

Plymouth Mail.

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PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY NOVEMBER 2 1888.

WHOLE NO. 60

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Published Every Friday Evening.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Wm Taylor Block, opposite Postoffice, Main street.

Entered at the Postoffice at Plymouth, Michigan, as
Second Class Mail Matter.

WHAT THEY SAY.

SEE HERE! If you are not already taking the MAIL, send us 25 cents for three months, or 50 cents for six months trial. The paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada free of postage. If more convenient send us two or one cent postage stamps. Have it sent to your friends at a distance.

4x4 is soon to open.

Buy the best Phoenix mills flour.

—Dr. Swift, of Northville, was in town Tuesday.

Horse blankets at cost for next ten days. Call at Dohmstreich's store, W. K. Gunsolus.

—The D. L. & N. railroad sells tickets on Saturday, good to return on Monday, at one fare for round trip.

—F. B. Dickerson, of Detroit, candidate for State senator, from this district, on the Republican ticket, was in this town Tuesday.

—Mrs. E. W. Crosby and daughter, of Wayne, have been visiting at this place and Salem several days during the past week.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Patterson and daughter, Mrs. Emma Passage, of Plymouth, and Mrs. Mary Loud, of Waterford, are guests at N. J. Kelly's this week.—Wayne Review.

—The Michigan passenger agents at a late meeting decided to issue tickets, hereafter, at two cents a mile to parties of ten or more bound for the same place. Put this in your hat.

—The prohibitionists have this town billed for another rally at Amity hall, next Monday evening. Rev. C. E. Conley, of Detroit, and Rev. G. W. Hudson, of Northville, are the speakers.

Fred Shater is agent for the West Park steam laundry, Detroit. Those wishing fine work without injury to goods should leave their laundry with him at H. Dohmstreich & Co.'s, before Tuesday noon, each week. 57tf

—The pocketbook advertised in the MAIL last week proved belong to Wm. Pankow and he came for it Monday. A Detroit traveling man named Hill found it and left it at this office for us to find the owner.

—Mrs. Acton, an American lady, has made a pedestrian tour of five hundred miles in Scotland, wheeling her two small children in a baby carriage. She was walking for her health, by the advice of physicians, and it helped her.—Ex.

—Jas. Shaden found a bird known as the American Bittern and numerous other names fighting with a dog yesterday. He covered the bird with an umbrella and captured him and has him on exhibition at Allen & Co.'s hardware.—Williamston Enterprise.

Robert E. Bolger, candidate for register of deeds and P. C. Bird, of Romulus, were both wounded in the first day's fight at the battle of Gettysburg, and lay upon the field inside the rebel lines four days. They have been warm friends ever since and if Bolger is elected Bird will go into the register's office with him.

—There will be a republican meeting at Amity hall to-night. The Hon. Thomas McVeigh, Hibbard Baker, candidate for congress; Homer Warren, candidate for county clerk and James V. D. Wilcox, candidate for prosecuting attorney, will be present and address the meeting. Mr. Warren is an excellent singer and possibly he may favor the audience with some of his songs.

—The best snake story comes from Honeybrook, Pa. A Mrs. Alexander had a coil of "bratvuret" (sausage) lying on a plate in the cellar, which she meant to fry for tea. Work in hand, she went into the dim room and seeing the coil, jabbed the fork into the mass, which at once straightened out, and began a furious wiggling to escape. Her hired girl, in answer to her screams, came with a light, when it was found the snake had got outside of the sausage, and collected itself for a nap on the plate. Between the two women the snake was killed, but the sausage was "mixt up." —Hk. "Who ever saw a snake a thing before?"

—Republican meeting to-night. 4x4. Cheap goods; square dealing with all.

—W. H. Coats, of Sark, was in town Wednesday.

Cheapest place to buy bran is at the Phoenix mills.

—Miss Annie Griffin, of Detroit, is here visiting Miss Marian Sellers this week.

—T. E. Deming and Hamilton Galuss, both of Wayne, are opposing candidates for the legislature in that district.

—Remember the auction sale of clothing, every evening at A. J. Lapham's store, until all are gone. Bargains there.

—The ladies of the Wayne Congregational church gave a "Candidate Social" the other evening at which they cleared \$53.98.

Those horse blankets at Dohmstreichs will keep the flies off your horses; if not, we'll brush off the flies for you. W. D. Gunsolus.

—The ladies furnishing society will serve a chicken pie dinner on election day, in the M.E. church, beginning at half-past eleven a. m. Price, twenty-five cents.

—W. F. Markham floats a Harrison and Morton banner over his Prohibition tank; the tank which prohibits dust and fire, when its contents are applied, otherwise it don't prohibit worth a cent.

—There will be a Union gospel temperance service, next Sunday evening, in the Methodist church. Rev. J. M. Shank will preach the sermon, the other pastors assisting in the services.

—Bert Bennett has put electric bells in the new Smith house, in the upper village. Every door and window is thus provided, and if any burglar tries to enter it his entrance will be rung up on him.

—Birthday cards, school cards, playing cards, visiting cards, tissue paper, blank books, notes, receipts, legal blanks, scrap pictures, photograph albums, autograph albums, scrap albums, etc., at the MAIL office.

—It is said that the Rochester, Oakland county, fair society will be unable to pay a single premium this year. The few who have been in the habit of attending the Rochester fair and furnishing exhibits, should remember this hereafter and attend the Plymouth fairs with the rest of the people, where they have always paid premiums in full and had the best fairs in eastern Michigan.

