

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

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NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1907.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

## OVER FIFTY YEARS AGO

L. W. HUTTON, OLDEST RETIRED BUSINESS MAN HERE.

Commenced blacksmithing in Northville back in fifty-four.

This week the Record presents to its readers a sketch of Louis W. Hutton, who is probably the oldest surviving business man in the village. Mr. Hutton was born at Penn-Yauw, N. Y., February 11, 1829 and came to Michigan in 1846. He lived at Farmington seven years and came to Northville in 1854 where he purchased the residence now occupied by W. J. Schererville. There was a brick blacksmith shop on the west lot and there he engaged in the blacksmith business for several years, afterwards buying the stone shop now owned by John Hirsch and also the old historical stone school house at the foot of Randolph street, which was recently torn down. That he used as a wagon shop for many years after which the business was extended and largely increased.

Mr. Hutton remembers those days quite vividly, when it was necessary to be up and pounding at the anvil at three and four o'clock in the morning until late at night. Those days he did a large manufacturing business in wagons, carriages, sleighs and cutters, employing a number of men and he continued that business for thirty years. He was owner and manager of the Northville Mill for about ten years finally exchanging it for what is known as the Whitaker farm four miles west of town.

He built the residence which is now



L. W. HUTTON  
One of Northville's Oldest Retired Business Men.

the Yarnall Gold Cure where he lived for twenty-four years, then he built the one next to it on the west side. He has held many responsible positions in his day. He was Justice of the peace for eight years, was leader of the choir in the old Methodist church for many years. There were but about 500 inhabitants when he came here and he has seen the most of the growth of the town.

He joined the Masonic Lodge in 1866 and has filled all the various offices of that order. He has always been a staunch republican and voted for Fremont.

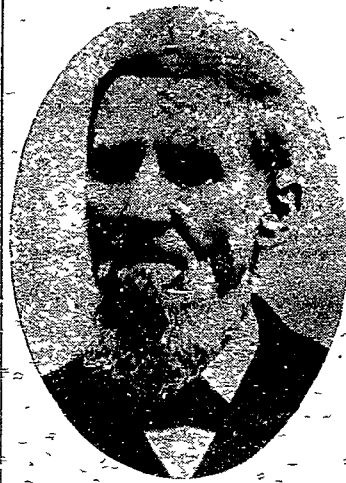
Mr. Hutton was one of the original subscribers of the Record in 1869 receiving a copy of the first edition and has ever been a constant subscriber.

He was married to Miss Sarah L. Ferrin in 1849 and they had five children, four of whom are still living: C. A. Hutton of Flint, Mrs. James Smith, Mrs. Lucy Ambler and W. H. Hutton of Northville.

A family reunion was held Christmas as has been the custom for the past thirty-three years and still without a break in the family circle. At the Christmas dinner twenty-six were present representing four generations. The youngest one being Miss Naoma Hutton, daughter of Lewis Hutton, Jr., of Detroit, the eldest being Mrs. L. W. Hutton, who although quite lame with rheumatism, yet in spite of her 82 years, enjoys good health and has the appearance of being twenty years younger.

Many times a few cents spent for a Record Want Ad will bring as many dollars in return.

## RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT AND CASHIER OF NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK



L. W. SIMMONS

Re-elected President of the Northville State Savings Bank.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the stockholders of the Northville State Savings Bank was held in the bank directors' rooms Tuesday and all the officers were re-elected as follows: L. W. Simmons, president; Dr. E. A. Chapman, first vice-president; F. A. Miller, second vice-pres-



L. A. BABBITT

Re-elected Cashier of the Northville State Savings Bank.

dent L. A. Babbitt, cashier. These together with George D. Spencer, Charles Collier R. Yerkes, T. G. Richardson, constitute the board of directors. The affairs of the bank are in a first-class condition. At the December meeting a dividend of three per cent was declared.

### G. A. R. INSTALLATION.

Followed by Supper and Interesting Program.

Allen M. Harmon Post, G. A. R., held a meeting Friday afternoon and installed their newly elected officers for the ensuing year.

In the evening at six o'clock an oyster supper was given by the W. R. C. after which an interesting program was given consisting of recitations, vocal and instrumental music.

The Post is just twenty-one years old and B. G. Webster gave a history of the organization, which was much enjoyed.

W. H. Hutton acted as toastmaster and many of the old soldiers were called upon to give reminiscences of the war. The evening was one long to be remembered by those present.

It had been planned to have the W. R. C. installation at this time, but owing to the illness of the president elect, Mrs. T. G. Richardson, it was postponed.

### Had Purse Stolen.

Mrs. Turck, who has been ill the past few weeks with the grip, while lying on the couch one day last week had her hand bag, containing a purse with \$16, taken from under her pillow where it had been placed that she might pay her rent when the landlord came. Mrs. Turck is a hard working woman and it seems too bad that anyone would be low and mean enough to steal from such a person. Some of the ladies of the place interested themselves in her behalf and solicited help from the citizens and business houses, raising a little over \$15. Mrs. Turck seems to be positive who the guilty party is, but owing to lack of proper evidence, no arrest has been made.

### Governor Better.

Governor Warner's condition is much improved, although he is still confined to his bed and it will probably be some time before he is sufficiently strong to sit up.

### HIGH SCORE BOWLERS

The Three Night League's Record to Date.

Team No. 4 won three straight from No. 7. Team No. 3 did the same with No. 1. High scores as follows: Robt. Lanning 213, 211, J. D. Miller 200, C. Mead 204, P. Austin 214, C. T. Thornton 214, 216, Ray Lanning 201.

Team No.	Won	Lost	Score
1	14	7	688
2	10	8	555
3	7	8	487
4	7	8	467
5	6	9	400
6	8	13	381
7	2	7	222

"See That Curve!"

### Presbyterian Church Notes.

Two persons were received into the church by letter last Sunday morning.

The sermons next Sunday will be on "The Fruitless Tree" and "New Year's Guests".

A number of Christmas presents for the Sunday school children have not yet been claimed.

Mrs. Jerome's class remembered her Christmas day with a beautiful present consisting of a set of cut-glass tumblers.

The Ladies' Missionary society will hold their next meeting and quarterly tea at Mrs. T. E. Murdock's next Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. Gentlemen invited to tea at six o'clock.

The Young People's class, to the number of fifty-seven regular attendants, have been provided with calendars containing the Sunday school topics for the year, illuminating passages from various authors.

At the annual meeting held Monday night at the Library the Ladies' Aid society reported some very delightful improvements made upon the parsonage during the past year which the pastor's family are gratefully appreciating.

New officers of the Sunday school were elected last Sunday as follows: Superintendent—J. O. Knapp Assistant Supt.—R. C. Yerkes Secretary—Bessie Seeley Treasurer—Guy Taft Librarian—Olive Dixon

The leader of the Young People's class requests the members to read carefully the two accounts of the creation contained in chapters 1 and 2 of Genesis. Note the differences and come Sunday prepared to state their discoveries and discuss the seeming conflicts of the two chapters.

The annual meeting of the church was held at the Library Monday evening. There was a large attendance and all enjoyed the good supper and pleasant social time. In the business meeting C. L. Dubuar presided and reports were presented from the different officers and organizations of the church. These showed a year of prosperity and growth and gave evidence of good and faithful work on the part of all. The total money raised and expended during the year for all purposes was about \$2000. C. M. Joslin and W. G. Yerkes were elected trustees for the term of three years.

### Resigns His Position.

Charles Blackburn, conductor on the D. U. R. the past five years, has resigned his position and will go in partnership in the grocery business with his father-in-law, B. A. Wheeler.

### Stock Sale.

Rattenbury & Starkweather will have a stock sale, Wednesday, Jan. 16, at the Exchange hotel barn, Northville, consisting of several matched teams, fine drivers and fast pacers, also some farm chunks, harness, stoves and household furniture.

## WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH.

William Alden Smith of Grand Rapids was named for U. S. senator to succeed Gen. R. A. Alger, on the first ballot last night.

### Methodist Church Notes.

(By the Pastor.)

The pastor's Sunday school class gave in collections last year for Sunday school purposes, \$10.32.

The members of the Official Board will meet in the church for the transaction of business on Monday evening, Jan. 14.

Public worship next Sunday both morning and evening. The pastor will occupy the pulpit. Everyone made welcome.

The pastor, during his week's absence in Canada, preached twice on Sunday and gave an address during the week.

The Ladies' Aid society will meet with Mrs. Chas. Filkins Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock sharp. Every member is requested to be present. Refreshments will be served.

Rev. H. A. Dowdning, General Secretary of the Wayne county S. S. Association, will speak in our church on Sunday, Jan. 20. A more extended notice in next week's issue.

The large attendance at Sunday school last Sunday was very gratifying. There appears to be a growing interest in this line of work. Some transfers of scholars were made to advanced classes.

It was quite pleasing to notice the attention and large attendance at the Epworth League service last Sunday evening. The subject "Secret Prayer" was well handled by the leader, Chas. Dolph.

The Woman's Home Missionary society will hold a meeting next Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Chas. Filkins. As it is election of officers the meeting must be called at two o'clock sharp. Tea will be served in the evening.

"His Helpers" or the First Intermediate class of the Methodist Sunday school met Tuesday afternoon at the home of Pauline Green and elected the following officers:

President—Leota Kinyon Vice President—Esther Pickett Secretary—Pauline Green Treasurer—Orle Van Aken Financial Sec.—Maude Roarbacher

### Baptist Church Notes.

(By a Member.)

The subject of the sermon Sunday morning will be "The Possibilities of a United Church," evening subject, "The True Test of Discipleship."

The new officers for the Missionary society are as follows:

President—Mrs. G. S. VanZile Vice Pres.—Mrs. B. A. Northrop Secretary—Mrs. J. M. Burgess Treasurer—Mrs. S. F. Dimmock

The ladies of the church had their annual meeting Monday afternoon and elected their new officers as follows:

President—Mrs. Flora Larkins Vice Pres.—Mrs. M. F. Stanley Sec. and Treas.—Mrs. Marvin Sloan

The new Sunday school officers for the ensuing year are as follows:

Superintendent—G. S. VanZile Assistant Supt.—C. McClelland Secretary—Edith Webster Assistant Sec.—Ethel Scott Treasurer—Bessie Brooks

Assistant Treas.—Norma Mathews Organist—Roy Clark Assistant Organist—Ethel Shafer Librarian—D. K. Shafer Assistant Librarian—Iva Chappell

There was a good attendance at the annual meeting of the church Monday night. Supper was served to all members of the church and congregation and all had a very pleasant time. Mrs. Fred Tousey was elected as the new clerk with Mrs. C. McClelland as assistant. Mrs. B. A. Northrop was re-elected treasurer. The reports given by the different societies were very gratifying indeed.

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

## The Best

Garland and Peninsular Hard Base Burners.

Garland & Peninsular Planished Steel Ranges.

"Retort Oak" Soft and Hard Coal Burners. Wood Heaters and Air Tight Stoves.

White Lily Washing Machines, Empire Wringers, etc.

CARPENTER & HUFF  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## The New Year

Don't you want to begin the New Year right by trading at Ryder's. We have everything the housewife wants and our clerks are pleased to wait on you.

GROCERIES—We call your attention again to our Always Fresh Groceries and our prompt delivery.

COFFEE—Best Coffee in town and at lowest prices. Chase & Sanborn's are always reliable.

## C. E. RYDER

Both Telephones. NORTHVILLE.

## Fine Tailoring!

By putting into our line of Woolens, the choicest products of the manufacturers' skill, we have received substantial recognition from the public in the shape of our enormous quantity of orders.

Our line contains ALL the Popular Weaves, Colorings and Novelties, as well as the Most Desirable Staples. Give us a Trial Order.

E. J. WILLIS, Merchant Tailor

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## I MAKE...

To the measure I take and do not try to secure your patronage by bluffing, but carry a clean, honest line of Woolens. Call and compare prices with a reliable tailor.

Northville. G. ALLAN, Merchant Tailor.

## Yarnall Institute

For Alcoholism or Drunkenness. Send for Pamphlet and Literature. Literature sent in Plain Envelope. DR. W. H. YARNALL. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## Clearing Sale!

About March 1st, C. L. Blackburn will enter into partnership with me. And commencing Saturday, January 12th I will offer all surplus stock at prices that will sell the goods, preparatory to taking inventory, painting and remodeling the store.—Will give you prices a little later.

B. A. WHEELER.

# DETROIT United Railway.

Cars Run on Central Standard Time.

### TIME TABLE

Cars Run on Central Standard Time. In Effect Tuesday, May 1st, 1906.

