I don't think there are any motor-cars in fairyland," he objected.

"We represent a new edition of fairy lore," she told him. "Modern romance, you know, includes motor-cars and even French maids."

"All the same," he protested, with masculine bluntness, "I really don't see how I can introduce you to my brother as 'Louise from fairyland.'"

She evaded the point.

"Tell me about your brother. Is he as tall as you, and is he younger or older?"

"He is nearly twenty years older," her companion replied. "He is about do, and his hair is gray. I am afraid that you may find him a little peculiar."

Her escort paused and swung open a white gate on their left-hand side. Before them was an ascent which seemed to her, in the dim light, to be absolutely precipitous.

"It isn't so bad as it looks," he assured her, "and I am afraid it's the only way up. The house is at the bend there, barely fifty yards away. You can see a light through the trees."

"You must help me, then, please," she begged.

He stooped down toward her. She linked her fingers together through his left arm, and leaning a little heavily upon him, began the ascent. He was conscious of some subtle fragrance from her clothes, a perfume strangely different from the odor of the ghost-like flowers that bordered the steep path up which they were climbing. Her arms, slight, warm things though they were, and great though his own strength, felt suddenly like a yoke. At every step he seemed to feel their weight more insistent—a weight not physical, solely due to this rush of unexpected emotions.

She looked around her almost in wonder as her companion paused with his hand upon a little iron gate. From behind that jagged stretch of hills in the distance the moon had now appeared. Before her was a garden, austere-looking with its prim flowerbeds, the trees all bent in the same direction, fashioned after one pattern by the winds. Beyond was the house—a long, low building, part of it covered with some kind of creeper.

As they stepped across the last few yards of lawn, the black, oak door which they were approaching suddenly opened. A tall, elderly man stood looking inquiringly out. He shaded his eyes with his hands.

"Is that you, brother?" he asked doubtfully.

John Strangewey ushered his companion into the square, oak-paneled hall, hung with many trophies of the chase, a few oil paintings, here and there some sporting prints. It was lighted only with a single lamp which stood upon a round, polished table in the center of the white-flagged floor.

"This lady's motor-car has broken down, Stephen," John explained, turning a little nervously toward his brother. "I found them in the road, just at the bottom of the hill. She and her servants will spend the night here. I have explained that there is no village or inn for a good many miles."

Louise turned gracefully toward the elder man, who was standing grimly apart. Even in those few seconds, her quick sensibilities warned her of the

hostility which lurked behind the tightly closed lips and steel-gray eyes. His bow was stiff and uncordial, and he made no movement to offer his hand.

"We are not used to welcoming ladies at Peak Hall, madam," he said. "I am afraid that you will find us somewhat unprepared for guests."

"I ask for nothing more than a roof," Louise assured him.

John threw his hat and whip upon the round table and stood in the center of the stone floor. She caught a glance which flashed between the two men—of appeal from the one, of icy resentment from the other.

"We can at least add to the roof a bed and some supper—and a welcome," John declared. "Is that not so, Stephen?"

The older man turned deliberately away. It was as if he had not heard his brother's words.

"I will go and find Jennings," he said. "He must be told about the servants."

Louise watched the disappearing figure until it was out of sight. Then she looked up into the face of the younger man, who was standing by her side.

"I am sorry," she murmured apologetically. "I am afraid that your brother is not pleased at this sudden

very little trouble."

He answered her with a sudden eager enthusiasm. He seemed far more natural then than at any time since he had ridden up from out of the shadows to take his place in her life.

"I won't apologize for Stephen," he said. "He is a little crotchety. You must please be kind and not notice. You must let me, if I can, offer you welcome enough for us both."

### CHAPTER II.

Louise, with a heavy, silver-plated candlestick in her hand, stood upon the uneven floor of the bedroom to which she had been conducted, looking up at the oak-framed family tree which hung above the broad chimney-piece. She examined the coat of arms emblazoned in the corner, and peered curiously at the last neatly printed addition, which indicated Stephen and John Strangewey as the sole survivors of a diminishing line. When at last she turned away, she found the name upon her lips.

"Strangewey!" she murmured. "John Strangewey! It is really curious how that name brings with it a sense of familiarity. It is so unusual, too. And what an unusual-looking person! Do you think, Aline, that you ever saw anyone so superbly handsome?"

The maid's little grimace was expressive.

"Never, madam," she replied. "And yet to think of it—a gentleman, a person of intelligence, who lives here all ways, outside the world, with just a terrible old man servant, the only domestic in the house! Nearly all the cooking is done at the baillie's, a quarter of a mile away."

Louise nodded thoughtfully.

"It is very strange," she admitted. "I should like to understand it. Perhaps," she added, half to herself, "some day I shall."

She passed across the room, and on

her way paused before an old cheval-glass, before which were suspended two silver candlesticks containing lighted wax-candles. She looked steadfastly at her own reflection. A little smile parted her lips. In the bedroom of this quaint farmhouse she was looking upon a face and a figure which the illustrated papers and the enterprise of the modern photographer had combined to make familiar to the world—the figure of a girl it seemed, notwithstanding her twenty-seven years. Her soft, white blouse was open at the neck, displaying a beautifully rounded throat. Her eyes dwelt upon the oval face, with its strong, yet mobile features; its lips a little full, perhaps, but soft and sensitive; at the masses of brown hair drawn low over her ears.

This was herself, then. How would she seem to these two men—downstairs, she asked herself—the dour, grim master of the house, and her more youthful brother, whose coming had somehow touched her fancy? They saw so little of her sex. They seemed, in a sense, to be in league against it. Would they find out that they were entertaining an angel unawares?

She thought with a gratified smile of her own. It was a feat of her strength, this! When she turned away from the mirror the smile still lingered upon her lips, a soft light of anticipation was shining in her eyes.

John met her at the foot of the stairs. She noticed with some surprise that he was wearing the dinner-jacket and black tie of civilization.

"Will you come this way, please?" he begged. "Supper is quite ready."

He held open the door of one of the rooms on the other side of the hall, and she passed into a low dining room, dimly lit with shaded lamps. The elder brother rose from his chair as they entered, although the salutation was even grimmer than his first welcome.

He was wearing a dress-coat of old-fashioned cut, and a black stock, and he remained standing without any smile or word of greeting, until she had taken her seat. Behind his chair stood a very ancient manservant in a gray pepper-and-salt suit, with a white tie, whose expression, at the entrance of this unexpected guest, seemed curiously to reflect the inhospitable instincts of his master.