—Recently, says the Grass Lake News, while a small knot of men were talking together at the central depot in Jackson the peep of a chicken was distinctly heard. Thereupon one of the number opened his vest, and in an inner pocket was revealed a chicken just hatched and still partly in its shell. He reported that he had carried the egg for twenty-one days on a \$10 wager that it would hatch from the natural warmth of his body.

—There was a large and appreciative audience in the Presbyterian church, on last Sunday evening, to hear the Rev. Wallace discourse on "Woman Suffrage." Departing from the usual stale arguments on this question, he took a new line of thought. From scripture, reason and woman's schooling during the last twenty-five years, he fully demonstrated woman's right to the ballot. The sermon has called forth the highest commendations. X.

—"The farm buying dodge" is now being worked in Shiawassee county. The method being a stranger looking for a suitable farm to purchase for his son. He becomes particularly struck with some farm, examines everything with scrupulous care, is a star boarder for a few days and then hears of another piece of land which he would like to look at, then he will return. The stranger never comes back, his whole object being to get a few days or weeks board.—Ex.

—The Supreme court decided Thursday that a man who lodged in one ward and takes his meals in another must vote in the latter. There is a house on Lothrop avenue, which stands on the corporate line of the city. The east side of it is in Detroit, the west side in the township of Greenfield. If a man boards and lodges in that house he can change his voting place when he wants to by moving his table from one room to another.—Northside Notion.

Syrup of Figs

Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, California. Sold in fifty cent and \$1.00 bottles by leading druggists. 60

REMEMBER OUR PLATFORM!

RELIABLE GOODS AT LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

Remember we are headquarters for the Celebrated Pingree & Smith shoes and many other standard lines.

Remember we are headquarters for Butterick's Patterns.

Remember we have the Largest and Best Stock of Dress Goods in Plymouth.

Remember we have the Most Complete Line of Dry Goods and Notions in Plymouth.

Remember we have over fifty Patterns of Carpet to select from, and Below Detroit Prices.

Remember we keep in stock a line of Wall Paper Second to None in the State.

Remember we have the Best All Wool Yachting, Bicycle and Tourists Suits in town and a Splendid Line of Fall Dress Shirts, Latest Styles in Collars, Ties, Etc.

Remember we are always Busy in our Tailoring Department; leave your orders now for a Fall Suit or Overcoat; First Come, First Served. Remember we guarantee a fit, use Better Trimmings, do Better Work and at Lower Prices than will be given you elsewhere.

Remember with every pair of the Duchess Overalls at 75 cents per pair we give you a good pair of Suspenders, and a better pair of Suspenders with every 90 cent pair of Duchess Overalls or Pants. The high standard of excellence maintained for the Duchess Pants and Overalls, together with the Suspenders and Guarantee, which go with every pair, should be an inducement for you to buy them.

Remember we keep a Complete Stock of First Quality English table ware, Fancy ware, Glassware, Etc. Table and Pocket Cutlery, Shears and Scissors.

Remember Our Stock of Groceries is First Class; our Teas are of the Choicest that the market affords; our Spices are warranted Strictly Pure, and are ground and put up Expressly for those who want Pure Goods.

Remember we deal on the Square, keep Quality at the Top and Prices at the Bottom.

—AT—

Geo. A. Starkweather & Co.'s.

A new sewing machine at the MAIL office. Will be sold very cheap.

DEAD SHOT ON MOLES!
IF YOUR LAWN IS
Being Destroyed
—BY—
MOLES!
Send \$2.50 to
W. N. WHERRY,
PLYMOUTH, MICH.,
For one of the above traps. They are sure to catch them. J. C. Stallwagen, merchant at Wayne, Mich., caught twenty-nine in less than one yard space. We can name many others who have had equally good success. 36

GO TO H. WILLS,



And all kinds of Blacksmithing. Low Prices on Wagon and Buggy Repairing.

ISKILL MY OWN MAKE OF Wagons and the Wayne Buggies. All Styles.

I have been through the factory at Wayne, and know that they use good material.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Opposite Shaker's Feeder, Plymouth, Michigan.

H. DOHMSTREICH & CO.
THE GENERAL MERCHANTS.

—LEAD THE—

FALL TRADE!

—WITH—

BIG BARGAINS!

—IN—

DRY GOODS,
CARPETS,

Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mittens,

Gent's Furnishing Goods, Groceries,

Crockery, Glassware and Wall Paper.

Fine Merchant Tailoring!
A SPECIALTY.

Goods at Lowest Living Prices and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

The Printer of Kummersolthal.

Kummersolthal was unusually excited. How such a happy town could have taken such a sad name as Kummersolthal, or sorrowing vale. I was for a long while unable to determine. Knowing that a town famed in primitive times, and given so expressive a name as sorrowing vale, was sure to have an entertaining legend, and being especially interested in the study of nomenclature as far as it related to the names of places, I decided to stop over a day in one of my annual trips up the valley and solve the mystery that to me appeared wrapped up in the name.

A little inquiry at the village inn disclosed the fact that there still resided in the town one of the old citizens whose mind, though feeble on matters pertaining to the present day, was still strong as to the impressions received in youth.

Striking my desire to see the old gentleman, the keeper of the inn pointed out his ancient home, and, dinner over, I started for his cottage. He was seated in his door-way, and to my "good afternoon," asked me to sit down and rest. It was not long before I adroitly led the old man's mind back to the sunny days of his youth, and in his story of old scenes, he gave the ancient legend of Kummersolthal.