#### LEAVE NORTHVILLE.

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 6.40 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 10.30 p. m. For Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 6.30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 p. m. In addition there is a car leaves Northville at 12.30 a. m. for Farmington Junction only.

#### LEAVE DETROIT.

Cars leave Detroit for Farmington and Northville at 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11 p. m. For Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11 p. m. In addition there is a car leaves Farmington Junction for Northville at 6 a. m. Last cars wait for theaters on Sunday first car at 11 hour later.

#### FAST ELECTRIC EXPRESS

Operated over the Detroit United Railway and Rapid Railway System, giving prompt express service to all points on above Electric Lines.

Local express office corner Main and Griswold streets.

For rates and other information apply to G. H. Baker or Geo. W. Parker, Local Agent, G. E. & P. Bldg., Northville, Mich., Detroit.

#### For Once Mrs. Binks Had Proved False to a Trust.

Mrs. Binks stands high in the ranks of club women, and bears a reputation for possessing a keen and reliable memory. It is quite the thing when a question arises as to place or date or name, whether in ancient or modern history, in home or foreign lands, in the realms of literature or art, or personal data in club events; to decide the discussion by referring to the popular member. "Oh, ask Mrs. Binks, she'll remember," has become almost a watchword among the club women. On a recent afternoon, as Mrs. Binks was starting out to attend a club meeting the house maid came with the request: "Please ma'am won't you get me a yeast cake of your way home? I forgot to order one when the grocery boy was here. Won't you please remember, ma'am?" she urged with the freedom of a servant who has been long with the family. When Mrs. Binks returned she brought her sister home with her to dinner. Norah opened the door wistfully and waited a moment or two before whispering to the younger woman: "Oh, Miss Grace, please won't you run around the corner for a yeast cake? I just knew Mrs. Binks would forget it! You know she never can remember anything!"

#### QUEER DISHES OF 1582.

Remarkable Viands Served at a Banquet in London.

A Spanish visitor to London in 1582 describes a banquet of that day. "I will tell you no lie," he begins cautiously. "I saw such kinds of meate eaten as are wont to be sene and not eaten, as a horse roasted, a cat in gely, little hards with whot broth, froggs fried, and divers other sortes of meates, which I sawe them eate, but I never knew what they were till they were eaten." The "quaking custard" of that period was a huge dish in the middle of the table, into which "at a private signal, the city fool suddenly leaped, over the heads of the astonished feasters, who were instantly bespattered with this rich and savory mud." Undeterred, however, by this nasty behavior, the citizens not only ate plentifully of the custard, but even took some home to their wives. Nor were the women of those days backward in demanding expensive dainties for themselves, it seems; for an essayist of 1601 sarcastically asks: "Who will not ad mire our nice dames of London, who must have cherries at 20 shillings a pound, and peascods at 5 shilling a peck? Young rabettes of a spaene, and chickens of an inch?"

#### The Light for Her.

"I am the thirteenth of a family of 13, and was born on the 13th of the month and have never had any luck in my life," said the superstitious woman. "Consequently I am not flying in the face of Providence in the matter of unlucky numbers to any great extent, so the other day when a woman got on the car and took her seat in front of me with four little animals—those crosses between squirrels and prairie dogs that are wearing on their furs this winter—on her muff, and two on her boa, and then another woman got in and sat down by her with her five little animals on her muff and two on her boa, and every one of these little animals looked straight at me out of their bright eyes, I had the car stopped and got off."

#### Hoho's Delight.

"Scuse me, I got 8 cents an' I only need 2 cents more." "Oh, that's older than the hills. You don't want a bed. If I were to give you 2 cents, you'd hurry to the nearest saloon and buy a drink." "You got me sized up wrong, mister. I don't want no drink, an' I don't want no bed. I want t' buy a 10-cent magazine an' read de latest 'cast on John D. Rockefeller."

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

# SERIAL STORY

## DUKE OF DEVIL-MAY-CARE

By HARRIS DICKSON  
Author of "The Black Wolf's Breed," Etc.

(Copyright, 1905, by D. Appleton & Co.)

### CHAPTER XV—Continued.

Then he saw the girl straighten herself, an unshrinking determination flashed into her eyes, such as he had seen in few men, and never in a woman's. It told him plainly that her time for fear had passed, the hour for endurance had come. She shrank no longer, she trembled no longer; the truth was out, it stared her in the face, and she met it like a woman of the Romans. Joe tried to slip away. "Wait," she said. And he waited. Half-way up the stair, she turned; Joe was going out the door. "I'm just going out to see if I can't catch a cab," he explained. She looked at him a moment, doubtful whether he was telling her the truth. "I shall go alone if you leave me."

Church bells pealed from every tower; worshippers hurried through the doors, and votaries of pleasure strolled along the promenade. In God's vast sunshine there was abundant room for recluse and for reveler, for flatterers of fashion, and for the widow's garb of sorrow. The crowding people, the banners, the gayeties of the streets, all made grated cells and gloomy prison yard seem more terrible to Anita. Yet, if she changed color, or hung back at the gate, even Joe could not detect it.

Jimmy Fitz and the other officers seemed much disconcerted that she had come; it was no place for ladies, they were in the way. Fitzgerald did not know what to do with her. "Let us sit in that little room," Joe suggested; "where we can see him when he's brought in. She thought perhaps she might identify him." Anita thanked him with one grateful glance for thinking of an excuse, however insufficient.

Jimmy Fitz showed them into the ante-room, and went out again, leaving the door ajar. Anita sat breathless beside Joe, her eyes fixed on the crack in the door, her whole soul pouring itself out in an agony of apprehension. There was the jailer, and Jimmy Fitz and Baker sitting there in the jailer's private office; Anita scarcely saw them, they were nothing to her.

Joe laid his hand upon her arm, fearing that she might cry out. She turned such a quiet face toward him that he took his hand away, and felt ashamed. Steps came along the corridor—two men. Anita gasped the arms of her chair and listened. What little color there had been in her lips faded out completely. She knew the step, she could not be mistaken; one of those men was Noel Duke. She turned and clutched Joe's hand, but she did not even moan.

Duke came into the jailer's office, and she heard Jimmy Fitz asking him questions—heard every syllable. "Well, sir, will you tell us now who you are, and why you've been hanging around the Hotel Louis le Grande since midnight on Thursday?"

The prisoner did not open his lips. "Why did you sit in Pedro's Place all day Friday and watch the door to that hotel? Why did you sneak in there twice while the police were searching it? Why did you try to kill Mr. Vance in that cafe yesterday?" Anita heard them ask a hundred insolent questions, heard them threaten and promise and cajole. But she listened vainly for a denial which never came from the prisoner.

Why did he not say something? Why did he not tell them that they were hars? How could he be silent under such accusations? Anita glanced appealingly to Joe. Joe turned his face away, and a numbness as of death stilled the throbbing of her heart.

"Take him back," the jailer ordered, and Anita caught a glimpse of Duke's tight-shut lips, as he passed out to his cell again. His heavy steps went tramp-tramp-tramp down the long corridor; she felt that they were going to the uttermost boundaries of the earth. She longed to cry out after him, to call him back, to tell him that there had been a mistake—that then she heard the shutting of a heavy door, miles and miles away.

When Jimmy Fitz and Baker first appeared in the ante-room, Anita did not see them; she was conscious of nothing. "Well, miss, do you know 'im?" Joe rose quickly and tried to save her the necessity for an answer, but she did not wait.

"I have never seen the man," she replied steadily; "now, take me home." Baker followed them to the edge of the banquet where their cab was waiting. "That's a sharp un," he remarked, jerking his thumb in the direction of the prisoner; "e's a new 'and, but e

'e knows enough to keep 'is bloomin' mouth shut. We've never got a squeal since we pinched 'im. Jimmy Fitz is goin' to send 'is photographs round; we'll find out who 'e is all right enough; mos' likely 'e's wanted somer's else—pretty bad."

The man gabbled on while Anita stared at him in a dull wonderment; what could the fellow mean? why was he here? She understood nothing save that one unforgettable terrible, incomprehensible thing.

Joe helped her into the cab, and started to take his seat beside her. "No, no," she whispered, pushing him out, "go back there—to him; he will tell you. I can get home by myself."

Utterly heedless of Baker's continual chatter, Joe watched the cab until it turned a corner and disappeared. "God of Merky!" he thought, "what could I say to her?" Then he set his face toward the prison gates, and stopped. "And what can I say to him?"

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### A DASH IN A CAB.

Joe halted at the prison gates, his hands deep in his pockets, his head bent down, struggling with all the strength that God had given him to see the straight course for Duke and himself to pursue. Duke and himself, yes, it was their affair; they would be jointly responsible for whatever had happened, for whatever came of it.

Yet, before he went back in there, he must be cool and calm, his brain must be clear, he must consider many things. His head now was in a whirl, spinning round and round with a clatter and a riotous disorder that drove him mad. The few ideas that he seized upon—and dragged from the chaos were disconnected, vague, fantastic even. The girls were in New Orleans; crushed, broken, withered, they could stand but little more. This notoriety would cause them misery



unspokeable. He must get them away, get them home before the storm broke. Besides, he could not have Mrs. Chaudron's quiet house besieged by a horde of harpies clamoring for details. He and Duke were men; they were responsible, they could endure that did not matter.

Joe had always looked through the eyes of his heart upon the frailties of Noel Duke. When the judgments of his head had been too severe, then the man's heart, which after all was stronger, had folded the transgressor to itself. In his book of judgments there was many and many a page upon which his tears had fallen until they washed it purer than the snow.

"It's my fault, my fault entirely," he kept saying to himself, "I could have prevented it; I could have kept him in Vicksburg; my God, if I had only known!" But he did not know; he had done his best. He lifted his head in the air, the sun shone upon his face; he turned decidedly and entered the gate. A gust of wind, chill and dank with prison odors smote him; he shivered but did not halt.

Baker had been leaning against a post waiting for Joe to leave. It worried him to see the lawyer turn and reenter the prison. "That feller's goin' to make a pile of trouble; I always thought 'e was goin' to get in the way from the first minute I clapped eyes on 'im." He followed, muttering to himself, for he did not like the set of Joe's jaw.

The detective waited just outside the door when Joe entered the jailer's office. Jimmy Fitz and the red-faced jailer, Fogarty, had their heads very close together, so intent upon their Irish argument that they heard nothing else. Joe entered the room abruptly, and without waiting for a pause in the conversation tapped Fitzgerald on the shoulder. "I want to see that prisoner again," he said.

Fitz thought, of course, it was Baker

until Joe spoke, then he sprang up and overturned a chair. "I want to speak to your prisoner," Fitz looked at the jailer undecidedly, and the jailer looked back at Fitz. Baker tried to catch the eye of either, shook his head, but wisely remained outside.

"But, Mr. Balfour—" Fitz commented. "You needn't send for him," Joe said; "I shall go to his cell."

"The rules are, Mr. Balfour—" "Which is his cell?" Joe had stepped out into the hall again, and was already walking down the corridor. Fogarty lagged behind conferring in whispers with Jimmy Fitz. Baker pulled at Fitz's sleeve on the other side.

"What are we going to do?" Fogarty asked. "Don't see how you can help it," Jimmy answered, doubtfully; "he could make a hell of a row if you didn't let him see the man. Maybe that would be worse. I reckon we'll have to play the string out this way."

Joe had reached the cell and turned: "Give me the key?" Fogarty surrendered it without a word, swearing at himself for being such a fool.

Joe unlocked the door and went in. He took the precaution to close it carefully behind him, and left Fogarty standing in the corridor. "Well, I'll be damned," said Fogarty. And Jimmy Fitz looked as if he felt pretty much the same way about it.

Duke had his back toward the door; he was peering through a grated window into the courtyard. For several minutes, perhaps, Joe stood there looking at him, with all the tenderness of a father who has himself been wild, toward his best beloved and most wayward son. For such a father will know the sufferings of such a son. "Noel," he called very softly. The man at the window wheeled;

Joe's uplifted hand hushed an exclamation. "Sh! Don't speak too loud, they may be listening." Joe looked once into the eyes of his friend, then he stepped forward and held out his hand, the hand of boundless trust, of faith unshakable.

"I knew you would come," said Duke, as if the other's presence in the parish prison gave him no surprise. Joe put his arm about the younger man's shoulder, and drew him from the window to a chair. They sat opposite each other at the rough table, alone, facing a crisis. But, now that Joe was here he could not force his awkward tongue to frame a single one of all the questions that burdened him.

"Well, Joe," Duke spoke first, and with the resignation of a man who has grown accustomed to the depths. "Well, Joe, everybody must know it by this time. But for God's sake don't let her name be dragged into the newspapers. I can keep quiet."