The table was laid with all manner of cold dishes, supplemented by others upon the sideboard. There were pots of jam and honey, a silver teapot and silver spoons and forks of quaint design, strangely cut glass, and a great Dresden bowl filled with flowers.

"I am afraid," John remarked, "that you are not used to dining at this hour. My brother and I are old-fashioned in our customs. If we had had a little longer notice—"

"I never in my life saw anything that looked so delicious as your cold chicken," Louise declared. "May I have some—and some ham? I believe that you must farm some land yourselves. Everything looks as if it were homemade or homegrown."

"We are certainly farmers," John admitted, with a smile. "And I don't think there is much here that isn't of our own production. The farm buildings are at some distance away from the house. There is quite a little colony

at the back, and the woman who superintends the dairy lives there. In the house we are entirely independent of your sex. We manage somehow or other, with Jennings here and two boys."

"You are not both woman-haters, I hope?"

Her younger host flashed a warning glance at Louise, but it was too late. Stephen had laid down his knife and fork and was leaning in her direction.

"Madam," he intervened, "since you have asked the question, I will confess that I have never known any good come to a man of our family from the friendship or service of women. Our family history, if ever you should come to know it, would amply justify my brother and myself for our attitude toward your sex."

"Stephen!" John remonstrated, a slight frown upon his face. "Need you weary our guest with your peculiar views? It is scarcely polite, to say the least of it."

The older man sat, for a moment, grim and silent.

"Perhaps you are right, brother," he admitted. "This lady did not seek our company, but it may interest her to know that she is the first woman who has crossed the threshold of Peak Hall for a matter of six years."

Louise looked from one to the other, half incredulously.

"Do you really mean it? Is that literally true?" she asked John.

"Absolutely," the young man assured her; "but please remember that you are alone the less heartily welcome here. We have few women neighbors, and intercourse with them seems to have slipped out of our lives. I am sure how far have you come today, and where did you hope to sleep tonight?"

Louise hesitated for a moment. For some reason or other, the question seemed to bring with it some disturbing thought.

"I was motoring from Edinburgh."

As regards tonight, I had not made up my mind. I rather hoped to reach Kendal. My journey is not at all an interesting matter to talk about," she went on. "Tell me about your life here. It sounds most delightfully pastoral. Do you live here all the year round?"

"My brother," John told her, "has not been farther away than the nearest market town for nearly twenty years."

Her eyes grew round with astonishment.

"But you go to London sometimes?"

"I was there eight years ago. Since then I have not been further away than Carlisle or Kendal. I go into camp near Kendal for three weeks every year—territorial training, you know."

"But how do you pass your time? What do you do with yourself?" she asked.

"Farming," he answered. "Farming is our daily occupation. Then for amusement we hunt, shoot, and fish. The seasons pass before we know it."

She looked appraisingly at John Strangewey. Notwithstanding his sun-tanned cheeks and the splendid vigor of his form, there was nothing in the least agricultural about his manner or his appearance. There was humor as well as intelligence in his clear, gray eyes. She opened the book which lined the side of the room were at once his property and his hobby.

"It is a very healthy life, no doubt," she said; "but somehow it seems incomprehensible to think of a man like yourself living always in such an out-of-the-way corner."

John's lips were open to reply, but Stephen once more intervened.

"Life means a different thing to each of us, madam," he said sternly. "There are many born with the lust for cities and the crowded places in their hearts."

Louise made a little grimace, but she rose at once to her feet. She was being sent to bed, and she shivered a little when she looked at the hour—barely ten o'clock. Yet it was all in keeping. From the doorway she looked back into the room, in which nothing seemed to have been touched for centuries. She stood upon the threshold to bid her final good-night, fully-conscious of the complete anachronism of her presence there.

Her smile for Stephen was respectful and full of dignity. As she glanced toward John, however, something flashed in her eyes and quivered at the corners of her lips, something which escaped her control something which made him grip for a moment the back of the chair against which he stood.

After a few moments she was almost spoken, but she was conscious of the somewhat ominous silence which ensued. She glanced up wonderingly and intercepted a rapid look passing between the two men. More puzzled than ever, she turned toward John as if for an explanation. He had risen somewhat abruptly to his feet, and his hand was upon the back of her chair.

"Will it be disagreeable to you if my brother smokes a pipe?" he asked. "I tried to have our little drawing room prepared for you, but the fire has not been lit for so long that the room, I am afraid, is quite impossible."

"Do let me stay here with you," she begged, "and I hope that both of you will smoke. I am quite used to it."

John wheeled up an easy chair for her. Stephen, stiff and upright, sat on the other side of the hearth. He took the tobacco jar and pipe that his brother had brought him, and slowly filled the bowl.

"With your permission, then, madam," he said, as he struck a match.

Louise smiled graciously. Some instinct prompted her to stifle her own craving for a cigarette and keep her little gold case hidden in her pocket. All the time her eyes were wandering round the room. Suddenly she rose and, moving round the table, stood once more facing the row of gloomy-looking portraits.

"So that is your grandfather?" she remarked to John, who had followed her. "Is your father not here?"

He shook his head.

"My father's portrait was never painted."

"Tell the truth, John," Stephen enjoined, sitting in his place and setting down his pipe. "We Strangeweyes were hillfolk and farmers, by descent and destiny, for more than four hundred years. Our place is here upon the land, almost among the clouds, and those of us who have realized it have led the lives God meant us to lead."

There have been some of our race who have been tempted into the lowlands and the cities. Not one of them brought honor upon our name. Their pictures are not here. They are not worthy to be here."

Stephen set down the candlesticks and returned to his place. Louise, with her hands clasped behind her back, glanced toward John, who still stood by her side.

"Tell me," she asked him, "have none of your people who went out into the world done well for themselves?"

"Scarcely one," he admitted. "Not one," Stephen interrupted. "Madam," he went on, turning toward Louise, "lest my welcome to you this evening should have seemed inhospitable, let me tell you this: Every Strangewey who has left our county, and trodden the downward path of failure, has done so at the instance of one of your sex. That is why those of us who inherit the family spirit look askance upon all strange women. That is why no woman is ever welcome within this house."

Louise resumed her seat in the easy chair.

"I am so sorry," she murmured, looking down at her slipper. "I could not help breaking down here, could I?"

"Nor could my brother fail to offer you the hospitality of this roof," Stephen admitted. "The incident was unfortunate, but inevitable. It is a matter for regret that we have so little to offer you in the way of entertainment."

He rose to his feet. The door had opened. Jennings was standing there with a candlestick upon a massive silver salver. Behind him was Aline. "You are doubtless fatigued by your journey, madam," Stephen concluded.