It was to the effect that more than a century ago, a young German came, with his young and charming bride, into that beautiful valley. There he built a cabin, and curiously selected a site by the river-side, just where the sun's first beams struck in the morning and its last rays fell at night. There for ten years they resided; happy years they were, too, though their nearest neighbors were miles away. A bright little boy soon made the parent's hearts rejoice, and the young father was very proud and happy.

One day, when he returned from his work in the clearing, he found his wife murdered by Indians, his child stolen away and his cabin burned. The shock overcame the young husband and father, but alone he performed the sad funeral rites over his murdered wife, and then plunged into the forest to search for the destroyers of his peace and for his lost child. It became a mania with him, and for years after, hunters and trappers used to tell of a half-crazed man that they often met, who was always on the tramp, eagerly looking for something he could not find, and when addressed on any subject a tear would start afresh in his eye, and he would sadly point in the direction of his old home, and utter the single word "Kummersolthal."

This, in brief, was the legend the old villager told me, and at the close, his mind became lost in his ancient memories so that he forgot my presence and I stole quietly away, leaving him as I found him, absorbed in thought.

This was years ago. The town then had two thousand inhabitants, but it was snugly nestled in the valley and removed so far from railroads, that it had been overlooked by geographers and it was only by accident that I stumbled over it at all. Returning to the inn, I made note of the legend in my record book, and, as I paid my bill, the polite landlord presented me with a copy of the Kummersolthal Gazette. I remember reading it with interest, and wondered at the printer's ingenuity in getting into his little sheet so many things of interest, and I remembered distinctly, too, that in each item, no matter how gay on the interior, there was a something—what, I could not tell—that showed it was written with a sorrowing heart. Had I time, I should have called to see the printer, and tried to solve the riddle of mysterious sadness that appeared to underlie the gay interior and which he evidently labor to conceal. But I left the village, and in other places, mingling with other people, I forgot the village, the legend and the Gazette. Now, after ten years' absence, I found myself at Kummersolthal again. In stead of the peace and quiet that reigned when I left there, great excitement prevailed, and it was evident to the most casual observer that something unusual had happened. I followed the crowd over the bridge and down by the river-side and found the people gathered around an unpainted cottage on which was an aged sign, so washed by the rains of time that it was with difficulty I could decipher the words "Kummersolthal Gazette."

From a citizen I learned that the day before the paper had failed to appear. Some how every one felt disappointed. For more than twenty years such a failure had never happened. Every Wednesday, at precisely four o'clock p. m., the papers were delivered at the post-office by the editor and his son, who immediately returned home.

At Kummersolthal, as in many other towns where local papers are printed, everybody felt privileged to ridicule the Gazette, and make general fun of its contents. "The Gazette don't amount to anything, anyway," was remarked by critical thousands, but the friendly postmaster used to remark that those who criticized the Gazette most severely were always first to call for it, and devoured its contents with the eagerness of a child.

But four o'clock, p. m., had come and no paper. The citizens hung around the post office until five, and until the clock on the church tower tolled the supper hour. No one had seen the editor or his son, and the citizens went home with a feeling of oppression and disappointment. Had any one even suggested that the non-appearance of the Gazette would have caused even a ruffle of excitement in Kummersolthal the day before, no one would have believed it. But, in fact, its non-appearance had caused an unrest never felt before. Never were the people so discontented as they were on that Wednesday night, and why the paper had not come formed the subject discussed at every fireside, and was the common theme for conversation at the village stores.

One thing certain the Kummersolthal Gazette was missed. No one thought of going down to see why it had not come. Of late years the editor and his family had appeared to shrink more and more from society. They were considered exclusive and proud. A lively man with black whiskers, who evidently prided himself in knowing all the traditions of past years, informed me that the editor and his puny wife came there some twenty years before. He was thought at the time very eccentric, from the fact that he wanted to find a certain point of land where the sun's first beams struck in the morning, and the last rays fell at night; in fact, it was where the young German's cabin stood a century ago. That spot he wanted. He purchased it at a high price. There he erected a house, made part of it an office, put in type and press, and made the Gazette the exponent of Kummersolthal industries.

But the Gazette had failed to appear.

Thursday came and someone passing the cottage noticed no sign of life, and tried the door but failed to gain admission.

Matters were talked over at the village stores, and finally the beadle of the village, accompanied by a crowd of men and a dozen or more trembling women, went over to the cottage.

The beadle forced his way into the house, while the people waited breathlessly outside.

Five minutes passed, the beadle was seen to open the door and beckon to his deputy and the door was closed. The excitement now was intense. That something unusual had transpired within the house was certain.

At length the door again opened, and the beadle reappeared, his face wearing a gayer expression than was ever seen there before.

"What is it beadle?" said half a score, in a terrific whisper.

The beadle waited until the questioners were all silent and replied, "Our editor is dead!"

"His wife, where is she?" asked the multitude, when the shock of the announcement no longer held their reticence.

"Dead said the beadle.

"And his son?"

"Dead," said the beadle, who selected six of the leading citizens, pulled them inside, at the same time waving back the crowd who would have rushed in.

It was at the moment the beadle selected his jury that I approached the cottage. Being a comparative stranger in the place, and there were no railroads to the village, and it being located so deep in the vale that few had learned of its existence, a stranger received considerable attention, from the very fact of his being a stranger, and each was anxious to tell all he knew about the deceased.