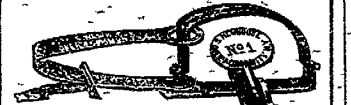
The hopeless tone cut into Joe like a knife. Duke was essentially a man of combat and of action; the fact that he could remain passive marked a vital change in the man. But his eye was calm and steady, there was neither fear nor back-down in it. Joe said nothing; there was nothing he could say.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Quiet Observer. "We are offering special inducements this season to purchasers of our machines," said the automobile manufacturer. "So?" rejoined the quiet observer. "Have you built a hospital for them?"—Chicago News.

The Danger. "So you think yachting is a dangerous game?" "Dreadfully so. Why, no less than five of our commodores have died of delirium tremens."—Lite.

# ONEIDA COMMUNITY TRAPS



The NEWHOUSE TRAP is the best in the world. It is a perfect machine. Hand-fitted! Thoroughly inspected and tested!

The VICTOR TRAP is the only reliable low-priced trap. Don't buy cheap imitations. Be sure the Trap Pan reads as follows:



ASK ANY TRAPPER

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE. Send 25 cents for the Newhouse TRAPPER'S GUIDE. Tells best method of trapping, and skinning game. Send to Dept. A, Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER. The only MAGAZINE devoted to the interests of the trapper. Send 10 cents for copy. A. R. HARDING PUB. CO., Columbus, Ohio.

Hard on the Wife. Philosopher—He who takes a wife takes care, my friend. Cynic—Perhaps. But he who takes care doesn't take a wife.

C. C. YERKES, Attorney.

MORTGAGE SALE—Default having been made in the payment of interest on a certain mortgage of lands in Sunnyside Farm, a Michigan corporation, to the Northville State Savings Bank, dated September 20, 1904, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wayne County, Michigan, on September 21, 1904, in liber 345 of mortgages on page 188, and said interest having remained unpaid for the period of more than sixty days after the same was due and payable the said mortgagee hereby exercises its option granted by the said mortgage and declares the principal sum of said mortgage, together with all interest and unpaid charges thereon at this date to be due and payable immediately. There is now claimed to be due and payable on said mortgage for principal and interest as aforesaid the sum of fifteen hundred and fifty-four (\$1,554) dollars and the further sum of thirty-five (\$35) dollars as an attorney fee and such other expenses as may be incurred under foreclosure proceedings as provided by law, and no proceedings having been taken at law or in equity to recover the same, or any part thereof, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described at public auction to the highest bidder, on Monday, the 25th day of January, 1907, at twelve (12.00) o'clock noon, at the southern of Congress street entrance of the Wayne County Building, in the City of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan (that being the place where the Circuit Court for said county is held), which said premises are described as follows: Lots 10 and 11 in the township of Northville, Wayne County, Michigan; commencing thirty rods and ten feet east from the southeast corner of the southwest quarter of section four (4) township of Northville, thence running due north twelve rods, thence east to the center line of the quarter section line, thence north twenty rods and twelve feet; thence south to the section line of said section four, thence east twenty rods and five and one-half feet to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres and 1380 square feet.

Dated October 27, 1906.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.

C. C. YERKES, Attorney for Mortgagee, Northville, Michigan.

A Written Guarantee with Columbia Graphophones—a form of protection offered by no other talking machine house.

A Written Guarantee of a TEN MILLION-DOLLAR CONCERN is the best assurance you can have of the superiority of the

## Columbia Graphophone

With this guarantee you don't guess, you KNOW which is best. ASK YOUR OWN BANKER as to our responsibility and financial standing. Their send to our nearest dealer or to us, and get our

FREE TRIAL AND EASY PAYMENT OFFER.

This is your chance to secure the BEST TALKING MACHINE MADE, on payments which will not be felt.

WE ACCEPT OLD MACHINES OF ANY MAKE IN PART PAYMENT.

THE GRAPHOPHONE IS THE IDEAL ENTERTAINER AT HOME! Have you ever used it? Try it and judge for yourself.

Grand Prix, Paris, 1900. Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904. Highest Award, Portland, 1905.

### COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY,

88 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

Send me full details of your Easy Payment and Exchange Plan.

Name.....  
Address.....

## DISEASES OF MEN

DRS. K & K

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through IMPRUDENT HABITS, EXCESS AND BLOOD DISEASES. If you have any of the following symptoms, consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and weak, despondent and gloomy, specks before the eyes with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, bashful, excitable, nervous, sediment in urine, poor memory, listless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, lings, restless nights, changeable moods, nerve weakness, premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat, etc.

YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM LOST VITALITY.

We cure Varicocele, Stricture, Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Consultation Free. If unable to call, write for Question Blank for Home Treatment.

### DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

Man's Way. Man wants to be comfortable as a cat on a warm hearth rug; to feel no prick of conscience; to see nothing unpleasant, such as tears or a wan face. It exasperates him to madness when he is obliged to see his wife sad, but it never occurs to him to try to prevent her sadness.—Spilster in M. A. P.

Women Estimated by Weight. The natives of the Sandwich Islands estimate women by their weight. The Chinese require them to have deformed feet and black teeth. A girl must be tattooed sky-blue and wear a nose ring to satisfy a South Sea Islander. Certain African princes require their brides to have their teeth filed into the semblance of a saw.





# THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST OF COUNTRY"

## SOME STRANGE LAPSES OF A LOVER.

But before there was time for me to get a distinct impression, that ugly shape of cynicism had disappeared.

"It was a shadow I myself cast upon her," I assured myself, and once more she seemed to me like a clear, calm lake of melted snow from the mountains. "I can see to the pure white sand of the very bottom," thought I. Mystery there was, but only the mystery of wonder at the apparition of such beauty and purity in such a world as mine. True, from time to time, there showed at the surface or vaguely outlined in the depths, forms strangely out of place in those unsullied waters. But I either refused to see or refused to trust my senses. I had a fixed ideal of what a woman should be; this girl embodied that ideal.

"If you'd only give up your cigarettes," I remember saying to her, when we were a little better acquainted, "you'd be perfect."

"She made an impatient gesture. 'Don't!' she commanded almost angrily. 'You make me feel like a hypocrite. You tempt me to be a hypocrite. Why not be content with woman as she is—a human being? And how could I—any woman not an idiot—be alive for twenty-five years without learning a thing or two? Why should any man want it?'"

"Because to know is to be spattered and stained," said I. "I get enough of people who know, down town. Up town—I want a change of air. Of course, you think you know the world, but you haven't the remotest conception of what it's really like. Sometimes when I'm with you, I begin to feel mean and—unclean. And the feeling grows on me until it's all I can do to restrain myself from rushing away."

She looked at me critically. "You've never had much to do with women, have you?" she finally said slowly in a missing tone.

"I wish that were true—almost," replied I, on my mettle as a man, and resisting not without effort the impulse to make some vague "confessions"—boastings disguised as penitential admissions—after the customary masculine fashion.

She smiled—and one of those disquieting shapes seemed to me to be floating lazily and repellently downward, out of sight. "A man and a woman can be a great deal to each other, I believe," said she, "can be married, and all that—and remain as strange to each other as if they had never met—more hopelessly strangers."

"There's always a sort of mystery," I conceded. "I suppose that's one of the things that keep married people interested."

She shrugged her shoulders—she was in evening dress, I recall, and there was on her white skin that intense, transparent, bluish tinge one sees on the new snow when the sun comes out.

"Mystery!" she said impatiently. "There's no mystery except what we ourselves make it's useless—perfectly useless," she went on absently. "You're the sort of a man who, if a woman cared for him, or even showed friendship for him by being frank and human and natural with him, he'd punish her for it by—by despising her."

I smiled, much as one smiles at the efforts of a precocious child to prove that it is a Methuselah in experience.

"If you weren't like an angel in comparison with the others I've known," said I, "do you suppose I could care for you as I do?"

I saw my remark irritated her, and I fancied it was her vanity that was offended by my disbelief in her knowledge of life. I hadn't a suspicion that I had hurt and alienated her by slaming in her face the door of friendship and frankness her honesty was forcing her to try to open for me.

when Roebuck, with an air like a benediction from a bishop backed by a cathedral organ and full choir, gave me the tip to buy coal stocks, I can't help but wonder at the apparition of such beauty and purity in such a world as mine. True, from time to time, there showed at the surface or vaguely outlined in the depths, forms strangely out of place in those unsullied waters. But I either refused to see or refused to trust my senses. I had a fixed ideal of what a woman should be; this girl embodied that ideal.

I will say in justice to myself, though it is also in excuse, that if I had known him intimately a few years earlier, I should have found it all but impossible to fool myself. For he had not long been in a position where he could keep wholly detached from the crimes he committed, for his benefit and by his order, and where he could disclaim responsibility and even knowledge. The great lawyers of the country have been most ingenious in developing corporate law in the direction of making the corporation a complete and secure shield between the beneficiary of a crime and its consequences; but before a great financier can use this shield perfectly, he must build up a system—he must find lieutenants with the necessary coolness, courage and cunning; he must teach them to understand his hints; he must educate them, not to point out to him the disagreeable things involved in



"I HADN'T A SUSPICION THAT I HAD HURT HER."

his orders, but to execute unquestionably, to efface completely the trail between him and them—whether or not they succeeded in covering the roundabout and faint trail between themselves and the tools that nominally commit the crimes.

Wilmot was the instrument he employed to put the coal industry into condition for "reorganization." He bought control of one of the coal railroads and made Wilmot president of it. Wilmot, taught by twenty years of his service, knew what was expected of him, and proceeded to do it. He put in a "loyal" general freight agent who also needed no instructions, but busied himself at destroying his own and all the other coal roads by a system of secret rebates and rate cuttings. As the other roads, one by one, descended toward bankruptcy, Roebuck bought the comparatively small blocks of stock necessary to give him control of them. When he had power over enough of them to establish a partial monopoly of transportation in and out of the coal districts, he was ready for his lieutenant to attack the mining properties. Probably his orders to Wilmot were nothing more definite or less innocent than: "Wilmot, my boy, don't you think you and I and some others of our friends ought to buy some of those mines, & they come on the market at a fair price? Let me know when you hear of any attractive investments of that sort."

That would have been quite enough to "tip it off" to Wilmot that the time had come for reaching out from control of railway to control of mine. He

lost no time; he easily forced one mining property after another into a position where its owners were glad—were eager—to sell all or part of the wreck of it "at a fair price" to him and Roebuck and "our friends." It was as the result of one of these moves that the great Manasquan mines were so hemmed in by ruinous freight rates, by strike troubles, by floods from broken machinery and mysteriously leaky dams, that I was able to buy them "at a fair price"—that is, at less than one-fifth their value. But at the time—and for a long time afterward—I did not know, on my honor did not suspect, what was the cause, the sole cause, of the change of the coal region from a place of peaceful industry, content with fair profits, to an industrial chaos with ruin impending.

Once the railways and mining companies were all on the verge of bankruptcy; Roebuck and his "friends" were ready to buy, here control for purposes of speculation, there ownership for purposes of permanent investment. This is what is known as the reorganizing stage. The processes of high finance are very simple—first, buy the comparatively small holdings necessary to create confusion and disaster; second, create confusion and disaster—buying up more and more wreckage; third, reorganize; fourth, offer the new stocks and bonds to the public with a mighty blare of trumpets, which produces a boom market; fifth, unload on the public, pass dividends, issue unfavorable statements, depress prices, buy back cheap what you have sold dear. Repeat ad infinitum, for the law is for the laughter of the strong, and the public is an eager ass. To keep up the fiction of "respectability," the inside ring divides into two parties for its campaigns—one party to break down, the other to build up. One takes the profits from destruction and departs, perhaps, to construct elsewhere; the other takes the profits from construction and departs, perhaps, to destroy elsewhere. As their collusion is mere

I did not dare confess to Roebuck what I was doing in textile. He was bitterly opposed to stock gambling, denouncing it as both immoral and unbusinesslike. No gambling for him! When his business sagacity and foresight (?) informed him a certain stock was going to be worth a great deal more than it was then quoted at, he would buy outright in large quantities, when that same sagacity and foresight of the fellow who has himself marked the cards warned him that a stock was about to fall, he sold outright. But gamble—never! And I felt that, if he should learn that I had staked a large part of my entire fortune on a single gambling operation, he would straightway cut me off from his confidence, would look on me as too deeply tainted by my long career as a "bucket-shop" man to be worthy of full rank and power as a financier. Financiers do not gamble. Their only vice is grand larceny.