Louise made a little grimace, but she rose at once to her feet. She was being sent to bed, and she shivered a little when she looked at the hour—barely ten o'clock. Yet it was all in keeping. From the doorway she looked back into the room, in which nothing seemed to have been touched for centuries. She stood upon the threshold to bid her final good-night, fully-conscious of the complete anachronism of her presence there.

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"Do let me stay here with you," she begged, "and I hope that both of you will smoke. I am quite used to it."

John wheeled up an easy chair for her. Stephen, stiff and upright, sat on the other side of the hearth. He took the tobacco jar and pipe that his brother had brought him, and slowly filled the bowl.

"With your permission, then, madam," he said, as he struck a match.

Louise smiled graciously. Some instinct prompted her to stifle her own craving for a cigarette and keep her little gold case hidden in her pocket. All the time her eyes were wandering round the room. Suddenly she rose and, moving round the table, stood once more facing the row of gloomy-looking portraits.

"So that is your grandfather?" she remarked to John, who had followed her. "Is your father not here?"

He shook his head.

"My father's portrait was never painted."

"Tell the truth, John," Stephen enjoined, sitting in his place and setting down his pipe. "We Strangeweyes were hillfolk and farmers, by descent and destiny, for more than four hundred years. Our place is here upon the land, almost among the clouds, and those of us who have realized it have led the lives God meant us to lead."

There have been some of our race who have been tempted into the lowlands and the cities. Not one of them brought honor upon our name. Their pictures are not here. They are not worthy to be here."

Stephen set down the candlesticks and returned to his place. Louise, with her hands clasped behind her back, glanced toward John, who still stood by her side.

"Tell me," she asked him, "have none of your people who went out into the world done well for themselves?"

"Scarcely one," he admitted. "Not one," Stephen interrupted. "Madam," he went on, turning toward Louise, "lest my welcome to you this evening should have seemed inhospitable, let me tell you this: Every Strangewey who has left our county, and trodden the downward path of failure, has done so at the instance of one of your sex. That is why those of us who inherit the family spirit look askance upon all strange women. That is why no woman is ever welcome within this house."

Louise resumed her seat in the easy chair.

"I am so sorry," she murmured, looking down at her slipper. "I could not help breaking down here, could I?"

"Nor could my brother fail to offer you the hospitality of this roof," Stephen admitted. "The incident was unfortunate, but inevitable. It is a matter for regret that we have so little to offer you in the way of entertainment."

He rose to his feet. The door had opened. Jennings was standing there with a candlestick upon a massive silver salver. Behind him was Aline. "You are doubtless fatigued by your journey, madam," Stephen concluded.

Louise made a little grimace, but she rose at once to her feet. She was being sent to bed, and she shivered a little when she looked at the hour—barely ten o'clock. Yet it was all in keeping. From the doorway she looked back into the room, in which nothing seemed to have been touched for centuries. She stood upon the threshold to bid her final good-night, fully-conscious of the complete anachronism of her presence there.

Her smile for Stephen was respectful and full of dignity. As she glanced toward John, however, something flashed in her eyes and quivered at the corners of her lips, something which escaped her control something which made him grip for a moment the back of the chair against which he stood.

After a few moments she was almost spoken, but she was conscious of the somewhat ominous silence which ensued. She glanced up wonderingly and intercepted a rapid look passing between the two men. More puzzled than ever, she turned toward John as if for an explanation. He had risen somewhat abruptly to his feet, and his hand was upon the back of her chair.

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"You Are Indeed a Good Samaritan."

pleased—I and my brother—if you will honor us. I am afraid I cannot offer you very much in the way of entertainment."

She rose briskly to her feet and beamed upon him.

"You are indeed a good Samaritan," she exclaimed. "A roof is more than we had dared to hope for, although when one looks up at this wonderful

and breathes this air, one wonders perhaps whether a roof, after all, is such a blessing."

"It gets very cold toward morning," the young man said practically.

"Of course," she assented. "Aline, you will bring my dressing-bag and follow us. This gentleman is kind enough to offer us shelter for the night. Dear



"Those of Us Who Inherit the Family Spirit Look Askance Upon All Strange Women."

Then, between the old manservant, who assisted upon carrying her candle to her room, and her maid, who walked behind, she crossed the white stone hall and stepped slowly up the broad flight of stairs.



# Nan of Music Mountain

By  
**FRANK H. SPEARMAN**  
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

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## DE SPAIN RECEIVES A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE WHICH CAUSES HIM TO TAKE THE MOST DESPERATE CHANCE OF HIS LIFE

Henry de Spain, manager of the stagecoach line between Thief River and Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky mountains, is fighting a band of cattle thieves living in Morgan gap, a fertile valley about 20 miles from Sleepy Cat and near Calabasas, where the stage horses are changed. De Spain has killed two of the gang and has been seriously wounded. Pretty Nan Morgan, niece of Duke Morgan, gang leader, and De Spain are in love. Her uncle has taken steps to marry her to Gale Morgan, a cousin, who is a bad man in every way.

### CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

Bull lifted his weak and watery eyes. His whisky-seamed face brightened into the ghost of a smile. "What I'm going to ask you to do," continued De Spain, "is a man's job. You can get into the gap without trouble. You are the only man I can put my hand on just now that can. I want you to ride over this morning and hang out around Duke Morgan's place till you can get a chance to see Miss Nan."

At the mention of her name Bull shook his head a moment in affirmative approval. "She's a queen!" he exclaimed with admiring but pungent epithets. "A queen?"

"I think so, Bull. But she is in troublesome circumstances. You know, Nan and I—"

Bull winked in many ways. "And her Uncle Duke is making us trouble, Bull. I want you to find her, speak with her, and bring word to me as to what the situation is. That doesn't mean you're to get drunk over there—in fact, I don't think anybody over there would give you a drink—" "Don't believe they would."

"And you are to ride back here with what you can find out just as quick after you get into the clear, as a horse will bring you."

Bull passed his hand over his mouth with a show of resolution. It indicated that he was pulling himself together. Within half an hour he was on his way to the gap.

For De Spain hours never dragged as did the hours between Bull's starting and the setting of the sun that night without his return. And the sun set behind Music mountain in a drift of heavy clouds that brought rain. All evening it fell steadily. At eleven o'clock De Spain had given up hope of seeing his emissary before morning and was sitting alone before the stove in the office when he heard the sound of hoofs. In another moment Bull came down the door.

