

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII NO. 23.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1918.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

## THE HONOR ROLL FOR NORTHVILLE

Parents, relatives or friends, are requested to furnish correct addresses, where errors occur, and to keep the record posted as to any changes.

The Record would like a photograph in uniform of each Northville soldier now in the U. S. service.

Amber, Roy—Co. A, 28th Eng. Corps, A. E. F., via Paris, France.  
Bryson, Karl—Headquarters Co. Band 15th U. S. K. G., A. E. F.  
Brown, Frank W.—Coast Artillery, Corps, C. A. C. F., Totten, N. Y.  
Bryson, Jack—Motor Dept., Co. E 16th Eng. Am. Exp., Forces, via N. Y.  
Barber, Clifford—Co. F, First U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.  
Blowers, Hiram E.—Co. A, Field Hospital Service, Fort Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.  
Crum, Chester—Co. F, 310th Engineers Camp Custer.  
Casterline, Orrin—Co. F, 15th Eng. Camp Custer.  
Coch, John V.—17 Co 5th Reg., U. S. M. C. A. E. F.  
Dunham, Scott H.—Co. A, 128th Inf., M. B. V., A. E. F., via N. Y.  
Dunham, Ross M.—Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois.  
Dunham, Carroll—Enlisted Ordnance Corps, N. A. Augusta, Ga.  
Dunham, James E.—Co. F, 10th Engineers (Forestry) American Expeditionary Force.  
Desaulniers, Raymond—Sergeant 5th Aero Squadron, S. C. Kelly Field, S. Antonio, Texas.  
Ely, Tracy, Sergeant—Co. B, 28th Eng. Corps, Camp Meade, Md.  
Fox, Walter—Co. H, 126th Inf., Ft. McArthur, Texas.  
Foss, Paul—Co. L, 338th Inf., Barracks 634, Camp Custer.  
Foss, Wm.—Co. M, Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, Illinois.  
Garfield, Truman—165th Aero Squadron, Calif. Field, Wichita Falls, Tex.  
Green, Lloyd, Co. C, 120 U. S. M. G. Battalion, Waco, Texas.  
Girardin, Louis—Battalion Brooklyn, via N. Y.  
Hall, Frank N.—Co. L, 338th Inf., Camp Custer.  
Henry, Thomas B.—Capt. Edgewood, M. S. Supt. Sanitary construction work.  
Hayner, Charles W.—Sergeant, 40th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens.  
Hollis, Elmer—2nd Co. Coast Artillery Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.  
Jackson, Elmer—Sergeant, Motor Truck Co. 313, Train 404, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.  
Jordan, Clayton—Co. A, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.  
Jordan, Ralph B.—14th Field Artillery, Battery E, Camp Merritt, N. J.  
Johnson, Jesse—Co. H, 126th Inf., Camp McArthur, Texas.  
Jones, Wm. L.—Sergeant, Co. A, 329th M. G. B. Co. Camp Custer.  
Johnson, Edward—175th Aero Sq., Lexington Field, Texas.  
Johnson, Ben R.—Medical Corps, L. G. F., Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.  
Kysor, James D.—328th Headquarters Co., Field Artillery, Camp Custer.  
Kysor, Asa B.—1st Depot Brigade, Camp Grant, Ill.  
Langfield, Conrad—Med. Supply Div., Surgeon General's office, Washington, D. C.  
Limbright, Robert A.—Aviation Dept. 22nd Regiment Platoon 8, Squad No. 484, Ft. Thomas, Ky.  
Lanning, Orrin—Navy, Battleship Michigan, N. Y.  
Montgomery, Earl—Co. E, 310th Eng., Barracks 894, Camp Custer.  
Murphy, C. F., Lieut.—A. E. F., C. Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.  
Malcomson, Leo—Co. E, 338th Inf., Camp Custer.  
Martin, Guy—Supply Co. 328th Field Artillery, Camp Custer.  
Martin, Edward—102 Aero Squadron, A. E. F., N. Y.  
Miles, Elbridge—Co. E, 55th Tel. Bn., Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, N. J.  
Perkins, Peter L.—Co. G, 23rd Eng., Camp Meade, Md.  
Raymond, Fred—F. S. Santo Domingo, care Postmaster, N. Y.  
Ryder, Ralph W.—Battery D, 119th Field Artillery, Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas.  
Roche, Barney—Co. E, 16th Eng. Am. Exped. Forces, via N. Y.  
Reche, James—Co. E, 16th Eng. Am. Exped. Forces, via N. Y.  
Shumons, Geo. Corporal—Co. E, 310th Engineers, Camp Custer.  
Saw, Ed—160th Depot Brigade, Med. Dept., Camp Custer.  
Schultz, Charles—Co. K, 1st Regiment Motor Mechanics, Signal Corps, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.  
Stage, L. D.—Co. F, 310 Eng. Camp Custer.  
Simpson, Fay—Truck Co. No. 4, Camp Meade, Maryland.  
Thomas, Ira—Ordnance Corps, A. E. F.  
Thibbs, Harold—Co. E, 338th Inf., Camp Custer.  
Wilber, J. Roland—23rd Engineering Corps, Detach 23, Camp Meade, Maryland.  
Wilkinson, Frank, Corporal—Co. C, 310 Field Signal, B. N., Camp Custer.  
Williams, Ruel—Amb. Co. 168, 117th Sanitary Train, A. E. F.  
White, Harry H.—Port MacFieson, Atlanta, Ga. Y. M. C. A. Box 2.  
Wheaton, Harold—Battery B, 119th Field Artillery Waco, Texas.  
Wilcox, Lloyd, Corporal, Battery F, 222, F. A. N. A., Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.  
Yerkes, Joseph A.—Co. B, 126th Inf., Waco, Texas.

Claude Ely has received from his

brother, Tracy, this week, the young soldier's certificate of promotion, first to a corporalship and then in the same month—December—to the position of Sergeant. As he left Northville September 12, his friends feel pardonably gratified at Tracy's quick advancement.

Mrs. C. F. Murphy has received a letter this week from her husband, announcing his safe arrival in France, via England. The letter was dated January 18th, from an American British rest camp. Lieut. Murphy stated that he sent a cablegram immediately on his arrival on the other side, but the message has never reached Northville.

On their way to southern California Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Harmon went to Kelley Field, San Antonio, Texas and visited Sergeant Raymond Desaulniers. They report him "fat" and happy, with some expectation of being sent to Selfridge Field, Mich., to complete his aviation training.

Harry H. White, son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. White, has been transferred from the Post Hospital at Fort Andrews, Boston, Mass., where he enlisted, to Ft. McPherson, Atlanta, Ga.

Corporal George Simmons was home from Camp Custer to spend the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Simmons.

Mrs. Roy Cole spent Sunday at Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, with her son, Sergeant Charles Hayner, and Mrs. Hayner.

Private L. E. Stage returned to Camp Custer Wednesday, after a 15 days' furlough spent with his family here.

Word comes to his friends here, from Orrin Casterline that he has signed his papers for overseas service.

### WELL KNOWN CITIZEN GONE

Edwin B. Thompson, for the past 50 years or more a resident of this place and who had passed practically his entire life in this vicinity, died Thursday, January 31 at his home on Dunlap st. at the age of 71 years.

Mr. Thompson's health began to fail a little over two years ago, and he had undergone two severe hospital operations and much suffering before his release from earth came. He was born in Scipioville, Cayuga Co. N. Y. coming to Salem township when but three years old, his parents settling on what is known as the James Clark farm. About the time of the civil war they purchased the Thompson homestead on the base line just west of town. Mr. Thompson was survived by his wife, who was Eleanor Starkweather, a son, Frank L. and a daughter, Mrs. C. C. Yerkes of this village, also two sisters, Mrs. Frazier of Philadelphia and Mrs. Whipple of Northville and three brothers, also of this vicinity.

Funeral services were held from the home Sunday afternoon, conducted by Rev. E. V. Belles. The casket was placed in the vault in Oakwood and burial will be made in Rural Hill later on.

### FUNERAL OF MRS. RAHR

The body of Mrs. Rose Rahr, who died in Pontiac last week was brought to Northville Saturday, and funeral services were held in the afternoon from the home of her father, Oliver Palmer. The body was placed in the vault in Oakwood cemetery to remain until such time as weather conditions permit interment in Rural Hill.

### THE LOCAL RED CROSS

The Northville Red Cross Auxiliary has added, since December 22 last, over 300 names to its membership list with others still coming in, principally as a result of the "drive" recently made. The chairman feels especially grateful to those ladies who so ably assisted in the house-to-house canvass, and all who engaged in the work speak in the highest terms of the courteous treatment accorded them in the homes of Northville, and their zealous and ready response to their appeal for members. The houses in town do not now display the crimson cross as in the minority.

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends for their kindness and for the flowers, Mr. and Mrs. Stahro for singing and Mr. Lorenz for his kind words in our time of bereavement. MR. AND MRS. R. W. KEHR, MR. AND MRS. A. G. KEHR, MR. AND MRS. A. W. KEHR.

## YARNALL GOLD CURE QUITS BUSINESS

LACK OF SALOONS IN UNITED STATES AND EUROPEAN WAR THE CAUSE.

DR. T. S. BALL HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL SUPERINTENDENT SINCE ITS START IN 1892.

The famous Yarnall Gold Cure which has had a flourishing and prosperous career here for more than twenty-five years, has been closed up by order of the trustees of the estate, Edward H. Lapham, cashier of the Lapham State Savings bank. The reason given for the close of business is two fold: Lack of patients caused by the war conditions and the gradual extension of the prohibition movement. You see it is necessary to have plenty of saloons in order to have gold-cure patients.

The Yarnall Institute was established here in 1892 by the late Wm. H. Yarnall, Tom Quinn and Tim Tarsney of Saginaw. Dr. Yarnall at once became the resident manager and later bought out the interests of the other partners. Thousands of dollars were spent in advertising and in a few years the institution became known all over the United States. Dr. T. S. Ball, another Saginaw man, was appointed by Dr. Yarnall as chief assistant and he has been the superintendent in charge since the death of Dr. Yarnall in 1911. Dr. Yarnall had invested his profits in Detroit real estate and at the time of his death had accumulated considerable wealth. His estate was left in trusteeship to Edward H. Lapham, for the benefit of the widow and child, until the latter became of age. Mr. Lapham has conducted the business in a profitable manner until the year past when business fell off to such an extent that he found it necessary to close it up at this time, and the handsome property will soon be offered for sale.

From this institution have graduated some of the famous men of the country. To this cure have come senators, congressmen, judges, lawyers, governors, editors, poets, authors, statesmen, financiers, teachers, scientists, manufacturers; in fact men from nearly all the prominent walks of life. The institute register would make interesting reading but like the war department news of today, is all strictly censored. And so passes one of Northville's famous places, but with the remembrance that it has been the means of doing a world of good.

One of the important factors in the successful operation of this long famous institution has been the great popularity of Dr. Ball with the patients. His genial personality and tactful skill in handling the endless varieties of human nature under difficult conditions of physical and mental disability has been an element immeasurably important to the enterprise, and has, besides, won him many lifelong friends.

### LIBRARY FUEL GONE

On account of a total lack of fuel it will be impossible to open the Library tomorrow—Saturday. It has not seemed right to the members of the board to take coal for this purpose when so many homes are out of fuel. It is hoped a supply will be available by another Saturday. Seven-day books will be exchanged at the Lapham bank from 2 to 2 p. m.

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our kind neighbors, also the singers and those who sent flowers, and especially our minister, Mr. Riley for his kind words in our time of bereavement. MR. AND MRS. OLIVER PALMER, MRS. ETTA BROWN & FAMILY, MRS. ARTHUR PALMER & FAMILY of Ann Arbor. MRS. ELVA MOYER & FAMILY, MR. GILBERT PALMER & FAMILY.

### A MEDAL OF HONOR

Mr. E. O. Blood, the Rawleigh man in this territory, called at the office this week and showed us a medal he recently won in a big sales contest among the company's 2,500 retailers in the U. S. and Canada. Mr. Blood is naturally proud of the medal which he secured and he should be complimented on the ability which enabled him to sell enough goods to win a medal.

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

## MRS. HARRIET TALFORD.

Northville people were shocked to hear of the death, Wednesday, February 6, of Mrs. Harriet Talford, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. B. C. Stark, as few had known that she was ill. During her several years' residence in this village Mrs. Talford had won the love and respect of all with whom she had been associated. Her faithful and efficient work for the Red Cross ever since it was taken up here, has been held as an example for many much younger women.

Harriet M. Camp was born in Lenawee county, Michigan, nearly 76 years ago. She became the wife of J. P. Talford in 1858. They were the parents of 4 children, two of whom, George Talford of Lima, O., and Mrs. Estella Stark of this place are living. Mr. Talford died about five years ago.

The funeral was held from the B. C. Stark home Thursday afternoon with Rev. Edward Belles of the Presbyterian church as the officiating clergyman, and the interment took place at Sand Creek, Michigan.

### Auction Sale.

Wm. Glover will have an auction sale of dairy cows, farm tools and machinery, vehicles, harness, hay, potatoes, corn and household goods on Tuesday, February 12, on the Charles Coldren farm 4 miles west and 1 1/2 miles south of Northville. Auctioneer, Frank J. Boyle. Time, 9 o'clock, lunch at noon.

On Monday, February 11, on the former Andrew Houck farm, southwest of Northville, H. A. Jones will have a sale of dairy cattle, farm implements, horses, hay, grain and ensilage. The dairy herd includes 4 registered thoroughbred Holstein cattle. Sale begins at 1 o'clock p. m., sharp, with Frank J. Boyle, as auctioneer.

Frank E. Hills and Brothers will have an auction sale of cattle, horses, farm implements, grain, etc., on the Elmer DeKay farm, 2 miles west of Northville, on the Fishery road, on Thursday, February 14, commencing at 10 o'clock, with hot lunch at noon. Geo. Rattenbury, auctioneer. Conveniences will meet the 9:30 and 10:30 a. m. D. U. R. cars at Northville.

On the premises 3 1/2 miles west of Northville on the Fishery road, the Angell Bros. are to sell at auction their herd of 16 high grade Holstein dairy cows, all milkers or due to freshen soon and 2 year-old grade Holstein bull, also Waterloo Boy 4-cow milking machine complete with engine. Frank Boyle, auctioneer. Date, Monday, Feb. 18, at ten o'clock a. m.

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

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

LOST—Monday, on Main street, gold watch, in leather wrist band. "B. M. W." engraved on back of watch. Reward. Phone 278-M. 29w1c.

LOST—Between Northside and Palace meat market, Wednesday a. m., small purse containing money. Finder please return to Mrs. C. T. Madison, Horton Ave., and receive reward. 29w1c.

WANTED—To rent a large farm on shares. Bank references given. Address, J. F. Flick, Farmington. 28w2p.

FOR SALE—Cottage on Yerkes Ave. Electric lights, gas, hard and soft water in kitchen; good drainage. Phone 52. 29w1p.

FOR SALE—Two geese and 1 gander. Phone 251 J-1. 29w1p.

FOR SALE—Jersey cow, calf by side. F. L. Hendryx. Phone 371-R. 29w1c.

FOR SALE—Spring wheat, bulled barley, 2-h. p. gasoline engine, star wind-mill feed grinder and fancy seed potatoes. Burton Murro, Novi. 29w1c.

FOR SALE—Kitchen range. Phone 183 R-3. 29w1p.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred White Leghorn cockerels. Phone 190 R-1. 29w2c.