All this was flashing through my mind while I was thanking him. "I am glad to have such a long forewarning," I was saying. "Can I be of use to you? You know my machinery is perfect—I can buy anything and in any quantity without starting rumors and drawing the crowd."

"No, thank you, Matthew," was his answer. "I have all of those stocks I wish—at present."

Whether it is peculiar to me, I don't know—probably not—but my memory is so constituted that it takes an indelible and complete impression of whatever is sent it by my eyes and ears; and just as by looking closely you can find in a photographic plate a hundred details that escape your glance, so on those memory plates of mine I often find long afterward many and many a detail that escaped me when my eyes and ears were taking the impression. On my memory plate of that moment in my interview with Roebuck, I find details so significant that my failing to note them at the time shows how unfit I then was to guard my interests. For instance, I find that just before he spoke those words declining my assistance and implying that he had already increased his holdings, he opened and closed his hands several times, finally closed and clinched them—a sure sign of energetic nervous action, and in that particular instance a sign of deception, because there was no energy in his remark and no reason for energy. I am not superstitious, but I believe in palmistry to a certain extent. Even more than the face are the hands a sensitive recorder of what is passing in the mind.

But I was then too intent upon my dilemma carefully to study a man who had already lulled me into absolute confidence in him. I felt him as soon as he would let me go. His last words were, "No gambling, Matthew! No abuse of the opportunity God is giving us. Be content with the just profits from investment. I have seen gamblers come and go, many of them able men—very able men. But they have melted away, and where are they? And I have remained and have increased. I feel that I can trust you. You began as a speculator, but success has steadied you, and you have put yourself on the firm ground where we see the solid men into whose hands God has given the development of the abounding resources of this beloved country of ours."

"Do you wonder that I went away with a heart full of shame for the gambling projects my head was planning upon the information that good man had given me?"

"You've gone back to gambling lately, Matt," said I to myself. "You've been on a bender, with your head afeared you must get out of this textile business as soon as possible. But it's good sound sense to plunge on the coal stocks. In fact, your profits there would save you if by some mischance textile should rise instead of fall. Acting on Roebuck's tip isn't gambling, it's insurance."

I emerged to issue orders that soon threw into the National coil venture all I had not staked on a falling market for textiles. I was not content—as the pious gambling-hater, Roebuck, had begged me to be—with buying only what stock I could pay for, I went plunging on, contracting for many times the amount I could have bought outright.

The next time I saw Langdon I was full of enthusiasm for Roebuck. I can see his smile as he listened.

"I had no idea you were an expert on the trumpets of praise, Blacklock," said he finally. "A very showy accomplishment." He added, "but rather dangerous, don't you think? The player may become enchanted by his own music."

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"I try to look on the bright side of things," said I, "even of human nature."

"Once when" drawled he. I laughed—a good, hearty laugh, for this shy reference to my affair of the heart tickled me. I enjoyed to the full only in long retrospect the look he gave me.

"As soon as a man falls in love," said he, "trustees should be appointed to take charge of his estate."

## INDUSTRY STOPS TEMPORARILY

### MICHIGAN STOVE WORKS SWEEP BY FIRE WHICH DESTROYS THE PLANT.

### ONE KILLED, SIX INJURED

Twenty-Two Hundred Men out of Work and a Loss of Over Five Hundred Thousand Dollars.

#### Cause Unknown.

Fire, fierce, spectacular and devastating, invaded the plant of the Michigan Stove Company, Jefferson avenue and Adair street, early Tuesday night, and within a few hours the immense building, with its costly contents, was reduced to a great heap of smoldering and blackened ruins, with here and there a charred and broken wall to mark the path of the flames.

The plant, the main part of which was six stories in height, and extended from Jefferson avenue toward the river to Wight street—a distance of three blocks, with half a block frontage—was practically destroyed, the main office being the only part of the structure left intact at the time the fire was gotten under control.

George H. Barbour, general manager of the company, estimates the loss at considerably beyond \$400,000, the amount of the insurance. It may be more than \$500,000.

Through the burning of the plant, 2,200 men are thrown out of employment, and the fire removes from Detroit's municipal map one of its oldest and most honored business institutions.

Death in violent form came to one man and several other persons were more or less seriously injured. The dead man's body lies unidentified at the county morgue—the others are being cared for at various institutions.

Despite the fact that their great plant was almost swept away by fire, the officials of the Michigan Stove Co. immediately began preparations to rebuild and resume operations. General Manager Barbour said, as he stood by the smoldering ruins: "Our engineer informs me that the power of the plant remains intact. The engines and boilers are practically unharmed, and we shall go to work to rebuild as rapidly as possible. The main office fronting on Jefferson avenue, the display room, the foundry and one storage building remain in very good shape. It is difficult at this time to estimate the loss. It may be anywhere from \$500,000 to \$750,000. Its exact figures our insurance is \$380,000."

There is absolutely no clue as to the origin of the fire. It started at a most inopportune time of the day; at a time when a great many of the firemen were at supper.

## Cattle Go Mad.

Smith's Crossing, five miles beyond Freeland, Saginaw county, is in a turmoil of excitement over an epidemic of hydrophobia. Eight weeks ago a mad dog came down the river road from the direction of Midland biting everything in its path. It was finally dispatched by a farmer, whom it attacked, after a fierce battle. So vicious was the dog that the farmer's horses would not pass it in the road, trembling in their tracks. He beat it off and later with a neighbor killed the animal.

Within the last few days every dog in the hamlet has gone mad, four foaming, unquenchable canines being killed in one day. Three hogs belonging to one man went mad from hydrophobia and five cows owned by another villager have become rabid. The cows went rearing and plunging about the barnyard, bellowing with all their might and biting each other. It is believed that many other cattle and hogs, and possibly horses, have been bitten.

## Frantically Mangled.

Five men dead, five dying and two missing is believed to make up the list of victims in the explosion of a mill of the Lafin-Rand Powder works in Pleasant Prairie, Wis., Saturday. Supt. Ralph Anderson is one of the missing. Little doubt exists that he and the other missing men were completely torn to pieces. The dead are so frantically mangled as to make identification impossible and the injured, among whom deaths are expected momentarily, are burned beyond recognition.

## Title Is Good.

The case of Wilson vs the Secretary of the Treasury, in which Wilson challenged the right of the secretary to pay the \$40,000,000 necessary to secure the title of the French company to the Panama canal property, was decided by the supreme court of the United States today adversely to Wilson's contention.

## Resigns Chairmanship.

George B. Cortelyou on Monday announced his retirement as chairman of the Republican national committee. Hon. Harry S. New, vice-chairman, will become acting chairman of the committee.

John Smith, as he calls himself, was found by a section gang on the railway tracks near Clio Monday. The man objected to his being removed from his dangerous position, saying that he had nothing to live for. He said that he had no home and couldn't find work.

## Knew What He Was Talking About.

Miss Robinson (to stranger at reception)—Do you see that plain-looking girl over there? She has just got married. I'm sure I wonder what her husband married her for.

"I have no doubt he married her for her money," replied the stranger.

"Oh, I wouldn't think so badly of him as that," said Miss Robinson.

"But I ought to know," replied the stranger; "you see, I am the man who married her."—Tit-Bits.

## BIRD—HILL.

### Attorney-General's Reply to Mr. Hill's Request for Investigation.

Atty Gen. Bird sent the following reply to Mr. Hill, who had asked an investigation of Gov. Warner's recent statement.

"Dear Sir—I have given careful consideration to your communication of the 4th inst, requesting that I investigate the charges referred to in the statement of Gov. Warner to the effect that there have been improper methods used in advancing your candidacy for the office of United States Senator."

"I agree with you that the charges are serious and that the public should be informed whether they are true or false. But I am obliged to say to you, at the outset, that I question my authority to investigate the matter, certainly in the absence of any definite information as a basis therefor."

"If the governor and his friends, any state officer, member of the legislature, or any other citizen will disclose to me any tangible proof of corrupt methods in advancing the interests of any candidate for United States senator, I will use my authority to the fullest extent to investigate the matter and lay the result before the legislature."

## The Chinese Boycott.

In answer to an inquiry by the state department as to the truth of the reports that there has been a renewal of the anti-American boycott in China, American Consul Bergholtz, at Canton, cabled the department confirming the accuracy of the report.

He states that the renewal of the boycott movement was attributable to the Chinese residents of Oakland, Cal., who had informed their friends in China that President Roosevelt, in his annual message to congress, had omitted any mention of the new treaty with China, which was an indication that nothing whatever was to be done by the American government to mitigate the severities of the exclusion law.

The consul adds that the Chinese officials at Canton have done everything possible to stop the boycott movement and have caused the city to be placarded with warnings to the people against engaging in the boycott under penalty of being severely dealt with.

## Give Settlers a Chance.

In view of the fact that many homestead settlers are said to be freezing in North Dakota and the loss of the department of the interior provides in many cases that residence of the settler shall be continuous, Senator Hansbrough has prepared a resolution proposing that the settlers be permitted leave of absence for three months to extend over the winter period and that this absence shall not interfere with their entry rights.

## While hunting Otto Koch, of Luther, lost his left hand Gun accidentally went off.

## THE MARKETS

Detroit—Extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$5.50 50 steers and heifers, \$4.25 45; 55 steers and heifers, \$4.00 50; 65 steers and heifers that are fat, \$3.75 50; 75 steers and heifers, \$3.50 50; 85 steers and heifers, \$3.25 50; 95 steers and heifers, \$3.00 50; 100 steers and heifers, \$2.75 50; 110 steers and heifers, \$2.50 50; 120 steers and heifers, \$2.25 50; 130 steers and heifers, \$2.00 50; 140 steers and heifers, \$1.75 50; 150 steers and heifers, \$1.50 50; 160 steers and heifers, \$1.25 50; 170 steers and heifers, \$1.00 50; 180 steers and heifers, \$0.75 50; 190 steers and heifers, \$0.50 50; 200 steers and heifers, \$0.25 50.

Chicago—Market steady and strong; beefs \$4.15 20; cows and heifers, \$3.50 20; stockers and feeders, \$2.80 20; calves, \$2.50 20; no quotations on westerners.

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT. Week Ending January 12, 1907. TEMPLE THEATER AND WONDERLAND—Afternoon 2:15, 10c to 25c. Evening 8:15, 10c to 50c. TRICIE FRANKS. LYCEUM—Prices always 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, 50c. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. In New York Town. WINTER—Evenings, 10c, 20c, 50c. Matinee 10c, 15c, 25c. Queen of the Highbinders. LASKY THEATRE—Evening Matinee Sun. Mon, Wed, and Sat. Best Seats 25c. Night Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c. High Class Vaudeville. Ed. McNeil, a Michigan Central railway section hand, attempted to jump from a moving passenger train at Hastings. He got off with the exception of his left leg. Condition serious, amply dependent. The death of Mrs. John Willoughby, of Mason, at the age of 102 ended a life of industry and activity. She married John Willoughby in Canada when 6 years old. They came to Michigan in 1836 and settled in the wilderness, on the farm where they spent the rest of their lives, 14 children being born to them. Mr. Willoughby died at the age of 34.

Football was a crime in England during the reign of Henry VIII.



The Northville Record

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

An Independent Newspaper Published every Friday morning by The Record Printing, at Northville, Michigan, and entered at the Northville Post-office as Second-Class matter.

Advertising Rates made known on application. All advertising bills must be settled monthly; transient advertising in advance.

Obituary poetry will not be inserted unless paid for. Card of Thanks, 1 cent per word, in advance. Reading notices and resolutions, 1/2 cent per word. For Rent, For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, etc., of average length, 1c per first and 1/2c for subsequent insertion.

Marriage and death notices free for religious and benevolent societies of reasonable length one insertion for change of advertisement received not later than Tuesday.

Books advertising, nor unreliable medicine advertising, or anything bordering on the objectionable, accepted at any price.

Practical, progressive, clean, fresh, vigorous and reliable. Nothing intentional published that cannot be personally endorsed.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JAN. 11, '07.

State-Wide Primary.

It is said that the legislative committee of the state grange will make an especial effort to secure the enactment of a state-wide primary election law compulsory on all political parties.

Corporations to Obey Laws.

The year upon which we entered last week will bring its new problems, perhaps, and in some important respects it will be relieved of problems and anxieties through which the years of the recent past have been most troubled.

Labor Comr's Report.

The forthcoming report of State Labor Commissioner McLeod will show that more than twenty five thousand more persons were employed in Michigan factories during the year just closed than ever before.

Poor in French Hospitals.

