

Northville.

W. H. Huttopf, wife and son, Charles, of Pontiac and Miss Marian Souerville of Detroit were guests at the home of Mrs. L. W. Hutton over Sunday. Mrs. Ida Joslin, was here from Detroit from Saturday until Wednesday. Mrs. Mercy Evans, who has resided at Holly for several years, is moving back to Northville. Mrs. A. B. Smith returned Friday from Columbus, O., where she was called by the illness of her sister, Mrs. Florence Ostrander, whose condition is serious. Sam Peckfield, who has been working in Pontiac, has gone to New York City, where he has a position in a factory branch of the Oakland Motor Co. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Diugnani have gone to Owassee to reside. Mrs. E. Woodmansee is clerking in C. I. Ryder's store. Chas. W. Apple has a new Buick automobile. Ross Dineen departed on Thursday for Calgary, Alberta, in company with other students of the U. of M. They will be employed there during the summer surveying the land for the C. P. R. R. James W. Dyne has sold his house on Wagon street to his brother, Warren. Miss I. S. Balch visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gillis, over Sunday. R. A. Grant and family contemplate moving to Hillsdale. Mr. R. Scley was home from Ann Arbor in Friday until Monday. Bruno F. Fiedel and family are moving into the rooms over his store. A number of Northville fans went to Lansing Wednesday to witness the ball game between Lansing and Jackson, going there in automobiles. Earl Stimpson, a Northville boy, is playing with the Lansing team this year. The business portion of Main and Centre streets is being oil'd this week. Mrs. M. J. Scley went to Jackson Wednesday to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. J. LaRue. The store recently occupied by S. A. Parks is undergoing repairs and will be occupied by Will Tibbels and Robert Cameron who will connect a pool room. The band will give another concert on the street Saturday night. There will also be a sack race for which prizes are offered.

meeting at the home of Mrs. Jane Houldershaw for supper. This will be the annual meeting and all members are requested to be present as officers will be elected for the ensuing year. Everyone is cordially invited to attend. Mesdames Ed. and Omer Conroy were Detroit shoppers Monday. Redford Another serious fire in this locality destroyed a farm house Sunday morning. The house of Ed. Stribbins, who lives two miles south of Redford, was burned with a portion of the contents. We understand the blaze started from a defective fire. Grand Lawn has put on its spring garb and is certainly a beautiful place. Mr. and Mrs. Gus Lockeman are obliged to move onto their farm just north of Redford for the reason that a proper tenant could not be secured. The cement road seemed to be appreciated last Sunday for there was a continuous procession of vehicles, automobiles mostly, passing through from and to the city all day long. The street cars were also loaded to capacity. The regular meeting of the Woman's Union will be held at the church parlors on Wednesday afternoon, May 14. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford of Detroit attended the funeral of Mr. Ward Tuesday. Milton Grace has purchased a new Ford touring car of Dr. Tupper. Still no clue has been found of the whereabouts of Fred Crawford and his absence is as great a mystery as ever. Two lots, numbers 48 and 49, on Hartford avenue on the Hart Bros. subdivision were sold this week to Wm. F. Lyden, the deal being made by C. E. Ramsey. This makes four lots in a row owned by Mr. Lyden, who contemplates building on them in a short time. Ed. Minnock reports ready sale of acre lots on his new subdivision. These tracts are very desirable and readily appeal to those who are looking for "little farms." Mr. and Mrs. Richard Smye have moved to Detroit to make their future home. Mr. Smye's business being entirely in the city it was inconvenient for him to live here as his wife was entirely alone during his absence. Mrs. Smye's health has been poor for some time but she had gained strength of late sufficiently so that she felt able to stand the strain of moving and her many Redford friends hope for a speedy recovery. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knowles will occupy the home vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Smye until they get a residence of their own on a lot which they have just purchased on Hartford avenue on the new Oak Grove subdivision. The barber shop of Eber Burus was entered by burglars Tuesday night and nearly everything of value that could be easily carried away was taken. All of the razors and other tools of trade were gone when Eber opened shop next morning and he was obliged to go to Detroit and purchase a new supply. Entrance to the shop was made by way of the window on the east side of the building. A small hole was broken in the window pane through which the thief could put his hand and unfasten the lock on the sash. A new house will be built by Charles Knowles on South Hartford avenue that he has purchased for a home. Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury A mercury will surely destroy the life of small and completely derange the whole system when entering the mucous membrane. 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. E. J. Cheney & Co. manufacture a "Hally Catarrh Cure" that is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and roots of the system. In buying Hally's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by E. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hally's Family Pills for constipation. Wanted—A few houses in Farmington to sell. C. E. Ramsey.