FOR SALE—About 150 crates of good hard feed corn. W. H. McMilla. Phone 244 J-2. 29w1c.

FOR SALE—Wood. C. C. Morgan. Phone 371 R-2. 281p.

FOR SALE—Wood; \$1.00 per cord. Phone 325 R-2. 28w2p.

FOR SALE—Household furniture. Phone 278-M. 28w2c.

FOR SALE—Female canaries. Phone 344-J. 28w1p.

FOR SALE—300 bushels of potatoes at \$1.25 per bushel, at Hills' Meat Market, Northville. 24w1c.



## "On the Line by Nine O'Clock"

A better washing; whiter clothes; no hard work. Freedom from hours of slop and steam, when you use the

## MOTOR HIGH WASHER

It runs easier loaded than others do empty. It's the washer with the spiral cut gears that give ease and speed; the four winged wooden dolly that churns the hot suds through the clothes—positively won't injure even the finest fabrics; metal faucet, automatic cover-lift, high art finish, and other distinct features.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware,  
Northville, Michigan.

The man with money knows that one dollar at a time will build a fortune; one stick at a time makes a cord.



You've often heard about that man who "said nothing and sewed wood." He didn't expect to saw a whole cord at once.

He didn't expect to make a whole fortune at once. But he began with a little deposit in the bank and piled up a fortune almost before he knew it.

Look at the men today who said nothing and "sawed wood" a few years ago. John D. Rockefeller was one of them. You can do the same.

## Northville State Savings Bank

## Let This Tonic Build Strength for You.

ELDERLY PEOPLE, WHOSE STRENGTH IS NOT EQUAL TO THE RIGORS OF WINTER, ANEMIC CHILDREN, AND THOSE WHO ARE CONVALESCENT WILL FIND INVIGORATING STRENGTH IN

## Rexall Cod Liver Oil Emulsion

THIS BLOOD-BUILDING, STRENGTH-GIVING PREPARATION COMBINES THE HEALING VIRTUES OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF CALCIUM, SODIUM AND POTASSIUM, FORMING A TONIC THAT SENDS RICH, NEW BLOOD COURSE THROUGH THE BODY. BLENDED WITH THESE ARE AROMATIC OILS THAT SKILLFULLY DESTROY THE DISAGREEABLE TASTE, PRODUCING A COD LIVER OIL EMULSION THAT CAN BE TAKEN AND RETAINED BY THE WEAKEST STOMACH.

50 Cents and \$1.00.

## Rexall Wine of Cod Liver Extract

IS PREPARED FOR THOSE WHO PREFER THE MEDICINE QUALITIES OF CODS' LIVERS WITHOUT THE TASTE OF OIL.

AS AN INSURANCE AGAINST COLDS AND PULMONARY TROUBLES THERE IS NOTHING BETTER THAN TRYING IT. THEY STRENGTHEN THE SYSTEM TO RESIST BEGIN THIS HELPFUL TREATMENT TODAY.

## A. E. STANLEY

The REXALL Store.

*Stanley*



**UNLIKE**  
other cereals  
**Grape-Nuts**  
requires only about  
half the ordinary quan-  
tity of milk or cream.  
Likewise because of  
its natural sweetness  
requires no sugar.

**Grape-Nuts** the  
best cooked food,  
to eat round savor-  
ered cereal. *Reason*  
which makes  
viation.

From Kaikamāza.

A beginner at golf was on one occasion taking an unconscionable time to get round a course not far from this city. Several holes had been played in a manner which produced a look of disgust on the face of the caddy. Getting badly bunkered, the golfer vied a number of clubs, one after the other, without success. Turning to the caddy, he inquired:

"What should I take now, boy?"

"You should take the 4:25 car back to the city, sir," was the boy's prompt response.

Officials of the New England Inter Collegiate Lawn Tennis association have expressed the intention of conducting an active season of competitions and a championship tournament next season. The indorsement of the National Collegiate Athletic association advocating the resumption of all competitive sports has brought about the determination.

Remember that it takes a good strong fence to hold the cows and calves apart during the long winter months, and where this improvement is lacking there is sure to be trouble for you.

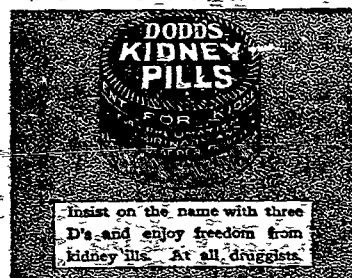
**When Your Eyes Need Care  
Try Murine Eye Remedy**  
No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at  
Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book.  
**MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO**



## Julius Anderson Writes, Wouldn't Be Without Dodd's Kidney Pills

Read what Mr. Anderson of Lake City, Mich., says about Dodd's Kidney Pills: "I received your letter and the Dodd's Pills. The Pills I highly recommend and I write this letter not to get another box but because they are good and worth to me every cent that are invested in them. I take them almost regularly and find them very handy for keeping in the house and feel that I cannot be without them. They have done me much good, which I highly appreciate, and will recommend them to my friends."

Wise persons, like Mr. Anderson, accept no substitute for the old genuine Dodd's Kidney Pills; their remedial qualities are too well known to thousands of users who have saved themselves from the ravages of kidney troubles by the timely use of this famous old remedy.



Can Recite All of Bible by Heart. The most wonderful feat on record has recently been accomplished by William Frederick, a New York salesman.

He has learned the entire Bible off by heart, and can repeat any passage in it from Genesis to Revelations and state where it may be found. It has taken him 18 years.

A similar task was once undertaken by an eighteenth-century strolling player, about whom Sir William Robertson Nicoll has written. But he gave in after 11 years, by which time he had succeeded in memorizing about two-thirds of the Old Testament.

Chivalrous Youngsters. Henry has a large Newfoundland dog named Rex. While at play a frozen and hungry little dog approached. Rex growled and Henry said: "Be a gentleman, Rex. Don't hurt the little dog; he got no home or friends."

Colds Cause Headache and Grip. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets relieve the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." It is SOVEREIGN on box. See.

It's the love of the other fellow for your money that is the root of all evil.



### Children Who Are Sickly

When your child cries at night, tosses restlessly in its sleep, is constipated, feverish or has symptoms of worms, you feel worried. Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children, should never be without a box of **Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children**.

For use throughout the season. They tend to break up colds, relieve feverishness, constipation, teething disorders, move and regulate the bowels, and destroy worms. These powders are pleasant to take and easy for parents to give. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver and give healthful sleep. Don't accept by regulating the child's alimentary system.

Used by mothers for 37 years. Sold by all druggists, 25 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. OLIMSTED, L. E. RAY, N. Y.

Be sure you ask for and obtain **Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.**

More than 60 yrs. ago an English chemist began to manufacture BEECHAM'S PILLS. Today they have the greatest sale of any medicine in the world! Why?

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

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

## Dr. 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.

## Cuticura Soap is Easy Shaving for Sensitive Skins

The New Up-to-date Cuticura Method

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 6-1918.



## The Comforter

A Story of President Lincoln Founded on Fact

By F. A. MITCHELL

When the great struggle between the Northern and Southern states came on Allan Fitz Hugh, twelve years old, was at school in Virginia. He was a boy of delicate physique, but was full of fire, and, hearing that Abraham Lincoln was coming southward at the head of an armed force, was much troubled because he was too young to shoulder a musket and repel the invader. He found it difficult during those exciting times to attend to his studies, and had it not been for the influence of his mother, whom he dearly loved, he could not have been kept at school at all.

In those days the passion attending war ran high on both sides. The songs, the gibes, the speeches and what was written concerning the great struggle were very bitter and usually far from the truth. In the North it was "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and in the South President Lincoln was called "the baboon." The Northern schoolboy conceived the idea that President Davis was an angry, not realizing that he was an educated gentleman, had commanded a regiment of United States troops in the war with Mexico, had been a United States senator and secretary of war. The Southern schoolboy considered President Lincoln a wild man from the Western woods who delighted in bloodshed. Children whose minds are not developed must concentrate upon one head in any movement in which they are interested. So Allan's thoughts dwelt upon Mr. Lincoln, embodying the great president with his idea of the hated "Yankees."

When Allan was fifteen he begged his mother to let him go to fight for the Confederacy. Naturally she clung to her son, and the matter was compromised between them in this wise: If the war was not over in another year Allan was to enlist with his mother's consent. Many boys of his age, both in the North and in the South, broke away from parental restraint and enlisted without permission. Food for powder was in demand, and the recruiting officers often winked at the fact that the recruits were under age. But Allan was his mother's only child, and, being of an extremely affectionate disposition, the bond between them was doubly strong.

So Allan continued at his studies, though he read more about the battles that were being fought than the subjects treated in his textbooks. He lived in Richmond, and at one time had listened to the roar of the cannon during the seven days' battles that had been fought between Lee and McClellan. His admiration for soldiers wore away some of his bitterness against the federal generals, but President Lincoln was still the embodiment of his repugnance for the Northern people. The two heads—Davis of the Confederacy and Lincoln of the federal Union—throughout the war continued to represent the bitter antagonism felt by either side.

In the early spring of 1865 Allan Fitz Hugh came to be sixteen years of age, and his mother reluctantly consented to his doing his part to fill the gaps in the Southern ranks made by Northern missiles. When the time

came for him to leave his mother he was seized with a foreboding that he would not see her again. It is questionable which suffered the more—at parting, mother or son.

Allan enlisted in time to take part in one of the last battles of the war. He saw a dark line of blue on the edge of a wood behind earthworks. With the Confederate line of battle he moved toward it. Suddenly a storm burst in his face. He felt himself collapse and sank down on the ground. His companions in arms went on, but were soon driven back and over him, leaving him there with a stream of blood flowing from his side.

Later he was picked up by a federal ambulance corps and placed on a stretcher. He believed himself to be dying, and, oh, how terrible not to be able to bid his mother good-by!



"What Can I Do for You, My Boy?"

"Mother!" he cried. "Oh, mother!" A tall, spare man in citizen's apparel heard the wail and directed the carrier to put down the stretcher and, kneeling beside it, asked tenderly: "What can I do for you, my boy?"

"You are a Yankee. You will do nothing for me. I wish to send a message to my mother, but it will never reach her."

"Give me your message, and I promise you that I will send it for you." The next morning Mrs. Fitz Hugh heard of the battle and knew that her son had been in it. While she was wondering what might have been his fate a man rode up to her and gave her a message stating that it had come by flag of truce.

Starting for the front at once, the anxious mother succeeded in bringing her boy home. He hovered for some time between life and death, then began slowly to recover. Not long after this Richmond was evacuated by the Confederates, and President Lincoln went down there from Washington. When he was riding through the street on which the Fitz Hughes lived Allan was propped up in a easy chair on pillows, and his mother pointed out Mr. Lincoln to him.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed the boy. "What is it, Allan?"

"He's the man who comforted me when I was carried off that dreadful battlefield, and he sent you my message."

## America's Martyred President

1809—Born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12. He was descended from a Quaker family, which had emigrated from Virginia about 1780.

1816—Removed with his family from Kentucky to Indiana.

1830—Removed to Illinois, where during the next few years he followed various occupations, including those of a farm laborer, a merchant and a surveyor.

1836—Admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in Springfield.

1842—Served as a captain and afterward as a private in the Black Hawk war.

1844—Elected to the Illinois legislature as a Whig and served eight years.

1847—Elected to congress on the Whig ticket.

1858—As Republican candidate for the United States senate he engaged in a series of joint debates throughout Illinois with the Democratic candidate, Stephen A. Douglas.

1860—Elected president of the United States on the Republican ticket, the disunion of the Democratic party giving him an easy victory. 1861—On April 15, two days after the fall of Fort Sumter, he issued a call for 75,000 volunteers, and the control of events passed from the cabinet to the camp.

1861—April 19, proclaimed a blockade of Southern ports.

1862—September 22, issued a proclamation emancipating all slaves in states or parts of states, which should be in rebellion on January 1, 1863.

1864—Re-elected president by the Republican party, defeating Geo. B. McClellan, candidate of the Democratic party.

1865—Entered Richmond with the Federal army on April 4, two days after that city had been evacuated by the Confederates.

1865—Shot by John Wilkes Booth on April 14, and died the following day. Buried at Springfield, Ill.

Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem.—Lincoln.

## But Are These Legal Tenders?

"Buy your food with thought," says a Hoover bulletin.

"Pay your taxes with a smile," runs a revenue slogan.—Boston Transcript.

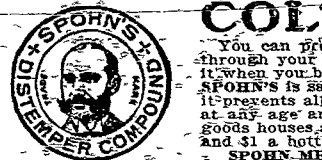
German women must pay \$3.00 a pair for woolen stockings.

## A FIGHT FOR LIFE

It has been fight or die for many of us in the past and the lucky people are those who have suffered, but who are now well because they heeded nature's warning signal in time to correct their trouble with that wonderful new discovery of Dr. Pierce's called "An-u-ric." You should promptly heed these warnings, some of which are "dizzy spells, backache, irregularity of the urine or the painful twinges of rheumatism, sciatica or lumbago." To delay may make possible the dangerous forms of kidney disease, such as stone in the bladder.

To overcome these distressing conditions take plenty of exercise in the open air, avoid a heavy meat diet, drink freely of water and at each meal take Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets (double strength). You will, in a short time, find that you are one of the firm believers of Anuric, as are thousands of neighbors.

Step into the drug store and ask for a 66c package of Anuric, or send Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. Anuric many times more potent than lithia, stimulates uric acid as hot water melts sugar.



The Era of Censorship. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," exclaimed the man who quotes, "Possible," replied Senator Sorghum. "A great deal just now depends on how you got your information and what you intend to do with it."

## RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

## The Softest.

"Why is it," queried the fair widow, "that they always say a man 'pines' for a woman?"

"I suppose," growled the bussy bachelor, "it's because pine is about the softest wood there is."

## Important to Mothers.

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

Misdirected energy is when a young man runs after a girl who doesn't appreciate him.

Woe to the politician whose nerve has become affected.

**CAREFUL! CARED UNDER IN COWS.**  
Beware of the danger to your health from the use of cheap imitations of **BADGER BALM**.  
A soothing and healing ointment. Excellent for sore throats and all other ailments. Read the Practical Home Veterinarian. Send for free booklet on ANTHRAX IN COWS. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Val. Co., 100 East Avenue, Muskegon, Wis.

## Old-Time Herbal Medicine Makes Blood Pure

Addison, Mich.—"A few years ago my blood got very bad. I would get sores on my neck and if I would scratch myself the least bit it would fester up and would not heal. I saw Dr. Pierce's medicines advertised and thought I would give them a trial. I took 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' and they cured me in a short time. I have not had any trouble with my blood since, and am enjoying the best of health. I can recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines as being good."

I took 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' and they cured me in a short time. I have not had any trouble with my blood since, and am enjoying the best of health. I can recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines as being good."

Write Dr. Pierce, 'Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free book on blood. Adv.

## COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and ruin all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, COLT DISTEMPER is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed." All good druggists and turf goods houses and manufacturers sell SPOHN'S at 50 cents and \$1 a bottle, \$5 and \$10 a dozen.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Mfrs., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

## Fluid Fuel.

"I want to see alcohol abolished from the face of the earth," remarked the dyspeptic citizen.

"Of course, you mean alcoholic drinks."

"No, I don't draw the line. If the health of the nation is to be preserved we've got to shut down on the chafing dish as well as the flowing bowl."—Exchange.

## BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop irritation in the bronchial tubes, insuring a good night's rest, free from coughing and with easy expectation in the morning. Made and sold in America for fifty-two years. A wonderful prescription, assisting nature in building up your general health and throwing off the disease. Especially useful in lung trouble, asthma, croup, bronchitis, etc. For sale in all civilized countries.—Adv.

## True Blue.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, at a luncheon at Piping Rock, praised an old New Yorker.

"He is a true-blue American for sure," Mr. Vanderbilt said. "His ancestors came over on the Mayflower and his descendants are going back on army transports."

The foolish little moth looks on the bright side of things—and you have doubtless observed his finish.

## LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

YOU'LL enjoy this real Burley cigarette. It's full of flavor—just as good as a pipe.

## IT'S TOASTED

The Burley tobacco is toasted; makes the taste delicious. You know how toasting improves the flavor of bread. And it's the same with tobacco exactly.



Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED



**The Northville Record.**

Published by  
**NEAL PRINTING CO.**  
J. E. 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., FEB. 8, 1918.

**WHY NOT ENFORCE LOYALTY?**

The Record suggests, to the U. S. Food Administration that instead of depending on the voluntary loyalty of the people of this country in the adherence to the laws for the conservation of certain kinds of products it would be better to get at the sources of things and make the necessary observance compulsory. Possibly only half or more likely less than that proportion of our population judging from local conditions, at least, are keeping the food pledges they signed at the time of the conservation drive. All honor to those who are patriotic enough to aid their country in this vital movement without any compulsion, by honestly living up to the requirements, but those who don't do it should be compelled to by the simple method of making it impossible for them to obtain wheat bread on wheatless days of beef, pork or mutton or meatless days. Why not absolutely forbid, under penalty, the sale of those things on the prescribed days? To be sure, some people would even then in their utter selfishness, evade the spirit of the ruling by buying in quantity but such cases should be provided with a penalty of their own. So many people, for instance, buy their bread, that, could no wheat bread whatever be sold on certain days, the difference in its consumption would aggregate enormously. Should meat dealers be absolutely restricted, on certain days, to the sale of oysters, fowl, fish and game, it would make a vast change in the meat situation. As a particular instance of non-observance, Northville people who are striving in every way to be loyally honest in food conservation are asking why a big motor truck load of white bread is brought to Northville every week from Detroit on wheatless day, of all days in the year. "Victory flour" will at least partially solve the wheat saving problem in view of the existing vast number of bread-buyers in lieu of the bread makers even in the country districts, but the entire country has got to be made to understand that this matter of food saving is not a tad not an experiment not an administration measure to be ignored because of partisan feeling, but that it is of the gravest possible significance, involving life and death for our soldiers' victory or defeat for the cause, for which they are offering up their lives. What is anything we can do to say nothing of any little sacrifice of appetite we can make, to what our boys are doing? It seems a shame to have to even suggest that compulsion is needful, but "pity tis, 'tis true."

Some one has blundered in the fuel department of the United States and that some one seems to have been Dr. Garfield. With millions of tons of coal at almost every door it seems little less than a crime to let such a state of affairs exist as has been going on for months. That Northville people have not more acutely suffered is largely due to the quantities of wood in the vicinity and efforts of the village president and council in securing eight or ten extra cars of coal to help out the local dealers' shortage. The fuel administration does not need to tell the people what to do if they can't get coal. People are wise enough to know what to do in such a case. What is wanted of the fuel boss is to get the fuel and if Mr. Garfield cannot do it why not let some one else try it? By that means the people would be shown whether Dr. Garfield was the cause or whether it is conditions that cannot be avoided.

How about the patriotism of men who are charging Detroit people \$21 a cord for 16-inch wood?

Notice: It was decided, owing to circumstances over which we had no

control, to postpone our January thaw indefinitely. It is confidently expected, however, that arrangements will be made to have it sometime between now and July 4 next.

"What's in a name?" - A prisoner before the Pontiac courts last week on an assault and battery charge was named Nice, but it looks as if he wasn't.

**Walled Lake Warbles.**

C. G. Parmalee of Detroit spent Monday here.

J. R. Champe and family are spending a few weeks in Detroit.

Mrs. H. J. Smith entertains the M. E. Ladies Aid this week.

Charles Green of Detroit spent Sunday at the home of F. L. Tuttle.

Mrs. Will R. Hoyt entertains the Embroidery club - Wednesday, Feb. 13.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Bradley attended the funeral of their cousin at South Lyon Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. U. L. Richardson and daughter, Catherine spent the week end in Pontiac.

Heber Arthur has been entertaining her cousin Dorothy Parmenter of Northville for a few days.

Miss Mildred Richardson underwent an operation Saturday in the Pontiac hospital for appendicitis.

Miss Bell Smith of Pontiac and Miss Bernice Smith of Grosse Pointe spent Saturday at the home of H. J. Smith.

The merchants observed heatless day Monday and are keeping the nine hour government order. Stores open at 8 a. m. and close at 5 P. M.

Miss Parthena Dickerson recently entertained the "Busy Bee" class of the Baptist Sunday school in honor of the birthday of their teacher Miss Lute E. Hoyt.

**Wixom Whisperings.**

Scott Kitson was a Pontiac visitor last Saturday.

H. G. Roach was a business visitor in Detroit Wednesday.

Elfen and Helen Stevens were visitors near Milford over Sunday.

Mrs. Leon Clutz of Walled Lake was a Wixom visitor last Friday.

The Misses Lulu and Alice Decker of Pontiac visited their parents over Sunday.

Roy Rabbitt and Henry Perry are working at the Wilson Foundry works in Pontiac.

Mrs. John Kitson of New Hudson visited her sons, Scott and Bernard Kitson, last Saturday.

Mrs. H. G. Roach and children visited Jackson relatives from Friday last until Monday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Peers of Detroit have moved to the farm of Ford Peach, their brother-in-law, and will run the farm this year.

Mrs. C. H. VanWagoner left Monday, accompanied by her daughter and baby from Detroit, to visit another daughter at Jackson.

Several of the Wixom people were in Pontiac last Saturday to see "The Birth of a Nation," which is on in one of the theatres there.

The Tawv Lane school gave a social last Friday night and gave half the proceeds, \$12, to the Wixom Red Cross, which was greatly appreciated by the society.

Mrs. J. L. Calkins and children of Northville visited her parents here a few days, and left Wednesday for Saginaw to visit her sister, Mrs. Harry Benton.

The Red Cross society turned in the following articles last week, at Pontiac: 2 pajama suits, 20 abdominal bandages, 5 hot water bottle covers, 54 triangular bandages, 10 napkins, 1 pair knit socks.

**WIXOM BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.**

The topic for next Sunday morning will be "Which is the Greater, Man, or his Job?" In dealing with this topic we may be able to see why man was created last of all created things—he might have boasted of having had a hand in the work of creating. We do hear of a few self-made men, and they usually worship their creator. No doubt the Divine One commends their reverence in not charging him with the deed.

**Farmington Flashes**

Red Cross work is still progressing

nicely among the different circles here.

Members of the Shutts family are reported ill with the mumps.

Mrs. Anna Brown and daughter, Frances, were visitors in Farmington Sunday.

The New Idea club met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. John Lapham on East Grand River avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar Conroy were in Pontiac Sunday visiting at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. J. Hinbern.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Stanley and son, Claude, of Northville visited their daughter, Mrs. G. P. Conroy and family, Sunday.

**Novi News.**

On January 10 the ladies of the W. B. H. M. met with Mrs. A. R. Angell and started work for the French orphan children and needy of France. Since the above date Mrs. O. S. Hulet has kindly opened her home eight times and this little band of workers under the leadership of Mrs. Rix and Mrs. Hulet have made nearly 350 pieces, as follows: Baby garments, 100; children's dresses, skirts and underwear, 150; children's hose, 40 pairs; rompers, 27 pairs; several wool suits for little boys; baby comforts, blankets, etc., which are sent to the National League for women's service, Detroit, and forwarded by them to France.

**COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.**

A regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the village hall Monday, February 4th, 1918. Present—Charles S. Filkins, President; Trustees—Stanley, Hotelling and Montgomery; Townships—Tewksbury, Montgomery.

There being no quorum present the meeting was adjourned to Wednesday February 6th 1918.

THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Clerk.

An adjourned regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the village hall Wednesday, February 6th, 1918.

Present—Charles S. Filkins, President; Trustees—Stanley, Hotelling, Montgomery, Tewksbury.

Quorum present.

Minutes of meetings of January 7 and 17, 1918, were read and approved.

The Finance committee audited the following bills:

S. Litzenberger, \$21.25  
P. L. Brown, 1.25  
Charles Strautz, .75  
E. Stanley, .75  
Fire Department, 33.00  
Detroit Edison Co., streets, 287.00  
Detroit Edison Co., power, 84.37  
Detroit Edison Co., clock & hall, 2.24  
Neal Ptg. Co., 3.50  
M. A. Potter, w. w., 16.00  
Charles Shipley, w. w., 2.70  
C. J. McKahn, coal, hall, 4.65  
Detroit Edison Co., Xmas, 14.80

Moved by Stanley and supported by Montgomery that bills be allowed and ordered paid.

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

Communication from Mrs. Strong relative to frozen water pipes received and read.

Moved by Tewksbury and supported by Balden that communication be tabled.

Yeas—Stanley, Hotelling, Montgomery, Tewksbury, Balden. Nays—None Carried.

President appointed Murdock, Hotelling and Balden as Election Commissioners.

Trustee Hotelling proposed the following ordinance and moved its adoption.

**ORDINANCE NO. 69.**

The Village of Northville Ordains:

That a certain ordinance heretofore passed on the 3rd day of December, 1917, No. 68, which ordinance fixed the salaries of the trustees and president of this village, be and the same is hereby repealed.

Supported by Stanley.

Yeas—Stanley, Hotelling, Montgomery, Tewksbury, Balden. Nays—None Carried.

CHARLES S. FILKINS, Village President.

THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk.

Trustee Hotelling proposed the following ordinance and moved its adoption:

**ORDINANCE NO. 70.**

The Village of Northville ordains:

The President and Trustees of said Village shall each receive during their respective terms of office the sum of two (\$200) dollars for each regular meeting of the common council of said village attended by such member; such salaries to be paid out of the general fund or said Village. Said officers shall receive no other compensation for services performed for or on behalf of said Village during their terms of office; Provided, That in no case shall such president or any trustee receive compensation for any meetings not actually attended.

CHARLES S. FILKINS, Village President.

THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk.

Supported by Stanley.

Yeas—Stanley, Hotelling, Montgomery, Tewksbury, Balden. Nays—None Carried.

On motion council adjourned.

THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Village Clerk.

**ADVERTISED LETTERS.**

Mr. Jas. Baro.

Mr. Geo. Ash.

**Hard to Capture.**

Obesity isn't always a handicap. The fat jobs seem to be the most elusive.

**PLEASURE OF BEING NEEDED**

To Know You Can Lend Assistance to Some One Greatly Lessens the Strain of Discontent.

"I'm really worried about Miss Eustacia," Mrs. Jessup declared. "Of course everyone knows that it was hard for her to lose her savings and go into the home, but the home's pleasant, and she has a big room all to herself; and we are always sending her things or inviting her round to tea to show that she isn't left out; yet she goes round with a face as long as my arm, and the tears come into her eyes if you look at her. Really, I'm almost out of patience. I wouldn't have believed it of Miss Eustacia."

Mrs. Crane looked out into the yard. She was a plump little woman with tender, luminous brown eyes that had a way of seeing far into the heart at times.

"What pretty little tea parties Miss 'Stacia used to give," she said mustily. "She made a different feel about them somehow."

"I know it," Mrs. Jessup agreed. "I don't know exactly why, unless because she was so happy over them herself that she made everyone else feel the same way."

"And how many summers was it that she took to her home a little fresh-air girl?" asked Mrs. Crane, with an air of innocent reminiscence. "Last time it was a mother and a sick baby, wasn't it?"

"I guess it must be full as much as fifteen. I hadn't thought of that before, but I suppose she does miss that!"

Mrs. Crane's soft eyes shone with sudden passion.

"Miss them? Things like that—giving things—were her life, Ellen Jessup! Do you suppose that being invited to tea and having flowers carried to her are going to make up to Miss 'Stacia for having nothing to give?"

"But she hasn't anything to want!" Mrs. Jessup said bewilderedly. "Exactly. That's what's breaking her heart."

"But you can't make yourself want things when you don't," Mrs. Jessup argued.

"I suppose not," Mrs. Crane said with a sigh. "Well, I must be going along. Run over soon, Ellen."

At the turn of the road Mrs. Crane met Lauretta King. The girl nodded with sullen brows. Mrs. Crane stopped.

"What's the matter, Lauretta?" she asked.

"Matter? I want Miss Eustacia, that's what's the matter. I used to run in every day or two when things were hard at home, and she'd help me through, but now—"

"Have you told her so?" Mrs. Crane asked quickly. "Oh, Lauretta, have you?"

"Told her? I haven't been up there. She'll be too busy with all those people."

Mrs. Crane even gave her a push. "Go, Lauretta; go this minute. She's been eating her heart because no one needed her. And tell her that I'm coming tomorrow. I want her—just her—to help me do a dozen things. Hurry, Lauretta!"

But Lauretta was already gone. Youth's Companion.

**An Aviator's Farewell.**

Monsieur de Giberques, bishop of Valence, has lost his seventh nephew in the war—M. Anthelme de Giberques, amongst whose papers was found the following moving letter of farewell addressed to his parents:

"If one day, with wings broken in the blue heavens, I fall to the earth and return to God, may these lines carry to my father and mother the last thoughts, desires and dreams of one who they loved so tenderly. As my body nears the earth, my soul will soar to unknown heights, and the separation will be victory. It will be a full-hearted 'Magnificent' adoring prayer of exaltation for what I have left undone rather than for what I have done. And lastly it will be a suppliant cry which cannot but be heard for everlasting life, for strength and comfort for those I leave behind, and for mercy and glory for beloved France, the coming of the Kingdom of God."

**His Waterloo.**

"There is a fellow they call the 'Miracle Man.'"

"Why?"

"Because they say he can do anything."

"I'll bet there's one thing he can't do."

"What's that?"

"I'll bet he can't convince a woman that she snores in her sleep."

**Not Satisfactory.**

"What did she say when you kissed her?"

"Told me to come around Fridays hereafter, 'as that was amateurs' night."—Judge.

**In the Right Place.**

"You seem at home here," remarked a man at the post office to the postmaster.

"Yes," replied the latter, "this is my stamping ground."

**Contrary Evidence.**

"The greater cannot go into the less."

"So they say. But how is it on these blowy days that half the dust in the world gets into my eyes?"

**Easy to Remedy.**

He—How shabby those boats look. She—Why should boats be shabby? I've often heard my brother talk about the boats they had on board.

# Auction!

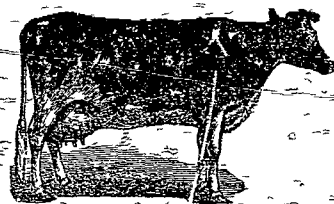
FRANK J. BOYLE, Auctioneer.