He was a sorry sight. Soaked to the skin by the steady downpour, rain dripping intermittently from his frayed hat, his ragged beard and tattered coat, shaking with the cold as if gripped by an ague, Bull, picking his staggering steps to the fire, and sinking in a heap into a chair, symbolized the uttermost tribute of manhood to the ravages of whisky. He was not drunk. He had not even been drinking; but his vitality was gone. He tried to speak. It was impossible. His tongue would not frame words, nor his throat utter them. He could only look helplessly at De Spain as De Spain hastily made him stand up on his shaking knees, threw a big blanket around him, sat him down, kicked open the stove drafts, and called to McAlpin for more whisky to steady the wreck of it crouching over the fire.

McAlpin, after considerable and reluctant search, produced a bottle, and unwilling for more reasons than one, to trust it to Bull's uncertain possession, brought a dipper. Bull held the dipper while De Spain poured. McAlpin, behind the stove, hopped first on one foot and then on the other as De Spain recklessly continued to pour. When the liquor half filled the cup, McAlpin put out unmistakable distress signals, but Bull, watching the brown stream, his eyes galvanized at the sight, held fast to the handle and made no sign to stop. "Bull!" thundered the barn boss with an emphatic word. "That is Elipaso's bottle. What are you dreaming of, man? Mr. de Spain, you'll kill him. Don't ye see he can't tell ye to stop?"

Bull, with the last sickening spark of vitality still left within him, looked steadily up and winced at De Spain. McAlpin, outraged, stamped out of the room. Steadying the dipper in both hands, Bull with an effort passed one hand at the final moment preliminarily over his mouth, and, raising

the bowl, emptied it. The poison electrified him into utterance. "I seen her," he declared, holding his chin well down and in, and speaking in a pardonably proud throat.

"Good, Bull!" "They've got things tied up for fair over there." He spoke slowly and brokenly. "I never got inside the house till after supper. Toward night I helped Pardaloe put up the stock. He let me into the kitchen after my coxing for a cup of coffee—he's an ornery, cold-blooded guy, that Pardaloe. Old Duke and Sassoon think the sun rises and sets on the top of his head—funny, ain't it?"

De Spain made no comment. "Whilst I was drinking my coffee—" "Who gave it to you?"

"Old Bunny, the Mex. Pardaloe goes out to the bunkhouse; I sits down to my supper, alone, with Bunny at the stove. All of a sudden who comes a-trippin' in from the front of the house but Nan. I jumps up as strong as I could, but I was too cold and stiff to jump up real strong. She seen me, but didn't pry no attention. I dropped my spoon on the floor. It didn't do no good, neither, so I pushed a hot plate of ham and gravy off the table. It hit the dog 'n' he jumped like kingdom come. Old Bunny sails into me, Nan a-watchin', and while Mex was pickin' up and cleanin' up, I sneaks over to the stove and winks at Nan. Sar, you oughter see her look mad at me. She was hot, but I kept a-winkin', and I says to her kind of huskylike: 'Got any letters for Calabasas tonight?' Sar, she looked at me as if she'd bore holes into me, but I stood right up and glared back at the little girl. 'Come from there this mornin', I'm going back tonight. Someone waiting there for news.'

"By jing! Just as I got the words out o' my mouth, who comes a-stalking in but Gale Morgan. The minute he seen me, he lif on me to beat the band—called me everything he could lay his tongue to. I let on I was drunk, but that didn't help. He ordered me off the premises. 'N, the worst of it was, Nan chimed right in and began to scold Bunny for lettin' me—and leaves the room, quick-like. Bunny put it on Pardaloe, and she and Gale had it, an' b' jing, Gale put me out—said he'd pepper me. But wait till I tell y' how she fooled him. It was rained like I—'n' it looked as if I was booked for a ride through it and hadn't half drunk my second cup of coffee at that. I starts for the barn, when someone in the dark on the porch grabs my arm, spins me around like a top, throws a flasher up into my face, and there was Nan. 'Bull,' she says, 'I'm sorry. I don't want to see you ride out in this with nothing to eat; come this way quick.'

"She took me down cellar from the outside, under the kitchen. When Gale goes out again she flings up the trapdoor, speaks to Mex, pulls all the kitchen shades down, locks the doors, and I sets down on the trapdoor steps 'n' eats a pipin' hot supper; say! Well, I reckon I drank a couple o' quarts of coffee. 'Bull,' she says, 'I never done you no harm, did I? 'Never,' says I, 'and I never done you none, neither, did I? And what's more, I never will do you none.' Then I up and told her. 'Tell him,' says she, 'I can't get hold of a horse, nor a pen, nor a piece of paper—I can't leave the house but what I am watched every minute. They keep track of me day and night. Tell him,' she says, 'I can protect myself; they think they'll break me—make me do what they want me to—marry—but they can't break me, and I'll never do it—tell him that.'

"But," says I, "that ain't the whole case, Miss Nan. What he'll ask me, when he's borin' through me with his eyes like the way you're borin' me through with yours, is: When will you see him—when will he see you?"

"She looked worrit for a minit. Then she looks around, grabs up the cover of an empty bacco box and a fork and begins a-writing inside." Bull call into life from his broken nerves, opened up his blanket, drew carefully from an inside coat pocket an oldskin package, unwrapped from it the flat, square top of a tin tobacco box, on which Nan had scratched a message, and handed it triumphantly to De Spain.

He read her words eagerly: "Wait; don't have trouble. I can stand anything better than bloodshed, Henry. Be patient."

"Nan! Eats a Piping Hot Supper."

eyes like the way you're borin' me through with yours, is: When will you see him—when will he see you?"

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He read her words eagerly: "Wait; don't have trouble. I can stand anything better than bloodshed, Henry. Be patient."

While De Spain, standing close to the lantern, deciphered the brief note, Bull, wrapping his blanket about him with the air of one whose responsibility is well ended, held out his hands toward the blazing stove. De Spain went over the words one by one, and the letters again and again. It was, after all their months of ardent meetings, the first written message he had ever had from Nan. He flamed angrily at the news that she was prisoner in her own home. But there was much to weigh in her etched words, much to think about concerning her feelings—not alone concerning his own.

He dropped into his chair, and, oblivious for a moment of his companion's presence, stared into the fire. When he started from his reverie Bull was asleep. De Spain picked him up, carried him in his blanket over to a cot, cut the wet tags off him, and, rolling him in a second blanket, walked out into the barn and ordered up a team and light wagon for Sleepy Cat. The rain fell all night.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### An Ominous Message.

Few men bear suspense well; De Spain took his turn at it very hard. "Patience," he repeated the word to himself a thousand times to deaden his suspense and apprehension. Business affairs took most of his time, but Nan's situation took most of his thought. For the first time he told John Lefever the story of Nan's finding him on Music mountain; of her aid in his escape, and the sequel of their friendship. Lefever gave it to Bob Scott in Jeffries' office.

"What did I tell you, John?" demanded Bob mildly. "No matter what you told me," retorted Lefever. "The question is: What's he to do to get Nan away from there without shooting up the Morgans?"

De Spain had gone that morning to Medicine Bend. He got back late and, after a supper at the Mountain house, went directly to his room. The telephone bell was ringing when he unlocked and threw open his door. "Is this Henry de Spain?" came a voice, slowly pronouncing the words over the wire.

"Yes."

"I have a message for you from Music mountain."

"Go ahead."

"The message is like this: 'Take me away from here as soon as you can.'"

"Whom is that message from?"

"I can't call any name."

"Who are you?"

"I can't tell you that. Goodby."

"Hold on. If you're treating me fair—and I believe you mean to come over to my room a minute."

"No."

"Let me come to where you are?"

"No."

"Let me wait for you—anywhere?"

"No."

"Do you think that message means what it says?"

"I know it does."

"Do you know what it means for me to undertake?"

"I have a pretty stuff idea."

"Did you get it direct from the party who sent it?"

"I can't talk all night. Take it or leave it just where it is."

De Spain heard him close. He closed his own instrument and began feverishly signaling central. "This is 101. Henry de Spain talking," he said briskly. "You just called me. Ten dollars for you, operator if you can locate that call, quick!"

There was a moment of delay at the central office, then the answer: "It came from 234—Tension's saloon."

"Give me your name, operator. Good. Now give me 22, and ring the neck off the bell."

Lefever answered the call on No. 22. The talk was quick and sharp. Messengers were instantly pressed into service from the dispatcher's office. Telephone wires hummed.

every man available on the special agent's force was brought into action. Livery stables were covered, the public resorts were put under observation, horsemen clattered up and down the street. Within an incredibly short time the town was rounded up, every outgoing trail watched, and search was underway for anyone from Morgan's gap, and especially for the sender of the telephone message.

De Spain, after instructing Lefever, hastened to Tension's. His rapid questioning of the few habitués of the place and the bartender elicited only the information that a man had used the telephone booth within a few minutes. Nobody knew him, or, if they did know him, refused to describe him in any but vague terms.

Outside, Bob Scott in the saddle waited with a led horse. The two men rode straight and hard out on the plains.

The day was overcast, and speed was their only resource. After two miles of riding, they reined up on a ridge, and Scott, springing from the saddle, listened for sounds. He rose from the ground, declaring he could hear the strides of a running horse. Again the two dashed ahead. The chase was bootless. Whoever rode before them easily eluded pursuit.

Undeterred by his failure to overtake the fugitive, De Spain rode rapidly back to town to look for other clues. Nothing further was found to throw light on the message or messenger. No one had been found anywhere in town from Morgan's gap; whoever had taken a chance in delivering the message had escaped undetected.

Even after the search had been abandoned the significance of the incident remained to be weighed. De Spain was much upset. A conference with Scott, whose judgment in any

affair was marked by good sense, and with Lefever, who, like a woman, reached by intuition a conclusion at which Scott or De Spain arrived by process of thought, only revealed the fact that all three, as Lefever confessed, were nonplussed.

"It's one of two things," declared Lefever, whose eyes were never dulled by late hours. "Either they've sent this to lure you into the gap and 'get' you, or else—and that's a great big 'or else'—she needs you. Henry, did that message—I mean the way it was worded—sound like Nan Morgan?"

De Spain could hardly answer. "It did, and it didn't," he said finally. "But—" his companions saw during the pause by which his lips expressed the resolve he had finally reached that he was not likely to be turned from it—"I am going to act just as if the word came from Nan and she does need me."

More than one scheme for getting quickly into touch with Nan was proposed and rejected within the next ten minutes. And when Lefever, after conferring with Scott, put up to De Spain a proposal that the three should ride into the gap together and demand Nan at the hands of Duke Morgan, De Spain had reached another conclusion.

"I know you are willing to take more than your share, John, of any game I play. In the first place, it isn't right to take you and Bob in where I am going on my own personal affair. And I know Nan wouldn't enjoy the prospect of an all-around fight on her account. Fighting is a horror to that girl. I've got her feelings to think about as well as my own. I've decided what to do, John. I'm going in alone."

"You're going in alone?"

"Tonight. Now I'll tell you what I'd like you to do if you want to: ride with me and wait till morning, outside El Capitan. If you don't hear from me by ten o'clock, ride back to Calabasas and notify Jeffries to look for a new manager."

"On the contrary, if we don't hear from you by ten o'clock, Henry, we will blaze our way in and drag out your body." Lefever put up his hand to cut off any rejoinder. "Don't discuss it. What happens after ten o'clock tomorrow morning, if we don't hear from you before that, can't possibly be of interest to you or make any difference." He paused, but De Spain saw that he was not done.

When he resumed, he spoke in a tone different from that which De Spain usually associated with him. "Henry, you've played a good many rough games in this country. No man knows better than I that you never pulled one for the looks of the thing or to make people talk—or that you ever took a chance you didn't feel you had to take. But it isn't humanly possible—you can keep this up for all time! It can't go on forever. The pitcher goes to the well once too often, Henry; there comes a time when it doesn't come back."

"Understand—I'm not saying this to attempt to dissuade you from the worst job you ever started in on. I know your mind is made up. You won't listen to me; you won't listen to Scott; and I'm too good an Indian not to know where I get off—or not to do what I'm told. But this is what I've been thinking of a long, long time; and that is what I feel I ought to say—here and now."

The two men were sitting in De Spain's room. De Spain was staring through the broad south window at the white-capped peaks of the distant range. He was silent for a time. "I believe you're right, John," he said after a while. "I know you are. In this case I am fied up more than I've ever been tied before; but I've got to see it through as best I can, and take what comes without whining. My mind is made up, and, strange as it may sound to you, I feel that I am coming back. Not but what I know expect to get it sometime. And maybe I'm wrong now; but I don't feel as it's coming till I've given all the protection to that girl that a man can give to a woman."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### A Surprising Slip.

Scott was called by Lefever to conclude in secret the final arrangements. The ground about the quaking asp grove, and nearest El Capitan, afforded the best concealment close to the gap. And to this point Scott was directed to bring what men he could before daybreak the following morning.