The common people fear above everything the hospital, says the Paris Echo. They are badly received and questions are put to them in a loud voice in the presence of patients, students and visitors.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

FOR SALE—Portland cutter. Apply to Geo. H. Baker at D. U. R. electric freight depot, Northville. 181f

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. E. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence 31 Main street. Office hours 8:00 to 10:00 a. m. and 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. Phone 401.

NORTHVILLE.

Purely Personal.

[Contributions to this column are earnestly solicited. If you have visitors, or are visiting elsewhere, drop a line to that effect in the Record item box in the postoffice.]

School Notes.

Theima Ambler of the Fourth grade is ill. Edward Johnson of the Second grade is sick. Gilbert Skiff is a new pupil in the Seventh grade.

WIXOM NEWS.

Guy Mowry has been visiting his mother. Mrs. John Patten has been on the sick list this week. Pearl Kockwell spent her vacation at her home near Orchard Lake.

NOVI NEWS.

Mrs. P. J. Taylor has been quite sick the past week. Budd Jones has returned to his work in the U. of M. Miss Elsie Woodruff spent part of last week in Detroit.

What They Are Paying.

The Northville Market corrected up to date. Wheat, old—73c. Wheat, new—73c. Oats—53c. Corn in ear—55c. Shelled corn—50c.

Council Proceedings.

A regular meeting of the village council was held Monday, Jan. 7. Present, President Harmon, Trustees Carpenter, Jerkes, Harger and Kohler. Minutes of Dec. 8 meeting read and approved.

WIXOM NEWS.

her brother, Wayne Chilson, and sister, Mrs. Lou Lambert. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Parks of West Novi visited Mrs. Lucinda Abbey Monday.

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PARDRIDGE & BLACKWELL. FINAL CLEARING SALE! BEFORE WE MOVE. Saturday, January 26th, will end our business career in the Majestic Building—five years of extraordinary success. One week later—February 2nd—the grand opening of our new store will take place.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer.

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AT THE Northville Greenhouses

you can secure everything desirable in the line of

CUT FLOWERS and GLOBAL DESIGNS.

J. M. DIXON, Propr.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

F. A. MILLER, Propr. 109 Main St. NORTHVILLE. TELEPHONE.

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

PURE STERILIZED MILK. Sweet and Sour Cream Furnished on Application. Successor to E. SOMMERS.

CLARK'S RESTAURANT DETROIT.

UP-TO-DATE. FINEST COFFEE. PURE BUTTER. Nice 15 Cent Lunch. Regular 20 Cent Dinner. 38 West Fort Street Between City Hall and Post Office.

Fine Stationery

Engraved Wedding Invitations Calling Cards Monograms. Work Guaranteed Equal to Tiffany's at about half the cost.

The Record Printery Opera House Bldg. Northville, Michigan

VAUDEVILLE

WHEN VISITING DETROIT DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE FINEST VAUDEVILLE THEATER IN THE WORLD

TEMPLE THEATER AND WONDERLAND

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY Afternoons 2:15-Evenings 8:00 PRICES: ADVANCE 10c-25c-50c-75c

NORTHVILLE.

The City in Brief.

Mrs. Orange Butler is improving. Mrs. George Rayson is slowly improving. Mrs. Sarah Lapham has been very poorly again. C. P. Angell and family are suffering with the grip. Mrs. Milo Johnson is recovering from her recent illness. Mrs. M. D. Taylor and little son are numbered among the sick. Mrs. Malissa Dingman is recovering from her illness and is able to sit up. Mrs. Charles Sessions entertained the Jolly Euchre Club Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Simmons are confined to the house with severe colds.

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Reed Stimpson, who has been ill, is better at this writing. C. J. Ball, who has been quite ill the past week, is much better at this writing and able to be up and around the house. Jennie Matson is the new girl at the Independent telephone office, Dolly Kay having resigned on account of poor health. The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Globe Furniture Co. will be held in their office Jan. 16, at two o'clock standard time. Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. O'Connor of Milford, Dec. 25th, a daughter. Mrs. O'Connor is a sister of Mrs. Gus Dickerson and formerly resided in Northville.

The American Bell and Foundry Co. will hold its annual meeting on Saturday afternoon, January 12, at two o'clock standard time in the office of the Globe Furniture Co. The many friends of Mrs. Della Harmon will be pleased to know that she is recovering. She was able to walk up to the Record office Saturday afternoon for the first time in ten weeks. William Moffatt, an employe of the Stimpson Scale factory, lost the thumb of his right hand Friday by its coming in contact with a saw. The wound is healing and he is getting along nicely.

William Moffatt, an employe of the Stimpson Scale factory, lost the thumb of his right hand Friday by its coming in contact with a saw. The wound is healing and he is getting along nicely. Wilbur S. Harrington is prepared to take orders for the Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, McClure's and many other magazines by the year. He will also take orders for the Saturday Evening Post. Give him a call. The Eastern Michigan Press club will hold its January meeting at Monroe Friday, the 18th. The Merchants and Manufacturers' club and citizens of that place have extended the invitation and promise to give them a delightful time. Not long ago some one borrowed our book of quotations of different poets and as we do not remember who the party was and cannot ask them personally, we take this opportunity of asking them if they will kindly leave it at this office and oblige the editor.

Monday evening a genuine old-fashioned surprise was sprung on Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hutton by the members of the Ladies' Aid and their husbands. All voted it a very enjoyable affair. The society presented Mrs. Hutton with a set of silver dessert spoons in appreciation of her work for the society. Miss Dolly Key has resigned her position as operator in the office of The Northville Home Telephone Co. She commenced her work in 1898 while the Exchange was in its infancy, the subscribers numbering about thirty, and has grown up with it and served its patrons very faithfully for over eight years. The following members of the Orient Chapter, O. E. S. of Northville attended a meeting at Plymouth Tuesday evening: Nelson Bogart, Mesdames Bogart, Babbitt, Darwin, Joslin, Carpenter, Huff, Tousey, Chadwick and Harmon. Mrs. H. S. Earle, Mrs. Proctor and Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie of Detroit were also in the company. After the meeting a banquet was served. The evening was a very enjoyable one.

J. T. Donaldson, a well known Detroit man, was among those lost in the wreck of the steamer J. H. Jones in Georgian Bay. Mr. Donaldson was the manager of the Oven Bay branch of the Wolverine Fish Co., of Detroit and was engaged in making his last round of the fish stations for the season. He was the son of J. P. Donaldson, at one time a resident of Northville and proprietor of a drug store where C. A. Gardner is now located.

From Jan. 12 to 19 you can buy 75c corsets for 50c at Miss Bovee's. "I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulents relieved and strengthened the bowels, so that they have been regular ever since."—A. E. Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

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

Mrs. O. J. Turck is quite ill. Bert Phillips is ill with the grip. John Kimmel is better and able to sit up. Frank Sutton is numbered among the sick. Mrs. Robt. McCully is numbered among the sick. Mrs. Ellen Babbitt has been quite ill the past week. Miss Eva Bovee has been on the sick list this week. Mrs. Robt. Yerkes Sr. has not been quite so well this week. Mrs. Maria Britten has been quite seriously ill the past week. G. H. Baker returned to his work Tuesday after a week's illness. Mrs. Barrett has again taken up her abode with Mrs. Hakefor a time. Mrs. D. K. Shafer, who has been quite ill again, is slowly improving. Mrs. R. R. McKahan has been wrestling with the grip the past two weeks. Spectral convale of Northville Commandery No. 39, K. T., Tuesday evening, Jan. 15. Work. Mr. Wm. Fredericks and Mrs. Mae Scherer were married at Pontiac by Howard Linabury Jan. 5th. Capt. Kurch has been at Union Lake the past week erecting a cottage for use next summer. The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Hurry, who has been very ill with peritonitis, is slowly recovering. Mrs. Chas. Colby has been very ill with a severe cold bordering on pneumonia. She is somewhat better. By special request we republish the "Roosevelt" list of simplified spelling which will be found on page 8. Frank Shafer lost a very valuable horse on New Year's night. This is rather discouraging at the beginning of the year. Rev. S. F. Dimmock officiated at the funeral of the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Will Oldenburg at Clarendonville Thursday. Mrs. J. R. Trufant underwent an operation at Ann Arbor this week. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. McRobert. J. B. Cook received a letter Wednesday announcing the serious illness of his brother, W. A. Cook, at his home in Midland. Mrs. F. Olm, who has been ill in Grace hospital, Detroit, for some time, has returned home and is slowly recovering. The Ladies' Library Association expect to put on a play to be given by the Home Dramatic club some time in the future. Mr. Bowers, assistant at the D U R. freight depot at Pontiac, took the place of G. H. Baker last week, during the latter's illness. Christian Science service Sunday morning at ten o'clock and Wednesday at seven p. m. at 59 Center street. Subject for Sunday: "Sacrament". All are cordially invited. Oxford has again been visited by burglars, this time they entered a hardware store, barber shop and saloon, securing revolvers, razors and filling up on fire-water to help keep up their nerve. The first thunder and lightning storm of the season for 1907 occurred Monday noon and another one early Tuesday morning. The latter was accompanied by a severe down pour of rain and considerable wind. The strenuous life at Lansing the past week was too much for Rep. Cass Benton and he came home sick with the grip Saturday. He is better, however, at this writing. Mrs. Benton has also been ill the past week.

A New Business Firm. Having recently purchased the Furniture and Undertaking Business of M. A. Porter, we wish to announce that we will carry on the business in a strictly up-to-date manner. We will at once make extensive repairs in our store and put in an entirely new line of furniture which, we feel sure, will please the people and we therefore solicit your patronage. Thanking you in advance, we are Cordially yours, SCHRAEDER BROS., Northville Mich.

Miss Krupp Married. A lot of us will have to be satisfied with the second richest girl in the world now. Remember Good Deeds Only. When a man does a noble act, date him from that, forget his faults, let his noble act be the standpoint from which you regard him. There is much that is good in the worst of men.—Dr. Bellows. Allen, the Stove Man. Am located in Northville and am prepared to do all kinds of repairing: Stoves, lawn mowers, clothes wringers and sewing machines. Castings for All Stoves 10c per lb. in stove. Phone residence, 346. G. P. [unclear]

LIVONIA NEWS.

August Mowe has rented his farm to Mr. Smith of Southfield. Harvey Leese of Tiffin and Grace Peck of Detroit visited friends here Sunday. E. R. Peck returned from Jackson Saturday where he had been visiting the past two weeks. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed at the German church Sunday morning. Several from around here attended the pedro party at South Lyon Saturday night and report a fine time. Anna Sump and brother, Albert formerly of Northville, visited friends here last week. It was Albert's first visit in three years, he having been in Montana during that time. Mrs. Ira Groover is quite ill. Mrs. Wealthy Knapp is still very low. Reed Webster was a Detroit visitor Saturday. Little Helen Whipple is slowly recovering. Mrs. Henry Pauline is recovering from her recent illness. John Power and wife entertained George Hendryx, wife and son Sunday. Ralph Hogle came home from Detroit Friday night sick with the grip. Mrs. Alice Way and sister, Mrs. Frank Parsons, spent Wednesday in Detroit. Mrs. Agnes Buno visited friends in Pontiac last week returning home Saturday. Austin, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Habermehl, is very ill with pneumonia. Miss Iva Grinnell of Northville was the guest of her friend, Mrs. Fred Allen, Friday. Mrs. Alex. Smith and daughter Janet were Detroit visitors a few days last week. Miss Minnie Toomey entertained her cousin, Miss Myrtle McHugh of Northville over Sunday. Mrs. T. H. McGee returned last Thursday night from Saginaw where she had been spending the holidays with relatives. The Auxiliary of the North Farmington Cemetery Association will be held at the home of Mrs. Mary Osburn in this village Tuesday, Jan. 15. Everybody invited. The regular monthly business meeting of the Epworth League will be held next Monday evening at the home of Miss Mamie Hatton. Every member is requested to be present. The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Will Oldenburg, formerly of this place but now of Detroit, died Tuesday of spinal meningitis. The parents have the sympathy of their many friends here. Gordon DuBois of Detroit, a former Farmington boy, was quite seriously injured in a street car collision about two weeks ago. His collar, bone was broken, head cut and arm and shoulder badly bruised. His many friends here hope he will soon recover. Mrs. J. Wilber has a two-year-old American Wonder lemon tree which has blossomed twice the past year and set five lemons. All were picked except one which now measures 10 1/2 inches in circumference and 1 1/2 from stem to stem. It is highly recommended for all culinary purposes. From the report read at the annual meeting Jan. 4th we learn that the Home Department of the Baptist Sunday school has been in successful operation for five years. The number of quarterlies now taken is double those taken in the beginning. The offerings have been liberal. Aside from the current expenses all money has been used for the benefit of the school. The annual election of officers for the Methodist Sunday school was held at the parsonage Wednesday evening and the following were chosen: Superintendent—Anna M. Way Assistant Supt.—Lulu L. Grace Secretary—Hazel Hiles Assistant Sec.—Starr Northrop Treasurer—Alice Cole Librarian—Edessa Warner Assistant Librarian—Edgar Pierce Organist—Ola Webster

FARMINGTON NEWS.