LIBRARIAN LEARNED LITTLE TOT WAS GIVING READING LESSONS TO GROWN-UP ITALIAN GIRL. By standing very straight, he could just look across the top of the librarian's desk. His eyes met the librarian's squarely when she accused him of having kept "Fifty Famous Stories" out for three months. He explained that he had left it for a day at the end of each two weeks, and the librarian, accepting the explanation, considered the matter settled. Five minutes later, when she glanced up from her work, she found him still there. "Little boy, what do you want?" she cried. "Please, ma'am, that book?" The librarian looked at him helplessly. "But you've had it three months already. Why don't you take some other?" "Because that's the only one she likes. I've tried another, and she won't look at it." "She?" the librarian repeated, inquiringly. "Yes, ma'am, the girl." "You mean your teacher?" the librarian corrected him. "No, ma'am, the girl I teach." The librarian put down her pen, and gave her full attention to the matter. "How old is she?" she asked. "The diminutive teacher eyed her critically. "But as long as you," he decided. "She's an Evangelist. Her name lends shoes in the basement at the corner of the synog. It's mean to her; and she can't talk English, and she don't know anybody, and she cries lots. So I'm teaching her to read, evenings." "Don't you get sleepy?" the librarian asked. There was no amusement in her voice now. "The boy nodded, half-shamed. "Yes, ma'am, sometimes. But," he brightened up, "but she's learnin' and when she knows English she'll like this better than Italy, you see?" A moment later the smallest teacher was hopping down the steps; he carried the "Fifty Famous Stories" under his arm. And back in the library the librarian was thinking—many things—Youth's Companion. NOT LOADED. Mrs. Wise—Will you come home straight from the club tonight? Mr. Wise—You mean to come straight home. Mrs. Wise—No, I mean to come home straight—no zigzag walking. DECEPTIVE APPEARANCE. An old family coach, with the driver on the box, was waiting at the railway station. Beside the carriage stood a gentleman who had come down to welcome his brother home. The expected guest was a portly old Virginian who tipped the scales at 250 pounds. When the old negro coachman espied the incoming train rounding a curve, he exclaimed: "I know Marse William's on Dere. Marse Brown, 'cause see how dat kyar kreens!"—Youth's Companion. GUARDING A TREASURE. "We have a jewel of a cook!" "That's fine!" "Yes. Only we have to eat at a restaurant three times a week to keep her from complaining of overwork." LOST HER VOICE. "She's the most popular woman in her set." "She used to be, until she won three card prizes in a row?" WHICH IS WORSE? "The doctors say that auto riding causes flat feet." "Yes, and flat purses." INDICATIONS OF IT. "Aunt Prim says she likes chops." "I don't wonder with that hatchet face." THE REASON. Floorwalker—Why do you stand so long in this one place? Stranger—I'm watching those women at the bargain counter getting their change. Never realized what fronzied finance was before. ESKIMO LAMPS. It is believed that the Eskimo lamp was invented before its possessors emigrated from their original home, which was probably farther south and near the seacoast. But the form of the lamp becomes more specialized the higher the latitude is. The lamps of southern Alaska have a wick edge of two inches, while those of Point Barrow and northern Greenland have wick edges of 17 to 36 inches. The lamp is employed for melting snow and ice to obtain drinking water, for cooking, lighting, warming, drying skins and in the arts. It is also a social factor and the sign of the family unit, each head of the family having his lamp. —Harper's Weekly. SCOTCH CURIOSITY. A woman sent her servant over to the house of a sick neighbor. "Mrs. Smith," said she, "sent me over the spier hoo yer husband was this mornin'." "Very bad, indeed. The doctor says he may die any minute," was the reply. "Ah, weel," said the woman, "I'll better wait a wee while; I've nae other thing tae dae the noo." SOME HOPE. Man (making rescue)—He may not be dead yet. Small Girl—I don't think he is, mister. He was de slowest kid in da neighborhood.—Puck. QUITE SO. "The small husband of a large woman is not expected to be assertive." "Certainly not. And least of all by the large woman." MERCENARY AGE. "There goes a man worth knowing." "Is that so? How much is he worth?" AN EXCEPTION. "Walls have ears." "How can they have 'em around the dumb waiter?"