An old lady told how, twenty years before, he was lively, energetic, and was everywhere; his young wife was the light of every party; but of late years they had shrunk from public gaze, and his son took his place at news gathering. The paper had grown apparently in circulation every year since it had started. It was her opinion their property had made 'em proud.

Over two thousand papers were issued weekly. Most everybody read the Gazette, she guessed. She had taken it since it started, and was intending to run in that very day and settle. She had received a bill, stating that she owed ten years subscription, but she had kind o' needed the money, and the bill didn't amount to

much to an editor with so big a business. "No need of their having been so proud, if he did run a paper," was the uncharitable remark of a bystander. "The editor was miserly, too," chimed in another one; "he did his own work, and almost always, of late, has refused to subscribe when a paper is handed around. For my part I think editors should be more public spirit."

"He is probably worth \$20,000, hived it up; \$4,000 received annually for subscriptions, to say nothing of advertising," figured the village schoolmaster. "I have taken his paper fifteen years, and awhile ago he sent me a bill for \$30. It would have been public-spirited of him to send his paper free, I being a public servant. His business was good so I have not hurried about the money."

"Probably murdered for his money," volunteered another. "Why, there is no end of money these editors make. Only a few days ago he sent me a bill to pay ten dollars I owed him, for five years subscription. Anxious to put the money in the bank, I suppose. As I needed it just then, I delayed. I don't believe in folks being piggyish if they are professionals, stranger; do you?"

Just what answer I should have made, being acquainted somewhat with the troubles in the newspaper business myself, I do not know, but just then the beadle and the jury appeared.

"How is it? how is it?" asked the multitude in a breath.

The beadle waved his hand for silence and looked even graver than before. A feeling of awe, somehow, came over the crowd. There was an expression on the faces of the jury suggestive of they knew not what.

"Gentlemen," gasped the beadle, "they starved to death."

"Impossible," exclaimed all.

"It is even so," continued the beadle. "Mr. Foreman, tell how it is."

The foreman mounted a box, and taking out my note book by force of habit, I took down his words. They were as follows:

"Citizens of Kummersolthal:—Never, until this hour, has the truth of the red legend been estimated, and never until this hour has there been more reason to call our place Kummersolthal, or sorrowing vale. On the floor at his mother's bedside lies the dead son, and on the bed the starved mother. On the stool, bent forward on his case, is the editor himself, with the stick, the implement of his profession, in his hand, and the last word set, gentlemen, was 'Kummersolthal.' The last leader he set was his farewell to you, citizens of the town; I read you, now, the copy taken from the case of the deceased.

"To the citizens of Kummersolthal, I bid farewell. One hour ago my wife died, starved. One half hour after, my son followed, and before the clock struck four, my addition, too, will be run off and worms closed. Our depleted wardrobe answers the charge of pride. You thought us rich and we would not beg—except for our just due.

Three-quarters of a century ago my father discovered Kummersolthal. On this very spot the savages murdered my mother. From here, too, I was abducted. 'Tis the home of my birth. Hence for twenty years I have labored to build up the land my father first trod. In the future that work will be appreciated. On the table is my ledger, in which are recorded \$12,000 in just dues to me—all against good, reliable men in this town. My claims, though just, have not been noticed. I am indeed 'well off,' but yet so poor. Kummersolthal my father called this place, and Kummersolthal it is to me. Though I have been wronged, I for—"

"Here the paragraph breaks," said the foreman of the jury.

"And may the forgiveness he meant to bestow on us be granted," solemnly continued the beadle.

One by one the citizens started away home leaving the authorities alone with the dead.

Two days after, returning through the village, I joined in the long procession going to the church. Before the altar were three beautiful caskets furnished by the citizens and canopied over with the richest flowers; indeed, what the people failed to do to the living they had made up on the dead. Never were so many tears shed, for all knew they had a hand in bringing the deceased family to the grave. As the organist played the dirge, I wondered what the aged pastor would say to the people.

The music ceased, and the aged preacher arose and opened the Holy Book to Romans xiii, 7:8. Fully five minutes he waited, after finding the place, until the weeping people were almost as still as the dead forms before them, and he read:

"Render therefore to all their due. Owe no man anything."

He closed the book; the organ played another dirge, and the conductor motioned the audience forward to take the last look at the remains. It was the briefest but most pointed funeral service I ever heard.

Last month I took the train for a brief vacation, over a new railroad. On the morning of the third day we entered a beautiful valley that looked strangely familiar, but at no time did I remember being in so large a city. Just as I was going to ask what it was, the conductor shouted out "Kummersol-

thal." I stepped out, annoyed at the change. Glancing around, the only face I saw was that of the old beadle, to whom I expressed wonder at the change a decade had brought.

"Yes," said the beadle, "ten years ago every man, woman and child in Kummersolthal made a vow to pay cash for everything he bought, and the town has been wonderfully blessed since then."

"All aboard," shouted the conductor, and as the cars moved out of the city, the first rays of the morning sun struck on the handsomest monument I ever saw. Looking out of the car window with my opera glass, I was able to read the inscription:

ERECTED
TO THE MEMORY OF
PRINTER OF KUMMERSOLTHAL
A TRIBUTE
FROM EVERY CITIZEN.

Not Out of the Woods.

You've escaped from the mountains or beaches
With something perhaps in your purse,
But forbear yet your confident speeches,
You're in for a contest that's worse.
Though with landlords you sometimes with skill trade,
And a settlement makes that will please,
Yet the coalman will have his full bill paid,
For unless you come down you may freeze.
—Boston Budget.

Finding the Money.

