

THE LIFE OF A MIND.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

PART I.

L WISH I had the courage to begin this tale by turning to my professional visiting books and taking at random any month out of the last twenty years, give its record as a fair sample of my ordinary work. The dismal extract would tell you what a doctor's life is when his practice lies in a poor and densely populated district of London. Dreary as such a beginning might be, it would perhaps allay some of the incredulity which this tale may probably provoke, as it would plainly show how little room there is for things imaginative or romantic in work so hard as mine, or among such grim realities of poverty, pain, and grief, as those by which I have been surrounded. It would certainly make it appear extremely unlikely that I should have found time to imagine, much less to write, a romance of melodrama.

The truth is that when a man has toiled from 9 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock at night, such leisure as he can enjoy is precious to him, especially when even that short respite is liable to be broken in upon at any moment.

Still, in spite of the doleful picture I have drawn of what may be called "the daily grind," I begin this tale with the account of a holiday.

In the autumn of 1864 I turned my back with light good-will upon London streets, hospitals, and patients, and took my seat in the North Express. The first revolution of the wheels sent a thrill of delight through my faded frame. A joyful sensation of freedom came over me. I had really got away at last! Moreover, I had left no address behind me, for for three blessed weeks might roam as undisturbed lord of my own three weeks were not very plenty to take out of the fifty-two, but they were all I could venture to give myself; for even at that time my practice, for so lucrative as I would wish, was a large and increasing one. Having done a twelvemonth's hard work, I felt no one in the kingdom could take his holiday with a conscience clearer than mine, so I lay back in a peculiarly contented frame of mind, and disconcerted the coming pleasure of my brief respite from labor.

There are many ways of passing a holiday—many places at which it may be spent, but, after all, if you wish to enjoy it thoroughly, there is but one royal rule to be followed. That is, simply to please yourself—no where you like, and mental the innocent holiday hobby which is dearest to your heart, let its name be botany, geology, etymology, conchology, venery, piscation, or what not. Then you will be happy, and return well braced up for the battle of life. I knew a city clerk with literary tastes, who invariably spent his annual fortnight among the mustiest tomes of the British Museum, and averred that his health was more benefited by so doing than if he had passed the time inhaling the freshest sea-breezes. I dare say he was right in his assertion.

Sketching has always been my favorite holiday pursuit. Poor as my drawings may be, nevertheless as I turn them over in my portfolio, they bring to me, at least, vivid remembrances of many sweet and picturesque spots, happy days, and congenial companions. It is not for me to say anything of their actual merits, but they are dear to me for their associations.

This particular year I went to North Wales, and made Bettws-y-Coed my headquarters. I stayed at the Royal Oak, that well-known little inn dear to many an artist's heart, and teeming with reminiscences of famous men who have sojourned there times without number. It was here I made the acquaintance of the man with whose life the curious events here told are connected.

On the first day after my arrival at Bettws, my appreciation of my liberty was so thorough, my appetite for the enjoyment of the beauties of nature so keen and insatiable, that I went so far and saw so much, that when I returned to the Royal Oak night had fallen and the hour of dinner had long passed by. I was, when my own meal was placed on the table, the only occupant of the coffee-room. Just then a young man entered, and ordered something to eat. The waiter knowing, no doubt, something of the frank camaraderie which exists, or should exist, between the followers of the painter's craft, laid his cover at my table. The newcomer seated himself, gave me a pleasant smile and a nod, and in five minutes we were in full swing of conversation.

The moment my eyes fell upon the young man I had noticed how singularly handsome he was. Charles Carriston—for this I found afterward to be his name—was about twenty-two years of age. He was tall, but slightly built, his whole bearing and figure being remarkably elegant and graceful. He looked even more than gentlemanly—he looked distinguished. His face was pale, its features well cut, straight and regular. His forehead spoke of high intellectual qualities, and there was somewhat of that development over the eyebrows which phrenologists believe, consider as evidence of the pos-

session of imagination. The general expression of his face was one of sadness, and his refined beauty was heightened by a pair of soft, dark, dreamy-looking eyes.

If only remains to add that, from his attire, I judged him to be an artist—a professional artist—in the backbone. In the course of conversation I told him how I had classified him. He smiled.

"I am only an amateur," he said, "an idle man, nothing more, and you?"

"Alas! I am a doctor."

"Then we shall not have to answer to each other for our sibs in painting."

We talked on pleasantly until our bodily wants were satisfied. Then came that pleasant craving for tobacco which, after a good meal, is natural to a well-regulated digestion.

"Shall we go and smoke outside?" said Carriston. "The night is delicious."

We went out and sat on one of the wooden benches. As my new friend said, the night was delicious. There was scarcely a breath of air moving, and the stars and the moon shone brightly and the rusa of the not far distant stream came to us with a soothing murmur. Near us were three or four jovial young artists. They were in merry mood; one of them had that day sold a picture to a tourist. We listened to their banter until most likely growing thirsty, they re-entered the inn.

Carriston had said little since we had been out of doors. He smoked his cigar placidly, and gazed up at the skies. With the white moonlight falling on his strikingly beautiful face—the graceful pose into which he fell—he seemed to be the embodiment of poetry. He paid no heed to the merry talk of the artists, which so much amused me—indeed, I doubted if he heard their voices.

Yet he must have done so, for as soon as they had left us he came out of his reverie.

"It must be very nice," he said, "to have to make one's living by art."

"Nice for those who can make livings by it," I answered.

"All can do that who are worth it. The day of neglected genius has gone by. Muller was the last sufferer, I think—and he died young."

"If you are so sanguine, why not try your own luck at it?"

"I would; but unfortunately I am a rich man."

I laughed at this misplaced regret. Then Carriston, in the most simple way, told me a good deal about himself. He was an orphan, an only child. He had already ample means; but fortune had still favored in store for him. At the death of his uncle, now an aged man, he had succeeded to a large estate and a baronetcy. The natural, unaffected way in which he made these confidences, moreover made them not of less, from my wish to increase his importance in my eyes; greatly impressed me. By the time we parted for the night I had grown much interested in my new acquaintance—an interest not untinged by envy. Young, handsome, rich, free to come or go, work or play as he listed! Happy Carriston!

I AM DISPOSED TO think that never before did a sincere friend's tip, one which was noted to last unbroken for years, ripen so quickly as that between Carriston and myself. As I now look back I find it hard to associate him with any, even a brief, portion of time subsequent to our meeting. During which he was not my bosom friend. I forget whether our meeting at the same picturesque spot on the morning which followed our self-introduction was the result of accident or arrangement. Anyway, we spent the day together, and that day was the precursor of many passed in each other's society. Morning after morning we sallied forth to do our best to transfer the same bits of scenery to our sketching blocks. Evening after evening we returned to dine side by side, and afterward to talk and smoke together, indoors or outdoors as the temperature advised or our wishes inclined.