Having decided to go out of the Dairy Business, the undersigned will sell at Public Auction, to the Highest Bidder, on the premises known as the old Andrew Houck farm, 1 Mile South and 3/4 Mile West of the Park Hotel, Northville, on—

## Monday, Feb. 11

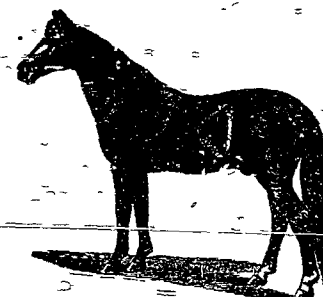
1918; Commencing at 1 o'clock sharp, the Following Described Property:

### MILCH COWS



- 1 Thoroughbred Holstein Bull, 2 yr old May 8, 1918. Splendid Type.
- 1 Thoroughbred Holstein Cow, 4 yr old Dec., 1917. Fresh. Bred to Christmas Clothilde de Nijlander.
- 1 Thoroughbred Holstein Cow, 3 yr old May 3, 1918; due to Freshen in March. Bred to Christmas Clothilde de Nijlander.
- 1 Holstein Cow, 6 yr old, Fresh.
- 1 Holstein Cow, 5 yr old, Fresh.
- 1 Holstein Cow, 7 yr old, Fresh.
- 1 Holstein Cow, 8 yr old, Fresh.
- 1 Holstein Cow, 4 yr old, Fresh.
- 1 Holstein Cow, 7 yr old, due January 7.
- 1 Holstein Cow, 8 yr old, due March 8.
- 1 Holstein Heifer, 13 Weeks Old.
- 1 Thoroughbred Heifer, 8 1/2 Months old. Sire, Maple Crest Korndyke Hengerveld. Splendid Animal.

### HORSES



- 1 Pair Bay Geldings, 11 and 12 yr old, wt. 3,200.
- 1 Matched Pair Bays, 6 and 7 yr old.
- 1 Brood Mare, "Airship," (mark 2:10 1/4), bred to Donald Wilkes; due to foal in June.

### HAY AND GRAIN

20 Tons of Timothy Hay.

8 Doors of Ensilage.

15 Bunches of Red Cedar Shingles.

### FARM TOOLS

- 1 Hinman Milker, (3-Unit). New.
- 1 Champion Mower.
- 1 2-Horse Engine, (I. H. C.) New.
- 1 Fruit Box.
- 4 Milk Cans.
- 1 Flat Hay Rack.
- 1 Disc Harrow.
- 1 Milk Wagon.
- 2 Tin Tanks (4x10). New.
- 1 Horse Hay Rake.
- 2 Horse Cultivator.
- 1 Clover Leaf Spreader, Almost New.
- 1 Spring Tooth.
- 2 Oliver Plows.
- 1 New Wagon.

TERMS: All sums of \$10 and under, Cash; over that amount, 6 months' time will be given on approved bankable notes at 6 per cent interest.

# H. A. Jones

## Good News

## Many Northville Readers Have Heard It and Profited Thereby.

"Good news travels fast," and the many bad backs sufferers in Northville are glad to learn where relief may be found. Many a lame, weak and aching back is bad no more, thanks to Doan's Kidney Pills. Our citizens are telling the good news of their experience with this tested remedy. Here is an example worth reading.

Mrs. Robert Lanning, Griswold St., Northville, says: "Whenever I can speak a good word for Doan's Kidney Pills, I do so, for I know after my experience with them they can't be equalled. Once in a great while my back gets to hurting me, and my kidneys get out of order. Doan's Kidney Pills never fail to overcome the trouble."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Lanning had. Eastern-Mirror Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. Adv't. 65

## 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 5:00 to 8:00 p. m. Telephone

## NOTWITHSTANDING THE COAL SHORTAGE

We still have Plenty of Pure Drugs, and are always at your service.

Choice Line of Candies.

I. E. Murdock  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

DIAMOND DAIRY  
NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.

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

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

WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE.

G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

## FLOWERS

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF FLOWERS PLEASE REMEMBER DIXON AND PHONE 140 J. OR CALL IN PERSON.

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

## DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE  
Eastern Standard Time.

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

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit: 7:30 a. m., 9:35 a. m., 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 6:45 a. m. and hourly to 6:45 p. m., 3:05 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 5:30 a. m., 6:20 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 2:30 p. 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., 3:43 a. m., 7:45 a. m., 3:43 a. m., 11:43 a. m., 1:43 p. m., 3:43 p. m., and hourly to 6:43 p. m.; also 8:43 p. m., 10:07 p. m., and 12:09 a. m.

## DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Lirer Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

## Northville Newslets.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Herrick have moved to Detroit.

Mrs. Jane Sessions is convalescent from her illness of the past two or three weeks.

February certainly "done its darndest" before giving in and handing us out a thaw.

The ground hog or whatever animal you call him certainly saw his shadow, and February started right in on that "six weeks of winter."

A small party of children was entertained Thursday afternoon at the C. A. Sessions home in celebration of the fifth birthday of his little son, Arthur.

St. Mary's society will have a sewing bee at the home of Mrs. F. Hedge next week, Thursday afternoon, February 14.

LOST—Somewhere enroute, one old fashioned, Michigan January thaw. We can use this just as well in February. Finder please hustle it along—South Lyon Herald

A special school meeting has been called for next Tuesday, Feb. 11, at Farmington to vote on the bonding of the district for \$35,000 for the erection of a new high school building.

A communication of special interest to local Masonic circles has been received by the Master of Northville Lodge No. 186, E. & A. M., and will be read at the next regular meeting, Monday evening, February 11.

The Wayne hotel, Detroit, is not to pass out of existence as such after all, at least not at present. The proprietor, J. R. Hayes, who filed a petition in bankruptcy a few weeks ago, has been retained as manager of the hotel by the creditors, who have decided to continue its operation.

On Friday evening, February 22, a home-talent play entitled "Somebody in France" will be given in the Alseium theatre under direction of Mrs. Mabel Hills, for the benefit of the Northville Red Cross Auxiliary. The facts expressed by "home talent" and "Red Cross benefit" insure in advance a liberal patronage.

Circumstances certainly do alter cases. For many recent winters we have considered the weather "awfully cold" when it got within a few degrees of zero or a little below that point. Now a temperature at nothing or even a little below is considered quite moderate, while from 6 to 20 above is almost mild. Such is the winter of '17-18.

The Washtenaw Post, formerly printed in German and getting into trouble, thereby is now printed in English. The change was compulsory, after the Post had taken some big chances by publishing anti-American sentiments in the Kaiser's language and getting caught at it. "There are them that think" the paper should have been suppressed entirely, as a punishment.

Must be Longfellow had heard something about winters some what similar to the present one when he wrote the cold and cruel winter! Ever thicker, thicker, thicker! Froze the ice on lakes and river, Ever deeper, deeper, deeper, Fell the snow over all the landscape, Fell the covering snow, and drifted, etc., and then some

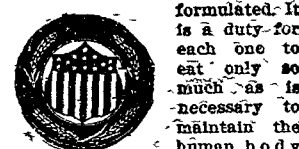
A middle-aged couple, from out of town, apparently, were noted on the street the other day, the man walking slightly in advance, carrying nothing, his hands clothed in fur gloves. The woman, presumably his wife, was carrying a good-sized kerosene can, two big bundles, an extra wrap and a sandbag. The incident is mentioned as an illustration of woman's rights or wrongs according to the nationality and viewpoint of the reader.

Appointed Saturday night because of the failure on the part of the Express Co. to deliver the films for the show. Manager Thompson returned the admission price to all who preferred it, and to the rest gave tickets good for another evening. The films were carried by and consequently were not delivered until hours too late for use. It is no doubt up to the Express Co. to make good the Alseium's financial loss.

According to the various localities and thermometers, the mercury touched the lowest points Tuesday probably ever known in this vicinity up to that time, being reported all the way from 18 to 27 degrees below zero. At least one thermometer even escaped from its "moorings" and went still lower, being found on the ground in the morning, which is not to be wondered at. Some of the local factories found it impossible to run and the men were obliged to return home at a certain time.

## This Is Our Winter of Test

SERVING food is a local problem for each community. Prices and definite rules for every one cannot be formulated. It is a duty for each one to eat only so much as is necessary to maintain the human body healthy and strong.



This winter of 1918 is the period when it is to be tested here in America whether our people are capable of voluntary individual sacrifice to save the world. That is the purpose of the organization of the United States Food Administration—by voluntary effort to provide the food that the world needs.

U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION

## NEED BIG HERDS

Europe's Meat Supply Must Come From America.

Warring Nations Have Depleted Live Stock at Enormous Rate, Even Killing Dairy Cattle For Food.

American stock breeders are being asked to conserve their flocks and herds in order to meet Europe's tremendous demands for meats during the war and probably for many years afterward.

The United States food administration reports that American stock raisers have shown a disposition to co-operate with the government in increasing the nation's supply of live stock.

Germany today is probably better supplied with live stock than any other European nation. When the German armies made their big advance into France and then retreated virtually all the cattle in the invaded territory—approximately 1,500,000 head—were driven behind the German lines.

But in England—where 2,400,000 acres of pasture lands have been turned into grain fields—the cattle herds are decreasing rapidly. One of the reasons apparently is the declining maximum price scale adopted by the English as follows: For September, \$17.76 per 100 pounds; October, \$17.23; November and December, \$16.08; January, \$14.40. The effect of these prices was to drive beef animals on the market as soon as possible.

In France the number of cattle as well as the quality have shown an enormous decline during the war. Where France had 14,807,000 head of cattle in 1913, she now has only 12,341,900, a decrease of 16.6 per cent. And France is today producing only one gallon of milk compared to two and one-half gallons before the war. Denmark and Holland have been forced to sacrifice dairy herds for beef because of the lack of necessary feed. Close study of the European meat situation has convinced the Food Administration that the future problem of America lies largely in the production of meat producing animals, and dairy products rather than in the production of grain.

## BRITISH GOVERNMENT HELPS PAY FOR BREAD

There has been much misunderstanding about the bread program in England. It is true that the Englishman buys a loaf of bread for less than an American can, but it is poorer bread, and the British government is paying \$200,000,000 a year toward the cost of it.

All the grain grown in Great Britain is taken over by the government at an arbitrary price and the imported wheat purchased on the markets at the prevailing market price. This is turned over to the mills by the government at a price that allows the adulterated bread to be sold at 18 cents, the two pound loaf at 9 cents and the one pound loaf at 5 cents.

In France, under conditions somewhat similar, but with a larger extraction, the four pound loaf sells for 18 cents.

## MAKING MEATLESS DAYS PERMANENT.

In the meatless menu there is a fertile field for developing new and nourishing dishes, according to E. H. Niles, writing in the Hotel Gazette, who believes that the present shortage of meat and fats will not end with the coming of peace, but may grow more acute and continue for five or six years, thus making it worth while to develop menus of grain, vegetables and fish on a more or less permanent basis. Meat can be replaced by cereals and other protein foods, or may be served in very small portions as a favoring for other food. In making up meatless menus this author finds our American Creole and southern cuisine a broad field for investigation.

## KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. MEETING NIGHTS FIRST TUESDAY NIGHT EACH MONTH.

F. E. VAN ATTA, K. of R. & S.

## FORESTERS OF AMERICA

Regular Meetings:

Friday Evenings, February 1-15.

Jas. Dickerson, I. Woodmansee, Fin. Secy., Chief Ranger.

## NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 186, F. &amp; A. M.

Reg. Feby 11. Work.

## UNION CHAPTER NO. 55, F. A. M.

Reg. Feby 13.

## NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 39, K. T.

Reg. March 5.

## ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77, O. E. S.

Reg. Feby 15.

## Features at the New Alseium Theatre.

Saturday night next, "The Barricade" and the customary comedy feature.

Next week Thursday night brings charming Marguerite Clark in "Mrs. George Washington" as a benefit for the Presbyterian church. All people holding the rebate tickets given out last Saturday night will be admitted on the same at either time.

## WEEKLY CALENDAR.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor)

Morning service at 10 o'clock.

Sunday school at 11:00 a. m. - B. Y. P. U. at 6 o'clock.

Evening service at 7 o'clock.

Bible study and prayer meeting Thursday evening.

You are cordially invited to these services.

Strangers and visitors will find a home-like feeling at our services on Sunday and Thursday evenings.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Sunday morning at 10, "Our Government and Our God."

Sunday-school at 11:30 o'clock.

Christian Endeavor at 6 o'clock.

At 7 p. m., "The Half-Way Stop"

Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Woman's Missionary society on Wednesday at 2:30 p. m., at the home of Mrs. Emory Noble.

The Martha Chapter will meet with Mrs. C. J. McKahn Wednesday evening February 13.

## METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Sunday service: Morning at 10 Subject: "Abraham Lincoln."

Bible school at 11:30 o'clock.

Epworth League at 6 Leader, Mr. Otis Tewksbury.

Evening service at 7 Subject: "Who Is a Fool?"

Prayer meeting Thursday night at 7 o'clock.

Your presence will be appreciated.

## W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)

The next regular meeting of Allen M. Harmon W. R. C. will be held in Scott's hall Wednesday afternoon, February 13.

A program in memory of both Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays will be given. Let all members be present.

## Northville School Notes.

Mr. Misener attended a meeting of the Wayne county superintendents at Detroit Tuesday.

Mr. VanValkenburg has been sick during the week and Mr. Tewksbury is doing the janitor work.

Miss Dertshire was called home to Ypsilanti Thursday and Friday because of the death of her grandfather.

Miss North has been sick for a few days with grip and German measles. Question: should Miss North be discharged for having German measles at such a time as this?

Now on Thursday evenings the

## Satisfactory Service

in the interest of our customers has been our aim from the day we opened for business, April 15, 1907, to the present time.

We believe that our growth offers the best proof that we have rendered such service and it is our desire to be of still greater service to our old customers and any new ones opening accounts with this bank.

Your banking needs will be given careful attention.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK  
Northville, Michigan.

## 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 E. Christensen  
F. S. Neal J. N. Johnson  
F. G. Terrill F. E. Bradley  
E. H. Lapham.

privilege is open to the women of the town, to the use, with the teachers, of the gym. - Basket ball or other indoor games are the order for winter sport.

The boys and girls' basketball teams both lost at Holly Friday evening, but not by overwhelming scores. Report is, teams were well treated and a good athletic spirit prevailed. Next Friday, boys and girls play at Trenton.

When the heating plant keeps the building warm against 20-4 below-0 weather, and that on wood, chiefly, what would it do on coal? We think the plant has "proved" itself and is a credit to those responsible for installing it.

Tuesday nights the gym is being made use of by men. On those nights may be seen bald-headed men, fat men, business men, professional men, all sorts swatting the ball, sliding bases, diving, sitting, jumping, doing everything that they did as boys and having a roaring time generally. We like it, and want more to get in on it.

Last Friday night Northville met and defeated South Lyon on our platform, in a debate on the subject of government ownership of interstate railroads. Northville had the negative side and was represented by Charles Ransom, Harold Belles and Marjorie Black. Charles Dubuar acted as chairman and Mr. Miller and Mr. Field of Plymouth as judges, the third person not appearing. This was the first of a series of debates arranged by the University, the next being with Sandusky or Marquette at a date to be announced.

TRY A 15c LINER IN THE RECORD.

## VAUDEVILLE

When visiting Detroit don't fail to see the finest Vaudeville Theatre in the world

## TEMPLE THEATRE.

Two Performances Daily  
8:15 and 8:45 p. m.

Special Seats at 10-20-25c

## DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Lirer Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

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Use an Electric Percolator and have Perfect Coffee, quickly prepared, always Hot, and deliciously made.