One of the judicial customs of Russia in the first part of our century was, according to Alexander Vrestechagin's "At Home in the War," a system of corporal punishment legally administered. For example: if a landed proprietor found it necessary to punish his servants or peasants, he sent the culprit with a note to the district judge, and the matter was attended to forthwith. A serf having arrived from a distance to pay the yearly sum of money due from him and his fellows, declares that they can pay only a small proportion of it. The judge speedily appears.

"Who are you? The Olkhoff overseer?" he asks, threateningly, when left alone with the serf.

"Exactly so, my benefactor," replies the latter, dolefully, and bows to the judge's belt.

"You will be pleased to pay the money at once, or you will be thrashed on the spot."

"Dear sir, have mercy!" howls the peasant, and falls at his feet. "As you please, dear sir, but there is no more money."

"Hey, there, policeman!" shouts the judge, opening a door. "The policeman makes his appearance. 'Where's the porter? Drag him up-stairs!' and he points to the overseer, who is still wallowing about at his feet.

"Dear sir, have mercy! A little can be found."

"A what? Now you sing another song!"

The overseer draws from his breast a rag knotted into a parcel, unties it, and hands forth one bank-bill.

"Well, this is little indeed! Why are you trying to impose upon me? Take him off up-stairs!"

"My own father, my benefactor, dear sir, if you were to kill me, I haven't a kopeck more!"

The porter appears, to assist the policeman.

"Haul him up-stairs, children, and I'll be there directly!" shouts the judge. They drag the overseer out, and lead him up-stairs, while he cries, "Dear sirs, benefactors, if you were to kill me, I haven't another kopeck!"

After a few blows from the switches, he begins to shout "Stay, orthodox believers, there is a trifle more!"

"Well, stop my brave fellows. Show us what more you have," orders the judge. The overseer takes off one of his shoes and extracts from it another trifle.

"What's that nonsense! Throw him down again, children."

This process is repeated five or six times. The same mode of extracting the rent everywhere prevailed. All day long overseers were brought to the judge, and shrieks resounded.

"Stop, my own fathers, stop! There is still a trifle more!"

Can't Overtake Him.

"There's lots of money behind that young fellow, and I don't understand why he can't pay his debts," complained a south side merchant of a well known society man.

"Well, I know why he can't," explained a friend.

"Why?"

"Because he's so fast that he never lets the money which is behind him catch up.—Chicago Evening Journal.

One Way to Brace up Royalty.

There's a divinity that doth hedge a king, but put three other kings and an ace in the same hand and there'll be no hedging.—Life.

FACT AND FANCY.

The watermelon as an instrument of assassination has about had its day until next year.

The story that Joaquin Miller's wife slammed him round by the hair of the head and made his life one of fear and misery is vigorously denied by friends.

There are a good many devices for overcoming insomnia, but about the most sensible one yet published is the brief and brusque admonition: "Go to sleep."

An Indiana farmer got up in his sleep and stole his own mule and hid him in the woods, where the sheriff who came next day couldn't find him to serve an execution.

A Missouri horse fell over a cliff thirty-five feet high and escaped with only a scratch on his leg. Next day he got a piece of corn-cob in his throat and choked to death.

Before going to England Jake Kilrath was a perfect ignoramus in his grammar. Now it does not bother him the least bit to observe: "I cawn't, Chawley—weally, I cawn't, you know."

Joseph White, of New Jersey, slept for five days and nights and then japed his wife for waking him up. He said she was always picking on him when she saw him taking comfort.

McLane, Pa., has a citizen exactly seven feet high, but he has a reasonable excuse for it. He got caught in the ruins of a house and they hitched a horse to his feet and pulled him out.

An Ohio farmer found his bees getting ready to swarm and he sweetened a gallon of whisky and put it in pans. The bees got drunk and he had no trouble in handling seventeen swarms.

It is against municipal law in China to dig over 19 feet to find well water. It is the idea that the bottom would fall through onto America if they dug about 222 feet and they don't want to damage us.

Honduras has just passed a law that women may compound medicines for family use, and in case they have no family they can take the doses themselves. Women have no wings, but they are getting there.

A stranger who jumped into the Ohio river the other day left behind him a note, which said: "Cuss the rich, damn the poor, and may I bring up in a warm and comfortable place." He probably did.

A good many chaps who were looking up maps and worrying about Stanley last summer are now looking through their pockets and worrying about their winter coal. The laws of nature are indelible.

George Adams, a hotel clerk in Vicksburg, started to kick a dead beat out of doors and kicked the jamb with such force as to cripple him for life. There was a wild hal' hal' as the d. b. moved on to fresh fields.

Chicago business men, during the first half of this year, mailed over \$63,000 worth of checks and notes without stamping the envelopes. It's mighty easy to lick on a stamp and powerful easy to forget to.

The Chinaman who can get back to the Celestial Empire with \$30 in cash can be a big gun all the rest of his days. That's what he is dreaming of when he squirts the dampness over the shirt-bosoms before him.

A dagger eighteen inches long, of finest steel, inlaid with blocks of gold engraved in Arabic characters, was found lately by a herdsman in Gillespie county, Texas, and is thought to be a relic of the time of Cortez, and to have been originally bought or captured from the Moors by some grandee of Spain.

An Englishman recently stated in court that he married at the age of 16 because he was out of work. He meant not that he took advantage of a holiday for the ceremony of marriage, but that the girl was doing something and he wanted to share her wages. Such marriages are not uncommon in England.