Great friends we soon became—irreparable as long as my short life lasted. It was, perhaps, pleasant to each to work in company with an amateur like myself. Each could ask the other's opinion of the merits of the work done, and feel happy at the approval duly given. An artist's standard of excellence is too high for a non-professional. When he praises your work he praises it but as the work of an outsider. You feel that such commendation condemns it and dishonors you.

However, had Carriston cared to do so, if I think he might have fearlessly submitted his productions to any conscientious critic. His drawings were immeasurably more artistic and powerful than mine. He had undoubtedly great talent, and I was much surprised to find that good as he was at landscape, he was even better at the figure. He could, with a firm, bold hand, draw rapidly the most marvelous likenesses. So spirited and true were some of the studies he showed me, that I could without flattery advise him, provided he could fasten as he began, to keep entirely to the higher branch of the art. I have now before me a series of outline faces drawn by him—many of them from memory; and as I look at

them, the original of each comes at once before my eyes.

From the very first I had been much interested in the young man, and as day by day went by, and the peculiarities of his character were revealed to me, my interest grew deeper and deeper. I flatter myself that I am a keen observer and skillful analyst of personal character, and until now fancied that to write a description of its component parts was an easy matter. Yet when I am put to the proof I find it no simple task to convey in words a proper idea of Charles Carriston's mental organization.

I soon discovered that he was, I may say, afflicted by a peculiarly sensitive nature. Although strong and apparently in good health, the very changes of the weather seemed to affect him almost to the same extent as they affect a flower. Sweet as his disposition always was, the tone of his mind, his spirits, his conversation, varied, as it were, with the atmosphere. He was full of imagination, and that imagination, always rich, was at times weird, even grotesquely weird. Not for a moment did he seem to doubt the stability of the wild theories he started, or the possibility of the poetical dreams he dreamed being realized. He had his faults of course; he was hasty and impulsive; indeed, to me one of the greatest charms about the boy was that, right or wrong, each word he spoke came straight from his heart.

So far as I could judge, the whole organization of his mind was too highly strung, too finely wrought, for everyday use. A note of note of sorrow, even of pity, vibrated through his veins strongly for his comfort or well-being. As yet it had not been called upon to bear the test of love and fortunately I use the word advisedly—fortunately, he was not, according to the usual significance of the word, a religious man, or I should have thought it not unlikely that some day he would fall a victim to that religious mania so well known to my professional brethren, and have developed hysteria or melancholia. He might even have fancied himself a messenger sent from heaven for the regeneration of mankind. From features like Carriston's are prophecies made.

In short, I may say that my exhaustive study of my new friend's character resulted in a certain amount of uneasiness as to his future—an uneasiness not entirely free from professional curiosity.

Although the smile came readily, and frequently to his lips, the general tenor of his disposition was sad, even despondent and morbid. And yet few young men's lives are promised to be so pleasant as Charles Carriston's.

I was falling him one day on his future rank and his responsibilities.

"You will, of course, be disgustingly rich," I said.

Carriston sighed. "Yes, if I live long enough, but I don't suppose I shall."

"Why in the world shouldn't you? You look pale and thin, but are in capital health. Twelve long miles we have walked to-day—you never turned a hair."

Carriston made no reply. He seemed in deep thought.

"Your friends ought to look after you and get you a wife," I said.

"I have no friends," he said, sadly.

"No nearer relation than a cousin a good deal older than I am, who looks upon me as one who was born to rob him of what should be his."

"But by the law of primogeniture, so sacred to the upper ten thousand, he must know you are entitled to it."

"Yes; but for years and years I was always going to die. My life was not thought worth six months' purchase. All of a sudden I got well. Ever since then I have seemed, even to myself, a kind of interloper."

"It must be unpleasant to have a man longing for one's death. All the more reason you should marry, and put other lives between him and the title."

A Novel Plan of Building.

A German inventor has built a house of Lough tubes, whose advantages are, he says, a constant temperature, and incidentally strength, comfort, and beauty.

The first part by a frame of water tubing, allowing condensation circulation to a stream of water. Around this frame he put his house in the ordinary way. The peculiarity is that all floors and ceilings are crossed and recrossed by the water pipes. The water, having passed through horizontal tubes under the floors and ceilings, passes through the vertical tubes until all have been gone through. In the summer fresh, cool water circulates under pressure through the net work of tubes, cools off the walls, and after having run the course, flows considerably warmer than when it entered. In its course it has absorbed much heat, which it carries away. During the long and severe winter the water entering through the basement is first heated to nearly 100 degrees and then forced through the ceiling. Of course much of the heat is left all over the house, and at the outlet the temperature of the water is about 40 degrees. The speed of the circulation of water can be regulated, so as to allow fixing a certain temperature, equal throughout the building.

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While talking to some friends at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Patrick Healey was stricken deaf and dumb. He wrote on a piece of paper: "Do not be alarmed. This will pass off in three days, I know what it is. I have had it before. It seems that Healey, when in Ireland twelve years ago, was thrown from a horse. As a result of injuries received, he was deaf and dumb for three days. Every four years since he has had a similar attack, lasting in each instance three days.—New York Press.

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Don't Take a Good Deal from his own sheep.

When he is worn out by the hard roads of life he is likely to be half-witted.

Excess of grief for the dead is madness.

For the living and the dead know it not—excess of grief.

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If you want to quit smoking, using castor and cod liver oil, and other remedies, you will find that the only safe and sure way to quit is to use the "No-To-Bac" Cigarettes. This makes weak men strong. Many patients cured in ten days. Over 1,000,000 sold. Buy No-To-Bac from your Druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Each box contains 100 Cigarettes. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The misery of years has been cured in a single night by the use of Doan's Ointment, a positive, never-failing remedy for Itching Piles and all similar diseases. Your dealer keeps it, or can get it for you.

The one thing a man needs to live to do is often at the thing which stands most in his way.—White.

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A man's conscience must be in his heart, not in his head, if he wants to be well balanced.

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Count your children after they are bathed, and lock the door of the pen room.

Doan's Corn Ointment is the best remedy for all the ailments of the feet, such as corns, blisters, and all other ailments of the feet. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all these ailments.

I shall recommend Pills' Care for Constipation for all the ailments of the bowels, such as constipation, diarrhoea, and all other ailments of the bowels. Each box contains 100 Pills. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Matrimony is a hard teacher, but some people will learn under his hand.

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A fool and his money are soon parted, for the generating of all men and.