SAID NEW YORK WAS TOUGH. Joaquin Miller's Opinion of the Metropolis When He Arrived There in 1870. When Joaquin Miller went to New York in 1870 he wrote: "New York at last! And oh! but this is a tough town! And the time I had in landing on 'this island' I have fought many battles with Indians, I have seen rough men in the mines, but such ruffians as assaulted me on landing from the Jersey ferry I have never encountered before. Two of these literally hauled me into a coach. I cried out; they shouted to the crowd and police, who said: 'drunk; an' another tough,' who said: 'he was my friend, helped them bus-ness. I held the door until they dashed away. By and by they stopped and one got down, and holding the door merely, asked me to tell him again what hotel I wanted to go to. At the door of the hotel—the Astor house—the only name I could think of, or was familiar with, they demanded \$5. But what I made me mad—mad at myself, I am ashamed of you! You modern girls never know when you're lucky! You'll make it up with him at once. I say—and don't let me have any nonsense!" And papa never knew the reason for the peals of laughter which issued from the drawing room that same evening, when Edwin Perkins ecstatically greeted the dainty Clara.—London Answers. BROWN FOUND THE SNEEZE. Story of the Anxious Father, the Three Daughters and the Old Lady Guest. The overanxious father of three charming daughters, after his family had sought seclusion for the night, caught somewhere in the distance the echo of a sneeze. At once, in dressing gown and slippers, he padded down the hall and knocked at the door. "Jane, my dear, did you sneeze?" "No, papa." Tap-tap at the adjoining door. "Mary, my love, was that you sneezing?" "No, indeed, papa dear." Pad-pad to the door at the end of the corridor. "Margaret, my pet, I heard a sneeze; was it you?" "Oh, no, papa dearest." Just then the guest room door, half way down the corridor, opened a hand's breadth, and the mild voice of an old lady guest, who had retired early, issued forth: "I am extremely sorry, Mr. Brown; it was I who sneezed."—New York Evening Sun. AWAY HE WENT. It was out in Elizabeth township. The tramp sidled up, the walk after looking around carefully. He knocked and the lady of the house came out and looked him over. "Madam, I'm traveling around the world." "Um." "I have to make good time or I'll lose my bet." The lady relaxed the grimness of her face just a trifle. "Well," said she, "I don't mind letting my bulldog pace you for a couple of miles. Here, Tige!" When last seen the man and the dog were making very good time. THE STORY, NOT THE CHIP. Briggs—My wife found a white poker chip in my pocket, this morning, and I told her it was a dyspepsia tablet. Griggs—And did she swallow it? —Boston Transcript. TO BE FIGURED IN. "So our auto's been smashed up in an accident. What did the machine cost you?" "I'll tell you better when the surgeon's bill comes in." VERY. "Is your wife amiable?" "Is she? Say, I could almost take you home to dinner with me without getting my hair pulled." RETRIBUTION. "Why do you want your gas meter taken out, madam?" "Because I am sure it is taking us in." HE DIDN'T. Tramp—Say, lady, gimme a bite. Lady—I can't, but if you wait a minute, our dog Towser will.

ONE WAY OF FOOLING PAPA. The Wise Maiden Induced Him to Favor Her Very Nervous Sultor. "You know, dear," said the young man nervously to the pretty girl, "I'm really frightened about speaking to your father, he's so awful sure of himself, you know." "Is that all that's causing the delay?" inquired the modern miss, dryly. "If that's it, just leave it to me. I'll manage my father." "What! Refused young Perkins to accompany me to the accompaniment of a choice Harans and carpet slippers." "Papa," she gurgled with feigned mirth, as she took his arm, "what do you think. That young fool, Perkins, has proposed to me! Just fancy!" And the lady doubled up in incoherent joy. But papa shook himself free and nudged with the fury of a baited bull as he stormed: "What! Refused young Perkins that estimable young man? Why, made me mad—mad at myself, I am ashamed of you! You modern girls never know when you're lucky! You'll make it up with him at once. I say—and don't let me have any nonsense!" And papa never knew the reason for the peals of laughter which issued from the drawing room that same evening, when Edwin Perkins ecstatically greeted the dainty Clara.—London Answers. THE REASON. Floorwalker—Why do you stand so long in this one place? Stranger—I'm watching those women at the bargain counter getting their change. Never realized what fronzied finance was before. ESKIMO LAMPS. It is believed that the Eskimo lamp was invented before its possessors emigrated from their original home, which was probably farther south and near the seacoast. But the form of the lamp becomes more specialized the higher the latitude is. The lamps of southern Alaska have a wick edge of two inches, while those of Point Barrow and northern Greenland have wick edges of 17 to 36 inches. The lamp is employed for melting snow and ice to obtain drinking water, for cooking, lighting, warming, drying skins and in the arts. It is also a social factor and the sign of the family unit, each head of the family having his lamp. —Harper's Weekly. SCOTCH CURIOSITY. A woman sent her servant over to the house of a sick neighbor. "Mrs. Smith," said she, "sent me over the spier hoo yer husband was this mornin'." "Very bad, indeed. The doctor says he may die any minute," was the reply. "Ah, weel," said the woman, "I'll better wait a wee while; I've nae other thing tae dae the noo." SOME HOPE. Man (making rescue)—He may not be dead yet. Small Girl—I don't think he is, mister. He was de slowest kid in da neighborhood.—Puck. QUITE SO. "The small husband of a large woman is not expected to be assertive." "Certainly not. And least of all by the large woman." MERCENARY AGE. "There goes a man worth knowing." "Is that so? How much is he worth?" AN EXCEPTION. "Walls have ears." "How can they have 'em around the dumb waiter?"

The Pontiac Savings Bank. President: F. H. Hale. Vice President: F. H. Hale. Cashier: Cramer Smith. Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$35,000. Four per cent interest paid on deposits. Loans made on Real Estate Mortgages approved by the State Banking Department, guaranteeing to depositors the best security. All business matters handled in a safe and conservative manner. Detroit United Lines Farmington Time-Table. Farmington Postoffice. MAIL SERVICE. M. B. Pierce, Postmaster. For Sale or Rent. Farm of 145 or 205 Acres. Enquire of W. E. McHugh. JOHN E. WEDOW Auctioneer. J. E. PHELPS AUCTIONEER. Skerritt-Lyon Granite Co. PONTIAC, MICH. PLYMOUTH MICH. DR. E. R. PERRIN Veterinarian. FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS