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Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution. The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold. Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature. It will help you to avoid taking cold. ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

L. W. LOVEWELL AUCTIONEER SOUTH LYON, MICH. Special attention given to Farm Merchandise and Thoroughbred Stock sales. Dates for Sales made at either Telephone Office, South Lyon, at no expense. Terms Reasonable. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

OBJECT LESSONS. The Large Attendance and Really Profitable Sales at Auctions where Bills have been printed at the RECORD PRINTERY are "Object Lessons" of what Attractive Printing will do. Just two things make successful Auctions: They are Costs no more to get Good Auction Bills that will draw the crowds and make better sales than the inferior looking kind that will tend to keep people away from the sale. All kinds of Animal Pictures. The Record Printery Both Phones. NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Toward the Light. of Modern Perfection we are drifting. We have made it a point to keep none but the Best and Purest of Drugs and Compounds. We especially pride ourselves upon our up-to-date prescription department. Here you'll get exactly what your doctor prescribes. It will be compounded and prepared by some one of experience, and you'll not be the victim of some terrible fatality, due to improper compounding of the drugs. GOOD HEALTH is something we all want to retain. Pure drugs and the proper prescriptions help to cure the injured organs and make good health possible. They prove a good tonic, and build up the system. Our drugs are pure, fresh, and well kept; and our prices very reasonable. MURDOCK BROS. DRUGGISTS 62 Main Street. NORTHVILLE.

PERRIN'S Livery, Feed and Sale Stable. 150 1/2 Bus to and from All Trains. Best Rigs in Town. Telephone Connect. F. N. PERRIN, Propr. THE Griswold HOUSE POSTAL & MOREY, PROPRIETORS. A strictly first-class, modern, first date Hotel, located in heart of the city. Rates, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3 per day. COOL, GRAND RIVER AVE. & GREENWOOD ST. DETROIT.

DIAMOND DAIRY For Pure Milk, Cream and Ices. G. C. BENTON, Prop.

STEVENS ON YOUR HUNTING TRIP. Be sure to be properly equipped—obtain the STEVENS' ARMS and 100 CANNOT GO WRONG. We make RIFLES from \$25 to \$150.00 PISTOLS from 2.50 to 50.00 SHOTGUNS from 7.50 to 35.00 Ask your dealer and insist! Send for 20-page catalog. If you cannot obtain, we will ship direct to you. No charge for postage. Our attractive three-color Aluminum Hanger will be sent anywhere for 10 cents in stamps. J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO. P. O. Box 496 Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Moves the scales to Restore Gray Hair to the Youthful Color. Cleans scalp, dandruff, itching, itching, itching. Price, 25c. Sold by Druggists.





# THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST OF COURAGE" (Copyright 1905 by the BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY)

## XV. TRAPPED AND TRIMMED.

There are two kinds of dangerous temptations—those that tempt us, and those that don't. Those that don't, give us a false notion of our resisting power, and so make us easy victims of the others. I thought I knew myself pretty thoroughly, and I believed there was nothing that could tempt me to neglect my business. With this delusion of my strength firmly in mind, when Anita became a temptation to neglect business, I said to myself: "To go up town during business hours for long lunches, to spend the mornings selecting flowers and presents for her—these things look like neglect of business, and would be so in some men. But I couldn't neglect business. I do them because my affairs are so well ordered that a few hours of absence now and then make no difference—probably send me back fresher and clearer."

When I left the office at half-past twelve on that fateful Wednesday in June, my business was never in better shape. Textile common had dropped a point and a quarter in two days—evidently it was at last on its way slowly down toward where I could free myself and take profits. As for the coal enterprise nothing could possibly happen to disturb it; I was all ready for the first of July announcement and boom. Never did I have a lighter heart than when I joined Anita and her friends at Sherry's. It seemed to me her friendliness was less perfunctory, less a matter of appearances. And the sun was bright, the air delicious, my health perfect. It took all the strength of all the straps Monson had put on my natural spirits to keep me from being exuberant.

I had finally intended to be back at my office half an hour before the exchange closed—this in addition to the obvious precaution of leaving orders that they were to telephone me if anything should occur about which they had the least doubt. But so comfortable did my vanity make me that I forgot to look at my watch until a quarter to three. I had a momentary qualm, then, reassured, I asked Anita to take a walk with me. Before we set out I telephoned my right-hand man and partner, Ball. As I had thought, everything was quiet, the exchange was closing with textile sluggish and down a quarter. Anita and I took a car to the park.

We walked for an hour, talking with less constraint and more friendliness than ever before, and when I left her I, for the first time, felt that I had left a good impression. When I entered my office, I, from force of habit, mechanically went direct to the ticker—and dropped all in an instant from the pinnacle of heaven into a killing inferno. For the ticker was just spelling out these words: "Mowbray Langdon, president of the Textile association, sailed unexpectedly on the Kaiser Wilhelm at noon. A 2 per cent raise of the dividend rate of textile common, from the present 4 per cent to 6 has been determined upon."

And I had staked up to, perhaps beyond my limit of safety that textile would fall!

Ball was watching narrowly for some sign that the news was as bad as he feared. But it cost me no effort to keep my face expressionless. I was like a man who has been killed by lightning and lies dead with the look on his face that he had just before the bolt struck him.

"Why didn't you tell me this," said I to Ball, "when I had you on the 'phone?" My tone was quiet enough, but the very question ought to have shown him that my brain was like a scabbard in a cyclone.

"We heard it just after you rang off," was his reply. "We've been trying to get you ever since. I've gone everywhere after textile stock. Very few will sell, or even lend, and they ask—the best price was ten points above to-day's closing. A strong tip's out that textiles are to be rocketed."

"Ten points up already—on the mere rumor! Already ten dollars to pay on every share I was 'short'—and I short more than two hundred thousand! I felt the claws of the fend Zuan sink into the flesh of my shoulders. "Ball doesn't know how I'm fixed," I remembered I thought, "and he musn't know."

I lit a cigar with a steady hand and waited for Joe's next words. "I went to see Jenkins at once," he went on. Jenkins was then first vice-president of the textile trust. "He's all cut up because the news got out—says Langdon and he were the only ones who knew, so he supposed—says the announcement wasn't to have been made for a month—not till Langdon returned. He has had to confirm it, though. That was the only way to free his crowd from suspicion of intending to rig the market."

"All right," said I. "Have you seen the afternoon paper?" he asked. As he held it out to me, my eye caught big textile headlines, then flashed to some other something about my going to marry Miss Ellersly.

"All right," said I, and with the paper in my hand, went to my outside office. I kept on toward my inner office, saying over my shoulder—to the stenographer: "Don't let anybody interrupt me." Behind the closed and locked door my body ventured to come to life again and my face to reflect as much as it could of the chaos that was heaving in me like ten thousand warring devils.

Three months before, in the same situation, my gambler's instinct would probably have helped me out. For I had not been gambling in the great American Monte Carlo all those years without getting used to the downs as well as to the ups. I had not—and have not—anything of the business man in my composition. To me, it was wholly finance, wholly a game, with excitement the chief factor and the sure winning, whether the little ball rolled my way or not—I was the financier, the gambler and adventurer; and that had been my principal asset. For, the man who wins in the long run at any of the great games of life—and they are all alike—is the man with the cool head; and the only man whose head is cool is he who plays for the game's sake, not caring



## XVI. A GENTEEL "HOLD-UP."

In my childhood at home, my father was often away for a week or longer, working or looking for work. My mother had a notion that a boy should be punished only by his father, so whenever she caught me in what she regarded as a serious transgression, she used to say: "You will get a good whipping for this, when your father comes home." At first I used to wait passively, suffering the torments of ten thrashings before the "good whipping" came to pass. But soon my

fung myself down again, and dumpy and helplessly inspected the ruins of my projects—or, rather, the ruin of the one project upon which I had my heart set. I had known I cared for her, but it had seemed to me she was simply one more, the latest, of the objects on which I was in the habit of fixing my will from time to time to make the game more deeply interesting. I now saw that never before had I really been in earnest about anything, that on winning her I had staked myself, and that myself was a wholly different person from what I had been imagining. In a word, I sat face to face with that unfathomable mystery of sex-affinity that every man laughs at and mocks another man for believing in, until he has himself felt it drawing him against will, against reason, and sense, and interest, over the brink of destruction yawning before his eyes—drawing him as the magnet mountain drew Sundbad and his ship.

But it is not in me to despair. There never yet was an impenetrable siege line; to escape, it is only necessary by craft or by chance to hit upon the moment and the spot for the sortie. "Ruined!" I said aloud. "Trapped and trimmed like the stupidest sucker that ever wandered into Wall street! A dead one, no doubt; but I'll see to it that they don't enjoy my funeral."

"I've come to suggest, Mr. Roebuck," said I, "that you let my house—Blacklock and company—announce the coal reorganization plan. It would give me a great lift, and Melville, and his bank don't need prestige. My daily letters to the public on investments have, as you know, got me a big following that would help me make the flotation an even bigger success than it's bound to be, no matter who announces it and invites subscriptions."

As I thus proposed that I be in a jiffy caught up from the extremely humble level of reputed bucket-shop dealer into the highest heaven of high finance, that I be made the official spokesman of the financial gods, his expression was so ludicrous that I almost lost my gravity. I suspect, for a moment he thought I had gone mad. His manner, when he recovered himself sufficiently to speak, was certainly not unlike what it would have been had he found himself alone before a dangerous lunatic who was armed with a bomb.

"You know how anxious I am to help you, to further your interests, Matthew," said he wheedlingly. "I know no man who has a brighter future. But—not so fast, not so fast, young man. Of course, you will appear as one of the reorganizing committees—but we could not afford to have the announcement come through any less strong and old established house than the National Industrial bank."

"At least, you can make me joint announcer with them," I urged. "Perhaps—yes—possibly—we'll see," said he soothingly. "There is plenty of time."

"Plenty of time," I assented, as I quite content. "I only wanted to put the matter before you." And I arose to go.

"Have you heard the news of textile common?" he asked. "Yes," said I carelessly. Then, all in an instant, a plan took shape in my mind. "I own a good deal of the stock, and I must say, I don't like this raise."

"Why?" he inquired. "Because I'm sure it's a stock-jobbing scheme," replied I boldly. "I know the dividend wasn't earned. I don't like that sort of thing, Mr. Roebuck. Not because it's unlawful—the laws are so clumsy that a practical man often must disregard them. But because it is tampering with the reputation and the stability of a great enterprise for the sake of a few millions of dishonest profit. I'm surprised at Langdon."

"I hope you're wrong, Matthew," was Roebuck's only comment. He questioned me no further, and I went away confident that, when the crash came in the morning, if comes it must, there would be no more astonished man in Wall street than Henry J. Roebuck. How he must have laughed, or, rather, would have laughed, if his sort of human hyena expressed its emotions in the human way.

From him, straight to my lawyers, Whitehouse & Fisher, in the Mills building. "I want you to send for the newspaper reporters at once," said I to Fisher, "and tell them that in my behalf you are going to apply for an injunction against the textile trust, forbidding them to take any further steps toward that increase of dividend. Tell them I, as a large stockholder, and representing a group of large stockholders, purpose to stop the paying of unearned dividends."

Fisher knew how closely connected my house and the textile trust had been, but he showed, and probably felt no astonishment. He was too experienced in the ways of finance and financiers. It was a matter of indifference to him whether I was trying to assassinate my friend and ally, or was feinting at Langdon, to lure the public within reach so that we might, together, fall upon it and make a battue.

Not without some regret did I thus arrange to attack my friend in his absence. "Hill," I reasoned, "his blunder in trusting some leaky person with his secret is the cause of my peril—and I'll not have to justify myself to him for trying to save myself." What effect my injunction would have I could not foresee. Certainly it could not save me from the loss of my fortune; but, possibly, it might check the upward course of the stock long enough to enable me to snatch myself from ruin, and to cling to firm ground until the coal deal drew me up to safety.

My next call was at the Interstate Trust company. I found Corey waiting for me in a most uneasy state of mind.

"Is there any truth in this story about you?" was the question he plumped at me. "What story?" said I, and a hard fight I had to keep my confusion and alarm from the surface. For, apparently, my secret was out.