When billions of cost you eat a Cascades candy bar, the cure is guaranteed. It is the best.

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Cascades stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels. Never so, on the way of price.

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OPHIA Hair Ointment is the best remedy for all the ailments of the hair, such as dandruff, itching, and all other ailments of the hair. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all these ailments.

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Never call on a lady after drinking, says an exchange. It is very dangerous. Many a young man has become engaged that way.

Letters from farmers in South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those States, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting, and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address, on receipt of two cent postage stamp. Apply to Geo. Headford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

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W. N. U. S.—XIV—43.

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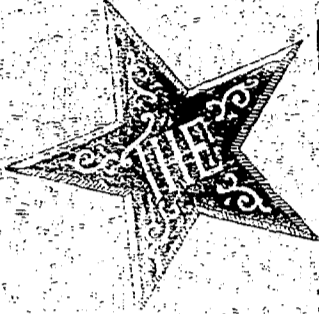
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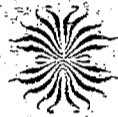
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with the only effective remedy for cracked lips and chapped hands that invariably come at this time of the year. The use of our "Gold Cream" will cure what can't be avoided. Don't neglect to use it when the weather is so dry. It is the best skin dressing also includes a fine skin cream and valuable remedy and preservative which from before, washed so much and so often should always be at hand.

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- Notices under this head inserted for the first issue and not for each subsequent issue.
- FOR RENT**—South half of my house to rent to a small family. Mrs. C. Heston.
- FOR RENT**—house furnished from bed room and parlor with stove to Grace Ave., Northville.
- FOR SALE**—city residence corner Dunbar and West streets. Apply to B. A. Wheeler, Northville.
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Apple Barrels for Sale.
We are now ready to deliver barrels. First come, first served. C. C. CHADWICK.

Smokeless Lamp Wick. A boon to users of coal oil lamps. No smoke to blacken curtains or soil your rooms. Saves much labor in cleaning lamps; improves the light and cut last a dozen common wicks. Try them and you will see the difference. Write for circular and price list. Address: E. Russ, Northville, Mich. For sale at B. A. Wheeler's grocery store, Northville.

Auction Sale.
Wm. Conditill who lives one half mile north of Novi on the Waikiki Lake road will sell at public auction tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon a lot of farm implements, household goods, grain, hogs, cows, horse, etc. Sale commences at 1 o'clock, C. M. Thornton auctioneer. See bills for complete list.

PURELY PERSONAL. NORTHVILLE.

H. E. C. Daniels was in Chicago this week.
Miss Eva Little is visiting Rose Center friends.
Mrs. L. A. Beal visited Flat Rock relatives last week.
J. B. Wilson of Detroit visited at Geo. Larkins Sunday.
Mrs. Grace Allen is visiting among Quincy, Ill. relatives.
Mrs. A. W. Reed of Grand Blanc was a Northville visitor this week.
W. C. Hake and wife of Detroit were guests of his parents this week.
Editor Adams of Keweenaw was the guest of Rev. Mr. Ward Tuesday.
Mrs. H. E. C. Daniels and daughter Janette returned home last week.
Lida Richardson visited her sister, Mrs. Bennett, at Plymouth last week.
H. D. Clark of Detroit, formerly of this place, was visiting in town Monday.
L. A. Beal was at Williamson this week in the interests of the Globe company.
Angus McKay was called to Beaverton, Canada, last week by the death of his mother.
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. W. Smith of Detroit visited at C. H. Seaton's Saturday and Sunday.
Mr. Gilson of Farmington was a guest at the home of Frank Brown last Sunday.
E. L. Ralston of Peoria, Ill. was a guest at the home of E. J. Thompson a part of this week.
Clarence Clark and Harry Gerhart attended a farmers' social at Franklin Friday night.
Rock bottom prices on Carriages at close at Whipple & Son's.

The school in Dist. No. 3 will give an oyster supper at Oliver Sloan's Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Starkweather dined with Addison Whipple's family, Salem, Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Shaffer are spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Green, Otisville.
Miss Pearl M. Furman of Wixom spent Saturday and Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. C. H. Seaton.
Miss Lettie Johnson, the Globe Co.'s stenographer, has returned from her vacation and again resumed her work.
Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Sinclair have been spending a few days this week with Birmingham and Pontiac friends.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blastill of Brussels, Ont., spent part of last week with their sisters, Mrs. Fred Wheeler and Miss Lettie Johnson.
Mrs. E. M. Peck and Mrs. McCutcheon went as delegates to the nineteenth annual convention of the W. C. T. U. held in Detroit last week.
Mrs. John Hull of Detroit has been the guest of Mrs. Chas. Bloom at the home of Mrs. Bloom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, West Main street.
Miss Grace Yerkes went to Detroit Tuesday of last week and will visit over Sunday at the home of her cousin, Homer Flint, returning Monday.
George Heston, Will Stark, Jake Kimmel and Chas. Sessions leave next week Wednesday for a three weeks deer hunt in the northern part of the lower peninsula.
Mrs. C. J. Allen of Holly visited at the home of Mrs. L. L. Brooks here on her return from the grand lodge meeting of the Eastern Star at Adrian. Mrs. Allen was formerly a resident of this place.
U. S. Fish Commission Superintendent Clark went to Detroit Tuesday to arrange with the Michigan Central railway company for the transportation of a car of lobsters over their lines which is enroute from New York to the Pacific coast. In the transportation of the business of the fish commission Mr. Clark has charge of the Michigan railroads used by the government.

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- Butter Knives,
- Butter Spreaders,
- Butter Picks,
- Olive Spoons,
- Olive Forks,
- Pickle Forks,
- Dessert Spoons,
- Etc.

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I am second to no Tailoring House in this country. My Manner, my Workmanship, My Styles, My Suitings and My Prices are Five Grand Points in the Encyclopedia of Dress. Your attire will never be criticized if I produce it. Call and see.

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The World's Best

A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE FOR ALL KINDS OF FUEL AT PRICES FROM \$10.00 TO \$75.00

A full and complete line of stoves & heating apparatus of fuel made by the same process and of the same material as "GARLAND" stoves. Applied for by U.S. PATENT OFFICE. OF ANY OTHER MAKE. GUARANTEED TO BURN CLEANER AND CHEAPER.

GENERAL HARDWARE—
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS ETC.
IS MOST COMPLETE AND SOLD AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER

CARPENTER & JOHNSON,
Northville, Mich.

4-Ply Linen Collars 5c.

4-Ply Linen Cuffs 10c Pair.

Linen Bosom Unlaundried Shirts 32c.

The Laundry Firm of Webber & McPhail having dissolved partnership...

4-ply Linen Collars at 5c

4-ply Linen Cuffs at, per pair, 10c

White Unlaundried Shirts at 32c

Additional Bargains from our Large Stock:

Men's Tennis Flannel Night Shirts 58c

Men's All Wool Undershirts, scarlet, 25c

Men's Extra Heavy Wool Shirts & Drawers 39c

Men's White Merino Shirts and Drawers 39c

Any Necktie in the store for 25c

Gloves & Mittens worth 25c to \$1. at 15 to 75c

Holmes, Dancer & Co.

Just Arrived!

FRESH LINE OF

Lowney's Chocolates

WORLD'S FAIR CHOCOLATES.

SEE OUR LINE OF

Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes

Pure Drugs, Etc.

Look at Our Windows.

Murdock Bros.,

62 Main Street, Northville

This Man Saved \$3.11

By buying the following bill of goods at our Closing Out Sale:

Table with 2 columns: Reg. Price, Closing-Out Price. Lists various items like Rolls, Batts, Balls, Cotton, etc.

This was an Actual Sale.

Come Then and do Likewise.

Schantz Bros.,

79 Center St. Northville.

NORTHVILLE LOCALS.

Register next week Saturday.

Adjourned council meeting Monday night.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Shearer, Oct. 16 a girl.

The board of supervisors are in session these days.

Send in your items about big crops or big fruit for the Record to publish.

It requires less exertion to travel 15 miles on a bicycle than it does to walk three.

Annual meeting of the Building & Loan association next week Friday evening.

The contest at the Baptist church has been postponed until Monday, November 2.

Photographer Brown is now making his annual reduction sale of picture frames. See ad.

Persons having clothing to donate to the King's Daughters will please leave it with Mrs. S. E. Cranson.

Eighteen of the young ladies of the village are preparing to give a Halloween party in the library rooms.

One week from Tuesday the fight will be over and we will know which William is the choice of the people.

Wm. Hake who was injured by a fall on a side walk last week has improved sufficiently to be about the house again.

Arch McPhail has disposed of his interest in the City Laundry to Mr. Webber who will continue the business as before.

No matter which presidential candidate is elected, five days after election every bank in the United States will be closed.

C. A. Sessions, L. W. Simmons and Dr. M. A. Patterson were delegates to the union democratic convention at Detroit Monday.

Calvin Austin's horse and buggy made things lively in town for a few moments Tuesday by running away. No serious damage was done.

The first fall of snow of the season occurred Saturday forenoon. Though there were but a few flakes it was the assurance of what may be looked for in the way of an early fall.

A complete line of Valises, Telescopes and Bags, always on hand, at lowest prices. Whipple & Son.

During the balance of this month Mr. Dixon of the Northville Green Houses will sell violets for 5-cents a dozen. After this month they will be 10 cents.

See that your name is registered next Saturday.

J. N. Elliott has been at South Lyon for the past week assisting in getting the machinery in Mr. Horton's flouring mill in shape for business.

John Sands is making slow but favorable progress towards a permanent recovery from the effects of a fractured arm which he received last week.

Hon. Fred A. Baker of Detroit will speak on the silver question under the auspices of the bi-metallic club at the opera house next week Friday night.

It is said that the state board of health will soon issue a bulletin announcing that kissing is not dangerous to health except where the fellow is caught by the girl's old man.

Frank Fry drayed a head of cabbage to the Record printer this week which measured 21 inches across it and weighed 21 lbs. Frank thinks this is not bad for even a presidential year.

The great political issue of the day will be the theme of Rev. W. M. Ward's discourse on Sunday evening next in the Methodist church. All are cordially invited to hear the discourse.

If you have children away attending or teaching school, send them the Record. It will cost you but a trifle and they will be glad to see the home paper. Subscribe now before you forget.

At the republican county convention held at Wyandotte last week C. L. Dubuar of this place was elected one of the county committee for this township. W. O. Allen of Plymouth was re-elected for that end of the town.

Judge Albion M. Tongree of New York, the famous author and lecturer, will address the citizens of Northville and vicinity under the auspices of the McKinley club on the campaign issues at the opera house here Monday night. Preparations will be made to care for a large crowd.

Mrs. J. B. Covert of Flint, stepmother of Mrs. Wm. Plunkerton of this place died in that city Monday. The funeral occurred Wednesday. The remains were placed in the cemetery vault in that city to remain for ten days after which they will be brought here for burial.

The Record suggests that while the council is fixing the matter up, it endeavors to get other streets in the village accepted by the township highway commissioner. We do not believe that either Real avenue or High street has ever been accepted and both contain bridges which possibly may be washed out or destroyed.

On Sunday morning Rev. J. H. Berbee made a special appeal to his congregation in behalf of the Board of Home Missions which in consequence of the hard times are \$300,000 behind. After stating the facts and preaching on the subject they made a voluntary offering at the door of \$27 which will be augmented to about \$35.

It required the united efforts of Superintendent Clark, Byron Filkins, Archie Morris, Archie Johnson, A. T. Stewart and Clarence Clark, a pickaxe, shovel, a long pole, a pair of gloves, and the excavation and taking up of 6 feet of pipe to get a common every day cat out of the sewer at the U. S. fish station Sunday afternoon.

Two of our well known young business men were somewhat startled this week by receiving a call at their place of business from the pastor of one of our churches who insisted that he had been sent for to marry at least one of them. The error was finally cleared up by finding the correct parties by the same name in another part of the town.

If the town board thinks they cannot legally build the Abvater street bridge because the highway commissioner has never accepted that street as a public highway, notwithstanding the fact of its being in use for some twenty years, how would it do for the board to have the commissioner accept the street first and then put up a bridge? Surely that would be legal.

The Fortane social given by the Presbyterian ladies at the home of John Steer Monday evening was well attended and a snug little sum realized. Soon after the crowd had assembled, a party of five gypsies came in, dropping pieces of tin in the collector's plate for their admission fee, and then proceeded to tell the fortunes of the guests present. They read character with a facility not often displayed by those wandering hands and their predictions will of course all come true.

Smoke "Gold Standard" a 10c cigar for 5 cents. 10w2

An extra big stock of Blankets awaits your inspection. 65c to \$1.50. Whipple & Son.

Saturday Oct. 24th special sale of Triples hats at Kuhn Buchner & Co's. One day only.

Electric Bitters, a medicine suited for any season, but particularly more generally needed when the blood is impure, feeling nervous, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the head a tonic and astringent is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison: Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, yield to Electric Bitters. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle at Geo. C. Hueston's drug store.

Register next week Saturday - if you haven't already done so this year.

Police Sergeant Yager of Detroit was convicted in the recorder's court, there last week of attempted assault upon the wife of Patrolman Wilbur Lake formerly residents of this place.