The swiftest bird on the wing is the frigate bird, a sort of nautical bird of prey. Sailors believe that it can start with the peep of dawn from the coast of Africa, and following the trade wind, land on the American coast before sunset. It can undoubtedly fly more than 200 miles an hour, but we do not know of any trustworthy record of the speed of which it is capable.

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It is asserted in a London paper that the discovery made by Mr. Hewitt in the artificial manufacture of quinine will result in the reduction of the price of that article to a few cents per pound. The importance of this discovery is rendered greater by the fact that, while hitherto dependence has been on the cultivation of the cinchona tree for quinine, the bark yielding only about 2 per cent of the same, the new process admits of the substance being produced without limit from an article which can always be got in abundance in any part of the world.

According to a writer in the Liverpool Post it is not the least part of the prince of Wales, enjoyment of Homburg; that it is one of the few places in the civilized world where he is not mobbed. What in past years has annoyed the prince has been the slavish imitation of his dress by the mashers and dudes, more especially the latter, who are of American birth. Last year he took effectual means for putting a stop to this folly. Immediately on his arrival the old order of things prevailed. The cut of his coat, the pattern of his waistcoat, the shade of his necktie were accurately copied. Then a happy idea occurred to the prince. He ordered from some unknown source a hideous suit of dirty blanket-bred tweed. He put on a red shirt with a blue collar; wore a soft felt, low-crowned, cream-colored hat, with a band of orange ribbon, and thrust a blue silk handkerchief into his breast pocket. This, with tan shoes, completed a costume the like of which was never seen on land or sea. But it effected its purpose. The prince had it all to himself, and this year has had no occasion to repeat the unsocial joke.

The Printer of Kummersolthal.

Kummersolthal was unusually excited. How such a happy town could have taken such a sad name as Kummersolthal, or sorrowing vale. I was for a long while unable to determine. Knowing that a town famed in primitive times, and given so expressive a name as sorrowing vale, was sure to have an entertaining legend, and being especially interested in the study of nomenclature as far as it related to the names of places, I decided to stop over a day in one of my annual trips up the valley and solve the mystery that to me appeared wrapped up in the name.

A little inquiry at the village inn disclosed the fact that there still resided in the town one of the old citizens whose mind, though feeble on matters pertaining to the present day, was still strong as to the impressions received in youth.

Signifying my desire to see the old gentleman, the keeper of the inn pointed out his ancient home, and, dinner over, I started for his cottage. He was seated in his door-way, and to my "good afternoon," asked me to sit down and rest. It was not long before I admitted the old man's mind back to the sunny days of his youth, and in his story of old scenes, he gave the ancient legend of Kummersolthal.

It was to the effect that more than a century ago, a young German came, with his young and charming bride, into that beautiful valley. There he built a cabin, and curiously selected a site by the river-side, just where the sun's first beams struck in the morning and its last rays fell at night. There for ten years they resided; happy years they were, too, though their nearest neighbors were miles away. A bright little boy soon made the parent's hearts rejoice, and the young father was very proud and happy.

One day, when he returned from his work in the clearing, he found his wife murdered by Indians, his child stolen away and his cabin burned. The shock overcame the young husband and father, but alone he performed the sad funeral rites over his murdered wife, and then plunged into the forest to search for the destroyers of his peace and for his lost child. It became a mania with him, and for years after, hunters and trappers used to tell of a half-crazed man that they often met, who was always on the tramp, eagerly looking for something he could not find, and when addressed on any subject a tear would start afresh in his eye, and he would sadly point in the direction of his old home, and utter the single word "Kummersolthal."

This, in brief, was the legend the old villager told me, and at the close, his mind became lost in his ancient memories so that he forgot my presence and I stole quietly away, leaving him as I found him, absorbed in thought.

This was years ago. The town then had two thousand inhabitants, but it was snugly nestled in the valley and removed so far from railroads, that it had been overlooked by geographers and it was only by accident that I stumbled over it at all. Returning to the inn, I made note of the legend in my record book, and, as I paid my bill, the polite landlord presented me with a copy of the Kummersolthal Gazette. I remember reading it with interest, and wondered at the printer's ingenuity in getting into his little sheet so many things of interest and I remembered distinctly, too, that in each item, no matter how gay on the interior, there was a something—what I could not tell—that showed it was written with a sorrowing heart. Had I time, I should have called to see the printer, and tried to solve the ravel of mysterious sadness that appeared to underlie the gay interior and which he evidently labor to conceal. But I left the village, and in other places, mingling with other people, I forgot the village, the legend and the Gazette. Now, after ten years' absence, I found myself at Kummersolthal again. In stead of the peace and quiet that reigned when I last there, great excitement prevailed, and it was evident to the most casual observer that something unusual had happened. I followed the crowd over the bridge and down by the river-side and found the people gathered around an unpainted cottage on which was an aged sign, so washed by the rains of time that it was with difficulty I could decipher the words "Kummersolthal Gazette."

From a citizen I learned that the day before the paper had failed to appear. Some how every one felt disappointed. For more than twenty years such a failure had never happened. Every Wednesday, at precisely four o'clock p. m., the papers were delivered at the post-office by the editor and his son, who silently returned home.

At Kummersolthal, as in many other towns where local papers are printed, everybody felt privileged to ridicule the Gazette, and make general fun of its contents. "The Gazette don't amount to anything, anyway," was remarked by critical thousands, but the friendly postmaster used to remark that those who criticized the Gazette most severely were always first to call for it, and devoured its contents with the eagerness of a child.