"That you're on the wrong side of the textile."

"So it was out!" "Some truth," I admitted, since denial would have been useless here. "And I've come to you for the money to tide me over."

He grew white, a sickly white, and into his eyes came a horrible, drowning look.

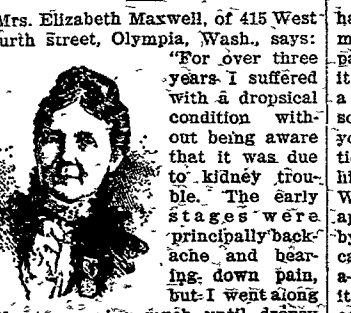
(To be Continued.)

## The Life of Bells.

Comparatively few people know that ringing a bell ruins it. That is, a bell has a definite length of life, and after so many blows will break. A 900 pound bell, struck blows of 178 foot pounds of force, broke after 11,000 blows. A 4,000 pound bell broke after 18,000 blows of 350 foot pounds force. A steel composition bell weighing 1,000 pounds broke after 24 blows of 150 foot pounds, but its maker said it was calculated for a lighter blow.

## BLOATED WITH DROPSY.

The Heart Was Badly Affected When the Patient Began Using Doan's Kidney Pills.



Mrs. Elizabeth Maxwell, of 415 West Fourth Street, Olympia, Wash., says: "For over three years I suffered with a dropsical condition without being aware that it was due to kidney trouble. The early stages were principally back-ache and bearing-down pain, but I went along without worrying much until dropsy set in. My feet and ankles swelled up, my hands puffed and became so tense I could hardly close them. I had great difficulty in breathing, and my heart would flutter with the least exertion. I could not walk far without stopping again and again to rest. Since using four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills the bloating has gone down and the feelings of distress have disappeared."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Comment That Stung.

The marquis of Lansdown, leader of unionist peers in the British parliament, speaks rarely but always with effect. He reveals in grave sarcasm. On one occasion Lord Crewe, the liberal leader, made a speech on a subject which he desired to leave a matter for open voting among his followers. Lord Lansdown congratulated his friend on his eloquent speech. "I have followed it," he said, "with earnest attention—not only on account of the importance of the subject but also on account of the noble lord's judicial attitude. I admired his earnestness and eloquence, but what impressed me most was his impartiality." A pause. "Yes, until the last minute I did not know on which side of the fence his lordship was coming down."

## Tallest American Soldier.

The distinction of being the tallest man in the United States army belongs to Ernest D. Peck, a first lieutenant in the engineer corps. He is six feet four and a half inches in height. Lieutenant Peck is a native of Wisconsin and was graduated from the Oskosh high school. Lieutenant Peck is now on duty at Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, and has supervised the building of a military road known as Peck's Pike. He is called Pike's Peak by his comrades in the service.

## Safe, Sure and Speedy.

No external remedy ever yet devised has so fully and unquestionably met these three prime conditions as successfully as Alcock's Plasters. They are safe because they contain no deleterious drugs and are manufactured upon scientific principles of medicine. They are sure because nothing goes into them except ingredients which are exactly adapted to the purposes for which a plaster is required. They are speedy in their action because their medicinal qualities go right to their work of relieving pain and restoring the natural and healthy performance of the functions of muscles, nerves and skin.

Alcock's Plasters are the original and genuine porous plasters and like most meritorious articles have been extensively imitated, therefore always make sure and get the genuine.

Some men can't even do their duty without making a fuss about it.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c

Better not be witty than half-witted.

# Among the Lawmakers

President Welcomes Criticism on "Message Habit" That Gives Him Opportunity to Curb Congressmen—Secretary Shaw's Little Re-venge—Increase in Cost of Living at Washington.



WASHINGTON.—President Roosevelt has taken heed of the criticism in congress of his so-called "message habit," and there is fair promise that hereafter he will not so freely communicate his views to the legislators on topics urged upon him by enthusiastic champions of proposed reform. Mr. Roosevelt is not sorry that senators and representatives have criticized his message writing proclivities. He knows all about the sharp remarks that have been made and has read some of the newspaper articles setting forth the congressional comment on messages multitudinous and overlapping. He is glad that the comment has got into print, because he believes it will be the means of ridding him of a burden.

That members of congress, according to their dispositions, have found fault and made merry over the steady stream of public documents from the White House to the capitol since the present session began gives Mr. Roosevelt the opportunity to quit writing and to refuse to yield to the urgings constantly being pressed upon him to send a special message on this subject or the other. Messages will come hereafter only when the public usage and the public service demand. The president realizes that his too free use of the presidential message to call attention of congress and the country to needed legislation depreciates the value of his commendation. He realizes, too, that few read his long pronouncements who do not have to.

There is no adequate public conception of the pressure that is brought daily to bear on the president to say an open word in favor of this project and that one. Writers and publishers of books, presidents of colleges seeking endowments and subscriptions, promoters of philanthropic enterprises, champions and advocates of all sorts of uplift movements, and members of congress, are included in the long list who are almost daily beseeching the president to advance their enterprises by commending them.

The congressional advocates are the most insistent of the lot. None of them asks the president to write a message on anything that does not have something which makes an appeal to him as worthy, but most of the texts suggested are inconsequential from the viewpoint of the people as a whole. The president rather rejoices in the publicity that has been given congressional criticism. There will be little fuel for the fire from now on, and some men will get chilled.

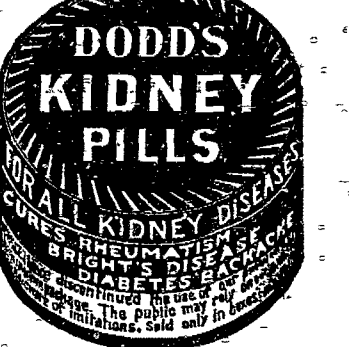
## ANIMALS THAT SHED TEARS.

Travelers' Observations Have Proved That Weeping Is Common.

Travelers through the Syrian desert have seen horses weep from thirst; a mule has been seen to cry from the pain of an injured foot and camels, it is said, shed tears in streams, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. A cow sold by its mistress who had tended young soko ape used to cry from vexation if Livingston didn't nurse it in his arms when it asked him to. Wounded apes have died crying, and apes have wept over their young slain by hunters. A chimpanzee trained to carry water jugs broke one and fell crying, which proved sorrow, though it wouldn't mend the jug. Rats, discovering their young drowned, have been moved to tears. A giraffe which a huntsman's wife had injured began to cry when approached. Sea lions often weep over the loss of their young. Gordon Cummings observed tears trickling down the face of a dying elephant. And even an orang-outang when deprived of its mango was so vexed that it took to weeping. There is little doubt, therefore, that animals do cry from grief or weep from pain or annoyance.

## Mark Twain's Neat Answer.

Eugene Ware, of Topeka, recently wrote to Mark Twain: "I picked up your last volume. I read it clear through from cover to cover; it was like a bob-tailed flush. I could not lay it down." From No. 21 Fifth avenue, New York city, Mr. Clemens answered back as follows: "Dear Mr. Ware: I am an old brass-bound, copper-riveted, fire-assayed Presbyterian, with 71 years' experience in unworldliness, and I don't understand your metaphor, but I know it was intended as a compliment and I make it cordially welcome."



## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

## WHY NOT GO SOUTH?

Where work can be carried on the entire year, where the lands are fertile and productive and where you will not have to battle against the elements of a frozen country. You should send a notice to J. W. WHITE, Gen. Ind. Agent, Seaboard Air Line, Dept. 6, Durham, N. C., for a copy of the

SEABOARD MAGAZINE and it will be sent you together with other handsomely illustrated literature descriptive of the south and its wonderful resources and opportunities for northern farmers desiring to locate in a country blessed with a sub-tropical climate. Special low rates to homeseekers and prospectors.



# THE YELLOW PERIL

BY JOHN FORBES

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

An oppressive gloom pervaded the atmosphere of the Capital club, and in the Red room a slow departing twilight, penetrating with difficulty heavy black masses of tobacco smoke, was the only illumination. No one had cared to press the electric button. Occasionally one of a dozen of more glowing cigar ends seemed to awaken from a reverie to beam brightly for a moment—then relapse again like the eye of a drowsy tiger. There was no sound in the room, and scarcely a perceptible movement, save now and then a finger flicked the ashes away or a hand removed a weed from close-shut lips.

For several minutes then—the deep-voiced cabinet secretary, with dignified deliberation, resumed. "And gentlemen, when all is said and done, the entire situation may be briefly summarized. As the general has explained, they have encroached upon our northern boundary until a barrier of armed men extends from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Our southern boundary is a glittering line of bayonets from Gulf to Gulf. If we drive back a regiment we retreat to our lines before a brigade."

"A corps, Mr. Secretary, an entire army corps," interposed the general. "And," continued the secretary, "their fleets protect their commerce in every harbor of the world. For every torpedo boat we possess they have a cruiser, and for every destroyer over whose decks our flag floats a battleship flaunts their colors to the breeze. They have a dozen stations within 50 hours of our most sequestered sea ports. They have invested our Great Lakes. Our insular possessions we have ceded to them, with honor, indeed, but I cannot say, gentlemen, without coercion—subtle, perhaps, but still coercion."

Lo Toon, their prime minister, is exceedingly frank. "It is not," he says, "a matter of conquest, but a struggle for existence. My people must have breath—they are suffocating. We have our fisheries at the very south pole, and every foot of the bleak Siberian steppes yields its quota of rice or millet—nay, even though it needs be roofed with glass to keep the earth from strangling in its frozen clutch the sprouting seeds. There is no area in all the western hemisphere, from ice-bound valleys of northmost bays, and rivers to lofty snow-capped Cordillera in the south, save what is occupied by these United States of yours, but responds to the industry of my people. And you have room, room, room. You are uncompassed. You must see the inevitable. This, gentlemen, is the situation. We are uncompassed. Our navy is helpless, our army but barely holds at bay the hordes upon our borders. Our lines of fortifications are problems which cannot long remain unsolved. The time when statesmanship availed us has long since gone by."

"Gentlemen," and the secretary's voice was scarcely audible, "I fear, I greatly fear we are undone." There was silence again and the cigar ends glowed more imminently in the deepening gloom. An onyx clock on the mantel over a closed fireplace ticked aggressively and the match with which the secretary relighted his cigar sputtered noisily.

"Mr. Secretary!" The professor's passionless voice sounded afar off, but every eye, startled and new-lighted, turned toward him. The secretary responded: "Professor!"

"Sink it appears, Mr. Secretary," he calmly continued, "that this disaster which has been impending for so long is about to fall upon and crush us. Since it is evident from what you say that the defense of our beloved country has passed beyond the powers of its natural agencies. Since diplomacy and force of arms are alike hopeless, may I not submit the proposition that the defense of our nation has entered the realms of science and as a humble disciple of truth volunteer my services in its behalf. It must still be war—most horrible, most hellish war—and God alone knows how I hate it and shrink from it; but I make the sacrifice gladly."

"I had forborne hoping, professor, and I must still forbear." The secretary breathed deeply.

The professor had arisen and passed silently from the room and the cigar ends gleamed brightly in the direction of the half open door.

Lo Toon, the prime minister, sat in state. Courtiers in silken flowing gowns paused in their goings to and fro and clerks and scribes, low bent at their writing, looked up expectantly. Lo Toon's face was expressionless as ever, but his eyes glittered perhaps more than usual, and his voice was over-sweet.

"Why," he queried, "have I not been informed of this before?" The courtier quailed and murmured, "Because, oh, Light of the Light of the World, it was feared, that some word would reach the enemy. These men were found torn and bleeding, one wounded by a rifle ball, and both near starvation, within our lines, some miles from the enemy's works. They are engineers, had arrested with their superiors, were quarreled and escaped, bearing plans of the enemy's first and second lines of fortifications. The plans were

checked and agreed with our information, so the men were sent here with all dispatch, for they would explain nothing save to your highness." The courtier bowed deeply.

"Bring them in. I would look upon them," The prime minister seemed appeased. Once more the courtier bowed deeply, then left the room.

"Soon, surrounded by several soldiers, but unbound and walking, the two men were brought in. The glitter in Lo Toon's eyes was more needle-like than before.

"Why," he asked them, and paused, smiling the while, then repeated, "Why did you bring us these plans?" The two men drooped their heads.

"Why?" he again repeated, and then, in higher key and standing close before them, "Answer me or—"

The older man, pale-faced and bare of brow, with arm tied in a sling, looked up and, sighing deeply, murmured but little louder than a whisper, "Because we loved our country."

Lo Toon, turned to reseat himself, then hesitated. "Take them away," he said, and to a closer attendant, "Some tea, some tea, slave; quickly!"