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The most satisfactory and reliable features of motor car construction are found in Ford Cars. They are strong with the strength of vanadium steel, heat-treated by Ford methods. Useless weight is done away with and yet the light weight Ford carries more power for its weight than any other car. The Ford is practical and dependable in every way, and back of the car it the organization which has sold more than two million Ford cars. Runabout, \$345; Touring car, \$360; Couplet, \$505; Town car, \$595; Sedan, \$645; One-Ton Truck Chassis, \$600. All in Detroit.

FRANK N. PERRIN & SONS  
Northville, Mich.



# PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

Author of  
"PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE"

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## CHAPTER I.

### The Chaperon.

"Girls—come down! Quick!—I want to see how you look!"

Prudence stood at the foot of the stairs, deftly drawing on her black silk gloves—gloves still good in Prudence's eyes, though Fairy had long since discarded them as unfit for service. There was open anxiety in Prudence's expression, and puckers of worry: perpendicularly creased her white forehead.

"Girls!" she called again. "Girls, are you deaf?"

A door opened in the hallway above, and Connie started down the stairs, fully dressed, except that she limped along in one stocking foot, her shoe on her heel.

"It's so silly of you to get all dressed before you put on your shoes, Connie!" Prudence reproved her as she came down. "It wrinkles you up so. But you do look nice. Wasn't it dear of the Ladies' Aid to give you that dress for your birthday? Do be careful, dear, and don't get mussed before we come back. Aunt Grace will be so much gladder to live with us if we all look sweet and clean. And you'll be good, won't you, Connie, and—twins, will you come?"

"They are sewing up the holes in each other's stockings," Connie vouchsafed. "They're all dressed."

The twins, evidently realizing that Prudence's patience was near the breaking point, started downstairs for approval, a cautious procession. All dressed as Connie had said, and most charming, but they walked close together, Carol stepping gingerly on one foot and Lark stooping low, carrying a needle with great solicitude—the thread reaching from the needle to a small hole on Carol's instep.

"What on earth are you doing?"

"I'm sewing up the holes in Carol's stockings," Lark explained.

Prudence frowned disapprovingly. "It's a very bad habit to sew up holes in your stockings when you are wearing them. Mercy, Lark, you have too much powder on!"

"I know it—Carol did it. She said she wanted me to be of intellectual pallor." Lark mopped her face with one hand.

"You look nice, twins." Prudence advanced a step, her eyes on Carol's hair, sniffing suspiciously. "Carol, did you curl your hair?"

Carol blushed. "Well, just a little," she confessed. "I thought Aunt Grace would appreciate me more with a crown of frizzy ringlets."

"You'll spoil your hair if you don't leave it alone, and it will serve you right, too. Oh, Fairy, I know Aunt Grace will love you," she cried ecstatically. "You look like a dream, you."

"Yes—a nightmare," said Carol snippily. "If I saw Fairy coming at me on a dark night I'd—"

"Papa, we'll miss the train!" Then as he came slowly down the stairs, she said to her sisters again anxiously: "Oh, girls, do keep nice and clean, won't you? And be very sweet to Aunt Grace! It's so awfully good of her to come—and take care of us—"

Prudence's voice broke a little. The admission of another to the parsonage mothering hurt her.

Mr. Starr stopped on the bottom step and with one foot as a pivot, slowly revolved for his daughters' inspection.

"How do I look?" he demanded. "Do you think this suit will convince Grace that I am worth taking care of? Do I look twenty-five dollars better than I did yesterday?"

The girls gazed at him with most adoring approval.

"Father! You look perfectly grand! Isn't it beautiful?—Of course you looked nicer than anybody else even in the old suit, but—it well, it was—"

"Perfectly disgracefully shabby," put in Fairy quickly. "Entirely unworthy a minister of your—er—lovely family!"

"I hope none of you have let it out among the members how long I wore that old suit. I don't believe I could face my congregation on Sundays if I thought they were mentally calculating the wearing value of my various garments.—We'll have to go, Prudence."

"And don't muss the house up," begged Prudence, as her father opened the door and pushed her gently out on the step.

The four sisters left behind looked at once another solemnly. It was a serious business—most serious. Connie gravely put on her shoe, and buttoned it. Lark sewed up the last hole in Carol's stockings—Carol balancing her foot on one foot with nice precision for the purpose. Then, all ready, they looked at one another again—even more solemnly.

"Well," said Fairy, "let's go in—and wait."

Silently the others followed her in, and they all sat abed, irreproachably, on the well-dusted chairs, their hands folded in their smooth and spotless laps.

The silence and the solemnity were very oppressive.

"We look all right," said Carol belatedly.

This charming story depicts the life of five loveable girls in the Methodist parsonage at Mount Mark, Iowa. They preside over the home and make things interesting for their widowed father. Prudence, the eldest, is the "little mother" of the family. Fairy is her able lieutenant. Carol and Lark, the twins, fill the place with mischief. Connie, the "baby," aids and abets them in every prank they play. This is a wholesome tale, with dashes of joy and sorrow, love and laughter, light and shadow.

THE EDITOR.

No one answered.

When the silence continued, Carol's courage waned. "Oh, girls," she whimpered, "isn't it awful? It's the beginning of the end of everything. Outside have to come in now and take care of us, and Prudence'll get married, and then Fairy will, and maybe us twins—I mean, we twins. And then there'll only be father and Connie left, and—Miss Greet, or someone, will get ahead of father after all—and Connie'll have to live with a stepmother, and—it'll never seem like home any more, and—"

Connie burst into loud and mournful wails.

"You're very silly, Carol," Fairy said sternly. "Prudence will be at the head of things for nearly a year, and—I think we're mighty lucky to get Aunt Grace. It's not many women would be willing to leave a fine, stylish home, with a hundred dollars a month to spend on just herself, and with a maid to wait on her, and come to an ugly old house like this to take care of a preacher, and a riotous family like ours. It's very generous of Aunt Grace—very."

"Yes, it is," admitted Lark. "And as long as she was our aunt with her fine home, and her hundred dollars a month, and her maid, I loved her dearly. But—I don't want anybody coming in to manage us. We can manage ourselves. We—"

"We need a chaperon," put in Fairy deftly. "It isn't proper for us to live without one, you know. We're too young. It isn't conventional."

"And for goodness' sake, Connie," said Carol, "remember and call her our chaperon, and don't talk about a housekeeper. There's some style to a chaperon."

"Yes, indeed," said Fairy cheerfully. "And she wears such pretty clothes, and has such pretty manners that she will be a distinct acquisition to the parsonage.—We can put on lots more style, of course. And then it was awfully nice of her to send so much of her good furniture—the piano, for instance, to take the place of that old tin pan of ours. And do you remember, girls, that you mustn't ask her to darn your stockings and wash your handkerchiefs and do your tasks about the house. It would be disgraceful. And be careful not to hint for things you want, for, of course, Aunt Grace will trot off and buy them for you, and papa will not like it. You twins'll have to be very careful to quit dreaming about silk stockings, for instance."

There was a tinge of sarcasm in Fairy's voice as she said this.

"Fairy, we did dream about silk stockings—you don't need to believe it if you don't want to. But we did dream about them, just the same!" Carol sighed. "I think I could be more reconciled to Aunt Grace if I thought she'd give me a pair of silk stockings. You know, Fairy, sometimes lately I almost—don't like Aunt Grace—any more."

"That's very foolish and very wicked," declared Fairy. "I love her dearly. I'm so glad she's come to live with us."

"Are you?" asked Connie innocently. "Then why did you go up in the attic and cry all the morning when Prudence was fixing the room for her?"

Fairy blushed, and caught her under lip between her teeth for a minute. And then, in a changed voice she said, "I—I do love her, and—I am glad—but I keep thinking ahead to when Prudence gets married, and—and—oh, girls, when she is gone it—it won't be any home to me at all!"

For a moment there was a stricken silence.

"Oh, pooh!" Carol said at last, bravely. "You wouldn't want Prue to stick around and be an old maid, would you? I think she's mighty lucky to get a fellow as nice as Jerry Harmer myself. But you don't make out half as well, Fairy. I think she'd be awfully silly not to gobble him right up while she has a chance. For my own part, I don't believe in old maids. I think it is a religious duty for folks to get married, and—and—you know what I mean—race suicide, you know." She nodded her head sagely, winking one eye in a most intelligent fashion.

"And Aunt Grace is so quiet she'll—"

"She won't scold a bit—maybe Lark and I will get a chance to spend some of our spending money when she takes charge. Prudence confiscates it all for punishment. I think it's going to be lots of fun having Aunt Grace with us."

"I'm going to take my dime and buy her something," Connie announced suddenly.

"I didn't know you had a dime," said Lark.

Connie dashed a little. "Yes—oh, yes—"

"Yes—"

"I—I hid it. I've got a dime all right."

"It's nearly time," said Fairy restlessly. "Number nine has been on time for two mornings now—so she'll probably be here in time for dinner. It's only ten o'clock now."

"Where'd you get that dime, Connie?"

"Oh, I've had it some time," Connie admitted reluctantly.

"But where have you had it?" inquired Lark. "I thought you acted suspicious some way, so I went around and looked for myself."

"Where did you look?"

The twins laughed gleefully. "Oh, on top of the windows and doors," said Carol.

"How did you know—" began Connie.

"You aren't slick enough for us, Connie. We knew you had some funny place to hide your money, so I gave you that penny and then I went upstairs very noisily so you could hear me, and Lark sneaked around and watched, and saw where you put it. We've been able to keep pretty good track of your finances lately."

Carol rose and looked at herself in the glass. "I'm going upstairs," she said.

"What for?" inquired Lark, rising also.

"I need a little more powder. My nose is shiny."

So the twins went upstairs, and Fairy, after calling out to them to be very careful and not get disheveled, went out into the yard and wandered dolefully about by herself.

Connie meantime decided to get her well-hidden dime and figure out what ten cents could buy for her fastidious and wealthy aunt. Connie was in many ways unique. Her system of money-hiding was born of nothing less than genius, prompted by necessity, for the twins were clever as well as grasping.

The cookstove sat in the darkest and most remote corner of the kitchen; and where the chimney fitted into the wall it was protected by a small zinc plate. This zinc plate protruded barely an inch, but that inch was quite sufficient for coins the size of Connie's, and there, high and secure in the shadowy corner, lay Connie's dime. She went into the kitchen cautiously, careful of her white canvas shoes, and put a chair beside the stove. She had discovered that the dishpan turned upside down on the chair gave her sufficient height to reach her novel banking place.

But alas for Connie's calculations—Carol was born for higher things than dishwashing, and she had splashed soap suds on the table. The pan had been set among them—and then, neatly wiped off the inside, it had been hung up behind the table—with the suds on the bottom. And it was upon this same dishpan that Connie climbed so carefully in search of her darling dime.

The result was certain. As she slowly and breathlessly raised herself, on tiptoe, steadying herself with the tips of her fingers lightly touching the stovepipe, her foot moved treacherously into the soapy area and slipped.

Connie screamed, caught desperately at the pipe, and fell to the floor in a sickening jumble of stovepipe, dishpan and soot beyond her wildest fancies! Her cries brought her sisters flying, and the sight of the blackened kitchen, and the unfortunate child in the midst of disaster, banished from their minds all memory of the coming chaperon, of Prudence's warning words—Connie was in trouble. With sisterly affection they rescued her, and did not hear the ringing of the bell.

And when Prudence and her father, with Aunt Grace in tow, despaired of gaining entrance at the hands of the girls, came in unannounced, it was a sorry scene that greeted them. Fairy and the twins were only less sooty than Connie and the kitchen. And Connie wept loudly, her tears making hideous trails upon her blackened face.

"I might have known it," Prudence thought, with sorrow. But her motherly pride vanished before her motherly solicitude, and Connie was soon comforted by her tender ministrations.

"We love you, Aunt Grace," cried Carol earnestly, "but we can't kiss you."

"Mr. Starr anxiously scanned the surface of the kitchen table with an eye to future spots on the new suit, and then sat down on the edge of it and laughed as only the young heart and old experience can laugh!

"Disgraced again," he said, "Grace, think well before you take the plunge. Do you care cast in your fortunes with a parsonage bunch that revels in misfortune? Can you take the responsibility of rearing a family that knows trouble only? This is your last chance. Weigh well your words!"

Fairy pursed up her lips, puffing vainly at the soot that had settled upon her face. Then she laughed. "Very true, Aunt Grace," she said. "We admit that we're a luckless family. But we're expecting, with you to help us, to do much better. You see, we've never had half a chance so far, with only father behind us."

The twins revived at this, and joined in the laughter their father led against himself.

Later in the day Prudence drew her aunt to one side and asked softly, "Was it much of a shock to you, Aunt Grace? The family drowned in soot to welcome you? I'm sure you expected to find everything trim and fresh and orderly. Was it a bitter disappointment?"

Aunt Grace smiled brightly. "Why, no, Prudence," she said in her low, slow, even voice. "I really expected something to be wrong! I'd have been disappointed if everything had gone just right!"

## CHAPTER II.

### Science and Health.

After all, the advent of a chaperon made surprisingly little difference in the life of the parsonage family, but what change there was was all to the good. Their aunt assumed no active directorate over household matters. She just slipped in, happily, unobtrusively smiling much, saying little.

The members of the Ladies' Aid, who hastened to call, said, "She is perfectly charming—such a fine conversationalist!"

She was always attractively dressed, always self-possessed, always friendly, always good-natured, and the girls found her presence only pleasing. She relieved Prudence, admired Fairy, laughed at the twins, adored Connie.

"Of course, Aunt Grace," Prudence told her sweetly, "we aren't going to be selfish with you. We don't expect you to bury yourself in the parsonage. Whenever you want a trip away for a while, you must feel free to go."

"I shan't want to go," said Aunt Grace quickly.

"Not right away, of course," Prudence agreed. "But you'll find our liveliness tiring. Whenever you do want to go—"

"I don't think I shall want to go at all," she answered. "I like it here. I—I like liveliness."

Then Prudence kissed her gratefully.

For several weeks after her initiation in the parsonage, life rolled along sweetly and serenely. For ten entire and successive days the twins had lived blameless lives. Their voices rang out glad and sweetly. They treated Connie with a sisterly tenderness and gentleness quite out of accord with their usual drastic discipline. They obeyed the word of Prudence with a cheerful readiness that was startlingly cherubic. The most distasteful of orders called forth nothing stronger than a bright "Yes, Prudence."

The twins read Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health" and their amazing behavior in consequence upsets the peace and quiet of the Methodist household.—Prudence solves the problem.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## WHERE "PEP" WAS NEEDED

Secretary Daniels, Discussing Efficiency, Relates Story of Girl's Advising Beau to Kiss Old Mare.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels is a firm believer in speeding up. Efficiency is the watchword of his department. A big navy can't be built fast enough for him. And he was discussing efficiency and high speed. He wants to cut out red tape.

"Discussion is well and good," said Secretary Daniels, "but the main question is whether it is idle talk or not. Is it practical or is it foolish? Is it like Torkins and his girl?"

"Torkins, by the way, was out with his girl during the days before the automobile, when a young man who wanted to be popular would call on his girl with a horse and buggy to take her for a drive. You know, the faster the horse the better the impression."

"Torkins, on his first call, took the girl for a long drive, and when they found themselves in the midst of a country road, he ventured for a kiss."

"A kiss," asked the girl. "What good would a kiss do?"

"Oh, well," replied the embarrassed youth. "It would make me feel gay and lively."

"Well, Charles," the cold-blooded, unemotional damsel retorted, "if it is as you say, and we expect to get anywhere before it's time to return home, you'd better get out and kiss the old mare once!"