Hon. G. X. N. Collier of Detroit gave a sound money talk at the opera house last evening to a large and appreciative audience. He was well received and was listened to with close attention. A novel feature of the program was the singing of "America" and "Star Spangled Banner" by a chorus of twenty voices.

The county Sunday school convention held at Wayne last Saturday was one of much interest, and largely attended. There was present from our own city, D. O. Bliss and U. A. Blair, delegates from the Methodist church, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Sloan Baptist, Mrs. Flora Larkin gave a good report of Plymouth township. At the Methodist church Sunday morning Mr. Bliss gave an interesting report of the county convention and its work.

Men's meeting matters occupied much attention last Sunday. F. D. Taylor of the big mercantile firm of Detroit was at the service in the afternoon and spoke to a good audience. In the evening the three church services were united and the meeting held in the Presbyterian church under the auspices of the YMCL. H. E. Daniels spoke in the interests of the local YMCL and some of its needs. F. D. Taylor then addressed the audience on "The young man of Nazareth." It was replete with good points and listened to with pleasure by the assembly.

A Milford admirer sends the following letter to one of Northville's well known ball players:

Milford, Mich., Oct. 14, '06. Orr Webster, Northville.

Dear Sir:—I like the way you play ball. You went to bat at Brighton five times, made three runs, left on bases twice, the avoidable no out. At one fair you wear 6 bat five times, made one run, left on bases four times, hit out. When the Red Giants were here, you went to bat four times, got one run, left once, out twice. When we went to Northville last you went to bat six times, got three runs, out three. The time you were up before that you went to bat five times, got two runs, left twice, out once. I wish you lived in our village. I would see that you were placed in better position in the batting order.

LYMAN CATE.

WIXOM.

Mrs. A. F. Chambers is out the sick list.

Loyal Legion at the church next Sunday night.

Born Saturday Oct. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Johnson a son.

Mrs. Eugene Furman spent last week with her sick mother near Brighton.

The GAR post and WRC of Milford made their annual visit to this place last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Ed. Martin's sister, and husband John Nixon, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Britton from Northville, visited at her home recently.

Mrs. Webster from Riley, Clinton county and her niece Mrs. Sutherland from Grand Blanc, Genesee county, are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Ling, the old lady that came from England last spring making her seventh trip across the ocean, left last week for a return trip to the Queen's country.

Wm. Denton who has been section foreman on the Grand Trunk road for a long time has been promoted to foreman over a switch gang and will soon move to Pontiac. He had just got moved and settled in his new house here.

Choice Chrysanthemum plants for sale by Mrs. WM. BLAIR, 30 Wing St., Northville. 9w2

The "Northville" is one half imported and one half domestic filler. Sumatra that for a 5c cigar. Havana objection to it! If not, then smoke "Northville's." 10w2

F & P M. Detroit Excursion.

The F&P M will run their last excursion to Detroit this season, Tuesday Oct. 27th. Special train leaves Nov at 8:24 a. m., fare 75c; Northville \$32, fare 65c; Plymouth \$39, fare 50c. Child fare half price. Returning train leaves Detroit at 8:15 p. m.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world, for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chaldains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures them, or the money refunded. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Geo. C. Hueston.

MILLER'S

Meat Market.

Fresh, Smoked Meats.

Highest Market Price for Hides & Pelts

F. A. MILLER, Prop.

109 Main St.

C. L. Dubuar Lumber Co., Northville, Mich.

Retail Lumber Yard. Have on hand

8 ft. peeled Cedar Posts

"Extra clears" Washington Red Cedar Shingles

Land Plaster in bulk - all at satisfactory prices.

If you contemplate building call and get our prices.

We keep Lime, Cement, Salt, Drain Tile and Sewer Pipe.

Nearly Two-Thirds

of your life is spent in your shoes. They can't look too nice, they can't fit too well, they CAN cost too much. Buy in the cheapest market—that's the way we do. If this is a good rule to go by (and we know it better) in buying five thousand pairs of shoes, it is not a point for you to remember in buying one pair. Spare your feelings the disagreeable task of looking at a pair of ill-fitting shoes; spare your feet the pain in wearing them; spare your pocket-book the humiliation in knowing that you robbed it. Our shoes look well, fit well, wear well—this is the least we could possibly say about them. Come in and see them—our prices will do the rest.

C. A. SESSIONS, Northville.

62 Main Street. Exclusive Dealer in Boots and Shoes.

REDUCED PRICES.

To reduce our Large Stock of Woolsens we shall make a Cut Price on Suitings for the next Two Weeks.

Suits to Order \$16.00.

Pants to Order \$3.50.

Remember these are for First-Class Goods, made in the latest styles with the best trimmings. We are overstocked with a large line of Woolsens and make this cut, as we have stated, to reduce the stock.

Northville. FREYDL, the Tailor.

You are Invited

To Call and Inspect our New Line of

Rose Bowls, Lily Bowls, Jardinieres

We also Carry a Full Line of Plant Crocks.

And the Best Line of Coffees in Town.

Try them and be Convinced. Yours as ever,

C. E. Smith,

Northville. The Grocer.

Fred E. Fenn.

Livery and Feed Stable

109 Main in connection. Everything First-Class. 114 Main Street.

J. Miller & Co.

Remember we carry a Full Line of

Fresh and Salt Meats. Please Give Us a Call. Cash Paid for Butter, Eggs, Hids, Pelts Etc.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Northville State Savings Bank at Northville, Michigan at the close of business Oct. 6, 1906.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Includes Loans and discounts, Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc.

LIABILITIES

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Includes Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, etc.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne.

I, L. A. Hobbie, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of October, 1906. BRATON G. WEBSTER, Justice of the Peace

L. W. SIMMONS, J. M. SWIFT, Wm. P. YERNES, Directors.

Bank No. 145. Organized Dec. 24, 1892

PRINTED BY JOHNSON

TWEEN THE LAKES.

MICHIGAN NEWS RECORDED IN BRIEF ITEMS.

Mr. Ferry was born June 11, 1826, on Mackinac Island where his father had established an Indian mission.

State Y. W. C. A. Convention.

The Young Women's Christian association met at Lansing in their twelfth annual convention.

Order of the Eastern Star.

Adrian entertained the thirtieth annual meeting of the Order of the Eastern Star, grand chapter of Michigan.

A Big Swindle at Holland.

Orin Verlee, ex-alderman and a respected citizen of Holland, was arrested for alleged fraud.

Old Fellows Encampment.

The forty-ninth annual meeting of the grand encampment, I. O. O. F. of Michigan, was held at Alpena.

Old Fellows and Rebekah.

