

# The Northville Record.

Vol. XXIV, No. 23.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1893.

\$1.00 per year, in advance

## A SUDDEN DEATH.

### Henry Tousey Dies of Heart Failure Sunday Afternoon.

### HE WAS FEEDING THE HOGS.

### And Dropped Dead in the Pen—The Body Mutilated.

Henry Tousey, a wealthy farmer, living four miles south-west of here, was found dead in the pig-pen about five o'clock Sunday afternoon. His absence from the home was particularly noticed by the family of his nephew with whom he resided, on account of his not returning to the afternoon dinner which was in preparation when he left the house. His nephew, William Tousey, in his search visited the pig-pen, knowing that his uncle fed the animal there, and noticing the hog making some unusual fuss, climbed over into the enclosure. There the horrible sight of his aged uncle, cold in death, being devoured by the hog, met his eyes. Kicking the beast aside he half carried and dragged the body from the pen, before summoning aid from other members of the family.

It was evident that after feeding the animal, Mr. Tousey had climbed over into the pen for the purpose of seeing whether or not the hog had sufficient warm bedding for the night, and while thus occupied death had overtaken him. The animal had entirely eaten off one ear and a portion of the other. Several fingers had also been devoured, and the nose and other portions of the face were badly mutilated.

Mr. Tousey was nearly eighty years of age. He had made his home for years with his nephews, Fred and Will Tousey, on the old homestead farm which he owned. He was well known throughout this and adjoining townships and highly respected, as a citizen and neighbor. He had been troubled with heart difficulty at various times in the past few years, and on one occasion, not long ago, he was found unconscious near the barn, but after an hour of quivering labor he was resuscitated.

The funeral occurred from the home Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Shannon of Salem officiating, and the remains were interred in Thayer's cemetery.

## THESE ALSO HELP.

### Another List of Plymouth Township's Big Tax-Payers.

Two weeks ago we gave a list of the tax-payers of this town who paid taxes to the amount of \$75 or more. Below is a list of those who pay \$50 or more:

C. C. Allen	\$64 01
Jacob Boget	64 04
G. P. Benton	57 91
M. Burdall	53 55
C. J. Ball	50 00
C. B. Crosby	54 58
Alfred Cook	66 76
G. Durfee	63 06
Mr. Ross	61 27
C. Durfee	51 06
Dubuar Mfg Co.	74 19
W. Peckles	71 74
O. A. Frazer	58 59
Thos. Gitzens	50 00
Geo. Gibson	61 01
Dean Griswold	60 38
John Gardner	60 38
Hannah Gardner, Est.	73 19
R. G. Hall	56 57
Samuel Hicks	61 09
R. G. Hart	59 70
John Hirsch	63 34
W. P. Johnson	67 20
W. T. Johnson	68 37
S. Kellogg	71 73
Mrs. Geo. Lake	56 59
Lydia Leonard	71 11
J. D. McLaren	74 39
C. J. Miller	65 74
H. H. Peck	70 74
Mrs. J. Peony	57 59
D. Packard	55 61
E. R. Reed	61 35
J. H. Shackleton	55 59
S. J. Sprague	52 57
M. Vansickle	54 64
H. Williams	53 14
C. Walline	69 89
J. Westfall	74 77
Wm. Yerkes	72 44
J. M. Swift	72 11

## GLOBE BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

### The Annual Report Is a Very Flattering One.

The Globe Mutual Benefit Association held their fourth annual meeting at the council room Saturday night and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President—Chas. Booth.  
Sec. and Treas.—Chas. Dolph.  
Sick Committee—"Doc" Hastings,  
Wm. Macomber, Spencer Clark.

The secretary's report for the year ending Dec. 31, 1892 was as follows:

Bal. on hand Dec. 31 '91	\$23 25
Rec'd from assessments	793 75
" " " F. R. Beal	75 00
Total	892 00
Paid in benefits	752 00
Bal. in treasury	140 00

The membership has been called on for 31 assessments the past year at a cost of \$7.75 each. Only one member has drawn the full ten weeks benefit. There were 127 benefits paid to forty eight of the society. This shows that fifty per cent of the members were on the sick list at one time or another during the year.

Of the 200 employes at that factory, but 97 are enrolled in the present membership.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to President, Beal for his liberal donation of the past year. This donation was \$25 more than the previous year.

The by-laws were amended so that no employe can become a member while sick or disabled.

The fee for joining is 50 cents and it would seem that every employe should become a member.

## A QUIET WEDDING.

### The Johnson-Bryant Nuptials Celebrated Last Week.

A very pleasant wedding occurred at Meads, Mill's last week Wednesday evening. The contracting parties were Miss Eva Bryant, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bryant, of that place, and Mr. Frank Johnson, son of W. T. Johnson, of this village. The young couple are well known in this vicinity and the Record can add nothing not already known to the people hereabout where they are held in high esteem.

The front parlor of the Bryant residence in which the ceremony was performed, was tastefully decorated with arbutovite and evergreens. Rev. G. H. Wallace of Plymouth tied the nuptial knot in his usual charming manner, at 7:30 p. m., and the now happy pair were immediately surrounded by the guests present, all eagerly offering their best wishes for a long, prosperous and happy future. The presents were numerous, valuable and exceedingly pretty. Only the near relatives of the bride and groom were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left soon after the ceremony for their future home, the Johnson farm residence, a mile away, which had been previously prepared for them, and where they are now "at home" to their numerous friends.

## AT THE CHURCHES.

**CATHOLIC**—Services every Tuesday after the fourth Sunday of the month at 10 o'clock A. M. Catechism every Sunday at 3 o'clock. REV. FR. CLARSON, Pastor.

**PRESBYTERIAN**—Sunday Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. (7:30 in summer.) Sunday School at 12 M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 P. M. All will be made welcome. Young People's Society meets every Sabbath evening at 6 o'clock.

**BAPTIST**—Hours of service on Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. (7:30 in summer.) Sunday school at close of the morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Strangers are invited. Young People's Meeting every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. REV. L. G. CLARK, Pastor.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL**—Hours of Public Worship: 10:30 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. (7:30 P. M. in summer.) Sundays, Bible School immediately following Morning service; F. R. Beal, Supt. Class meeting and Devotional meeting of the Epworth League at 6:00 P. M. on Sabbath (6:30 in summer.) Literary and Social meetings of the Epworth League on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. Social worship, Thursday 7:30 P. M. Friday afternoon, Pastor and wife "at home." A hearty welcome to the public.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## AGAINST THE LAW.

### New Are Dear to Be Preferred if This Thing Continues.

It appears that the California two-year restrictive law is being violated this season in the most fearless and open manner. A gentleman who has returned from a camping expedition near the line of Yolo and Napa counties informs us that no secret is made there of killing deer in any number. One party from Napa killed fifteen in side of two weeks and boasted of the fact, while a prominent lawyer of the party declared that he could beat the law; should any complaint be made.

The residents there kill deer as they want them, and scarcely a camp could be seen without venison in plain sight or some other unmistakable evidence of a reckless slaughter of "mountain sheep." Our informant says he passed one camp on the main road where the hunters were dressing a fine, large buck, and was informed that it was the second one they had killed that day, but they were going to hunt another point, where deer were more plentiful.

Strange to say, no complaint has yet been made, but that may be accounted for on the ground that all who witness this open violation of law are equally guilty, as every person met had either brought in a "sheep," or was wearing his legs off trying to capture one. But the question is, what is the use of a dead-letter law which the unscrupulous may violate with impunity, while the law-abiding and conscientious citizen must be denied the privilege?

## KNEW WHAT WAS GOOD.

### An Intelligent English Setter's Appreciation of His Doctor.

There is a prominent business man in Chicago who is something of a dog fancier and takes pride in a pair of English setters that have held a prominent place in several bench shows of the country. Some months ago one of them developed an incipient case of ophthalmia and was taken to an oculist for treatment just as naturally as would have been any other member of the family. The treatment which consisted of drops to be put in the patient's eyes, proved quite successful and relieved the trouble for a time, but after a while it came on again and a second expedition was planned to the doctor's. Film film seemed to know where he was going, for on entering the square where the oculist had his office he raced ahead of his master and up the steps where he had been but once before, and on the door being opened bolted straight for the treatment room instead of waiting his turn down stairs, as two legged patients learn to do to their sorrow and impatience. This time the treatment was a zinc solution that was very severe, and brought the water in streams from the patient's eyes, but he took it with his nose in the air, never wincing, and the only sign of feeling he made was to hold out one paw, pathetically for his master's hand.