## Duties of Criticism

Justly to discriminate, bravely to establish, wisely to prescribe, and honestly to award—these are the true aims and duties of criticism.—Stevens



The activities of the woman's division in Red Cross work are so varied that there is something for every woman to do. And the same work must be done over and over again. When we consider the numbers of men in the armies and hospitals, and the refugees and orphans, all looking to the Red Cross to relieve them from suffering, something of the size of its gigantic task dawns on us. During the month of December the central division inspected and shipped 8,120,208 articles, all of them the work of women's fingers.

In order that no labor may be wasted it is essential that all these articles be made according to Red Cross standards. Every chapter has manuals of instruction to be given out to any woman who needs them as a guide in doing the work she elects to do. Women who must work at home may make refugee garments, hospital garments and linen, in addition to knitting. It almost goes without saying that our knitting bags should be always with us. Some women enjoy making and fitting up comfort kits, and they are constantly needed to refit the men at the front. Sweaters and helmets (if knitted according to the directions in the Red Cross Manual No. 400) are in constant demand. While on the subject of knitting,

there are a few "don'ts" that must be considered if our work is to pass the inspector. Don't put colored bands in knitted articles, except in socks. These may have colored stripes, if the colored yarns are banded before using so that the color will not run when the socks are washed.

One of the things asked for by the Red Cross is the kid waistcoat for soldiers and sailors. Soft leather of every description may be used for making it, such as cast-off kid gloves, discarded furniture covers, pieces of book leather. Factories where leather goods are made should be asked to donate all their waste clippings for this purpose. To make this garment, a waistcoat buttoning up to the throat is first made of cotton goods. The leather is applied to this foundation by machine-stitching the pieces onto it. When this is done the foundation is backed with brown or khaki-colored slesin, or galatea, or other inexpensive material. The waistcoats are made so that they meet or lap over in front, but are not provided with buttons or fastenings of any kind, and they may be made from as large or small scraps of leather as are available. The leather does not show, for it is worn inside. When old gloves are used they are to be cleaned and cut open and the leather used in single thickness only.

## Frocks With Narrow Braid Garniture



The one-piece frock of cloth, for street wear, worn with a separate coat when the weather is cold, has run a very close second to the tailored coat suit for more than a year. And the one-piece afternoon gown of satin, silk or crepe georgette, for dressy wear, has outdistanced everything else, in point of popularity. Both these are shown in immense variety of design and decoration. The two examples pictured above are selected from among many that employ soutache braid or braid effects in their garniture. Both are similar in construction.

The frock of serge at the right has been developed in other popular weaves, the straight, long-waisted bodice and plaited skirt being style features of wide application. In the details of the sleeves, girdle and decoration this model has charms peculiarly its own. One reason for the success of frocks of this kind lies in the absence of a waistline; for the management of the waistline appears to have given American dressmakers more trouble than any other part of their work.

In this model the skirt is box-plaited, extending to the ankles, with plaits pressed in to stay. The sleeves are of the serge ser into a plain underbodice, and divided below the elbow, where the fairly full upper sleeve is joined to a

close-fitting long-sleeved portion. The girdle is of black satin and extends about the sides and back, where it is knotted and falls in long ends, finished with balls fashioned of the satin. Soutache braid and needlework make up the handsome and unusual decoration. An embroidered linen collar proclaims its loyalty to this model with embroidered needlework motifs matching those that appear on the bodice and sleeves.

The frock of georgette crepe is belted at the waist with a lighter color in crepe than is used for the dress. The collar and bands at the sides of the bodice are of this light crepe and the braid used for decorating the panel at the front of the skirt, and the bodice, match it in color. In spite of its sheerness and softness georgette crepe proves to be a fabric of considerable strength, not nearly as fragile as it looks.

Julia Bottomley

## Stripes on Sweaters

Roman striped bands of color at the lowest edge of dark sweaters, of navy blue yarn or silk, are new and smart. These sweaters are worn at the Southern resorts with white skirts and the result is decid-



# THE RANCH AT THE WOLVERINE

An Interesting and Intimate View of Pioneer Days  
on the Plains

(Copyright, Little, Brown & Co.)

By B. M. BOWER

## WARD STUMBLES UPON EVIDENCE OF PLOT TO BRAND HIM AS A CATTLE "RUSTLER" AND BREAKS UP PLANS OF HIS ENEMIES

**Synopsis.**—Marthy and Jase Melke, pioneers, have for twenty years made a bare living out of their ranch at the Cove on Wolverine creek in the mountain range country of Idaho. Their neighbors, the MacDonalds, living several miles away, have a daughter, Billy Louise, now about nineteen years old, whom Marthy has secretly helped to educate. At the time the story opens Billy Louise is spending the afternoon with Marthy. A snowstorm comes up, and on her way home the girl meets an interesting stranger, who is invited to stay overnight at the MacDonald ranch. Ward Warren and Billy Louise become firm friends. Jase dies and Marthy buries his body without aid. Charlie Fox, Marthy's nephew, comes to the Cove. He discovers evidence of cattle-stealing, and Billy Louise verifies suspicions. Billy Louise discovers what she thinks is evidence of Ward's connection with the thefts. Her troubles are increased by the serious illness of her mother.

### CHAPTER VIII.

**"You Won't Get Me Again."**  
NEARLY late in the fall Ward was riding the hills off to the north and west of his claim, looking at the condition of the range there and keeping an eye out for YG cattle. He had bought another dozen head of mixed stock over toward Hardup, and they were not yet past the point of straying off their new range. So, having keen eyes and the incentive to use them, he paid attention to stock tracks in the soft places, and he saw everything within the sweep of his vision, and since the day was clear and fine, his range of vision when he reached a high point extended to the Three Buttes away out in the desert.

By sheer accident he rode up to the canyon where the little corral lay hidden at the end and looked down. And since he rode up at an angle different from the one Billy Louise had taken the corral was directly beneath him—so directly, in fact, that half of it was hidden from sight. He saw that there were cattle within it, however, and two men at work there. And by chance he lifted his eyes and saw the nose of a horse beyond a jutting ledge sixty yards or so away and the crown of a hat showing just above the ledge. A lookout, he judged instantly and pulled Rattler behind the rock he had been at some pains to ride around.

Ward was a cowpuncher. He knew the tricks of the trade so well that he did not wonder what was going on down there. He knew. He was tempted to do as Billy Louise had done—ride on and pass up knowledge which might be disagreeable, for Ward was not one to spy upon his fellows, and the man whom he would betray into the hands of a sheriff must be guilty of a most heinous crime. That was his code—to let every fellow have a chance to work out his own salvation or damnation as he might choose. I don't suppose there was anything he hated worse than an informer.

He got behind the rock, since he had no great desire to be shot, and he discovered that his view of the corral was much plainer than from where he had first seen it. He looked behind him for an easy retreat to the skyline, and then before he turned to ride away he glanced down again curiously.

A man walked out into the center of the corral and stood there in the revealing sunlight. Ward's eyes bored like gimlets through the space that divided them. Instinctively his hand went to the gun on his hip. It was a long pistol shot, and he was afraid he might miss, for Ward was not a wizard with a gun, much as I should like to misrepresent him as a dead shot. He was human, just like yourself. He could shoot pretty well, a great deal better than lots of men who do more boasting than he ever did, but he frequently missed. He measured the distance with his mind while the man stood there talking to some one unseen. To look at Ward's face you would have sworn that the man was doomed, but something held Ward's finger from crooking on the trigger. The man had his back turned squarely toward the gun. Ward waited. The man did not move. He waited another minute, and then he opened his lips to shout. And when his lips parted for the call that would bring the fellow facing him Ward's tricky brain snapped before his eyes the face of Billy Louise.

He lowered the gun. He could not shoot when he knew that the bullet would split a gulf between himself and the girl—a gulf that would separate him forever from that future where stood his air castles.

He let down the hammer with his thumb, slid the gun back into its holster and dismounted, with a glance toward the place where the lookout was stationed. He was sure he had not been seen, and so he crouched behind a splinter of rock and watched. He had no plan, but his instinct impelled him to closely watch Buck Olney.

Another man came into view down there in the corral. He also stood plainly revealed, and Ward gave a little snort of contemptuous surprise when he recognized him. After that he studied the situation with scowling brows. This other man either upset his conclusions or complicated his manner of dealing with Buck Olney.

Ward would not have hesitated one second about putting the sheriff on the trail of Buck, but if the second man were implicated he could not betray one without betraying the other. And if the business down there in the corral were lawful, then he must think of some other means. At any rate, the thing to do now was to make sure.

The two in the corral came out and closed the gate behind them, and the first man kicked apart the embers of a small fire and afterward busied himself with the ground, either looking for tracks or covering them up. They came a little way along the side of the bluff, mounted and rode up toward where the lookout waited. And one of them rode a dark bay and was slim and tall and wore a gray hat.

Ward glanced at Rattler standing half asleep with reins dropped to the ground. He reached out, took the reins and led the horse farther down under the shelter of the ledge. Rattler pricked up his ears at the sound of those other riders, but he did not show enough interest to nicker a greeting. He was always a self-centered beast and was content to go his way alone, like his master.

Ward stood up, where he could see the rim of the bluff over the ledge of lava rock. He might get a closer view and see who was the lookout, and he might be seen. For that contingency he kept his fingers close to his gun. He heard their scrambling progress. Now and then one of the horses sent a little rock bounding down into the canyon, whereat the cattle in the corral moved restlessly around the small inclosure.

They came closer after they had gained the top. Ward, leaning against the dull gray rock before him, heard the murmur of their voices. Once he caught the unmistakable tones of the man he would like to kill. "I'll keep cases and get him." Plotting against some poor devil, as usual, Ward thought and wondered if the man knew he lived in this part of the country. If he did, it might easily be—

"I'll keep cases some myself, you reptile," he muttered under his breath. "You won't get me again, if that's what you've got in mind."

They went on, and presently Ward was looking at their backs as they rode over the ridge. He stood for some time staring after them with what Billy Louise called his gimlet look. He was breathing shortly from



Ward Leaned Against the Dull Gray Rock.

the pressure he had put upon his self control, and he was thinking, thinking. The silence came creeping in on the heels of the faint, interrupted sound of their voices. Ward took a long breath, discovered that he was gripping his gun as though his life depended on hanging to it and rubbed his numb fingers absently. After a minute or so he mounted and rode down to the corral.

Five dry cows and two steers snorted at his approach and crowded against the farther rails. Ward gave Rattler

a touch of the spurs, rode close to the fence, and stood in his stirrups while he studied the bunch.

"Hello!" he said when the inspection was over and dropped back into the saddle while he gazed unseeing at the canyon wall. It was a very real hell that his mind saw—a hell made by men wherein other men must dwell in torment because of their sins or the sins of their fellows.

Seaback's brand was a big V, a bad brand to own, since it favors revision at the hands of the unscrupulous. These cattle were Seaback cattle, and their brand had been altered. For the right slant of the V had been extended a little and carried into a 6, so that in time the brand would stand casual inspection as a YG monogram. Ward's own brand. The work was crude, purposefully crude. The Y had not been reburned enough to make it look fresh, and the newly seared 6 had been added with a malevolent pressure that would make it stand out a fresh brand for a long time in case of a delay in the proceedings, as Ward knew perfectly well.

So he sat there and looked over the fence and saw himself a convicted "rustler." There was the evidence all ready to damn him utterly before a jury. They would be turned loose on the range, near his claim, and they would be found before the Seabacks had faded over. It was a good time for rustling. Roundups were over for the winter, and the weather would confine range riding to absolute necessity.

Of course the work was coarse—so coarse as to reflect against his intelligence—but when brands are worked over and the culprit has been caught the law is not too careful to give the prisoner credit for brains.

Ward stared at the altered brands and wondered what he had best do. He bethought him that perhaps it would be as well to put a little scenery between himself and that particular locality, and he started back up the hill. Once he pulled up as if he would go back, but he thought better of it. It was out of the question to turn those cattle loose. He could not kill them and dispose of the bodies, not when there were seven of them. He might go down and blench the brands so that they would not read anything at all. He had thought of that before and decided against it. That would put those three on their guard and would probably not benefit him in the long run. They would work the brands on other cattle.

He hunched forward in the saddle and let Rattler choose his own trail up the hill. Though he did not know it, trouble had caught Billy Louise in that same place and had sent her forward with drooping shoulders and a mind so absorbed that she gave no attention to her horse. But that is merely a trifling coincidence. The thing he had to decide was far more complicated than Billy Louise's problem.

Should he go straight to Seaback and tell him what he had found out? He did not know Seaback, except as he had met him once or twice on the trail and exchanged trivial greetings and a few words about the weather. Besides, Seaback would very soon find out—

There it stood at his shoulder, grinning at him malevolently—his past. It tied his hands. Buck Olney—he could deal with single handed, for Olney had the fear of him that is born of a guilty conscience. He could send Buck "over the road" whenever he chose to tell some things he knew. He could do it without any complications too. Buck Olney, the stock inspector, deserved no mercy at Ward's hands and would get none if ever they met where Ward would have a chance at him.

Olney he could deal with alone, but with the evidence of those rebranded cattle and the testimony of two men, together with the damning testimony of his past! Ward lifted his head and stared heavily at the pine slope before him. He could not go to Seaback and tell him anything. In the black hour of that ride he could not think of anything that he could do that would save him.

And then quite suddenly in his desperation he decided upon something. He laughed hardly, turned Rattler back from the homeward trail and returned to the corral in the canyon. "They started this game, and they've put it up to me," he told himself grimly, "and they needn't squeal if they burn their own fingers."

He turned, for he had some work ahead of him, and the sun was sliding past the noon mark already. He reached the corral and went about what he had to do as if he were working for wages and wanted to give good measure.

First he rebuilt the little fire just outside the corral where the cattle could not trample it, but where one might thrust a branding iron into its midst from between the rails. When it was going properly he searched certain likely hiding places and found an iron still warm from previous service. He thrust it into heat, led Rattler into the corral and closed the gate securely behind him. Then he mounted, took down his rope and widened the loop, while his angry eyes singled out the animal he wanted first.

Ward was not an adept with a "running iron." He was honest, whatever

men might say of him. But he knew how to tie down an animal, and he sacrificed part of his lariat to get the short rope he needed to tie their feet together. He worked fast—no telling what minute some one might come and catch him—and he did his work well, far better and neater than had his predecessors.

When he left that corral he smiled. Before he had ridden very far up the bluff he stopped, looked down at the long suffering cattle and smiled again sardonically. One could read their brands easily from where he sat on his horse. They were not blotched; they were very distinct. But they were not YG within that corral. There were other brands which might be made of a YG monogram by the judicious addition of a mark here and a mark there.

"There, hang yuh, chew on that awhile!" he apostrophized the absent three. He turned away and rode back once more toward home.

Rattler turned naturally into the trail which ran up the creek to the ranch, but Ward immediately turned him out of it. "We aren't going to overlook any bets, old-timer," he said grimly, and crossed the creek at a point where it was too rocky to leave any hoof prints behind them. He rode up the lower point of the ridge beyond, and followed the crest of it on the side away from the valley. When he reached a point nearly opposite his cabin he dismounted, unbuckled his spurs and slipped their chains over the saddle horn. Then he went forward afoot to reconnoiter. He was careful to avoid rock or gravelly patches and to walk always on the soft grass, which muffled his steps.