"It's a short notice to get many men together—of the kind we want," admitted Lefever. "You'll have to skrimish some between now and midnight. What do you think you can do?"

Scott had already made up a tentative list. He named four—first Farrell Kennedy, who was in town, and sold nobody should go if he didn't; Frank Elipaso, the Texan; the Englishman, Tommy Meggeson; and Wickwire, if he could be located—any one of them, Lefever knew, could give an account of himself under all circumstances.

While Scott was getting his men together, De Spain, accompanied by Lefever, was riding toward Music mountain. Scott had urged on them but one parting caution—not to leave the aspens until rain began falling. When he spoke there was not a cloud in the sky. "It's going to rain tonight, just the same," predicted Scott. "Don't leave the trees till it gets going. Those gap scouts will get under cover and be hunting for a drink the minute it gets cold—I know them. You can ride right over their toes if you'll be patient."

The sun set across the range in a drift of grayish-black, low-lying clouds, which seemed only to await its disappearance to envelop the mountains and empty their moisture on the desert. By the time De Spain and Lefever reached the end of their long ride a misty rain was drifting down from the west. The two men had just ridden into the quaking aspens when a man coming out of the gap almost rode into them. The intruders had halted and were sufficiently hidden to escape notice, had not Lefever's horse indiscreetly coughed. The man from the gap reined up and called out. Lefever answered.

"It's Bull Page," declared De Spain, after the exchange of a few words.

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"It's Bull Page," declared De Spain, after the exchange of a few words.



"It Can't Go On Forever."

Calling to Bull at the same time to come over to the shelter of the trees. "What's going on in there, Bull?" asked De Spain after Bull had told him that Gale had driven him out, and he was heading for Calabasas.

"You tell," retorted Page. "Looks to me like old Duke's getting ready to die. Gale says he's going to draw his will tonight, and don't want nobody around—got old Judge Druel in there."

De Spain picked up his ears. "What's that, Druel?" he demanded. Bull repeated his declaration. Lefever broke into violent language at the Sleepy Cat jurist's expense, and ended by declaring that no will should be drawn in the gap that night by Duke Morgan or anybody else, unless he and Bull were made legatees.

Beyond this nothing could be learned from Bull, who was persuaded without difficulty by Lefever to abandon the idea of riding to Calabasas through the rain, and to spend the night with him in the neighborhood, wherever fancy, the rain, and the wind—which was rising—should dictate.

While the two were talking, De Spain tried to slip away, unobserved by Lefever, on his errand. He failed, as he expected to, and after some familiar abuse, rode off alone, fortified by every possible suggestion at the hands of a man to whom the slightest precaution was usually a joke.

De Spain reached Duke's ranch unchallenged. Night had fallen everywhere, and the increasing rain obscured even the outline of the house. But a light shone through one uncurtained window. He waited some time for a sound of life, for a door to open, or close, or for the dog to bark—he heard nothing. Slipping out of the wet saddle, he led his horse in the darkness under the shelter of the lone pine tree and, securing him, walked slowly toward the house.

Mindful of the admonitions he had been loaded with, he tramped around the house in narrowing circles, pausing at times to look and listen. In like manner he circled the barn and stables, until he had made sure there was no ambush and that he was alone outside. After a time he stepped around to the front of the house, where, screened by a bit of shrubbery, he could peer at close range into the living room.

Standing before the fire burning in the open hearth, and with his back to it, he now saw Gale Morgan. Sitting bolt upright beside the table, square-jawed and obdurate, his stubby brier pipe supported by his hand and gripped in his great teeth, Duke Morgan looked uncompromisingly past his belligerent nephew into the fire. A third and elderly man, heavy, red-faced, and almost toothless as he spoke, sat to the right of the table in a rocking chair, and looked at Duke; this was the old lawyer and justice of the peace, the sheriff's brother-in-law, Judge Druel.

Nan was not to be seen. Gale, big and aggressive, was doing most of the talking, and energetically, as was his habit. Duke listened thoughtfully, but seemingly with coldness. Druel looked from Gale to Duke, and appeared occasionally to put in a word to carry the argument along.

What happens to De Spain when he goes into Morgan gap during the night to rescue his sweetheart is told with thrilling detail in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### A GOOD ANSWER.

"Why do you want five cents, son?" "Well, you see, me father disinherit me this mornin', so I'm goin' in bass news for me self."

## I-DON'T-CARE GIRL

By EARL REED SILVERS.

Jim Nicholas stood on the porch of the Country club, his eyes following the figures of Margaret Randolph and Dick Willever as they merged into the darkness of what was known as Lovers' lane. He watched them until they disappeared into the shadows, and then, with a sigh, he turned and made his way to the swinging couch.

The porch was deserted. From within the club came the sound of soft music. The orchestra was playing "Keep Your Eyes on the Girlie You Love."

"Well," Jim thought to himself rather bitterly, "that's just what I have been doing, but when the girl you love takes a moonlight walk with another fellow, it's better not to have eyes."

Only the day before he had told Margaret that life without her would be hardly worth the living.

"Margaret," he had said suddenly, "I—I love you."

She had looked at him for a moment with startled eyes and then the peal of her hearty laughter had sounded discordant with the silence of the evening.

"Jim," she had said, "you don't mean it, surely? Not you?"

"Why not me?" he had answered resentfully and ungrammatically.

"But, Jim, why do you love me?" she had questioned.

"Because I do," he had answered suddenly. "Don't you care at all?"

"I'm known as the 'I-don't-care girl,'" she had replied; "and, to tell the truth, Jim, I don't know now whether I care or not."

"Is it because of some one else?" he had persisted.

"Perhaps it is," she had answered. "Two years ago, when Dick Willever went to New York to get rich and famous he asked me if I would wait for him, and I told him that I would. It wasn't exactly a promise, but it was half a promise—and tomorrow night Dick is coming to the dance at the Country club."

"And you think, maybe, that you care for him?"

"Maybe I do; but tomorrow I'll know, and then I'll give you your answer."

Jim had gone home directly after that. He had somehow managed to live through a day of mingled doubt and mystery, but in the evening when he had called at Margaret's home in his runabout the girl had met him with a smile in her eyes. She had acted as if there was not a care or a trouble in the world.

Jim had danced the first waltz with her, and after that Dick Willever had made his appearance and had led her off through the shadows of Lovers' lane. It seemed to Jim as if they would never return.

Suddenly he espied them walking slowly up the lane. He noticed, with a sigh of relief, that they were walking farther apart than the occasion demanded.

Jim arose as they approached the porch and offered his arm to Margaret. With a brief nod at Dick, she accepted the proffered arm and accompanied her escort into the club. Jim led the way to the swinging seat on the porch.

"Well," he said questioningly.

"Well, what?"

"You said that you would give me your answer after you had seen Dick again. You've seen him, haven't you?"

"Yes, he's rather good-looking, isn't he?" she parried.

"He's very good-looking," he answered honestly. "A blame sight more so than I am."

"Well," Margaret remarked noncommittally. "There are looks, and then there are looks."

Jim glanced at her quizzically, but her face was impassive.

"I don't think it's quite fair to be putting me off like this," he said. "Surely my question deserves an answer."

For a moment the girl was silent; then she turned impulsively toward her companion.

"Do you know what Dick and I were talking about during our romantic walk?" she asked.

"Of course not."

"We were discussing another girl."

"What other girl?"

"The one he is going to marry."

"What?" Jim's heart broke the world's record for a long-distance leap.

"Yes," Margaret continued calmly. "He told me that Glenwood had grown provincial to him since his experiences in New York, and that this town and the people in it were not quite the kind he is accustomed to."

"What about his promise to you?"

"He had forgotten all about it."

For a moment Jim was silent; then he ventured a glance at the girl beside him. The old I-don't-care look was in her eyes.

"What do you think about it?" he asked.

Margaret tossed her head contemptuously in the irresistible manner which had first attracted Jim.

"Oh," she answered evenly, "I don't care."

She tried to glance away, but Jim, suddenly bold, took her cheeks in his hands and faced her about until she looked fairly at him.

"Do you know, Margaret," he said, "I think I'll kiss you."

The girl moved just a fraction of an inch nearer to him.

"I don't care if you do," she answered happily.

Riddled.

"How did that treaty become a mess of scrap of paper?" "Got muddled up on the rough edges of the mallet fist that wrote it."

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# Big Grocery Sale Now On!

I HAVE JUST PURCHASED A LARGE GROCERY STOCK AND MUST MAKE ROOM

As Prices of Food are on the Climb it will Pay You to Take Advantage of This Sale NOW.

15c Tall Can Soup for 10c	20c Chef Raisins 14c	SOAPS	CORN SYRUP
15c Can Milk, 2 for 25c	30c Can Pork and Beans 23c	All Soaps, ea., 5c	15c Can - 13c
30 CENT PURE PRE- SERVES, For 23c	20c Can Peas 15c	Whiz Hand Soap 9c	50c Can for 40c
15c Jellies, 2 for 25c	25c Can Peas 19c	Jap Rose Soap 8c	\$1.00 Can for 89c
12c Jellies, - 9c	30c Qt. Olives 23c	FAIRY OR SWEET HEART SOAP, Each, 4c	25c Molasses 19c
10 CENT JELLIES, 3 For 25c	25 CENT CAN CORN For 19c	PALM OLIVE SOAP, 3 For 25c	CHICKEN FEED, Per 100 Pounds, \$4.25
25 CENT CAN TOMATOES For 18c	25 CENT SLICED PINE- APPLE, For 19c	ARGO GLOSS STARCH, For, 4c	SALT
30 CENT CAN TOMATOES, For 23c	12 CENT SPAGHETTI OR MACARONI, For 11c	25 CENT CAN SWEET POTATOES For, 19c	10 CENT BAG For, 9c
15c Can Pineapple 11c	40c Coffee, for 29c	GINGER SNAPS At, Per Pound, 13c	CRACKERS, Per Pound, 14c
<b>SALMON</b>	50c Tea, Green or Black 39c	MOTHERS' OATS, For 10c	<b>SPECIAL FLOUR SALE</b>
30 CENT RED BOY, (TALL), For, 24c	CAROLINA FANCY HEAD RICE, At, Per Pound, 8c	ONIONS, Per Pound, For 3c	WE WILL DELIVER MORNINGS ONLY
25 CENT BEST BLACK TOP OR NHLE, At 19c	20c Can Pork and Beans, for 17c	ORANGES, Per Dozen, 12c	PHONE EARLY.
20 CENT SALMON For 16c	AND MANY OTHER BARGAINS.	VALENCES ORANGES, Per Dozen, 19c	PHONE NORTHVILLE 113
15 CENT SALMON, For 13c		SURE POP, For 9c	

BRING  
YOUR  
BASKETS.

## Weitzman's Cash Grocery Store.

### NINA DAY GRIFFIN

#### CONTRALTO.

Vocal Instructions and Coaching  
Phone 392-R-2.

#### TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

Frank L. Lewis, Attorney, 625 Motlat  
Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

#### MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of principal and interest on a certain mortgage made by George P. Palmer and Adelaide Palmer, his wife, Rudolph H. VanHartesveldt and Beba E. VanHartesveldt, his wife, of the city of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, to the Redford Lumber Company, a corporation of Redford, Michigan, dated the first day of October, 1915, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wayne county, Michigan, on the 22nd day of October, 1915, in liber 752 of mortgages, on page 524, and which said mortgage was duly assigned on the 16th day of April, A. D. 1917 by the said mortgagee to Joseph Dallavo, of Wyandotte, Michigan, which said assignment of mortgage was recorded on April 17, 1917, in the records of Wayne county, Michigan, in liber 65 of assignment of mortgages, on page 211, and the same having remained unpaid for a period of more than thirty days after it became due and payable the said assignee and holder of said mortgage hereby exercises his option given by said mortgage and declares the principal sum of said mortgage, together with all interest unpaid at this date, to be due and payable immediately.

There is now claimed to be due and payable on said mortgage for principal and interest the sum of five hundred sixty-two and 57/100 (\$562.57) dollars and no proceeding having been taken in law or equity to recover the same or any part thereof, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and the statutes in such case made and provided, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the southerly entrance on Congress street, to the Wayne County Building, in the city of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, that being the building where the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held, on Monday, the 6th day of August, 1917, at twelve o'clock noon, Eastern standard time, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to realize the amount due as aforesaid, and the costs and expenses of sale, including the attorney's fee allowed by law and provided for in said mortgage; also any sum or sums that shall be paid at or before said sale by the undersigned for taxes or insurance to protect his interest in said premises described in said mortgage, which said premises are described as follows:

Lot thirty-one (31) Allan L. Lamphere subdivision, Redford, Wayne county, Michigan, situated in the township of Redford, Wayne county, Michigan.

Dated, April 25, A. D. 1917.  
JOSEPH DALLAVO,  
Assignee of Mortgage.  
Frank A. Lewis,  
Attorney for assignee.

### VISITORS - HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. Florence Sackett is at her home here for the summer.

Miss Edith Mead is spending a part of her vacation with her sister and family at Caro.

Miss Clara Wagner of the local telephone exchange is spending her vacation in Detroit this week.

Mrs. Ada Button of Farmington has been a recent guest of her sister, Mrs. Helen Welsh and brother, Randall Chapman.

Mrs. C. C. Keyes returned last week from Detroit, having sufficiently recovered from her injuries to walk around with the aid of a crutch.

Miss Maude Harmon of Detroit was in town the first of the week, her two daughters, who had been here since the Fourth, returning home with her.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Power, formerly of this place, whose home has been in the West for some years past, have rented a home in Mt. Airy, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Charter and son, Glenn, accompanied by Mrs. Charles LeFever and son and Misses Shirley and Frances Harmon, motored to

STATE OF MICHIGAN. In the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne. In Chancery. No. 56092.  
Peter Stank, Plaintiff.

vs.  
Anna Stank, defendant.

At a session of said court held at the court house in the city of Detroit, on the 13th day of June, 1917.

Present, HON. GEO. P. CODD, Circuit Judge.

It appearing to the said court from affidavit on file, that defendant, Anna Stank, is not a resident of this state but is a resident of the state of New York. On motion of M. E. Tripp, attorney for plaintiff, it is ordered that said defendant enter her appearance in the above entitled cause within three months from the date of this order or the bill of complaint herein, will be taken as confessed against her. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once each week for six successive weeks in the Northville Record, a newspaper published and circulated in this county.

GEORGE P. CODD,  
Circuit Judge.

(A true copy).  
JOHN D. LESNAU,  
47-1. Deputy Clerk.

### CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.  
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take as directed.  
Beware of cheap imitations.  
DR. J. C. CHICHESTER'S PILLS for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Denton Sunday afternoon to call on friends.

Mrs. Will Millard of Detroit visited Mrs. Warren VanDine Wednesday.

Miss Marjorie Black is spending the summer with relatives in Lansing.

Miss Ada Roe is spending a week with friends in Ypsilanti and vicinity.

Miss Pierson of Farmington and Mrs. Floyd Shafer spent Friday in Detroit.

E. K. Starkweather started Saturday on his trip to Denver and New Mexico.

Francis Murphy of Ft. Sheridan, Ill. was a guest of Northville friends Sunday.

Miss Lillian Schroeder of Farmington visited Miss Zoe Little a few days this week.

N. C. Schrader and wife arrived home Sunday from their trip to Denver, Colo.

Arthur W. Barley of Rochester, N. Y. is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Barley.

Mrs. Pierson and daughter of Farmington spent last week Thursday with Mrs. Floyd Shafer.

Mrs. Will Carpenter and Miss I. Scott of Detroit are guests at the home of E. A. Noble this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dolph of Detroit spent Sunday with the former's brother, A. K. Dolph and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Tibbles and baby of Chicago are guests of Mrs. Tibbles' grandmother, Mrs. C. J. Ball.

Miss Alice Hazen of Jackson was a visitor for a few days of last week at the home of her aunt, Mrs. R. E. McCoy.

Mrs. Addie McKahn of this place and Mrs. Augusta Root and daughter, Harvie, of Detroit were guests of Claude McKahn and wife at their Cooley lake cottage last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Ainslee of Monroe were called here the first of this week by the death of Mrs. John Walker, remaining until after the funeral.

#### TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

Northville Chautauqua  
July 27-31, 1917.

Familiar Misquotations.  
"Where there's a will there are many quabbling relations."

Failure.  
Failure is sometimes the result of swapping what we have for what we want.

Most Necessary.  
A bride for the tongue is a necessary piece of harness.

## Hear these Great Lectures

The Chautauqua offers four lectures in the five-day session that every one in the community should make a special effort to hear. Even if you are one of those who have said they "don't like lectures" you will say when you have heard these four that they were worth every minute spent and every cent it cost to hear them.

They will come in the following order: Dr. Robert Parker Miles, Andre Tridon and Albert Edward Wiggam on the first three evenings, Caveny on the third afternoon and Wallace Bruce Ambary on the last afternoon.

### MILES

Dr. Miles landed in New York as a youth with 50 cents in his pocket. He has made two tours of the world, he has won recognition as one of the world's greatest newspaper reporters and writers, and he knows how to tell of his experiences interestingly and with dramatic effect. "Tallow Dips" is his lecture subject. In this lecture he describes the more intimate life of a few of the notable men he has met in his world travels—men he has come to know at close range. The list includes kings, emperors and statesmen of worldwide fame.

### TRIDON

A French scholar, war correspondent and author who has made an exhaustive study of conditions in Mexico. He knows the whole of Mexico. He has been over its vast deserts, and he has lived in its cities. In fact, to be brief, he went into Mexico and lived the life of a Mexican so that he might get an inside, unbiased, accurate view of its political and social conditions. While there he supplied news and comment from Mexico for the Outlook, the Independent and numerous other magazines as well as newspapers. He has only recently returned from a trip into Mexico, where he went to get material to bring his lectures up to the minute. His lecture subject is "An Inside View of Mexico."

### WIGGAM

Dr. Wiggam is known the country over as an authority on heredity. He is a member of the largest scientific societies in this country and England, and the things he discusses are presented authoritatively. He believes the subject of heredity is one that will solve the problem of making the race more efficient. It is constructive, informing, and it is worth while. His subject is "Heredity and Human Progress."

### AMSBARY

Dr. Ambary has been known for years as an interpreter of plays and short stories. He is a master genius in the literary world. In his "Poet Sage of Lockport Street" he will give the interesting personal reminiscences of James Whitcomb Riley, together with an interpretation of his simple songs of every day, filled with the elusive charm of rural life.

And, in addition, there is Franklin Caveny, chalk talker and clay modeler.

There are only five attractions out of a combination of ten or more that make up the five days' program. Music will have an important place in the Chautauqua, and there are also the purely entertainment features.

The season tickets, if bought now of the local Chautauqua committee, are \$1.50. If bought at the gate they will be \$1.75. Tickets for boys and girls of from six to fourteen years are 75 cents if bought now, \$1 if bought at the gate. This brings the cost down to a few cents a number. Admissions at the gate total \$3.75. What you need is a season ticket. What the committee wants is to have you buy season tickets rather than pay at the gate. So get in line, and we'll make it the one big event of the year.

GET YOUR TICKETS FOR  
**Community Chautauqua**