## FOUNDED THE BON MARCHE.

### A Woman Started That Great French Institution.

How many American women are aware that the colossal institution in Paris known as the Bon Marche was founded by a remarkable woman, Mme. Boucicaut, called by Parisians the "Lady of the Bon Marche?"

Philip Hamilton says of her that she cultivated good as though it were an accomplishment. Managing the affairs of the great enterprise which she had founded with energy and unflinching prosperity, she associated with her as stockholders the chiefs of the various departments who had given her faithful service, that they might share in the profits of the house, included as many of her employes as possible in the business by ceding her own shares to the common fund, subject to their purchase, and at her death distributed by will the shares that still remained in her possession among the other stockholders.

The pension fund, which Mme. Boucicaut created with a gift of a million dollars from her own private fortune, is used in the support of the employes forced to retire through age or illness. With all her great wealth and commercial power the "Lady of Bon Marche" remained to the day of death a plain, unpretentious woman, with a kind motherly manner and a genial expression.

Call on Stark & Harding for choice Meat, Butter, Eggs, Poultry and Vegetables.

## Brown & Co.

### Watch This Space Next Week

Of this week the balance of our Ladies', Misses' and Children's

## Friday and Saturday

Of this week the balance of our

## Ladies', Misses' and Children's

## CLOAKS!

AT 1-2 OFF

From the regular retail price. Our line comprises

## Ladies Plush Cloaks and Jackets,

## Fur Trimmed & Plain Jackets

In Black and Colors.

## Newmarkets

## Misses and Childrens Cloaks.

In all styles and patterns. All go at

## One-Half their Value

## Friday and Saturday.

## TEICHNER

## &

## COMPANY.

Apply to J. S. Teichner.

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# DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard



SAVED!

Of tribulation these are they Denoted by the white. The spangled yards a lesser rank Of victors designate.

AFTER SILENT YEARS.

Helen Vician was a beautiful woman still, though not quite in her first youth. She had masses of richly colored hair, long hazel eyes, and a splendid figure which was always graceful, whether in action or repose.

"I did not send your brother away, indeed I did not," said the other lady, leaning forward and appearing much astonished. "He left us quite suddenly eight years ago, and I have never seen or heard from him since."

"But my dear Helen, you know he left only on your account—because he thought you liked, or were engaged to some other man."

"I wish you would tell me all about it, Helen dear; we will have our tea here and there will be no fear of anyone disturbing us till dinner time."

"It was the winter of '84 just eight years ago, and we were staying with a large party in a country house."

"I suppose in the lives of most women there comes a time when they have the ball at their feet, when all men bow down to them, when they are made much of by every one, and all things seem to go well with them."

"It was when on a visit to Walton Tower that I last met your brother, Mr. Reggie Anselmy. The first day it was arranged that we should all join the shooters at lunch time, and I found that Charlie Hudson—you remember him—who was engaged to that sickly-looking Mason girl was to drive the coach."

"When I said the name 'Ronie Aynsworth,' your brother repeated it after me just as you did, and I said the name again in a faint whisper. Then he said, 'are you engaged to him?'"

"How strange it all seems!" said Mary Dalton, who had been listening intently all the while Helen was talking. "And the strangest part of all is that the very book you mention was lying on Reggie's table in India, just before he settled to return to England."

"The evening had now closed in, and there was little light except from the flicker of the flames playing round the logs of wood."

"Helen was lost in thought. She was leaning forward with her chin resting on her hand, and was living over again the old, gay country house life of eight years ago."

"Then the next day we had skating on the lake. Mr. Anselmy, your brother, skated very nicely, but he could not valse with me, and I was so fond of figure-skating that I did not care to go up or down all day hand in hand with him."

Mohawk's figure, you know, two strokes forward on the outside edge and a sharp outside curve backward, the prettiest figure there is I think; but it has to be done like clockwork by two people who move as if they were tied together."

"The next day was Sunday, and I volunteered to sing 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair' as an anthem in church if the curate would accompany me on the organ, and I sang it, and the congregation were delighted."

"After this my high spirits disappeared in a moment, for I had not an idea that my thoughtless conduct had given any cause for notice or censure. I felt very crestfallen all the afternoon, and I must say that without me to keep them going the other guests entirely collapsed."

"When we were alone, your brother asked if I would mind being mesmerized by him. I replied that I did not believe that I could be mesmerized. But he was certain that I should make a good subject, and asked if I would give him full permission to do what he liked, and put any question he wished if he succeeded in sending me to sleep."

"I did not stir, but considered what answer I should make. Then he said again, 'bending low, till I could feel his breath warm against my cheek.' Helen, I command you, to tell me whom you love best upon earth!"

"Then it suddenly came into my head to name the hero of a book I was reading, and not knowing or troubling whether he also knew the book I said, in a low voice, scarcely above a whisper, 'Ronie Aynsworth!'"

"I did not stir, but considered what answer I should make. Then he said again, 'bending low, till I could feel his breath warm against my cheek.' Helen, I command you, to tell me whom you love best upon earth!"

"It is a most charming poem, and the description of the hero, with his big black eyes and clean-shaven face, might have been taken from your brother. The names also were very similar—Ronie Aynsworth and Reggie Anselmy. And do you remember now, at the risk of his own life your brother once saved a girl from drowning? Well, there is a beautifully told incident in the book about Ronie Aynsworth having saved a lovely maiden from a watery grave, saying how his lady love looked on with a cold and disapproving eye because he bore the girl in his arms close to his heart, till—like a spaniel that has plunged in the water for a wounded duck, and comes back dripping and lays it at his master's feet, looking up to him for an approving word—he came toward his mistress and knelt down before her as if to show her that his act of heroism was done to make him more worthy of her love, and she, leaning forward with her hands clasped behind, that she might not come in contact with his wet garments, pressed her lips to his cold forehead in token of approval."

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Then, as she received no answer she turned round and saw a tall, stalwart man with a long dark beard, standing in the middle of the room. She rose hastily as he came forward.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you," he said, "but I walked over in the rain to see my sister—Miss Vivan—is that indeed you?"

"I fear that you have forgotten me after so many years—and I dare not shake hands with you—I am so wet!"

"Then Helen went a step nearer and looked into his face. Everything about him was changed except his eyes—those eyes which had gazed into hers so long and so earnestly the last time they met that ever since she had carried their impress with her day and night, as though indeed he had mesmerized her. Even as she looked, her own drooped before the fire of his glance, and she sank back low into her chair."

"Reggie came a step nearer, and taking something from beneath his wet coat he held it out toward her. It was the little poem, 'Ronie Aynsworth.'"

"Then their eyes met, and she understood why he had left her eight years ago, and why he had how come back, and she knew that she understood; and all dripping as he was, he knelt down at her feet, while she, bending slowly forward, drooped her swan-like throat and touched his forehead with her lips—London World."

"I wish you would tell me all about it, Helen dear; we will have our tea here and there will be no fear of anyone disturbing us till dinner time."

"It was the winter of '84 just eight years ago, and we were staying with a large party in a country house."

"I suppose in the lives of most women there comes a time when they have the ball at their feet, when all men bow down to them, when they are made much of by every one, and all things seem to go well with them."

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COULD NOT ACCOMMODATE.

The Englishman on the Wrong Road to See a Cyclone.

An English tourist was at one of the Chicago clubs the other day, returning from a Western trip. "I have been in every Western state and territory," he said to the gentlemen who were entertaining him. "I have had an interesting time. I shall carry back to my friends many stories of life in the states, but not an adventure have I had. I have been seeking them, too, and that is why it seems singular."

"A man is entitled to no credit for escaping episodes of an unpleasant character when he is constantly on his guard. I have been in the West for three months. I have roughed it in every way, but I have not been held up. I have not played in any game where everything was not fair and square. I have not seen anyone shot or hung, and I have seen nothing in the way of street fights. One thing I was particularly in search of was a cyclone. Every time the clouds came up in the sky I went out and took a hold on something which would be safe and watched for the cyclone, but it never came."

"One night we were coming in on the train when we encountered the fiercest-looking storm I ever saw. It was the angriest sky I ever beheld. I knew the conductor of the train very well, and he knew I wanted to see a cyclone. So he took me forward and put me on the engine, telling the engineer to show me the first cyclone that crossed our path. The great bank of clouds, black as a raven, was streaked over and anon with lightning as forked as a snake's tongue. It lay before me, and I could hear the roar of the winds in the sky above the tremendous breathing of the engine."

