

Royal Oak

Latest From Our Sister Village

Mrs. Albert Hanck is very sick.

Carl Andresen is moving to Detroit.

Daisy Reeves spent part of last week with friends at Milford.

George A. Dondoro was at Saginaw for several days the past week.

Henry Backert was run down by an auto the past week and severely hurt.

Miss Rena Tucker, of Clarkston, was the guest of friends here last week.

Harry Aspinwall, of Alsiquette, N. M., called on friends in town last week.

About 30 telephones were put out of commission during the storm last Saturday.

T. D. Niven, editor of the Windsor Record, was a Royal Oak visitor last week.

Mrs. Wm. Wilson, spent a couple of days with relatives in Birmingham last week.

Mrs. C. G. Merrill returned Saturday from a three-weeks visit in New York State.

M. Jennelle and Burt Secord gave a Dutch lunch Saturday evening, and a fine time was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. George Alexander, of Grayling, was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fournier the past week.

Miss Lettie Russell, who is attending summer school at Ypsilanti, spent a couple of days at home last week.

The Misses Sadie and Clara Tyrrell, of Chicago, are spending the summer with their aunt, Mrs. John Bleakley.

Carl G. H. Hartwig is moving here from Flint and will occupy the place he recently purchased from Carl Andresen.

A watchman has been placed on the Seventh-Street crossing of the G and I trunk railroad. Joseph Mo is the man.

The members of the Royal Oak band are glad to welcome all new comers, who are musicians, among their number.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barney and Mrs. Matilda Delisle, of Wyandotte, were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Marsland the past week.

Misses Sheldon and Benedict, of Chicago, and Mr. Seward Palhamis, of Kansas City, Mo., visited at the home of Henry Wheeler Sunday.

A vicious dog that had bitten several persons in the village last week was killed by the Marshal. The dog was owned by Mr. Valentine.

During the severe electrical storm Saturday afternoon a valuable Jersey cow belonging to David Evans was struck by lightning and killed.

Mrs. Henry Wheeler returned home Friday after spending three weeks with her daughter-in-law, who has been very ill at her home in Detroit.

Several new houses are needed here immediately, as several families, who are moving from Romeo to Detroit, would like to locate here if there were houses to accommodate them.

The Sharpsteen Comedy Co. is giving exhibitions and selling its medicines here this week. The tents are pitched on the Herring property, on the corner of Sixth and Main Streets.

Word was received from Grosse Pointe last Friday that Herman Dondoro, a former resident here, was at the point of death with appendicitis, but later reports state that he now out of danger.

This week the Gideonites hold their national gathering in Detroit, and on Sunday, the 24th inst., they will furnish speakers for the churches of the city and suburbs. Our citizens will be glad to know that a deputation is promised for Royal Oak, who will take charge of the morning service at the Methodist Church.

A. D. Kidder was home over Sunday.

Mrs. Jones is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. S. Gardner.

Grace Penny is visiting friends in Detroit for a couple of days.

Mrs. John Beltz spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Marohn.

The Misses Mary and Rose Stauch are home from their lake trip.

Miss Lola Jennings, of Pontiac, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Miss Eva Griffith, of Flint, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Quick.

Mrs. James Smith, of Kalamazoo, visited Mrs. H. N. Lavery one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kidder, of Detroit, spent Monday with A. D. Kidder and wife.

Louis Erb, of Owosso, is home to attend the lumberman's convention in Detroit this week.

Miss Esther Thomas spent a few days in Detroit the past week with Miss Florence Bartz.

Rev. O. W. Willets is taking a much needed rest and vacation. He will be away over two Sundays.

Mrs. John VanWagoner, of Oxford, visited her daughter, Mrs. Henry Stevens, the latter part of the week.

Word comes that Mrs. John Tillotson, a former resident of this village, died last Friday at her home near Mt. Clemens.

The remains of an infant child were brought here from Rochester Tuesday and deposited in the Royal Oak cemetery. Services were held from St. Mary's.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Carley entertained the following people Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Canfield and family, of Alpena; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Spitzer, of Detroit; and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Barnes, of Rochester.

Rev. O. W. Willets, pastor of the M. E. Church, left Monday for Alpena, where he is to be the guest in a camp on Thunder Bay of the Boys' Club of the Congregational Church. Each morning he is to give a half-hour bible address. The camp will last eight or ten days.

The village council are to be commended for the good work they have accomplished in clearing the streets of cars that have been allowed to stand on the crossings, causing the people to go a block around to get across the tracks; also in being able to get a flagman stationed at the Main street crossing; also in stopping fast trains of going through the village at the rate of 60 miles an hour endangering the lives of pedestrians. For years this work has been allowed to go unattended, until just recently. Again we say that the council is to be commended in their good work.

Spotted.
The man who lives in when he is wrong is wise; the man who gives in when he is right is generally married.—Life.

Proof Positive.
"Are they wealthy?" Bella—"They gave baby an auto tire to cut its teeth."—Harper's Bazar.

Smoking in Tibet.
Smokers in Tibet make a pipe in the form of two holes connected by an underground channel in one hole is placed ligated tobacco, while a reed is stuck in the other, to keep the smoke from bending his back too much. Similar ground pipes have been used by prisoners the world over.