The Michigan grand lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows held the annual session at Lansing.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS PICKED PROMISCUOUSLY.

Spain is Getting Discouraged by the Poor Progress Made in Putting Down the Cuban Rebellion and is About Ready to Withdraw.

Spain Has Had Nearly Enough.

A cable from Cadiz, Spain, says: It is an open secret that if Spain does not put down the insurrection in Cuba by the first of next March it is the intention of the government to give up the struggle.

The Philippine Islands.

The Philippine Islands comprise 115,000 square miles as against 49,000 for Cuba. In point of population the Philippines have 3,630,000 as against a population of 2,270,000 for Cuba and Porto Rico combined.

Robert Hill a Cop's Town.

Six masked men, heavily armed, rode into the town of Harvey, Oklahoma, and by firing right and left drove the people from the streets.

Spanish Threaten Against U. S.

Madrid, continuing upon the statement contained in a dispatch from Washington that President Cleveland intends to intervene in Cuba in a manner tantamount to the recognition of the independence of the insurgents.

The Bank Robbers Killed.

Three men entered the bank at Meeker, Colo., and two of them held the employees at bay while the third went to the cashier's window.

James Patton, aged 63, was taken to the central police station at Saginaw by Deputy Sheriff Barber.

The Board of Supervisors of Cass County have decided to invest \$300 in a stone crusher and to commence the construction of macadamized highways.

Mrs. Elizabeth O. J. (Chilson) Teshush died at her home on the Millard road near Bay City.

John Touloff was arrested at Lansing on a charge of burglary.

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California Town Swept Into the Sea.

The missing town of Altata, in southern California, has entirely disappeared from the face of the earth.

Mustapha Teshin Bey, the new Turkish minister, has arrived at Washington.

About 75 members of the Ohio Bankers' association met in convention at Dayton.

Bessie Cramer, a domestic, attempted suicide at Massillon, O., because her lover was arrested.

Over 1,500 miners at Corning, O., refused to accept a reduction from 61 to 45 cents and struck.

A locomotive struck a loaded trolley car at Hazleton, Pa., killing five men and badly injuring a dozen others.

Joseph Rowe, aged 28, was killed while working in the Jackson mine at Negamuck.

Three firemen were killed and six badly injured by the collapse of an upper floor at a stubborn fire at the chemical warehouse of Gilmore & Co. at Montreal.

The report of the World's Fair commissioners to the President and congress will comprise 37 volumes of about 800 pages each, and will be a full history of the fair.

The Mexico, O., deposit bank has closed its doors.

James Cowie, proprietor of a saw mill near Sandusky, O., was struck by a flying splinter from a log he was sawing and instantly killed.

The elegant passenger steamer Columbia, struck a rock near Red House, on the Ohio river and sank almost immediately.

Considerable comment was created at Baltimore by the U. S. revenue cutter Winthrop being ordered to sail under sealed orders.

The 2,000 miners, employed at the 25 mines about Springfield, Ill., have struck for an advance from 25 to 37 1/2 cents per ton, gross weight for mining coal.

B. J. P. Ryan, the Irish-American alleged dynamite assassin of Hon. John M. F. F. Frango, has been released.

The Canadian revenue cutter Petrel has again been seizing American fishing boats in Lake Erie.

The Shogburn, Minn., bank robbers have been identified as Louis and Hans Killian, sons of well-known and reputable residents of Rock Rapids, Iowa.

Work has been commenced on the Denton Harbor & Southeastern railway from Denton Harbor to Nappanee, Ind., where connections will be made with a line to Cincinnati, thus opening direct communication between Cincinnati and Lake Michigan.

Prof. Frazer and Mr. De Haan, the experts employed by the U. S. Venezuelan commission to examine the fisheries of the governments of England, Spain and Holland for information on the Venezuelan boundary question, have completed their work and sailed for New York.

Mrs. John Harris fainted in the elevator of the Regency building at Columbus, O., and when she fell her arm extended through the door and she was caught in such a way as to pull her head around so that it caught on a projecting ledge and she was killed before the elevator could be stopped.

George L. Newcombe, of Salem, Mass., who has been successfully experimenting with the X ray, asserts that he has been obliged to renounce further investigation as it was poisoning him.

At the camp of W. H. Kennedy, near Mead, Ark., a disastrous explosion occurred.

A Toronto dispatch says that the Manitoba school question, which caused the defeat of the Conservative government, will be settled by Sir Charles Tupper as premier, after it had been in power for 18 years.

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EARLY SETTLERS.

From the Democrat, Grand Rapids, Mich. In the northern outskirts of the little town of Berlin, Ottawa County, Michigan, there stands a cozy cottage.

NOTES.

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WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

The influence of women upon the civilization of the world, could never be measured. Because of her, thrones have been established and restored.

THE VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Vegetable Compound is a powerful medicine for the cure of all diseases of the blood and skin, and restores the system to its normal condition.

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Take Hood's Sarsaparilla

Care of your physical health. Build up your system. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE CHURCH MILITANT

The Episcopal church of Rehoboth, Md., celebrated its 115th anniversary Aug. 21.

The death is announced of Rev. A. F. Herrick, for over fifty years in the Methodist ministry of Massachusetts.

The Rev. Henry A. Delano, pastor of the Belden Avenue Baptist church, Chicago, died recently while on vacation, in Leicester, Mass., of typhoid fever.

TO CURS A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Lavater's Cough Curing Tablets. All Druggists or write to E. J. Falls to cure. 220 Broadway, New York.

A BACK BLOW.

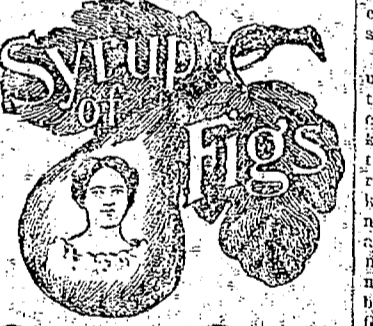
The Weapon Small—but None More Certain or Effective.

In these times when backs are lame, when almost every other one we meet has now and then, or all the time, a back that aches or pains, a "back" or "backache," a "back" that makes their life a misery to bear, and still they go on day by day in pain and suffering, now is the best thing in the world to give this played-out back a "back" that will settle it, and put it in its place as new and equal to any.