"It was a grand and terrible scene to me. The engine seemed to be driving right into the storm center. I looked every moment to see the smoke-stack twisted from the boiler and the cow-catcher hurled into the red and black light. I closed my eyes for a moment for it seemed to me the time had come. When I opened my eyes the sky was clear. The stars were sparkling like cold diamonds, and the storm lay in the background like a monster that had been overpowered. I looked at the engineer. He was as calm as if he had been at a harvest dance. As soon as I could I said to him: 'No cyclone yet?'"

"He asked me if I had been asleep. I answered that I had not been so far as I could remember. Then he looked at me and said: 'No cyclone ever touches this engine. They get out of the road when they see it coming. One tried it once and went out of business the next day. If you were on the road (mentioning the name of a rival road) you would have seen the cyclone. It loves to dally with that road. Not with ours. Sorry we can't accommodate you. Conductor ought to have known better.'"

"So I go back with no cyclone story but this."

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FADS AND FEATURES.

There are 512,500 telephones in use in the United States.

Switzerland's new census shows a population of 2,917,754.

In Sitka, when an Indian wife has lost her husband by death, she goes into mourning by painting the upper half of her face a deep black.

A Western traveler has a large collection of souvenir spoons which he secured in a peculiar manner. At every hotel and restaurant he stopped at, he has made it a point to "hook" a spoon.

Capt. C. James of the Reddick, Eng. Town Cycling club died last week and in accordance with his last wishes, his coffin was borne to the grave on four bicycles and attended by his friends riding on their wheels.

An Englishman has just invented an apparatus whereby, instead of rolling and forming separately each strip in the manufacture of bands and hoops, several strips can be cut simultaneously at one operation from a sheet of metal.

A German newspaper contained this announcement: "I hereby declare, since the written notice of the 5th of August, 1893, and notwithstanding her refusal to accept the same, my betrothal with Frankline Emma Zigler is null and void."—Richard York.

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Thomas A. Edison, who sleeps but few hours himself, says that the man of the future may do without sleep entirely.

Tom Hughes of "Tom Brown" fame is now in the seventy-fifth year of his age and is as chipper and full of enjoyment as he ever was.

The pope has recently received from the converted savages of New Guinea a curious present, consisting of three crowns made of feathers of the Upl birds. These crowns, united together, form a tiara.

Lucy Booth, General Booth's youngest daughter, who is about to go to India at the head of mission work in that land, will dress and live as the native women do while she remains among them.

Baron Hirsch is said by a London newspaper to be the richest man the world has ever known, the statement being that he is worth \$5,000,000 sterling a year. This implies a capital of about \$200,000,000.

Emperor William, of Germany, recently intended to decorate Count Taffe with the black eagle, but he sent him a red eagle by mistake, and as etiquette would not allow him to take back what he had once given, he was obliged to let the count have both decorations.

Mrs. Ella L. Knowles, who went to Montana after studying law in Manchester, N. H., found in that commonwealth a statute prohibiting women from practicing at the bar. Her efforts to have the law repealed by the legislature were successful, and she has now been elected attorney general of that state.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes suffers somewhat from asthma, and it is noticeable in his voice, but otherwise he seems to be in excellent health. He is a great walker and is often seen in Beacon street, in Boston, taking his "constitutional." He always wears a nicely polished silk hat and carries a large cane.

Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson's death attracted attention to two facts—her unmarried daughter's beautiful devotion to her blind parent, these many years and the undisturbed condition of Mr. Emerson's study since his death. In fact the whole house and its furnishings have undergone little change in a decade.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once. Ica was unknown before the seventeenth century.

Brainell's Cough Drops. Dr. Brainell's Cough Drops. The genuine have A. B. C. on each drop. Sold every where.

In 1832 a lamb was worth \$2; two dozen eggs, 34.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Cure has cured many cases of Catarrh. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by E. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Churches built in America in 1891 numbered 8,503.

The speed of a wild duck is ninety miles an hour.

Fayetteville, North Carolina, lays claim to a 900 pound hog.

33 per cent. difference. Royal Baking Powder. Strongest, Purest, Most Economical. As to whether any of the baking powders are equal to the "Royal," the official tests clearly determine. When samples of various baking powders were purchased from the grocers, and analyzed by the United States Government Chemists and the Chemists of State and City Boards of Health, the reports revealed the fact that the "Royal" contained from 28 per cent. to 60 per cent. more leavening strength than the others, and also that it was more perfectly combined, absolutely pure, and altogether wholesome. As most of these powders are sold to consumers at the same price as the "Royal," by the use of the Royal Baking Powder there is an average saving of over one third, besides the advantage of assured purity and wholesomeness of food, and of bread, biscuit and cake made perfectly light, sweet, and palatable. The official reports also reveal the presence, in other powders, of alum, lime or sulphuric acid, by which their use is made a matter of grave danger to the consumer. Whenever a baking powder is sold at a lower price than the "Royal," or with a gift, it is a certain indication that it is made from alum, and is to be avoided under all circumstances.



# ANNUAL CLEARING SALE!

Before taking our inventory we wish to close out a large lot of goods to every description in our line. Commencing

**Friday, Jan. 5.**

And lasting until further notice, we will offer all of our Men's and Boys'

## OVERCOATS AT 1-4 OFF.

ANY CAP IN THE HOUSE AT HALF-PRICE.

Men's and Boys' Odd Pants at a Great Reduction; good Wool Socks worth 25c of any man's money, at only 10c pair. Choice of all our Fine Stiff Hats, worth \$2.50 and \$3.00, at \$1.98. A good Stiff Hat worth \$2 at only \$1.25. A large lot of Men's Odd Vests worth \$1.50 to \$2, at only 98c each. Special cheap prices on All-Wool Shirts and Underwear. Gloves and Mittens, a large variety and a bargain for everybody.

Don't buy a Dollars worth of goods in our line until you have looked us over and got our special prices as we are sure we can save you money.

# E. L. RIGGS,

EXCLUSIVE CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

**THAT'S WHAT**

You obtain by buying furniture of

## SANDS & PORTER!

They have some fine bargains in

Polished Oak Rockers,  
High Back Dinners.

One of the finest stocks of

## Picture Moulding,

Ever shown in town.  
See their late styles

## SANDS & PORTER.

**COMFORT**  
and  
**ECONOMY!**

**"Seeing is Believing."**

And a good lamp must be simple, when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this stamp—THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer has it the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the *Largest Lamp Store in the World*.

**ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.**

## "The Rochester."

**\$1. \$1. \$1. \$1.**

## THE MICHIGAN FARMER,

The Best and Cheapest Agricultural Paper in the World.

### EIGHT PAGES AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLEMENT

Every Week in the Year for Only \$1.

No farmer can afford to be without it. It gives each week the latest and most extended reports of the Live Stock, Grain, Provision and other markets of any paper published in Detroit. We will send it from now until January 1st, 1894, for \$1. AGENTS WANTED. Address **GIBBONS BROTHERS,** 40 and 42 1/2 Grand St. West, Detroit, Mich.

## The Northville Record.

EVERY THURSDAY.

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.  
OFFICE IN OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

TERMS \$1.00 Per Year

Advertising rates made known on application. Business notices five cents per line for each insertion. Marriage, birth, death and church notices inserted free. Ordinary comments, resolutions, cards of thanks, poetry, etc., charged for at the rate of five cents per line. Communications from every town and school district in the county are solicited. Anonymous communications not inserted under any circumstances.

FRIENDS OF THE RECORD WHO HAVE BUSINESS AT THE PROBATE COURT, WILL PLEASE REQUEST JUDGE DUFFEE TO SEND THEIR PRINTING TO THIS OFFICE.

THURSDAY, JAN. 5, 1893.

### PERSONALS.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go.

Frank Thompson is home from the west.

Mrs. Clarence Brigham has been quite ill.

Tom Hunt spent Sunday with Saginaw friends.

Mrs. B. J. Thompson is visiting with her parents at Elm.

W. A. Frick returned Monday from a visit to friends in Canada.

Miss Nellie Thompson visited Grand Blanc relatives over Sunday.

Fred Quigley, with the Hanrahan Ref. Co., was in town Monday.

Mr. W. E. Hilborn passed the New Year with relatives at Albion.

Mrs. Wm. Clark of St. Paul, Minn. is visiting relatives hereabouts.

R. H. Beal started out for the Hanrahan Ref. Co. Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Hosmer visited relatives at Romulus over Sunday.

Misses M. E. Laphau and Carrie Barker are home from Ann Arbor.