Need No Soap With This Water.
The water in Lake Van, in Asiatic Turkey, which is about 60 miles long by from 20 to 30 miles wide, is so strongly impregnated with potash that the residents along its shores use it to wash clothing without the use of soap.

At a Funeral.
A writer in the London Leader mentions burial incidents at a funeral. A man was supposed to have run faster of being buried alive; for when his coffin was moved a knocking sound was heard within it. When it was opened it was found that a hammer had been left in it, and had killed about 30 as to cause the noise.

Around the Bend

By ALICE CAMERON

Ralph Hurbut, leaned back in accustomed idleness and let the canoe float down stream. The sense of having nothing to do, nothing to worry about, on this glorious June morning, filled him with a dreamy content.

He was on the last vacation he had taken since college days. The last few years had been excruciating ones for the keen young business man. Mind and body had been worked hard.

As the canoe swept down stream, Ralph Hurbut was conscious of an exhilarating excitement. His imagination pictured a dozen adventures, but one image persisted, and at last drove the others away. Ralph's youth was asserting itself. He hoped he might find her sitting on the bank or walking beneath the willows; a dream girl with the gray eyes and the sweet mouth of the woman he could love.

As he neared the turn in the stream, his odd imagining became almost real to him. It possessed his mind wholly. He could even see the gown she would wear; blue, soft, with perhaps some white fluff stuff on it like clouds on a June sky. He gazed with a boyish eagerness toward the bend that hid her.

A few more vigorous strokes and the canoe swung neatly around the curve and glided into the unknown part of the stream. The trees were fewer here. There were flowers near the banks. He gazed quickly about. No one was in sight. All was peaceful and quite deserted.

A deep disappointment came over him, a feeling that the cause seemed to warrant. He tried to laugh it off. "Here I am mooning like an idiot!" he exclaimed, disgustedly. "I imagine she is gazed with a boyish eagerness toward the bend that hid her."

He headed the canoe and looked around once more. A white patch on the left bank attracted his attention. He could not see what it was, and in

"I hope you will forgive me for laughing. You see I thought you were—er, some one else. And I was surprised I could not help laughing. Tell me whether you are hurt. Let me help you." His face looked so handsome and so appealing that the stony expression of the woman softened a trifle.

"Well, the least you can do is to help me home," she said, gruffly. "I'm all shook up," she evidently, blamed him for her fall. Her eyes were cast, and she leaned on him, grunting and groaning.

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"When I am laid below the hill I pray you, friend, that you will not increase my virtues, if you will. Nor let my faults be all forgot. I'll think of me as with you yet. The good and bad there is of me. For truly I shall not forget."

In whatever place I see, Nor tears, nor sighs, that I am dead; But rather that you sing and smile And tell some favored jest, instead. And though I heard you call the while— For I shall hear you, and shall see, And know if you be still or sad, For I shall keep and hold with me. The golden moments we have had.

But you will miss me, I say, forsooth. The very thing I'll have you do. For in that stranger land, in truth, I'll miss you, and I'll miss you too. Yet life is such a goodly thing, I'll think of the bitter and the sweet. That I would rather we should cling To all the gladness we may meet.

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Again the helpless fit of laughter came upon Ralph. He leaned against the seat, rubbing his numb arm and shouting with mirth. This time he had a sweet echo, and looked into a rosy face dimpled with fun, for after one moment and a glance at the state of his attire, the girl had seemed to divine all, in a flash.

"The young man looked down somewhat ruefully at his coat and shoes. 'It seem to have received the worst of it,' he said.

"The girl looked up with a trace of shyness. 'You could come in and clean up. It not mind her, she's peculiar, but—'

He broke in with a question. "Any relation?" he asked. "What it should be the mother?"

"No! Oh, no! We are boarding here—my mother and I. Mrs. Thurston takes boarders every summer."

She started toward the house, and Ralph followed. Mrs. Thurston met them at the door. She led the young man to a room, supplied him with water and clean towe to wipe his face. But as she was leaving she said, "Gimme that coat." Ralph handed it to her, and she disappeared.

Presently she brought back the coat. The rip was neatly mended. "Guess this'll do till you can see a tailor. Dinner ready in half an hour."

This dinner was a memorable event. It was a well-cooked meal, served in the long bay windows where the ramblers climbed in over the sill. Mrs. Thurston lost some of her grimmes, and even smiled a bit at times. Mrs. Thurston, the girl's mother, was very gracious.

And the girl herself? She sat by the open window, not in blue dress she had pictured, but in snowy white, her eyes were the lights and shadows the expressions he had seen in the eyes of the Dream Girl around the bend in the stream. His wonderful vacation had, indeed begun.

Afterward, he saw her alone for a moment on the porch. The glove lay in his pocket, and he wanted to ask her about it. Suppose it should not be hers. He drew it out slowly. The light from the window shone upon it. The girl reached up and took it from his hand.

"Why, you found my glove?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"It is yours, isn't it?"

"Yes, I'm so glad! It is very pleasant for one not to have a mate." He looked down at her.

"I'm finding that out, too," he murmured.

He moved a step nearer.

"Good night," he pressed the little soft hand in both his own for a moment. "I'll see you at home to-morrow."

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