In this wise he made his way to the top of the ridge, where he could look down upon the cabin and stable and corral and see also the creek trail for a good quarter of a mile. The little valley lay quiet. His team fed undisturbed by the creek not far from the corral, which reassured Ward more than anything. Still, he waited until he had made reasonably sure that the bluff held no watcher concealed before he went back to where Rattler waited patiently.

"I guess they didn't plan to stir things up till they got those critters planted where they wanted them," he mused while he rode down the bluff to his cabin. "But when they visit that bunch of stock again I reckon things will begin to tighten."

He was wary of exposing himself too much to view from the bluff while he did his chores that night, and he kept Rattler in the stable; also he slept very little, and before daybreak he was up and away.

### CHAPTER IX.

**"I'm Going to Take You Out and Hang You."**

THE trouble with a man like Buck Olney is that you can never be sure of his method, except that it will be underhand and calculated to eliminate as much as possible any risk to himself. Ward, casting back in his memory—he had known Buck Olney very well once upon a time and in his unsuspecting youth had counted him a friend—tried to guess how Buck would proceed when he went down to that corral and found how those brands had been retouched.

"He'll be running around in circles for awhile, all right," he deduced, with an air of certainty. "Blotched brands he'd know was my work, and he could have put it on me, too, with a good yarn about trailing me so close I got cold feet. As it is—" Ward smoked two cigarettes and scowled at the scenery. As it was, he did not know just what Buck Olney would do, except—"If he makes a guess I did that he'll know I'm wise to the whole plant. And he'll get me sure, providing I stand with my back to him long enough!" Ward had his back to a high ledge at that moment, so that he did not experience any impulse to look behind him.

"Buck don't want to drag me up before a jury," he reasoned further. "He'd a heap rather pack me in all wrapped up in a tarp and say how he'd caught me with the goods and I resisted arrest."

The assurance he felt as to what Buck Olney would do did not particularly frighten Ward even if he did neglect to go to bed in his cabin during the next few days. That was common sense born of his knowledge of the man he was dealing with. He went to the cabin early, just often enough to give it an air of occupancy. He frequently sat upon some hilltop and watched a lazy thread of smoke weave upward from his rusty stovepipe, but he slept under the stars rolled in his heavy blanket, and he never crossed a ridge if he could make his way through a hollow. It is not always cowardice which makes a man extremely careful not to fall into the hands of his enemy. There is a small matter of pride involved. Ward would have died almost any death rather than give Buck Olney the satisfaction of "getting" him. For a few days he was cautious as an Indian on the war trail, and then his patience frizzled out under the strain.

At sunrise one morning, after a night of shivering in his blanket, he hunched

his shoulders in disgust of his caution. If Buck Olney wanted anything of him he was certainly taking his time about coming after it. Ward rubbed his fingers over his stubbly jaw, and the uncomfortable prickling was the last small detail of discomfort that decided him. He was going to have a shave and a decent cup of coffee and eat off his own table or know the reason why, he promised himself while he slapped the saddle on Rattler.

He was camped in a sheltered little hollow in the hills, where the grass was good and there was a spring. It was a mile and more to his claim, straight across the upland; and it was his habit to leave Rattler there, and walk over to the ridge, where he could watch his claim. Frequently, as I have said, he stole down before daylight and lighted a fire in the stove just to make it look as if he lived there. There was a risk in that, of course, granting that the stock inspector was the kind to lie in wait for him.

Ward rode to the ridge with his blanket rolled and tied behind the cattle. His frying pan hung behind his leg, and his rifle lay across the saddle in front of him. He was going home boldly enough and recklessly enough, but he was by no means disposed to walk deliberately into a trap. He kept his eyes peeled, as he would have expressed it. Also he left Rattler just under the crest of the ridge, took off his spurs and with his rifle in his hands went forward afoot, as he had done every time he had approached his cabin since the day he found the corral and the cattle in the canyon.

In this wise he looked down the steep slope with the sun throwing the shadow of his head and shoulders before him. The cabin window blinked cheerfully in the sunlight. His span of mares were coming up from the meadow in the faint hope of getting a breakfast of oats, perhaps. The place looked peaceful enough and cozy desirable to a man who has slept out for four nights late in the fall, but a glance was all Ward gave to it.

His eyes searched the bluff below him and upon either side. Of a sudden they sharpened. He brought his rifle forward with an involuntary motion of the arms. He stood so for a breath or two, looking down the hill. Then he went forward stealthily on his toes; swiftly, too, so that presently he was close enough to see the carbuncle rear on the neck of the man crouched behind a rock and watching the cabin as a cat watches a mouse hole. A rifle lay across the rock before the man,



Throw Up Your Hands.

the muzzle pointing downward. At that distance and from a dead rest it would be strange if he should miss any object he shot at. He had what gamblers call a cinch, or he would have had if the man he watched for had not been standing directly behind him with rifle sights in a line with the scar on the back of his thick neck.

"Throw up your hands," Ward called sharply when his first flare of rage had cooled to steady purpose. Buck Olney jumped as though a yellow jacket had stung him. He turned a startled face over his shoulder and jerked the rifle up from the rock. Ward raised his sights a little and plugged a round, black rimmed hole through Buck's hat crown.

"Throw up your hands, I told you!" he said, while the hills opposite were still flinging back the sound of the shot, and came closer.

Buck grunted an oath, dropped the rifle so suddenly that it clattered on the rock and lifted his hands high in the quiet sunlight.

"Get up from there and go on down to the shack—and keep your hands up. And remember all the reasons I've got for wanting to see you make a crooked move so I'll have an excuse to shoot." Ward came still closer as he spoke. He was wishing he had brought his rope along. He did not feel quite easy in his mind while Buck Olney's hands were free.

Ward evens up old scores with Olney in a manner which Olney is not likely to forget for a good many years. The next installment tells how Ward got revenge on his old enemy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Little Angel Present.**  
A primary teacher, admonishing little Ann, who usually was a model child, for misconduct, said: "I thought I had a little angel in the room. Now where is she?" Little Betty, on the other side of the room, stood up meekly and shyly answered: "Here I is."

## PROBABLY NOT



"I think we could be very happy together."

"But do you think we could be as happy as we could apart?"

**Different.**  
"He can't get blood from a turnip." "When a collector calls, says Will. But the persistent mosquito can when he presents his bill."

**Suitable Place.**  
"I should think they could easily raise chickens on board ship." "What are you talking about?" "Aren't there hatchways convenient and doesn't a ship often lay to?"

**Edited.**  
The romantic maiden made the following ecstatic entry in her diary: "Although he has known me only two days, he loves me!" Nothing could exceed her anger and mortification when she discovered, much later, that her kid brother had been reading her sacred little book. She knew it, because he had scratched out the word "although" and substituted "because."

**"Cold in the Head"**  
An acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, cleanse the blood, and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. All Druggists sell. Testimonials free. \$1.00 for a box of Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

**Obviously.**  
"Come on," said the first flea, as he hopped from the brown bear's foreleg; "come over and join me at a short game of golf." "Golf?" exclaimed the second flea, hastily taking a bite of hyena, "where in the realm of Barnum are we going to play golf?" "Why," said the first flea, "over on the hyas, of course."—Jack o' Lantern.

**Watch Your Skin Improve.**  
On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free sample address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

**His Choice.**  
"Is he making any special claim for exemption?" "No. Says he'd rather die in battle than live the rest of his life as a liar."

**Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days.**  
Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. First application gives relief. 50c.

**Business is a mantle that covers a multitude of queer transactions.**

**Britain is developing a new system of school hygiene.**

## ALMOST FRANTIC

Had Kidney Trouble From Childhood and Was Discouraged. Doan's, However, Brought Health and Strength.

Mrs. C. Anderson, 4104 W. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., says: "I had kidney-trouble from childhood and three years ago a severe spell developed. If I stooped, a terrible pain took me in the small of my back, and for several minutes I couldn't straighten. Often at night the pain in my back was so bad I had to prop myself up with a pillow. It seemed as if my back would break. Watery sacs formed under my eyes and my feet were so swollen I had to wear slippers. Sudden dizzy spells came on and pains in my head drove me almost frantic."

"I felt tired and weak and had hardly enough ambition to move. Nothing seemed to help me and I was discouraged until I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me completely and my health has been of the best ever since. Doan's surely deserves my endorsement." Sworn to before me, FRANK H. POCH, Notary Public. Got Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box.

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

—Take a prompt and effective remedy—one that acts quickly and contains no opiates. You can get such a remedy by asking for

**PISO'S**



## FORMER PRICE means FORMER STLYE!

Why, the "sale" stores themselves blunty 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.

## FLIERS AT THE FRONT ARE BADLY HANDICAPPED.

(By Frank A. Vandertipf.)  
Hardly a day passes but there is some fresh illustration of the inability on the part of governments to buy with money something essential for war preparation. We are now discovering that there is not linen enough in the world to cover the aeroplanes that the allies are producing. The English government has just decided that at least 10,000 acres of English soil must be devoted to the production of flax (instead of food). That government is making terms with the farmers, which will lead to the planting of that crop.

Every yard of linen that is bought from today on puts the buyer in direct competition with the Aeroplane Board in equipping the fleet of aeroplanes which we hope to put over the German lines. But the same rule applies in almost every direction that we turn.

There can be only two reasons why men should not see in their personal expenditures their individual responsibility for equipping the army. One is a belief that a fully equipped American army is not going to be necessary; that the war either will be won by our allies, or it has already been won by the exhaustion of our enemies. There is little in the situation upon which to base such a belief. The government has provided the easiest possible road for the individual to turn his personal sacrifice into patriotic aid—save and buy War Savings Stamps.

"The Man Who Came Back," one of the most interesting and gripping dramas to visit Detroit in several seasons, will remain over at the Garrick theatre the coming week, commencing its second week's engagement with a matinee Monday afternoon.

"The Man Who Came Back" tells the story of a young man who has been brought up with a silver spoon in his mouth. He is not really vicious, but he has been given no responsibilities and has tried to live up to his reputation. His father suddenly decides to cast his adrift, and the boy leaves home with fiasco in his heart. He is sent to San Francisco where he meets a carbaert singer. His profligate ways force certain friends to Shanghai him and the following scene takes place in an opinion den near Shanghai. He has gone to the depths and here he meets the cabaret singer he was once interested in. She has always gone down the ladder, via drink and opium. She informs the young man she come to his level. He makes a resolve to honestly work his way up and become fit to return to his father's home. To remaining two scenes are devoted to his regeneration—not one of heroisms, but plain hard work, with temptations and crosses. It is a gripping story and the splendid cast headed by Miss Mary Nash makes it very real.

## GARRICK THEATRE, DETROIT.

"The Man Who Came Back," one of the most interesting and gripping dramas to visit Detroit in several seasons, will remain over at the Garrick theatre the coming week, commencing its second week's engagement with a matinee Monday afternoon.

"The Man Who Came Back" tells the story of a young man who has been brought up with a silver spoon in his mouth. He is not really vicious, but he has been given no responsibilities and has tried to live up to his reputation. His father suddenly decides to cast his adrift, and the boy leaves home with fiasco in his heart. He is sent to San Francisco where he meets a carbaert singer. His profligate ways force certain friends to Shanghai him and the following scene takes place in an opinion den near Shanghai. He has gone to the depths and here he meets the cabaret singer he was once interested in. She has always gone down the ladder, via drink and opium. She informs the young man she come to his level. He makes a resolve to honestly work his way up and become fit to return to his father's home. To remaining two scenes are devoted to his regeneration—not one of heroisms, but plain hard work, with temptations and crosses. It is a gripping story and the splendid cast headed by Miss Mary Nash makes it very real.

Mannees will be given Monday, day, Wednesday and Saturday.

## FACTS ABOUT THE RED CROSS.

Canteen service as provided by the American Red Cross for our soldiers in France is one of the most potent influences for keeping the men contented and in the right frame of mind to do their best. Mrs. Jean Hull who is in this country on two months leave.

"Lots of times an American soldier will come into the canteen with a spell of the blues," said Mrs. Hull. "He has been out in the mud, is tired and hungry and most of all wants sympathy. When he sees us women cheerfully washing in a mud puddle, sleeping in cold rooms and working long hours on a stretch, he gets ashamed and braces up. They are mighty glad to see a woman from home and find our reading room, music and chatter most alluring. We have to run them out at times, they are so eager to stay even after regular hours."

Praise such as General John J. Pershing recently gave the American Red Cross seldom is received by any organization and not only Red Cross officials, but its twenty odd million members and other million of well-wishers appreciate his words highly. "I want to say to you," General Pershing said to Ida McGlone Gibson, "that no other organization since the world began has ever done such great constructive work with the efficiency, dispatch, understanding, often under adverse circumstances, that has been done in France by the American Red Cross in the last six months."

## Platonic Friendship.

"Do you believe in platonic friendship?" "Well, not altogether. My personal opinion is that I'd believe more in platonic friendship if it were carried on with the full knowledge and consent of the husband of the one and the wife of the other."—Detroit Free Press.

## VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Miss Dorothy Parmenter visited her cousin, Helen Arthur, at Walled Lake last week.

George A. Neal of the Orion. Review spent the week-end with Northville relatives.

Mrs. Mattie Cook and little son have returned from an extended visit with friends in Canada.

Charles Olin left last week for the Pacific coast, where he expects to remain for some time in the interest of his health.

Mrs. Cass Benton had as her guests for the day last Friday, her cousins, Mrs. Hutchinson and Mrs. Croneweth of Detroit, who accompanied her to the meeting of the Northville Woman's club.

A party of Northville young people of the Presbyterian church attended the special "young people's day" services in the Plymouth Presbyterian church Sunday evening, by special invitation.

Mrs. Scott Lovewell was a guest last Friday at the meeting of the Northville Woman's club held at the home of her cousins, Fred Carpenter and wife. The Lovewells have recently moved from South Lyon to the Holmes farm on the Base line west of town.

## FIRST WHITE BOY

Youth Accompanied Columbus Expedition in 1492.

Detailed at Helm White Superiors Slept, Youngster Was Blamed for Wreck of Santa Maria.

Many phases of the life of Columbus offer mysteries that the historians have never been able to clear away, and one student of the life of the great explorer has come across an incidental mystery that has an appealing interest. It relates to a boy who accompanied the expedition of 1492—the only boy among its members, and consequently the first white boy to set foot in America.

The contemporary accounts of the first expedition of Columbus mention the boy in question only once and that briefly. They indicate that he was the only boy in the expedition and they place on his young shoulders the blame for the great catastrophe that befell when the Santa Maria was wrecked on the coast of Hayti. To be sure the story of the wreck shows that the boy was less to blame than his elders, but it was easy enough to make him the scapegoat. It was the night before Christmas, 1492, ten weeks after the discovery of the land, and Columbus was pushing his search for gold among the West Indies. The flagship, the Santa Maria, was skirting the coast of Hayti and late at night, as the wind was light and the ship barely moving, Columbus went to his cabin for rest. He passed the helm over to the captain. He, too, soon felt the need of sleep and went below. His successor at the tiller was a sailor and he shortly followed the example of the admiral and the master. Before he went he awakened the lad in question and told him to mind the helm.

The boy did not go to sleep. He was doubtless a lively lad and he felt the importance of being trusted to steer the ship. But he was in strange waters and the currents were treacherous near that coast, says an exchange. The ship struck a reef. The admiral and crew rushed on deck in terror. Of course they blamed the boy. That was the way of the world before 1492 and the fashion has never changed.