G. A. Fleischer and wife spent New Year with their folks, J. S. Teeple's.

A. L. Thompson of Bay City was a guest of Northville relatives Saturday.

Wm. Lattinix is sick with typhoid fever. Dr. Hosmer is attending him.

Mrs. T. B. Filkins visited her daughter at Ypsilanti over Sunday.

Frank Shields of Lansing made a short call on his brother Ed. last week.

Will Hart came home from Ann Arbor to wish his friends a Happy New Year.

Miss Minnie R. Flanders of Albion is visiting at her uncle's, Mr. Henry Hilborn.

Miss Sattie Spar of Chelsea is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Geo. Webster.

J. B. Markey of Chicago, secretary of the U. S. School Furn. Co., was in town last week.

Mrs. Walter Nichols of Rochester, Mich. was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. H. French, last week.

Rev. P. Ross Parrish and F. R. Beal attended the reception given to Bishop Ninde, Detroit, last week.

Frank Bradley, brother-in-law, and Geo. Porter, cousin, of M. A. Porter were his guests over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walters enjoyed a visit from the later's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Torrey of Flint, this week.

Ben Chambers and sister Belle of Ypsilanti spent the New Year day at their sister's, Mrs. Chas. Filkins, Dunlap street.

Mrs. Louis VanDyne of Orid and Mrs. Hosley of Duplain were guests of Northville relatives, the Knapp families, this week.

Grant Power and wife have moved back here from Ionia and he is now at his old post again in Teichner & Co's, dry goods department.

Rob King and Arch McPhail left Tuesday evening for Racine, Wis. where they are to be employed with the Racine Seating Co.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Priest of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Priest of Plymouth were the New Year guests at their parents, H. Priest and family.

Miss McConnell, the preceptress, can tell you just how the walking is between Plymouth and Northville and just how many steps it takes to cover the distance.

Stark and Harding can suit you in Fresh and Salt meats.

DRESSMAKING—Miss Celia Corwin is prepared to do dressmaking by the day. Inquire at B. Freeman's, Cady street. 20w2p

I will be in Northville at the Macomber house, Jan. 5, 6 and 7. Would be glad to take orders for Domestic Sewing Machines; Also to meet any, or all of my old customers.

CLARA ALLEN.



## REED'S

BARGAIN STORE,  
Our Great

Special January Sale!

to commence

Friday, JAN. 6,

and

Saturday JAN. 7

and continue 4 days next week.

Ladies Buckle Artic Overshoes at 75c.  
Childrens " " " at 50c.  
Ladies plain Croquet Rubbers at 25c.  
Watered silk Rubbers for ladies, a beauty, at 40c.  
Men's Felt Boots and Rubbers at only \$1.75.  
Ladies Pat. Tip Pure Dongolia Shoe, worth \$2 for \$1.37.  
The best Men's Sewed Shoes in Wayne Co. at \$1.60.  
2000 yards of Remnants of Dress Goods at just about 1/2 price.  
Ladies Cloaks at ruinous Low Prices.  
Cloaks that we sold at \$6, now only \$2.00. Less than 1/2 the cost to manufacture.  
Childrens Cloaks \$1.25, \$1.50, and \$2. Don't miss this bargain.  
1500 yards Cream White Double Fieeced Shaker Flannel 5c.  
Superb Bargains in every department.

Now when the melancholy days shall come  
And you begin to get the blues.  
You think seriously of parting  
With your old, easy wornout shoes,

You just call at Reed's Northville Bargain Store for stylish Shoes and Stocking, as we are dealers in Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods of every description. Our prices are right in line with your ideas.

## A. W. REED'S

BARGAIN STORE, Northville Mich

### School Notes.

Geo. Gibson has a new-type writer.

Miss Minnie Beal made a Grammar room a call Friday.

Jennie and Jessie Parmer are new pupils this month in the 8th grade.

Art Wilkinson is doing the janitor work in the place of Mr. Gardner who is still on the sick list.

Miss Alexandre was ill at her home in Ann Arbor Tuesday and Miss Minnie Smith filled the vacancy.

The following pupils in the A Grammar room were above 90 in scholarship, deportment and attendance and were excused from examination last month:

Foster Vanzile, Clifton Covert, Eva Little, Fiza Welch, Frank Blair, Edna Risner, Edith Ely, Irene Greer, Lee Macomber, Willie Daph, Fred Freeman, Wilmer Clark, Louie Root, Rose Crocker, Bertha Vanzile, Mabel Clarkson.

The following pupils in the B Grammar room were neither absent nor tardy last month:

Artie Buzzell, Mable Burgess, Chas. Brockett, Jessie Clark, Myra Clark, Ward Cook, Ella Clarkson, Edith Clark, Edna Criger, Floyd Freeman, Mildred Greer, Earl Goodnow, Peter Gillispie, Lydia Hayner, Verne Hastings, Orville Haft, Blanch Murdoch, Fred Macomber, Alexander Milne, Chas. Riggs, Pearl Simmons, Lillie Stewart, Willie Simmons, Angie Smith, Genie Williams, Estella Withee, Beth Wheeler, Earl Whittaker.

ALLEN M. HARMON POST, NO. 318 C. A. R. Dep't of Mich. Northville, Dec. 23rd. 1892.

Whereas, Wilber Sherman Harrington, having presented to this Post a beautiful copy of the several Memorial Addresses delivered in the house of Representatives and Senate of the United States; also at the funeral service upon the life and services of our comrade, General John A. Logan; It is therefore ordered that the thanks of the Post be hereby tendered to the giver, as a grateful acknowledgment of our appreciation of this act of kindness and courtesy.

By Order of H. O. WARD Com. B. G. WEBSTER, Adjutant.

Music lessons. Piano or organ Lessons given at your own house or at my home, to suit scholars convenience. Three lessons for \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mrs. F. S. Neal.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

The greatest worm destroyer is Dullam's Great German Worm Lozenges, only 25 cents per box. For sale at C. R. Stevens.

## Buckwheat Flour!

THE FINEST.

We do not like to take too much of the reader's valuable time but if we don't speak to you about our famous Koller Process Buckwheat Flour you may think we had a grudge against you which same we have not; but want everybody to give it one trial—then you will buy it always.

Good Bread is the result of using **GOED LACE Flour.**

## Yerkes Bros.

How DOES THIS STRIKE YOU.

We shall now make the following reductions in the Pant line.

**\$5 PANTS for \$4.**  
**\$6 PANTS for \$5.**

Have just received a new line of Fine Pantings, Suitings, Etc.

Satisfaction Guaranteed, both as to work and prices.

## B. FREYDL.

(Over Teichner's store.)

VERY MUCH SURPRISED

I have been afflicted with neuralgia for nearly two years, have tried physicians and all known remedies, but found no permanent relief until I tried a bottle of Dullam's Great German Liniment and it gave me instant and permanent relief. 25 cents per bottle. A. B. Snell.

Hamilton, Mich. April 11, 1890. For sale by C. R. Stevens

## MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH MEATS,  
SMOKED MEATS  
SALT MEATS  
OYSTERS

F. A. Miller, Propr.

Highest market price for Hides & Pelts.

## C. E. ROGERS

Supplies Customers  
Daily  
With Strictly

PURE

## FRESH MILK.

Womans Rights!



"Come and see our stove since Allen the stove man, fixed it."  
Every woman in Michigan has a right to have a stove to use, and she can have it by sending word to the stove man. He also repairs sewing machines, clothes wringers, pumps, tin soldering, cauldron kettles—in fact any thing that can be repaired by man.  
Repairing Gasoline Stoves a Specialty.  
G. P. ALLEN,  
Box 3, Northville, Mich.

## M. N. JOHNSON & CO.

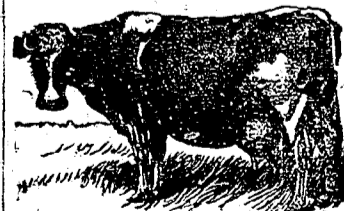
LIVERY,  
FEED AND  
BOARDING  
STABLES.

Special attention taken to furnish the public with first-class turnouts at MODERATE PRICES.

The Star that Leads them all.

A first-class high arm, high grade machine, with all attachments for \$24.00. No money required until you have examined machine. How can we do it? Send for catalogue and full particulars.  
J. M. HAYES,  
608 Cherry St., Toledo, O.

## BENTON'S



## MILK ROUTE

PURE MILK.

Milk for Infants furnished from one cow in Special cans.

We Guarantee Satisfaction and Solicit your orders.



THE RECORD.