"Suddenly" he fell into his throne, thence to the floor, grasping the while his forehead and his eyes.

And so the plague commenced. Right and left men died, and the women and the children. Along the water courses they were piled high, like slain sheep in wild endeavor to assuage their thirst. Some fell at once upon their very tracks without a moan, and some lived on and on, muttering, laughing, shrieking, cursing, until at length death came.

Those still alive fled north to the Siberian steppes and spread the pestilence there, or south to India and the fisheries at the nether pole, and spread the pestilence there, or eastward over oceans and spread the pestilence there. The sky at noon was darkened by the flight of vultures—the land was given to the wolf and jackal. Every dim outpost, every wild retreat was searched by this fierce death blight and wilted by its awful might. Then, when every human fragment had disappeared, the wolves and vultures and jackals rent and ate each other, till scarce were there enough to waken with their howls the trembling ebon night.

It was again twilight, and in the Red room of the Capital club the professor, pale-faced and bare of brow, sat reading intently a book before him. The secretary entered.

"Tell me, professor," he commenced, and the professor looked gravely up, keeping his place in the book with his index finger, "tell me how you did it."

"Why," he calmly replied, "I merely carried in my mouth a capsule containing a sort of microbe culture which we had been developing here at the Jonesonian institute, and blew them in the face of the prime minister. They attack vigorously rice-eating races, you know. Others are practically immune. That was all."

The secretary watched the professor, as he pored more closely over his tome in the dimming light, then slowly turned away, muttering as he did so:

"Ye Gods!"

**BOLD WORK OF PIRATES.**

Chinese Sea Robbers Captured Three Launches Off Busy Port.

This tale from Hongkong shows the ingenuity and courage of modern Chinese pirates: "Ten men who appeared to be harmless laborers, boarded the British steam launch Fienan just below Wuchow. They had been on board only a little time when they suddenly produced revolvers, searched and bound the passengers and crew, and took charge of the vessel. Their captain took the rudder and deliberately collided, while going at high speed, with a larger Chinese launch, the Chanfook. The robbers were flung to the deck by the force of the collision, but instantly sprang up and leaped on board the Chanfook."

"Again the crew and passengers were carefully searched, robbed and bound. This done, they were thrown headlong on the captives lying on the bottom of the Fienan. The pirate leader then returned on board the latter, and quickly wrecked the machinery. The Fienan, helpless and with her helpless cargo, was cut adrift. Steaming up in the dark on the Chanfook, with no lights showing, the pirates attacked a commissioner's armed launch, on board of which a guard of eight soldiers were watching over a valuable cargo, but this time they were beaten off."

"In no wise discouraged, the pirates steered off, and next attacked and overpowered the launch Salyik. When the dawn came the pirates ran the Chanfook on the beach and made off unharmed. Their night's work had brought them nearly \$5,000."

**Voted Out of Order.**

"It's the hand that rocks the cradle that rules the world," quoted the woman's rights champion at the Woman's club.

"But suppose he's been divorced and won't rock it?" objected the piping voice of a mere man who had sneaked in at the side door.

## AN IMPORTANT CASE

Patient Cured of Ataxia Gives the Entire Credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. S. C. Wellock, of 114 Cleveland Avenue, Everett, Mass., the wife of an employe in the government works at Chelsea, says:

"I had been troubled with nervousness for ten years and the disease kept growing on me. Then I learned that I was suffering from locomotor ataxia. I had tremblings in my right leg which would get rigid and when this happened in the street I had to stand still until it passed away to keep from falling. My right arm felt as if a thousand needles were pricking it. The sheet touching my knee in bed would nearly cause me to scream out with pain and both knees were so weak I could hardly stand."

"I had to use a cane and be helped about by my son. Then the pain began to settle in the calves of my legs and the muscles became numb and quivered constantly. The cords under my knees seemed to be drawn up tight and the terrible shooting pains in my legs would nearly drive me insane. My toes became numb and at times would prickle as if needles were being thrust into them. My eyes became dull and black spots floated before them. My heart was very weak. My attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I bought several boxes right away and soon felt relief. I was so pleased that I kept on taking them and they cured me entirely, and I have had no symptoms of the trouble for over a year."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. A booklet, entitled "Nervous Disorders," sent free on request.

Nothing pleases a homely woman so much as to have a man compliment her figure.

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.**

FRANK J. CHENEY does hereby certify that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 1st day of December, A. D. 1906.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for test tubes, free.

**MANY SOURCES OF SALT.**

That from Natural Springs is Generally Most Nearly Pure.

The purity of salt depends upon the source from which it is obtained and the sanitary conditions under which it is prepared for the market. The supply of common salt, the most indispensable of all the seasoning substances both as a relishing condiment and a well-nigh universal food preservative, is exhaustless, yet even so there is salt and salt, says the Pictorial Review.

Formerly salt was obtained by evaporating ocean water, a process that left many impurities in the residuum, to say nothing of its exposure to all kinds of dirt in its shipment from seaports. The Turk's island or rock salt, which is still largely used in pork packing and in the manufacture of ice creams, comes to the United States in holds of vessels continually subjected to dirt and foul odors. Upon its arrival it is again handled, then packed in coarse burlap bags, permitting dust to sift into the salt. In this condition it reaches the consumer.

Latterly, however, the product of salt springs has largely taken the lead in this country not only for table salt but for meat packing. The annual production from this source in the United States reaches more than 40,000,000 bushels, the state of New York in the vicinity of Syracuse furnishing a large proportion of this important supply.

**NEVER TIRES**

Of the Food That Restored Her to Health.

"My food was killing me and I didn't know the cause," writes a Colo. young lady. "For two years I was thin and sickly, suffering from indigestion and inflammatory rheumatism."

"I had tried different kinds of diet, plain living, and many of the remedies recommended, but got no better."

"Finally, about five weeks ago, mother suggested that I try Grape-Nuts, and I began at once, eating it with a little cream or milk. A change for the better began at once."

"To-day I am well and am gaining weight and strength all the time. I've gained 10 lbs. in the last five weeks and do not suffer any more from indigestion and the rheumatism is all gone."

"I know it is to Grape-Nuts alone that I owe my restored health. I still eat the food twice a day and never tire of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The flavor of Grape-Nuts is peculiar to itself. It is neutral, not too sweet and has an agreeable, healthful quality that never grows tiresome.

One of the sources of rheumatism is from overloading the system with acid material, the result of imperfect digestion and assimilation.

As soon as improper food is abandoned and Grape-Nuts is taken regularly, digestion is made strong, the organs do their work of building up good red blood cells and of carrying away the excess of disease-making material from the system.

The result is a certain and steady return to normal health and mental activity. "There's a reason." Read the little book "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

## OLD CAPT. CACK'S QUESTION.

Somewhat Pointed, But It Denoted Quick Intelligence.

Pierce Jay, the commissioner of banks of Massachusetts, at the American Bankers' association's convention in St. Louis, advocated a better accounting system.

"But 'above all,'" said Mr. Jay, in a discussion of his idea, "we want intelligence, if embezzlement is to be thoroughly put down. Systems are good, but intelligence is better, and in cashiers and tellers and bookkeepers and note clerks we want the same keen, quick intelligence that characterized old Capt. Hiram Cack, of Gloucester."

"Cack lay very ill. One day he got down-hearted, feeling that his case was hopeless."

"I fear, doctor," he said, "there isn't much hope for me."

"Oh, yes, there is," the doctor answered. "Three years ago I was in your condition precisely, and look at me now."

"Cack, intelligent and alert, said quickly: "What doctor did you have?"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic, etc. See a bottle.

When members of a family quarrel a lot of truth leaks out.

No muss or failures made with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES; bright, beautiful colors a certainty.

And it's a sure thing that one can't be sure of anything in this world.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Drug stores sell most of them. If it fails to cure, Dr. W. GROVES' signature is on each box. 25c.

Complaint is generally despicable, always worse than unavailing.—Carlyle.

Take Garfield Tea, the Natural Laxative, for constipation, indigestion, liver and kidney derangements, and colds. It is made of Herbs Guaranteed under the Pure Food Law.

We frequently fall into error and folly, not because the true principles of action are not known, but because for the time they are not remembered.

How to Trap Wild Animals. 40 page trap book illustrated, picture 46 wild animals in natural colors, also barometer and calendar, also gun & trap catalog, also prices on raw furs. All sent post paid for 10 cts stamps or silver. Address: Fur Dept. N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Kinsmen of Immortal George. Many kindred of George Washington dwell on and about the original Washington plantation in Westmoreland county, Virginia. The present occupant of the plantation is named George Washington.

ALMOST A SOLID SORE.

Skin Disease from Birth—Fortune Spent on Her Without Benefit—Cured Her with Cuticura.

"I have a cousin in Rockingham Co. who once had a skin disease from her birth until she was six years of age. Her father had spent a fortune on her to get her cured and none of the treatments did her any good. Old Dr. G. suggested that he try the Cuticura Remedies which he did. When he commenced to use it the child was almost a solid scab. He had used it about two months and the child was well. I was there when they commenced to use your Cuticura Remedies. I stayed that week and then returned home and stayed two weeks and then went back and stayed with them two weeks longer, and when I went home I could hardly believe she was the same child. Her skin was as soft as a baby's without a scar on it. I have not seen her in seventeen years, but I have heard from her and the last time I heard from her she was well. Mrs. W. P. Ingle, Burlington, N. C., June 16, 1907."

HE WANTED LIVE NEWS.

Correspondent Had No Time to Waste with Vice President.

Vice President Fairbanks stopped a newspaper man the other day, and good-naturedly asked explanation of an incident which happened years ago. On that occasion Mr. Fairbanks and the correspondent were chatting pleasantly, when suddenly the latter moved away to meet Senator Chandler of Maine. The vice president said: "I have always had great curiosity to know why you deserted me that day."

The newspaper man hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "To tell you the truth, Mr. Vice President, you are a mighty dry source of news. You may have a nose for news, but I doubt it; at any rate, you never give up any. Now, when a newspaper man is gunning for big live news he hasn't got time to stop and exchange small talk with a man, even if he be a senator, who would not know the price of news if he saw it." Mr. Fairbanks smiled. "I thank you for your frankness," he said. "I see I shall have to cultivate a nose for news."

# What is Pe-ru-na?

## Is it a Catarrh Remedy, or a Tonic, or is it Both?

Some people call Peru-na a great tonic. Others refer to Peru-na as a great catarrh remedy.

Which of these people are right? Is it more proper to call Peru-na a catarrh remedy than to call it a tonic?

Our reply is, that Peru-na is both a tonic and a catarrh remedy. Indeed, there can be no effectual catarrh remedy that is not also a tonic.


In order to thoroughly relieve any case of catarrh, a remedy must not only have a specific action on the mucous membranes affected by the catarrh, but it must have a general tonic action on the nervous system.

Catarrh, even in persons who are otherwise strong, is a weakened condition of some mucous membrane. There must be something to strengthen the circulation, to give tone to the arteries, and to raise the vital forces.

Perhaps no vegetable remedy in the world has attracted so much attention from medical writers as HYDEASTIS CANADENSIS. The wonderful efficacy of this herb has been recognized many years, and is growing in its hold upon the medical profession. When joined with CUBEBS and COPAIBA a trio of medical agents is formed in Peru-na which constitutes a specific remedy for catarrh that in the present state of medical progress cannot be improved upon. This action, reinforced by such renowned tonics as COBOLINSONIA CANADENSIS, CORYDALIS FORMOSA and CEDRON SEED, ought to make this compound an ideal remedy for catarrh in all its stages and localities in the body.

From a theoretical standpoint, therefore, Peru-na is beyond criticism. The use of Peru-na, confirms this opinion. Numerous testimonials from every quarter of the earth furnish ample evidence that this judgment is not over enthusiastic. When practical experience confirms a well-grounded theory the result is a truth that cannot be shaken.

## RHEUMATISM CURED



The Circulation Stimulated and the Muscles and Joints lubricated by using

# Sloan's Liniment

Price 25c 50c & \$1.00 Sold by all Dealers

Sloan's Treatise On The Horse Sent Free Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

NO MORE MUSTARD PLASTERS TO BLISTER. THE SCIENTIFIC AND MODERN EXTERNAL COUNTER-IRRITANT.

# CAPISICUM VASELINE

EXTRACT OF THE CAYENNE PEPPER PLANT

A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN—PRICE 15c.—IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES—AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS, OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 15c. IN POSTAGE STAMPS. DON'T WAIT TILL THE PAIN COMES—KEEP A TUBE HANDY.

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