That was the end of the Santa Maria. The crew reached the shore in safety and made a fort from the timbers of the wreck. In that fort, which they called La Navidad in honor of the day, about forty of the crew remained while their companions went home to Spain on the Pinta and the Nina. One historian mentions a tradition that the boy remained with this number, but it is only a tradition. The fate of the forty is a mystery, for when the second expedition of Columbus reached that island a year later there were only a few charred timbers and bones to be found. Perhaps the boy perished there. His name has not even come down to us, but the brief glimpse that we have of him is a fascinating one. There is something to stimulate the imagination in that fleeting picture of the boy who stuck to his post while his superiors slept.

## \$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative power of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY, C. O., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, etc.

## THE RECORD RECEIVES MORE SOLDIER LETTERS

The Record has received the following letters, which speak for themselves:

U. S. Filling Station, Edgewood, Md., Jan. 25, 1918.

Editor Record:—Dear Sir: In writing you of my work here I am compelled by strict censorship to omit much that is most interesting. The name, "U. S. Filling Plant," means the place where the gas used in trench warfare is made and placed in the shells. We are erecting the largest institution in the world for the manufacture of this death-dealing agent, at an approximate cost of 40 millions. The reservation covers 30,000 acres, and the buildings will accommodate 80,000 men, this being the estimated number of workmen who will work 3 shifts per day. When completed, the plant will make the world-renowned Ford factory look small in proportion. The work completed so far is the temporary quarters for the great construction force, and the foundation work for the plant itself. At present, we have about 6,000 workmen, and as I sit writing I am entertained by the commingled sounds of a thousand hammers, as many other tools, the groaning of switch engines and gigantic cranes, the roar of the dynamite used in the road-building, and in the distance the deep boom of artillery test practice, all consoling to the constructionist who knows no defeat and all so necessary for quick action of the mighty institution that will soon make its strength felt in distant lands.

We have our little 30-bed hospital and will soon have a evacuation hospital and a 500-bed base hospital, all made necessary by the high mortality rate in this dangerous work, which runs about 15%. As usual, the sanitary department is the pioneer organization. Not a blow is struck or a building erected till the S. D. places its O. K. mark. The great questions of pure water, sewerage and disease producers have all to be worked out even before the land survey. Our greatest difficulty here is water. As wells have proven a failure our department has completed plans to dam a river 5 miles distant and a system of filtration and purification that will yield 50 million gallons each 24 hours. Chesapeake Bay borders the reservation, but is of course salt water. Personally, I am too busy to be dissatisfied even if I wanted to be. As the head of this department, I am my own boss, but carry all the responsibility. If I can leave here with as good a record as at Camp Custer, where they are kind enough to refer to me as "the man who made Camp Custer clean," I shall be glad. Our work is "preventive" rather than "curative," and to a medical man this means much. So, while we chafe at the fact that we are left behind, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we had a finger in the pie as an army is only as strong as it is healthy.

The remarkably cold weather has been a great handicap. At present we are working in 14 inches of snow but it is expected that by March 15 we shall be running full pit. This seems incredible, but when your orders are "hurry hurry" much can be accomplished, if the Senate or Roosevelt don't throw a monkey wrench into the machinery. Sometimes I will write you more of this great work. For the comfort of the disgruntled at home I might add that, owing to necessity, I must now stop, and wash out a shirt, underwear and socks.

CAPT. THOMAS B. HENRY, Sanitary Inspector Auxiliary Remount Depot No 333, N. G. Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Fla. January 31, 1918.

To the Northville Record:—My folks sent me a couple of Records and it occurred to me that some of my Northville friends might like to hear from Florida.

Camp Jos E. Johnston is located on the banks of the St. Johns river, on the old camping grounds of the Florida National Guard, 15 miles from Jacksonville. The only transportation is by automobile and steam railroad. At present there are about 17,000 men in camp. There are schools for the student officers and enlisted men's schools for clerk, bakers, cooks, truck trains, laundry, mess sergeants, printers and stenographers. The Auxiliary Remount is outside of the camp proper, between it and town. Here there are schools for blacksmiths, wagon trains, pack trains and carpenters. The purpose of an Auxiliary Remount is to receive and condition animals for overseas service. The capacity of this depot is 10,000 animals.

I was transferred to a receiving Company from Camp Taylor December 14. There I acted as Company Clerk, and was transferred to the Remount Division January 14. Albert joined

me about the first, and we came out here together. He is the invoicing clerk, and holds the grade of Quartermaster Sergeant. I have charge of the personnel, with the grade of Sergeant, first-class. We live in a barracks with ten other men. Our mess is fine and everything is going good.

Yours very truly,

PERRY HOLMES.

On Active Service with the A. E. F. Somewhere in France, January 7th, 1918.

Northville Record, Dear Editor, and readers of my home paper: Perhaps you have read so many interesting letters from the boys in France that mine will seem commonplace. As I read in the home papers, and in the letters from thoughtful and considerate friends, the inspirational news relating to the departure of many of the boys for the training camps, I go with them in my thoughts to share in their new work. I know they will experience much that is commonplace and uninspiring to patriotism, but when they land on foreign soil and look back upon the Boot camp days, they will understand the necessity for it all and be glad. It is well understood that the U. S. Marine Corps and the Universal service have much in common. The Marines are not only "somewhere" but everywhere in France, and as the A. E. F. land over here they receive this additional instruction: "never tell a Marine sentry of M. P. what his orders are, for believe me, he knows them, word for word."

Everything is moving fine, and we are too busy to be homesick. The five months that have passed since our arrival only seem like two. We've all purchased Liberty Bonds, from one up to 6 for each enlisted man in our detachment. We will have them paid for in July.

We see many places of historical interest, and hear lectures about the most interesting. The Y M C A. is studying the needs of the men and supplying those needs as much as possible. I wish you could have seen us when we received our Christmas mail, for you can't possibly imagine the joy it brought with it. I am very glad to have my name on the honor roll of Northville, and it is a challenge for me to do my best.

I am always glad to hear from my home town, and my address is as follows: Pte. JOHN V. COUCH, 17th Co 5th Regiment, U. S. M. C. A. E. F. in France.

## ORDER FARM HANDS EARLY.

A paraphrase on "Do your shopping early" has been coined by A. B. Cook, federal farm labor director for Michigan, who has worked these catch-words over to read "Order your farm hands now." As a result of observations of labor conditions he has made in every part of the state, Commissioner Cook is offering this suggestion to farmers through the Michigan Agricultural college.

"There is really not so appalling a shortage of men existing in Michigan at the present time as the public has generally been led to believe," he says, "and if farmers wanting hands will get in touch with their county agents now it will be a much simpler matter for them to get the men they need than it will be later."

"Men can be lined up in February and March for the spring rush—though for those who neglect to bestir themselves until the last minute the getting is very likely to be fraught with difficulties."

"The foresighted farmer who wants men will do well to order his farm hands now."

Should Have Been Harnessed. "Have you the firmness that enables you to go on and do your duty in the face of ingratitude and ungenerous criticism?" "I ought to have. I once cooked for a camping party."—Washington Star.

## Consoling.

The Bride-to-Be—"My only worry is about mother. She's bound to miss me terribly." Friend of the Family—"Ah, well, she can't complain." After all, she's had you longer than most mothers keep their daughters."

## I THANK YOU.

During the month of October thousands of men who sell Rawleigh products had a sales contest, the prize for each successful man being an honor medal. It gives me great pleasure to announce that I secured enough additional business to entitle me to a medal and I take this opportunity to thank my many customers who patronized me so liberally that the company awarded me a medal. I will call again on all my friends with my store-on-wheels, loaded with Rawleigh quality-products and trust I may merit a continuance of your patronage.

Sincerely and thankfully yours, E. O. BLOOD, the Rawleigh Man.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS  
The Little Pink Pills  
For Women  
Sold by Druggists Everywhere

## C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

## MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas, default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Sarah Rackham, a Rackham and Sarah Rackham, his wife, of Detroit, Michigan, to William A. Haines, at the same place, dated April 3, 1912, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Wayne on the 5th day of April, 1912, in Liber 620 of Mortgages, on page 112, and which mortgage was duly assigned by William A. Haines, alone, said to Horace H. Rackham, by assignment of mortgage bearing date July 2, 1915, and which assignment was recorded on July 3, 1915, in Liber 62 of Assignments on page 50. And whereas, by reason of said default there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice, including principal and interest, the sum of \$4,554.00, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in the said mortgage contained and of the statutes of the State of Michigan, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on Monday, February 18, 1918, at 12:00 o'clock noon, Eastern Standard time, at the southerly or Congress street entrance to the Wayne County Building in the city of Detroit, (that being the building wherein the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held), the premises described in said mortgage, or sufficient thereof to satisfy said indebtedness and the costs and expenses of sale, including an attorney fee allowed by law and also any sum of sums that shall be paid at or before said sale by the undersigned for taxes or to protect his interest in the premises described in said mortgage, such premises being situated in the township of Greenfield, county of Wayne, and state of Michigan, and described as follows:

"All that part of the west one-half of the southwest one-quarter of Section nineteen (19), Town one (1) South of Range eleven (11), East of the southeast corner of said west half, thence north one (1) degree and ten (10) minutes west along the easterly line of said west half eight (8) and 98-100 (18.98) chains to the center line of the Grand River Road, thence north sixty-one (61) degrees west along the center line of said road five (5) chains and sixty-five (65) links, thence south one (1) degree and two (2) minutes east twenty-one (21) chains and eighty-seven (87) links to a post on the southerly line of said section surrounded with broken glass, thence north eighty-eight (88) degrees and ten (10) minutes east along the southerly line of said section four (4) chains and ninety-five (95) links to the place of beginning, containing 10.953 acres more or less."

Dated, November 19th, 1917.  
HORACE H. RACKHAM,  
Assignee of Mortgage.

C. C. YERKES,  
Attorney for Assignee of Mortgage  
Northville, Michigan. 18-20.

## C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

## MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Harry A. Jones and Margaret E. Jones, his wife, of Detroit, Michigan, to Albert Ebersole and Lydia Ebersole, his wife, of Northville, Michigan, dated November 9th, 1916, and recorded on the 28th day of November, 1916, in Liber 441 on page 428 of Mortgages, in the office of the Register in and for Wayne County, Michigan, and which said mortgage was, on the 29th day of November, 1916, duly assigned by said Albert Ebersole and Lydia Ebersole to the Lapham State Savings Bank, a corporation organized under the general banking laws of the State of Michigan, of Northville, Michigan, and which said assignment was recorded in the office of said Register of Deeds on January 15th, 1917, in Liber 67 of Assignments of Mortgages on page 37; and whereas the said mortgage have been in default, in the payment of principal and interest on said mortgage upwards of thirty days last past, said assignee of mortgage does hereby elect to declare the whole principal sum and interest secured by said mortgage due and payable at once. There is now claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of eleven thousand, five hundred and eighty-six dollars and ninety-eight cents, (\$11,586.98), and whereas, no proceedings have been taken in law or equity to foreclose said mortgage, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises: That on the 8th day of April, 1918, at 12:00 o'clock noon, (eastern standard time) at the southerly or Congress street entrance to the Wayne County building (that being the place where the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held), the premises described in said mortgage will be sold to satisfy said indebtedness and interest and the costs and expenses of sale, attorney fees as allowed by law, and also any sum or sums that shall be paid out on or before said sale by the undersigned for taxes or insurance to protect its interest in said premises, the township of Northville, Wayne county, Michigan, and described as:

The east half of the southwest quarter and the west half of the southeast quarter of section nine (9), except ten acres off the northeast corner thereof sold to John D. Harmon.

Dated, January 2, 1918.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK,  
Assignee of Mortgage

C. C. YERKES,  
Attorney for Assignee of Mortgage,  
Northville, Michigan. 24-36.

Don't Overlook

that subscription. If you are in arrears remember that we can always find good use for

the MONEY

## AUCTION!

F. J. BOYLE, Auctioneer.

Having decided to quit farming, and move to Alberta, Canada, the undersigned will sell at Public Auction, to the Highest Bidder, on the Charles Coldren Farm, 4 Miles West of the Northville Fish Hatchery and 1 1/2 Miles south, on—

Tuesday, Feb'y 12

1918; at 9 o'clock, the following described property.

## HORSES.

- 1 Heavy Draft Team, 8 and 9 yr old, weight, 2,800 Lbs
- 1 Gray Mare, 10 yr old, wt. 1,300 lbs
- 1 Bay Horse, 8 yr old, wt. 1,150 lbs
- 2 Colts Coming 2-year-old.

## MILCH COWS.

- 1 Holstein Cow, 6-yr-old, Fresh in Sept Holstein Cow, 5 yr old, fresh in Sept.
- 1 Holstein Cow, 6 yr old due March 12
- 1 Holstein Cow, 5 yr old, Calf by side
- 1 Holstein Cow, 10 yr old, due in March
- 1 Red Cow, 6 yr old, Calf by side
- 1 Holstein Heifer due in March.
- 1 Holstein Heifer due in September
- 6 Holstein Calves

## FARM TOOLS.

- 1 Garnet Side-Delivery and Tedder combined; used one season.
- 1 Hayes-Dayton Hay Loader, new
- 1 Steel Land Roller
- 1 Set Spring-Tooth, (17-Tooth)
- 1 Buick Walking Plow
- 1 Oliver Riding Plow
- 1 Deering Corn Binder
- 1 McCormick Grain Binder
- 1 Little Willie Riding Cultivator
- 1 Deering Mower
- 1 Buckeye Riding Cultivator
- 1 Gallopway Manure Spreader.
- 2 Hay Racks
- 1 Top Buggy
- 1 3-Horse Upright Gasoline Engine
- 1 Open Buggy
- 1 30-Gallon Oil Barrel
- 1 Hay Fork Pulley and 120-ft Rope
- 1 Stewart Horse Chippers
- 2 Sets of Double Harness
- 1 Single Harness
- 1 Pair of Horse Blankets
- 1 12-Tooth Horse Rake
- 1 Milk Cluster
- 1 Grindstone
- 1 Set Bob Sleighs and Box
- 1 Tank Heater
- 1 Zinc Watering Tank
- 1 Post-Hole Digger
- 5 Milk Cans and 2 Milk Pails
- 1 Grain Drill
- 30 Grain Bags
- 1 Set Iron Drags
- Forks, Shovels, and Other Articles too Numerous to Mention.

## HAY AND GRAIN.

- Large-Amount Seed Corn and other Corn.
- 100 Bushels of Oats
- 5 or 6 Tons of Hay.
- Corn in the Shock
- 20 Bushels of Potatoes
- 5 or 6 Bushels of Seed Potatoes.

## HOUSEHOLD GOODS

- 1 Kitchen Range.
- 1 Cupboard.
- 2 Wood Heating Stoves
- 1 Graphophone.
- 1 Washing Machine, hand or power.
- 1 Steel Ball-Bearing Wringer.
- 1-2 Bbl. Cucumber Pickles, in Brine.
- 1 Couch, nearly new.
- 1 Striking Clock.
- 1 Rug, 9x12, nearly new.
- 1 Dining Room Table.
- 1 Stand.
- 1 Marble-Top Stand.
- 2 Rocking Chairs and Other Chairs
- 1 3-Burner Oil Stove.
- 25 Yds Linoleum.

## TERMS OF SALE:

All Sums of \$10.00 and under, Cash; Over that amount 6 Months' Time will be given on Good Approved Bankable Notes at 6% interest.

WM. GLOVER

PROPRIETOR.  
ROY TERRILL, Clerk.