F. S. NEAL, Publisher.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

Prudence of reserve and decorum sometimes dictates silence, at others prudence of a higher order may justify speaking.

The dialect story is going out of vogue. Good! Life is too short to be wasted in efforts to comprehend something which when comprehended doesn't amount usually to a bill of beans.

CHICAGO'S latest hold-up was perpetrated by a husband whose wife was the victim. He elevated her heel-wise and shook her until money concealed about her person fell to the floor. His only possible excuse was that he needed the money and she had hidden it in her pocket.

YALE students tried to turn a New Haven theater inside out, and although their success was only partial they were rewarded by heavy fines. College traditions seem to be fading. The fact that a Yale student can be as guilty of disorderly conduct as any one else who misbehaves is slowly forcing its way to recognition.

SOME of the Atlantic steamer lines have abolished the steerage department. This means, rather than the suppression of the steerage passenger, that hereafter himself, his poverty and his microbes will travel right in company with other passengers. The occasion does not seem conducive to expressions of gratitude.

The manner in which several estates hereabouts have melted away and been recast to fit the coffers of the lawyers concerned has excited, among other things, the suggestion that the gates of the penitentiary will swing open for some of the lawyers. The suggestion is cheering, but delusive. Penitentiary gates do not do this sort of thing. If they swing open for the benefit of the lawyers, it will be that the pauperized heirs may be chucked through as a punishment for not having more to be robbed of.

The danger of cholera in this country has not disappeared. In Hamburg and other European cities the plague sleeps and will wake in the spring. This is the opinion of medical experts. Immigration, if not properly restricted, will bring the disease to our shores. To effectually check immigration, so that only a desirable class will be admitted, is apparently a matter that involves insurmountable difficulties. So experience teaches. Until the menace of cholera has been totally removed the best way to regulate immigration is to stop it.

GREAT hopes are entertained in Europe that a remedy for cholera has been found which is able to destroy the microbes that propagate the disease without injury to human flesh and tissue. Sir Andrew Clark of England has experimented with it very successfully, and in Hamburg it is credited with greatly lessening cholera fatalities. The remedy consists of crystals that are to be injected into the blood. Their composition is held as a secret, but the experiments made will fully show whether the new remedy has the value claimed for it.

MR. ARMOUR'S magnificent gift to the city of Chicago of a beautiful building for a manual training school and an endowment fund of \$1,400,000 in addition, is in line with endowments in other great cities for the teaching of the practical sciences, the mastery of which will enable a young man to get a living. The more we have of such institutions the better. They are even more useful than the colleges, inasmuch as they combine the practical with the theoretical. The intensely utilitarian turn of Mr. Armour's mind is indicated by his announcement that the institution will be provided with religion, sixteen ounces to the pound, like the best leaf lard, but with no denominationism.

WHILE our young people are deeply engaged in the study of philosophy and art and their elders are the only ones who are wise enough to seek rest and amusement, it follows that the novel will be written for the pleasure and approval of these older readers. And as it is a curious and well-known fact that there is nothing people like so well to hear about as themselves, it is a natural sequence that the characters who animate the plot of the modern story should be mature people. We may pass an idle hour in reading the romantic trials of callow and sentimental youth; but what takes downright hold of us, the sort of story that will be read and remembered and talked about by the readers of to-day, must deal with the heavy trials and struggles and temptations of people who are kindred to us in age and experience.

The French-Canadian emigration from Quebec to the United States was astonishingly heavy in October. The emigration fever has extended to Chateaugay and Beauharnois, the two counties of the province whose people have been supposed to be the most prosperous and contented.

FROM Rio Janeiro comes the welcome report of a revolt. There had been nothing of the kind for a week and fears had naturally arisen that the political machinery of Brazil was out of gear.

RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE.

A BICYCLIST PURSUED BY HUNGRY WOLVES.

After a Chase of Many Miles, Upset in the Snow—Despairing of His Life, He Is Saved by a Herd of Elk—A Story of Russia.

Mr. Fred Wishaw gives in Land and Water an account of his being chased by wolves in the district of Pskoff. He had gone to Russia with a bicycle, and at the time he fell in with the wolves was on his machine, having covered a distance of some twelve miles in an endeavor to "head" some elk.

I had, says he, ridden but a mile or two on the return journey, when it struck me that I ought to alight and refresh my machine with a few drops of oil. But hardly was I on foot than happening to glance back along the road I saw something which at first sight caused a thrill of pleasurable excitement, but soon gave place to very different sensations.

Hardly a quarter of a mile behind, and coming toward me at the long gallop which covers the ground at a wonderfully rapid pace, were five large, gray wolves. I saw the leader raise his nose and catching sight of me, cock his ears and give tongue, just as a dog might. There was no doubt about the fact; I was being hunted. I was speedily up and away, and as I caused the pedals to whirl in a manner to which they were entirely unused, I tried to calculate coolly the probable relative swiftness of bicycles and wolves.

I had at least ten miles to go before I should reach safety. I might possibly do that in three-quarters of an hour, if the machine and my breath held out. Could the wolves accomplish the distance in less time? The situation was by no means one for trifling. When I had ridden a couple of miles or so I ventured to glance back, the result being an instantaneous conviction that wolves can travel faster than a bicycle. The brutes had gained upon me. They had gained a hundred yards at least. At this rate I calculated they would pull me down just about two miles before I could reach my destination and city of refuge, Lavrik; unless, indeed, they could not keep up the pace, which I flattered myself was rather hot.

Another two miles and another peep behind me. The wolves were barely 200 yards away, now and coming along as though they enjoyed it. I could swear that the leading wolf licked his lips as he saw me look around. I tried a spurt. The road was as level as a billiard table and I strained every nerve to the utmost. But even as I did so it was borne in upon me that spurring would not do. I must slacken off at once, for I could never keep up the terrific rate at which I was now traveling.

In fact I must economize all my staying powers in order to last out the distance at even my former rate of progression. Then, suddenly an idea occurred to me. I would ring my bell loudly and continuously, and see what effect that would produce. I pressed the gong and turned round to observe whether the sound would check my pursuers. The effect was instantaneous. No sooner did the first clang of the gong ring out than the wolves—every one of them—stopped dead, and disappeared behind the trees. I gave a yell of defiance and delight, and dashed on, ringing away for dear life. But my triumph was short-lived. On looking back a few moments after I found that my foes were again in full pursuit. However, I had gained a little.

On we flew, my gong sounding harsh and strident in the silence of the forest. It was magnificent, at least it would have been if it had not been so horribly dangerous. There was a rut trodden by horses running all along the very middle of the road. I avoided this and rode at the side, which was smooth, for the runners of light sledges do not as a rule wear the snow. It was easy enough, of course, to avoid the rut when riding straight ahead; but while looking round there was the danger of my front wheel slipping into it, and either checking the way of the machine or even causing a capsize.

I had just turned my head to look round upon my pursuers for the twentieth time—alas! they were still gaining and were now within fifty yards. Hearing a loud clatter in front of me I turned back again to see what new danger threatened me from that direction. In thus twisting back and round again I allowed my front wheel to go out of the direct line. The next instant I was in the rut and before I had time to see what was happening I was, with my trusty bicycle, buried a couple of feet deep in the snow at this side of the road. I gave myself up for lost.

All this did not take long to happen, and as I emerged from the snow I was in time to see two things. The first object which met my gaze was a magnificent bull elk, followed by four similar ones just in the act of trotting across the road, not ten yards from me, striding through the snow at a long trot, their heads well raised and resting back on their shoulders. The other object was the little pack of wolves.

Scarcely fifty yards behind me when I upset, these were upon me in a moment, and I had barely time to seize the heavy spanner of my machine and put my back to a tree when, to my delight, the wolves—then but five yards from me—pricked up their ears, passed me like a flash of greased lightning, and darted away in pursuit of the elk.

I picked up my bicycle, and to my credit mildly rode away with all speed. I think I rode those three miles in "record time," anyhow it is fifteen minutes less than two hours from the

START WHEN I SCUDDLED INTO LAVRIK AND IF I HAD NOT RIDDEN TWENTY-EIGHT MILES I MUST HAVE DONE PRETTY NEAR IT.

AFTER PRIDE A FALL.

A Pompous Man Finds Himself Among the "Poor Devils."

Into police court the other day came a large man of pompous manners and imposing mien, and although his broad expanse of waistcoat was somewhat bespattered with tobacco juice and his rubicund nose showed familiarity with the flowing bowl, still he seemed anxious to impress all beholders with the fact that he was a gentleman of independence and leisure who was casually looking over the city with a view of purchasing it if it suited him. He said that he was viewing the signs of the town, and was casually interested in seeing how the majestic machine of public justice dealt with the criminal classes. Being a sort of philanthropist, he confessed a sort of lofty interest in the "poor devils," as he termed them.