But four o'clock, p. m., had come and no paper. The citizens hung around the post office until five, and until the clock on the church tower tolled the supper hour. No one had seen the editor or his son, and the citizens went home with a feeling of oppression and disappointment. Had any one even suggested that the non-appearance of the Gazette would have caused even a ruffle of excitement in Kummersolthal the day before, no one would have believed it. But, in fact, its non-appearance had caused an unrest never felt before. Never were the people so discontented as they were on that Wednesday night, and why the paper had not come formed the subject discussed at every fireside, and was the common theme for conversation at the village stores.

One thing certain the Kummersolthal Gazette was missed. No one thought of going down to see why it had not come. Of late years the editor and his family had appeared to shrink more and more from society. They were considered exclusive and proud. A lively man with black whiskers, who evidently prided himself in knowing all the traditions of past years, informed me that the editor and his puny wife came there some twenty years before. He was thought at the time very eccentric, from the fact that he wanted to find a certain point of land where the sun's first beams struck in the morning, and the last rays fell at night; in fact, it was where the young German's cabin stood a century ago. That spot he wanted. He purchased it at a high price. There he erected a house, made part of it an office, put in type and press, and made the Gazette the exponent of Kummersolthal industries.

But the Gazette had failed to appear.

Thursday came and someone passing the cottage noticed no sign of life, and tried the door but failed to gain admission.

Matters were talked over at the village stores, and finally the beadle of the village, accompanied by a crowd of men and a dozen or more trembling women, went over to the cottage.

The beadle forced his way into the house, while the people waited breathlessly outside.

Five minutes passed, the beadle was seen to open the door and beckon to his deputy and the door was closed. The excitement now was intense. That something unusual had transpired within the house was certain.

At length the door again opened, and the beadle reappeared, his face wearing a gayer expression than was ever seen there before.

"What is it beadle?" said half a score, in a terrific whisper.

The beadle waited until the questioners were all silent and replied, "Our editor is dead!"

"His wife, where is she?" asked the multitude, when the shock of the announcement no longer held their utterance.

"Dead said the beadle.

"And his son?"

"Dead," said the beadle, who selected six of the leading citizens, pulled them inside, at the same time waving back the crowd who would have rushed in.

It was at the moment the beadle selected his jury that I approached the cottage. Being a comparative stranger in the place, and as there were no railroads to the village, and it being located so deep in the vale that few had learned of its existence, a stranger received considerable attention, from the very fact of his being a stranger, and each was anxious to tell all he knew about the deceased.

An old lady told how, twenty years before, he was lively, energetic, and was everywhere; his young wife was the light of every party; but of late years they had shrunk from public gaze, and his son took his place at news gathering. The paper had grown apparently in circulation every year since it had started. It was her opinion their property had made 'em proud.

Over two thousand papers were issued weekly. Most everybody read the Gazette, she guessed. She had taken it since it started, and was intending to run in that very day and settle. She had received a bill, stating that she owed ten years subscription, but she had kind o' needed the money, and the bill didn't amount to

much to an editor with so big a business. "No need of their having been so proud, if the did run a paper," was the uncharitable remark of a bystander. "The editor was miserly, too," chimed in another one; "he did his own work, and almost always, of late, has refused to subscribe when a paper is handed around. For my part I think editors should be more public spirit."

"He is probably worth \$20,000, lived it up; \$4,000 received annually for subscriptions, to say nothing of advertising," figured the village schoolmaster. "I have taken his paper fifteen years, and awhile ago he sent me a bill for \$30. It would have been public-spirited of him to send his paper free, I being a public servant. His business was good so I have not hurried about the moner."

"Probably murdered for his money," volunteered another. "Why, there is no end of money these editors make. Only a few days ago he sent me a bill to pay ten dollars I owed him, for five years subscription. Anxious to put the money in the bank, I suppose. As I needed it just then, I delayed. I don't believe in folks being piggish if they are professionals, stranger; do you?"

Just what answer I should have made, being acquainted somewhat with the troubles in the newspaper business myself, I do not know, but just then the beadle and the jury appeared.

"How is it? how is it?" asked the multitude in a breath.

The beadle waved his hand for silence and looked even graver than before. A feeling of awe, somehow, came over the crowd. There was an expression on the faces of the jury suggestive of they knew not what.

"Gentlemen," gasped the beadle, "they started to death."

"Impossible," exclaimed all.

"It is even so," continued the beadle. "Mr. Foreman, tell how it is."

The foreman mounted a box, and taking out my note book by force of habit, I took down his words. They were as follows:

"Citizens of Kummersolthal:—Never, until this hour, has the truth of the red legend been estimated, and never until this hour has there been more reason to call our place Kummersolthal, or sorrowing vale. On the floor at his mother's bedside lies the dead son, and on the bed the starved mother. On the stool, bent forward on his case, is the editor himself, with the stick, the implement of his profession, in his hand, and the last word set, gentlemen, was 'Kummersolthal.' The last leader he set was his farewell to you, citizens of the town; I read you, now, the copy taken from the case of the deceased."

"To the citizens of Kummersolthal, I bid farewell. One hour ago my wife died, starved. One half hour after, my son followed, and before the clock struck four, my edition, too, will be run off and forms closed. Our depleted wardrobe answers the charge of pride. You thought us rich and we would not beg—except for our just due."