It is a case from Battle Creek, Mr. Josiah M. Shoup, lives at 51 Broad Street, he was a member of the Battle Creek police force for many years. As a member of the force he served the city well, but the rough weather he was often subjected to had the foundation of kidney disorder, which has troubled him very much. Here is what he says about it:

"About three years ago, while on the police force, I contracted from exposure a kidney trouble, which has since given me no end of trouble. The pain was right through my kidneys and across the small of my back. It sitting down and I wanted to stand up, I had to rise very slowly and gradually to avoid increasing the pain. I had such a feeling all the time, and I was steadily getting worse. About two months ago, hearing of Dr. Foster's Kidney Pills, I got a box. The first dose did me most complete, they relieved the aching pains for good. I can now get around as quickly as anybody. Dr. Foster's Kidney Pills are certainly as represented."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Dr. Foster's* and take no other.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before prompt efforts are made to restore pleasant efforts rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a congested condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs or which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig-Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physician, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

SWAMP LIVER & BILDER CURE

Dr. Kilmor & Co., Birmingham, N. Y.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TIMELY TOPICS FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Some Queer Phases of the English Language—Springs Way of Telling Time—It Grieved the Elephant—Some Mosquito Stories.

WILL begin with a box, and the plural is boxes. Then one box is a goose, but two are called geese. Yet the plural of mouse should never be mouses. You may have a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice. But the plural of house is houses, not hlices. If the plural of man is always called men. Why shouldn't the plural of pain be called pen? The cow in the plural may be cows or kine. But a cow if repeated is never called kine. And the plural of vow is vows, never vine. If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet. And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beeft? If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth. Why shouldn't the plural of both be called beeth? If the singular is this and the plural is these. Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keeses? Then one may be that and three would be threes. Yet but in the plural would never be hope. And the plural of cat is cats, not coss.

We speak of a brother, and also of brethren. But though we say mother, we never say methers. Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him. But imagine the feminine she, this, she. So the English, I think you all will agree, is the queerest language you ever did see.

Queer Way of Telling Time.

A boy who works in a big elevator in Iowa, carries no watch, but he knows what time it is. A big window almost fills one side of his little office. Into a corner of this window creeps the sunlight early in the morning, and it shines in all day long and creeps out of the other corner in the evening. On the floor where the edge of the shadow from the window seat falls just at noon our boy has placed a long chalk mark and a little further away there is another mark for 1 o'clock and so on up to 6. The forenoon is similarly divided on the floor. Each day, by simply looking at the edge of the sun's light he can tell what time it is. Once in two weeks he changes all these marks because the shadows change as the sun gets higher in the spring or lower in the autumn.

It Grieved the Elephant.

One of the recent stories related of an elephant's acuteness contains an element of doubt, but the comic side of it makes up for that delinquency. It seems that this particular native African was an attaché of a traveling circus, and part of his performance consisted in sitting on a stool in front of a piano, and producing some hideous discords called music. One day, having hit the instrument heavier than usual, he irreparably smashed it. A new one was purchased, but when the elephant took his place on the stool as usual he absolutely refused to do his act and groaned very miserably. He was led out, and after a short time the manager entered with the excuse:

Ladies and gentlemen, I regret that the disobedience of Jack has caused you a loss of pleasure; but unfortunately the poor fellow discovered that the ivory in the keys of the piano came from his mother's tusks, and he wouldn't play for nags!

Mosquito Stories.

A newspaper tells us a story of a smart little 6-year-old boy named Philip. The other evening he was sitting on the front porch of his home, barelegged and barefooted. The mosquitoes were active and aggressive. One big fellow landed on a soft portion of the boy's leg. It did not proceed at once to work, but seemed trying to decide on a good place to begin. Philip did not brush him off, but sat observ-

ing him. Presently the boy made this remark to his mother:

"Mamma, I guess the mosquito is asking a blessing before he begins to eat."

This reminds the editor of the Children's Page of an adventure which a little girl friend of his had once upon a time with a mosquito. Her mother found her in the garden looking ruefully at a mosquito which was perched on her arm and saying:

"Oh please, Mr. Mosquito, go away, go away. That hurts."

Every year, the country. You can never be too careful in the conditions which you make about your home life to your familiar friend. You may love her, she may love you, but after all there is no tie so strong as that of blood, and the day will come when you will regret having undertaken any one of your own kin. It is good for a girl to have a girl friend and to share her pleasures, her interests in books or pictures, even her opinion of her father's clothes, but she should remember to forget the unpleasant happenings in her own home, and not even whisper them to her close companion, who, while she may love her, may not be able to control her tongue.

Enjoy your friend then, but have it understood between you that home affairs are not to be discussed, and that each of you is to try to get the better of the tendency to gossip-mongering that is one of the worst traits any character can cherish. Many are the instances of stories that have been repeated at first with no malice, that have grown and grown and caused the bitterest remarks to those responsible for their first circulation. Make up your mind in the very beginning of your friendship that, even to your dearest friend, nothing, except that which is pleasant shall be said about your respective homes or their inmates.

Furniture for Children.

Every house that has one or more little children should own, if possible, one of the low tables, and several of the small, low chairs that are used in the kindergarten. If there is no regular nursery, the tables may be kept in one corner of the living room, as they provide a most convenient place for the work and games of children. A place to rest their books when reading, and because they are their own special property, give great satisfaction in many ways. Another piece of furniture that helps the children to keep an orderly nursery is a window seat, that is, a large, low box with a hinged cover, where their toys may be placed when they are through using them. In one nursery, where there are three children, each has her own special "toy" chest placed under a window, and her one low shelf for books.

The Day of a Queen.

Whilomina, the queen of Holland, rose at 7 o'clock every morning, breakfast at 8, and at 9 o'clock her lessons began. The study she liked best is history. The morning studies are stopped at 11:30, and then the queen goes out for a drive. In winter what the weather is, nor what the season, she drives in an open carriage. At 2:20 there is tea in the English fashion. Then, until dinner time, the queen is free to amuse herself as she pleases. She remains in the palace gardens, or perhaps has an outing with her ponies, or plays with her dolls. At 5:30 dinner is served. Her hour for retiring is as regular as the hour for rising. She is in bed by 10 o'clock each night, and the lights are out.

Children's Corps.

A chiropodist says that nervous children are apt to have corns. This is oftentimes because such clutch the fingers tightly, almost imperceptibly, and are almost apt to draw up the toes at the same time. It is a slight, but frequent movement, and it cramps the toes, and finally irritates the tender surface at the joints. He emphasizes again that it is not broad shoes so much as long shoes that should be worn by growing children, and asserts that such a catalogue of indictments has been brought, is by no means such unhygienic wear as others more commended.

Trees That Whistle.

The musical whistling tree is found in the West Indian islands, in Nubia and the Soudan. It has a peculiar shaped leaf, and pods with a split or open edge. The wind passing through these pods sends out the sound which gives the tree its peculiar name. In Barbadoes there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the islands a constant meaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from it, which in the still hours of the night has a very weird and unpleasant effect.

The Rope Fleed.

In New York the whoremasters are annoyed by the task, glass and nail files, but Philadelphia cyclists can go on one better, for they have the rope fleed. This annoyance is largely the work of boys and consists of stretching a cord across a roadway and sufficiently high to catch passing wheelmen at the hat line, the object being to take off his hat, but more frequently the obstruction catches passing wheelmen under the chin, and when it does not dismount them causes a severe shock.

An Ancient Warrant.

Mrs. Ebenezer Humphrey has presented to the town of Oxford, N. H., the original warrant issued by King James of England for the collection of the town tax. It was issued to H. C. Gray, King's collector, and is dated Dec. 21, 1671.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"GOSPEL FARMING" SUBJECT OF SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE.

From the Text "I am the True Vine and My Father is the Husbandman" John XV: 1—Plowing and Sowing that We May Reap the Good Things of Life.



His last summer, having "gone" in different directions over between five and six thousand acres of harvest fields, I can hardly open my Bible without smelling the breath of new-mown hay, seeing the golden gleam of the wheat field. And when I open my Bible to take my text, the Scripture leaf rustles like the tassels of the corn. We were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, trying the grist in the center of the sack so that the corners of either side, the horse balanced each other, and strove the cattle, and our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for new-mown hay, feathered occupants, went cackling away. We were nearly all of us born in the country, and all would have stayed there had not some adventuresous one on his vacation come back with better clothes and softer hands, and set the whole village on fire with ambition for "city life." So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the Mount you could see the full-blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ in the text takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the Husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not cultivating a ten-acre plot, for he had him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inheritance so few that Noah was right when he gave to every descendant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultivated, ever after to be his own possession. Just as in Kentucky, the United States Government, on payment of 25 cents per acre, gave personal right to 160 acres to any man who would settle there and cultivate the soil.

All classes of people were expected to cultivate ground (except widows, or orphans). It was supposed that they would have their time entirely occupied with their own profession. Although I am told that sometimes ministers do plow as a hobby, into worldliness they remind me of what Thomas Finlay said in regard to a man in his day who preached very well, but lived very ill. "When he is out of the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever get into it, and when he is in the pulpit it is a pity he should ever come out of it."

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude, the plow turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Plow tells of one stalk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roofs of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river, wherever it was wanted, Solomon refers when he says, "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and he turneth it as the rivers of water are turned," whithersoever he will.

The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when he says to wicked Sennacherib: "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every bad man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but some time in his life, or in the hour of his death, he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground: "Thou shalt plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of erecting intelligent and useful and reputable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of troubles in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Moabites paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax. Job had 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the wine press, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, making use of this allusion when the question was asked, "Wast thou art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like one who treadeth the wine vat?" He responded, "I have trodden the wine press alone."

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seven-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. A government is strong in proportion as it

is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage, Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture. Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject. The Weeks and Days. Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country, larger harvests than have ever before been gathered—I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul—all these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

In the first place, I remark, in grace as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plow-share turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent son, "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in thy field. The soil went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep, and then complained that he had not found the money, but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant, when he said there were a hundred dollars buried deep in the field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin, as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loathsome, abominable, consuming, and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness. When I was a boy I plowed a field with a team of spirited horses. I plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the soil without turning it, but I did not feel back the plow with its rattling de-vels. I thought it made no difference. After while my father came along and said, 'Why, this will never do; this isn't plowed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that.' And he plowed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction, when the full plow of God's truth ought to be put in to the soil.

My word is to all Sabbath school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers—Plow deep! Plow deep! And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a faint view of the sinful side of your nature, plow deep into your soul the ten commandments which reveal the heinousness of God, and that sharp and piercing scythe will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are quite a little out of order by reason of sin, and that you need only a little fixing-up, he deceives you. You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. These are quick points and slow poisons, but the draught could give you some drop that could kill the body. And sin is like that drug, so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soil or no harvest. Why was it that David and the pillar and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? Had they lost their senses? No. The plow-share struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten as a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monster long ago buried, so the plow-share of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sins long ago entombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain nighter, ichthyosaurs, or megalithium.

But what means all this crooked plowing, these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember, that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eye on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is other end of the field. We keep our eye that you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plow up to the Cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the Cross, but at the upright piece, at the center of it, the heart of the Son of God who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the Cross!

Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm, there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than was Paul. Yet, amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man in the house to-day has 500 acres of spiritual

joy all time. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields. Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you can pull them down. To the fields! Reap! Reap!

Again, I remark, in grace as in farming there is a time for threshing. I tell you bluntly that is death. Just as the farmer with a fall beats the wheat out of the straw, so death beats the soul out of the body. Every sickness is a stroke of the fall and the sick-bed is the threshing-floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. An aged man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world. He had a pleasant good-bye to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on a rail-train the kindred come, and once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather, brush back the gray hairs from his brow, it will never ache again. But him away in the stumber of the tomb. He will not be afraid of that night. Grandfather was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrection. Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice has already mingled in the choralody of heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything ghostly in that? No. The threshing of the wheat out of the straw, that is all.

The Savior folds a lamb in his bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What, if the bond that she had four o'clock out of the meadow is still? It will wave in the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is still? It will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one hand, a red rose in the other, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Savior's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage-joy. Anything ghostly about that? Oh, no! The sun went down and the moon rose. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders. "Dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and woke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said, "Those last words were beautifully poetic." And Mr. Longfellow knew what his words meant. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

"I was not in sin, not in wrath. 'Twas an angel that visited the earth, And took the flower away."

So may it be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing of the sowing, of the harvesting, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.

Where is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no. So many have gone out from your own circles, yea, from your own family, that you have had your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time some of them had? In Gethsemane of suffering they sweat great drops of blood. They took the cup of hot lips and they put it to their hot lips and they cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried, "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away; their battles all ended; their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those sheaves to perish in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher and after while the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked, and the horses made a struggle, and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on their backs, and when the front wheel struck the elevated door of the barn it seemed as if the load would go no farther, until the workmen gave a great shout, and then, with one last tremendous strain, the horses pulled in the load; then they were unharmed, and forlorn after forlorn of grain fell into the mow. O my friends, our getting to heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull, but these sheaves are bound to go on. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming to the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind, and the old body creeps under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner, it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into the eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest, home! Harvest, home!"

Ancient Egyptian Cloth.

The cloth of the old Egyptians was so good that, though it has been used for thousands of years as wrappings of the mummies, the Arabs of to-day can wear it. It is of linen, the ancient Egyptians considering wool unclean.

Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields. Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you can pull them down. To the fields! Reap! Reap!

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