"By gad, sir, I really sympathize with these poor devils," were his exact words as he viewed the prisoners passed in review before the judge's eye. Indeed, he talked a great deal in this strain. Next to talking about himself, the idea of his own magnanimity seemed to please him most. He wished to see all the workings of the court, to inspect the cells and to talk with the unfortunate ones confined therein. This privilege being denied he took it out in talking to everybody he met. Now, the philanthropist is a most estimable person, considered as a whole; also, charity is rightly considered the chiefest of Christian virtues; but when it appears solely in the form of blatant benevolence of words it becomes a bore, likewise when there is a sudden suspicion that all this is but a veneering of it becomes disgusting.

Consequently the court officials, who had been painfully bored by the big man, were not surprised to see a familiar form in the prisoners' procession a few days later, says the Washington Post. It was indeed the "Mr. Pecksniff" of the former occasion, but oh, how sadly altered! Gone was all his pompous, turkey-gobbler air. Gone was that obnoxious glow of benevolence. Gone, likewise, was his mien, and even his portly form seemed shrunken and bent. He had seen the interior workings of the whole machine, and his sympathy with the "poor devils" in the cell was now expended solely upon himself.

The charge was vagrancy and drunkenness, and being convicted and having no wherewithal to pay his fine, he continued his investigation of the criminal system of the district—yes, even to two months in the work-house.

HAS SPENT TWO FORTUNES.

An Original Argonaut Who Now Works for Fifty Cents a Day.

Along the strip of seaboard south of the Ocean house, near San Francisco, there have recently sprung up several placer mining camps of primitive pattern. One of the most unique characters about the camp is Abraham Wellington Birough, an original Argonaut, who has made and spent several fortunes in California. Birough has been styled the mayor of the beach camps and every possible title of authority in connection with the camp has been attributed to him, despite the fact that he is now said by the Leadville Herald to be "cradling" said for the magnificent stipend of 50 cents a day and "found." Birough is a queer sort of a genius. His hair has never been outraged by the wanton snip of the scissors during the past half-century. As a consequence, the old man appears to be several inches taller than he really is. He is no dwarf, however, as without his hair, crown he stands more than six feet high. Somehow or other Birough seems to have been conceded to be the bad man of the camp. He is an original forty-niner, and since he first struck California he has been engaged exclusively in quick and gravel mining. Birough has had many ups and downs in his career. His first mining experience was at Yankee Bar, on the middle fork of the American river. He was exceptionally fortunate with this claim, and is said to have got out more than \$100,000 worth of the precious metal. This soon slipped through his fingers, and he once more shouldered his prospecting outfit and began to search for another rich mine, which he found in due time in Placer county. A second fortune came quickly and went the same way. Since then Birough has never been able to "strike it rich," but even now, when he is working for 50 cents a day and board, his "sporting blood" is as warm as of yore and whenever pay day comes around he takes a trip to the city and returns to the camp "dead broke."

He Knew of Another.

"These infernal machines are getting altogether too numerous," said Mrs. Moonpumper, after reading of another dynamite outrage.

"That's so," assented her husband. "There's young Rickett's next door got a cornet and he practices on it without intermission."

Their Relative Importance.

"I should like to know," said Eve one day, "whether you consider yourself of more importance than I am?" "Well, my dear," said Adam, mildly, "I don't know as I would put it just that way, but you must admit that you are a side issue."—Washington Star.

The Victim Lost.

Howson Lott—I saw your wife yesterday and she said your servant girl had gone away on a vacation.

(Morrison Essex—Yes. She went last week.

Howson Lott—Who is running the house in her absence?—Puck

PAYING THE PENALTY.

SIGHTLESS EYES REWARD GLASS BLOWERS.

A Curious Trade in Which the Workmen Labor Assured That Success Means a Fortune in Money and Loss of Sight.

The most curious and interesting thing to see at Venice in London is the furnace of Dr. Salvati. Salvati glass has a world-wide reputation, and many traveling English have visited the works at Murano, where the glass is made. But this is the first time that the process has been shown in England. The Salvati furnace at Olympia is in modern Venice. Entering you find yourself in a semi-circular room of considerable size, with raised tiers of benches to enable the spectators to witness the manufacture of the glass. In the center stands the furnace, which consumes daily some three tons of good British oak. The furnace is divided into different "pots," each containing molten glass of some special color, and the temperature is about 1,470 degrees Fahrenheit, says the Chicago Tribune.

What is the composition of the glass? Dr. Salvati declares that he himself does not know. It is a jealously guarded trade secret. The visitor may notice a taciturn old man who moves quietly about among the workmen and disappears now and again into a dark room at the back where the mysterious materials are kept. Sometimes he is to be seen sitting outside, staring gloomily into the shallow lead-lined canals made in imitation of those of his own Venice. "There," says Dr. Salvati, pointing at him almost with reverence, "look at that old man; he alone knows the secret." It may be so; but that granite land from the Murano lagoon is the basis of the mixture is well known. To this is added nitre, soda lime, oxide of lead, arsenic and many other secret things to give the exquisite tinges of amber, sea green and pink which are one of the chief beauties of the Salvati glass.

In front of the furnaces are three or four rough seats, each furnished with horizontal projecting arms covered with iron. At these seats work the brothers Barovier—Benvenuto, Vittorio and Pietro—three of Dr. Salvati's most skillful workmen. They asked much to come to England, and it is said that each may make from £12 to £15 per day, in addition to a share in the profits upon the sale of the articles they produce.

Benvenuto is going to make a piece of glass—a flower vase supported on a sea dragon. He has no pattern, no gauge, and his only tools are some pliers and scissors. He takes a long blow pipe of iron, dips it into one of the pots and withdraws it with a quantity of the glowing mass hanging to the end like honey on a stick. Twisting the rod deftly in his hand he is at his seat in a moment, and constantly rolling the rod backward and forward on the arms of his seat he begins to fashion the bottom of the stand with a pair of pliers. The glass soon cools and has to be plunged again into the furnace. Again it is withdrawn and manipulated with extraordinary dexterity. It takes shape as by magic under the hand of the artist, and becomes a round stand with a stem to support the dragon. An assistant then takes it away to keep it hot in another furnace.

Now comes the dragon from another pot. A piece of pink glass is pulled out at length; there is the dragon's body. It is bent quickly round the tail curling upwards, and with incredible swiftness each touch nicely calculated, the head is fashioned, the mouth open, breathing flames. Here comes the same, a morsel of red glass from another furnace, put deftly in the opened mouth, and fashioned in three or four touches into a long pointed tongue. Then came the eyes, the wings, the legs, and there is your dragon, a marvel of art wrought in some six or seven minutes. So the piece is built up in sections, each joined to the other by heat and the work stands complete—a miracle of design and color, treated straight from the brain of this little and handsome Italian as true an artist as he who paints pictures, makes statues and builds churches.

But there is a fearful penalty which all these artists must pay. Blindness comes upon them at middle age. The glare of the furnace, the fierce radiance of the molten glass burns the eyes and at 40 or thereabouts they become blind. Benvenuto Barovier, though he scarcely looks more than 30, can not even now see to read. It is a fate these glass workers cheerfully face. They love their craft. During the years of youth and early manhood they devote their lives to art, to the production of fragile dreams of beauty in glass which a touch will pulverize, and they are content to go into the night and spend their old age in darkness. For they are rich and honored.

A Beggar's Threat.

At St. Cloud, a beggar, armed with a cornet stopped in front of a terrace on which a large number of persons were dining. One of their number asked him to give them a tune. The beggar humbly confessed that he could not play.

"What! You don't know how to play? Then what good is your instrument to you?"

With noble frankness, "It is only a threat."

Sure to Be Occupied.

Mr. Dashing—Aa, where is your beautiful charge, Mrs. Mayflower? Mrs. Mayflower—Dear me, I think it she is not declining your brother in the conservatory you will find her accepting your father on the veranda.—Truth.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARONSON, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CENTRE COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, N. Y. YORK

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CURE SICK HEADACHE. Headache and relieve all the troubles that come to a bilious state of the system, such as indigestion, constipation, dizziness, etc.

ACHE. No matter how many times that have been tried, you can't get relief. Our pills cure it.

TO CONSUMPTIVES. The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease CONSUMPTION, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

PATENT OR NO FEE. A 48-page book free. Address: W. T. FITZ GERL, AN'Y AT-LAW, Cor. 5th and F Sts., Washington D. C.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. A NATURAL REMEDY FOR Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysteria, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at 1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of ladies. It is the only perfect safe and medicine discovered.

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WORK FOR US. A few days, and you will be settled at the unexpected success that will reward your efforts. We positively have the best business to offer an agent.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY. A gentleman having been cured of Nervous Prostration, mental Weakness, Premature Decay, and youthful folly, is anxious to make known to others the simple method of SELF-CURE.

# "August Flower"

Miss C. G. McClave, School-teacher, 753 Park Place, Elmira, N. Y. "This Spring while away from home teaching my first term in a country school I was perfectly wretched with that human agony called dyspepsia. After dieting for two weeks and getting no better, a friend wrote me, suggesting that I take August Flower. The very next day I purchased a bottle. I am delighted to say that August Flower helped me so that I have quite recovered from my indigestion."



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER. My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This makes it a most desirable and is prepared for use as easily as tea.

## LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it in 5c and 25c packages. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. LANE'S Family Medicine moves the bowels and is called "The Bowel Friend."

## Young Mothers!

We Offer You a Remedy which Ensures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.

## "MOTHER'S FRIEND"

Roba Confinement of the Pain, Horror and Risk.

After using one bottle of "Mother's Friend" I suffered no pain, and my child was born healthy and strong. I can recommend it to all mothers. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of difficult labor, and is the only one that does not harm the mother or child. It is sold in 5c and 25c packages. Write for a free sample to the following address: **BEADFIELD REGULATORS CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds, Pearls, Clocks, Cameras, Sewing Machines, Typewriters, Radios, Gramophones, and all other goods at **AT A Price** that will save you money. Write for a free catalog to **THE GREAT SHILOH'S CURE CO., 151 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.**

## SHILOH'S CURE

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Chest, Shilo's Ointment Plaster will give great satisfaction. 25 cents.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

Signs of Health. You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action.

Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.

## DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

Pain in the Back. joints or hips, sediment in urine like brick, frequent calls or retention, rheumatism.

## Kidney Complaint

## Urinary Troubles

## Disordered Liver

Blind or dark circles under the eyes, tongue coated, constipation, yellowish eyeballs.

# The Sandycroft Mystery.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

## CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"Great God! Enna, you don't mean to imply..." Then his voice failed him, and he sat staring at his sister, his eyes dilated with horror. It was quite evident to both the women that not till that moment had any possible connection between himself and the murder suggested itself to his mind. "I mean simply nothing," answered Enna. "I only want you to look facts in the face. You go back to the Croft unknown to anyone (so far as you are aware), save Lord Sandycroft. The letter you want to recover is in the smoking room, the readiest way to which is especially if you wish not to be seen by any of the household—is through the conservatory. At that time Captain Darvill was alone in the room. You and he must have met. What passed between you is best known to yourself. Half an hour later you are back at the station with a wound on your forehead, which you account for on the score of an accident."

Ivor sprang to his feet, but Enna held up her hand, and he read something in her face which induced him to sit down again without speaking. "It is not possible," said Enna. "I am simply asking a question—is it not possible, I say, that by some means to us unknown Roden Bosworth may have become aware of your visit to the smoking room, so that, when Captain Darvill's body was found he may have drawn the inference that his death was the result of some quarrel between you and him, and rather than allow the crime to fix itself on you, may he not have taken it and all its consequences on his own shoulders? Of such an action, Quis prodest? It may seem to some people, I believe Roden Bosworth to be fully capable."

Ivor sat and stared at her in speechless amazement. For a moment his brain was dazzled and could comprehend nothing clearly in the intensely vivid light which his sister's words had thrown on the mystery of Darvill's death.

Enna turned to Mrs. Bosworth. "You are his mother," she said, "he may have told you that which he has kept from every one else. Here, in my brother's presence, I ask you was it for his sake that your son took on himself the crime of which the world adjudges him to be guilty?"

"It was for the sake of Mr. Ivor Penleath that my son did what he did."

"Ah!" exclaimed Enna, softly, with an in-drawing of her breath, while her face lighted up as with a sudden burst of sunlight. "Then I was not mistaken in him!"

"And do you mean to say that Roden Bosworth did this thing for my sake?" demanded Ivor, his face a study of combined amazement and perplexity.

"And for my sake, perhaps, a little," whispered Enna to herself.

"For your sake, Mr. Ivor," came in grave assent from the mother.

"It's the most utterly astonishing thing I ever heard of," she rose, crossed to the window, stood there for a few moments, and then went back to her chair.

"But," she went on, "I am still at a loss to understand what it was that induced Bosworth to believe that it was at my hand Darvill had come to his death, and that by drawing suspicion on himself, he would be the means of diverting it from me."

Enna turned inquiring eyes upon Mrs. Bosworth.

"I will tell you all I know of the affair exactly as my son told me," responded the latter. "But first of all I must remark that the particulars I am about to relate only became known to me about a week before I left England. Previously to that time all I knew was that Roden had allowed himself, for reasons of his own, to be charged with a crime of which he was wholly guiltless; and with that knowledge I was obliged to rest satisfied."

"I am not worthy of it, Mrs. Bosworth," cried Ivor, passionately, the moment she had come to the end of her narrative. "No, by heaven, I am not worthy of such a sacrifice on the part of any one!" Never in his life had he been so moved.

As for Miss Penleath, she flung her arms around the elder woman's neck and kissed her again and again, winding up by bursting into a passion of tears. It was a strange proceeding on the part of the young lady, who, as a rule, was a contemner of tears and avers from sentimental displays of any kind.

To all appearance Mrs. Bosworth was the most unmoved of the three. For a little while no one spoke, then Ivor cleared his voice and said: "Evidently, it now devolves on me to relate what passed between myself and Darvill on the night of his death. As I remarked before after reaching the station I discovered that I had left behind me a private letter of much importance, together with a miniature in a case." Here his swartly cheek flushed for a moment.

"Not caring to be seen after I had bidden everybody good-by, which would have involved an explanation that would have been distasteful to me, I left my fly to wait for me in Buttercup Lane, scrambled through the hedge, crossed the lower meadow, leaped the ha-ha, and made my way to the conservatory, judging that I should find the door not yet fastened for the night and so be able to reach the smoking room without being seen. I had judged rightly, the door opened to my hand. The portiere which draped the archway had not been fully drawn, thus enabling me to see that the room beyond was lighted up as if already occupied or presently to be so. I know that my uncle had

been called away to see a sick tenant, but it seemed not unlikely that Darvill, Bosworth or both of them, might have gone there for the solace of a weed. Advancing quickly, I drew the portiere a little further aside, and then halted for a moment before going forward. What I saw was Darvill in the act of reading the letter I had come in search of, while on the table close by lay the miniature, face downward. Almost before I had time to take in the scene, he turned the page he had been reading and began on the other side. There was a sneer on his face that maddened me even more than the fact of his reading the letter. The next instant he looked up and our eyes met. My blood was fired to the point of frenzy. I sprang forward, and with one hand I snatched the letter from him, with the open palm of the other I smote him on the face, applying to him at the same time one or two epithets which he richly deserved. The next instant he made a rush at me and felled me to the ground with a blow just above the left eye. A moment later I was on my feet and had closed with him. In the struggle that ensued the lamp was overturned. Darvill was a much bigger and stronger man than I, but I know all the tricks of the Westmoreland wrestlers, and in less than a dozen seconds he was floundering on his back. All I wanted was to get away. Without waiting for Darvill to rise, I snatched up the miniature, the letter I had already made a hurried exit by the way I had come, retraced my fly, and got back to the station in time to catch the 11 o'clock train for Liverpool. The wound over my eye was caused by Darvill's ring. Finally, I may mention that I have a distinct recollection of seeing the Indian dagger with which you stated just now, Darvill is supposed to have been murdered. It was lying on the table as if it had been taken down to look at as any other curio might have been, and had not been replaced."

## A MONSTER ENGINE.

Which is Expected to Make 100 Miles an Hour.

The Pennsylvania railroad company under the direction of Mr. Theodore N. Ely, general superintendent of motive power, has completed at its great shops at Altoona what is in many respects the most remarkable locomotive ever constructed, and if the capabilities of this splendid machine prove to be what is expected of it, there will be most important departures made by the construction of passenger-engines intended for hauling heavy fast express trains.

The great size of the engine can be pictured from the following description: Total weight of the machine alone is 145,000 pounds, or seventy-two and one-half tons. When complete with the tender, and ready for service combined weight of all is 224,000 pounds, or 112 tons. There has never been a locomotive constructed on four drivers which is as heavy as this one, there being 45,000 pounds over each pair of drivers.

The driving wheels are the largest ever built for locomotives in this country, and are seven feet, or eighty-four inches in diameter. The boiler pressure is 200 pounds, and the compound principle of the two cylinder type. The two-hundred-pound pressure has already been maintained with surprising ease of the trials.

The cylinders are respectively nineteen and a half and thirty-four inches in diameter, the high-pressure cylinder, of course, being the smaller, and the low pressure the biggest locomotive cylinder ever constructed. The pistons of both cylinders have a twenty-inch stroke, and among the many advantages possessed by the engine is one enabling the engineer to start the train with steam from the low-pressure cylinder. The high-pressure cylinder is on the left side of the train, and steam generated passes first through it, exhausts into the low-pressure cylinder and is then blown off.

The boiler is six feet in diameter and twenty-seven feet long. The fire box is as large in proportion, being nine feet long and forty inches wide. Inside-gate measurement, the height to the top of the cab is fourteen feet; to the top of the stack fifteen feet; the distance from the bottom of the boiler to the rail is six and a half feet, so that a man over six feet tall could walk under the boiler. In the construction of locomotives the slide valves are usually placed on top of the cylinder. In this engine they are between them, and are piston valves, twelve and a half inches in diameter. The forward wheels are forty-two inches in diameter, and are steered with wrought iron centers.

The tender is equipped with three pairs of wheels instead of eight wheels on two trucks. They are of the same pattern as the forward wheels of the engine, and each pair is equipped with equal lead brakes. The tender is equipped with spring buffers.

The idea is to get the time between Jersey City and Philadelphia down to ninety minutes, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, a maintained schedule speed of sixty miles an hour. This is to be done with the new locomotive under all conditions, no matter how unfavorable, taking considerations of delays, slow running stretches, etc. This, of course, requires that the engine shall make up time lost and bring the train over the road at an average of a mile a minute, including everything. It is hoped that under the best conditions, after the engine is thoroughly in trim, that as high a speed as 100 miles an hour may be maintained.

He wanted to read. An exchange records a rude but witty saying of a railway passenger. He was trying to read, and was really interested in his book, but just in front of him sat a little girl who seemed determined to have his attention.

"She was a pretty, and sprightly little creature, with blue eyes, golden hair and an inquisitor's tongue. She plied the stranger with questions and toyed with his watch chain and her mother, evidently a widow, looked around now and then with a beaming smile. He began to feel out of sorts. At last he said to the mother: "Madam, what do you call this sweet little darling?"

The widow smiled enchantingly—so the reporter says—and answered with a sigh, "Ethel."

"Please call her that," said the stranger, as he buried himself in his book.

Death to the Caterpillar. Electrical science is now after the caterpillar. Alternated wires of zinc and copper half an inch apart attached to a battery, encircle a tree. The caterpillar mounts the tree and soon becomes a martyr.

A Hard Overseer. "Who won that long distance walking match?" "Spriggins." "He did, who was his trainer?" "His ten-months-old baby." Truth.

Says Him Him. Tom Knox—I know your sides, daughter, what accomplishment has the youngest? Neighbor—She neither plays nor sings.

Sorry She spoke. Mrs. Nifty, who thinks she appears youthful—You may be surprised to hear that tall young man is my son.

M. Gauche—Yes, indeed! I thought no was your grandson.

Has-Has in Future. "The idea of your carrying a chump-eron! As if you needed protection!" "Oh, I don't need it, but the poor dear boys do."

# PUT TO FLIGHT

—all the peculiar troubles that beset a woman. The only guaranteed remedy for them is Dr. Pease's Favorite Prescription. For women suffering from any chronic "female complaint" or weakness; for women who are run-down and overworked; for women expecting to become mothers, and for mothers who are nursing and exhausted; as the change from girlhood to womanhood; and later, at the critical "change of life"—it is a medicine that safely and certainly builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures.

If it doesn't, if it even fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

What you are sure of, if you use Dr. Pease's Catarrh Remedy, is either a perfect and permanent cure for your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case may be, or \$5.00 in cash. The proprietors of the medicine promise to pay you the money, if they can't cure you.

One or Two Friends. I have been using Dr. Pease's Drisepa Pills in my own case with marked success, and upon my recommendation have induced one or two friends to try them, with pleasing results.

The peacock and swan were famous old German dainties.

The name of N. H. Dowds still lives, although he has been dead many years. His Elixir for the cure of coughs and colds has already outlived him a quarter of a century, and is still growing in favor with the public.

All those who have used Baxter's Mandrake Bitters speak very strongly in their praise. Twenty-five cents per bottle.

Hippocrates mentions waffles, fruit, cream and cheese as desserts.

"Hassou's Magic Kola Salve." Guaranteed to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 50c.

Salmon was formerly believed to promote drunkenness.

FITS—all its supposed foes by the KIDNEY CURE. No fit after first day's use. Permanent cures. Treatise and bottle free to patients. Sent to Dr. Williams, 231 South 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Bread was first made in England with yeast in 1634.

Coughs and Colds. These who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try KROHN'S BRONCHIAL TROUSERS. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

In Iceland, codfish beaten to a powder are used as bread.

Important to Flethy People. We have noticed a page article in the Daily Globe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send the cost of a copy to The Circulating Library, 113 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Egyptians cooked meat as soon as the animal was killed.

THE MOST PLEASANT WAY OF preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

The fashion of serving the fish before meats began in 1502.

There are a large number of hygienic physicians who claim that disease is always the result of a transgression of Nature's laws. The proprietors of Garfield Tea are both physicians, and have devoted years to teaching the people how to avoid sickness by following Nature's laws. They give away with every package of Garfield Tea a little book which they claim will enable all persons to keep their systems in perfect health, and to avoid sickness of all kinds; and to have no need for Garfield Tea or any other medicine.

Ching Nung, R. C. 1908, taught the Chinese to make bread.

Bad taste in the mouth or an unpleasant breath, when resulting from Catarrh, are overcome, and the nasal passages which have been closed for years are made free by the use of Ely's Cream Balm. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, experienced the most annoying dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bleed almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised. I procured a bottle, and since the first day's use have had no more bleeding, the soreness is entirely gone.—D. G. Davidson, with the Boston Budget, formerly with Boston Journal.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is quickly absorbed, gives relief at once. Price 60 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York

Pork was the most highly esteemed flesh at a Roman table.

In 1830 oranges were first imported into England from Italy.

For five centuries France has furnished the world with cooks.

GRIND YOUR OWN Flour, Meal, Graham Flour, Oatmeal, etc. with the GRINDING MILL. Price \$1.00 per set, with a 100 per cent. more made in the same factory. Also POWELL'S PATENT FARM FEED MILLS, Crushers and comminators, sent on application. WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.

WORN NIGHT AND DAY. Holds the worst rupture with the most perfect adjustment. Comfort and Cure. New Patent. Improved. Illustrated catalogue and rules for self-measurement sent securely by mail. Price \$1.00. 74 Broadway, New York City.

BEWARE OF FRAUD. Ask for, and insist upon having W. L. DOUGLAS'S name and price stamped on bottom. Look for W. L. DOUGLAS on every shoe you buy. Sold everywhere.

THIS IS THE BEST \$3 SHOE IN THE WORLD. WILL NOT RIP.

Physicians' prescriptions have failed to reach many cases of rheumatism known to have been subsequently cured by Salvation Oil. That is the reason why the popular voice is practically unanimous in its favor.

Animals were granted to Noah as food, B. C. 2242.

A record of uninterrupted cures for nearly half a century has convinced sensible people, that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best in the market. Why try new things, when you know that you have what you need. It is infallible.

If the price of an ox was \$13; if corn, 60c, etc.

Jane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Cures constipation, headache, kidney and liver troubles and regulates the stomach and bowels. Price 50c and \$1.00 at all dealers.

Oliver Cromwell loved veal seasoned with oranges.

One or Two Friends. I have been using Dr. Pease's Drisepa Pills in my own case with marked success, and upon my recommendation have induced one or two friends to try them, with pleasing results.

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THIS IS THE BEST \$3 SHOE IN THE WORLD. WILL NOT RIP.

# DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DEER AWAY KEMP'S BALSAM FOR COUGHS

It cures Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a most valuable remedy for all cases of coughs and colds. Price 50c per bottle.

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