Three-quarters of a century ago my father discovered Kummersolthal. On this very spot the savages murdered my mother. From here, too, I was abducted. 'Tis the home of my birth. Hence for twenty years I have labored to build up the land my father first trod. In the future that work will be appreciated. On the table is my ledger, in which are recorded \$13,000 in just dues to me—all against good, reliable men in this town. My claims, though just, have not been noticed. I am indeed 'well off,' but yet so poor. Kummersolthal my father called this place, and Kummersolthal it is to me. Though I have been wronged, I for—"

"Here the paragraph breaks," said the foreman of the jury.

"And may the forgiveness he meant to bestow on us be granted," solemnly continued the beadle.

One by one the citizens started away home leaving the authorities alone with the dead.

Two days after, returning through the village, I joined in the long procession going to the church. Before the altar were three beautiful caskets furnished by the citizens and canopied over with the richest flowers; indeed, what the people failed to do to the living they had made up on the dead. Never were so many tears shed, for all knew they had a hand in bringing the deceased family to the grave. As the organist played the dirge, I wondered what the aged pastor would say to the people.

The music ceased, and the aged preacher arose and opened the Holy Book to Romans xiii, 7:8. Fully five minutes he waited, after finding the place, until the weeping people were almost as still as the dead forms before them, and he read:

"Render therefore to all their due. Owe no man anything."

He closed the book; the organ played another dirge, and the conductor motioned the audience forward to take the last look at the remains. It was the briefest but most pointed funeral service I ever heard.

Last month I took the train for a brief vacation, over a new railroad. On the morning of the third day we entered a beautiful valley that looked strangely familiar, but at no time did I remember being in so large city. Just as I was going to ask what it was, the conductor shouted out "Kummersol-

thal." I stepped out, annoyed at the change. Glancing around, the only face I saw was that of the old beadle, to whom I expressed wonder at the change a decade had brought.

"Yes," said the beadle, "ten years ago every man, woman and child in Kummersolthal made a vow to pay cash for everything he bought, and the town has been wonderfully blessed since then."

"All aboard," shouted the conductor, and as the cars moved out of the city, the first rays of the morning sun struck on the handsomest monument I ever saw. Looking out of the car window with my opera glass, I was able to read the inscription:

ERECTED
TO THE MEMORY OF
PRINTER OF KUMMERSOLTHAL
A TRIBUTE
FROM EVERY CITIZEN.

Not Out of the Woods.

You've escaped from the mountains or beaches
With something perhaps in your purse,
But forbear yet your confident speeches,
You're in for a contest that's worse.
Though with landlords you sometimes wish
skill trade,
And a settlement makes that will please,
Yet the coalman will have his full bill paid,
For unless you come down you may freeze.
—Boston Budget.

Finding the Money.

One of the judicial customs of Russia in the first part of our century was, according to Alexander Verestchagin's "At Home in the War," a system of corporal punishment legally administered. For example: If a landed proprietor found it necessary to punish his servants or peasants, he sent the culprit with a note to the district judge, and the matter was attended to forthwith. A serf having arrived from a distance to pay the yearly sum of money due from him and his fellows, declares that they can pay only a small proportion of it. The judge speedily appears.

"Who are you? The Olkhoff overseer?" he asks, threateningly, when left alone with the serf.

"Exactly so, my benefactor," replies the latter, dolefully, and bows to the judge's belt.

"You will be pleased to pay the money at once, or you will be thrashed on the spot."

"Dear sir, have mercy!" howls the peasant, and falls at his feet. "As you please, dear sir, but there is no more money."

"Hey, there, policeman!" shouts the judge, opening a door. The policeman makes his appearance. "Where's the porter? Drag him up-stairs!" and he points to the overseer, who is still wallowing about at his feet.

"Dear sir, have mercy! A little can be found."

"A what? Now you sing another song!"

The overseer draws from his breast a rag knotted into a parcel, unties it, and hands forth one bank-bill.

"Well, this is little indeed! Why are you trying to impose upon me? Take him off up-stairs!"

"My own father, my benefactor, dear sir, if you were to kill me, I haven't a kopeck more!"

The porter appears, to assist the policeman.

"Haul him up-stairs, children, and I'll be there directly!" shouts the judge. They drag the overseer out, and lead him up-stairs, while he cries, "Dear sirs, benefactors, if you were to kill me, I haven't another kopeck!"

After a few blows from the switches, he begins to shout. "Stay, orthodox believers, there is a trifle more!"

"Well, stop my brave fellows. Show us what more you have," orders the judge. The overseer takes off one of his shoes and extracts from it another trifle.

"What's that nonsense! Throw him down again, children."

This process is repeated five or six times. The same mode of extracting the rent everywhere prevailed. All day long overseers were brought to the judge, and shrieks resounded.

"Stop, my own fathers, stop! There is still a trifle more!"

Can't Overtake Him.

"There's lots of money behind that young fellow, and I don't understand why he can't pay his debts," complained a south side merchant of a well known society man.

"Well, I know why he can't," explained a friend.

"Why?"

"Because he's so fast that he never lets the money which is behind him catch up.—Chicago Evening Journal.

One Way to Brace up Royalty.

There's a divinity that doth hedge a king, but put three other kings and an ace in the same hand and there'll be no hedging.—Life.

FACT AND FANCY.

The watermelon as an instrument of assassination has about had its day until next year.

The story that Joseph Miller's wife slumped him around by the hair of the head and made his life one of fear and misery is vigorously denied by friends.

There are a good many devices for overcoming insomnia, but about the most sensible one yet published is the brief and brusque admonition: "Go to sleep."

An Indiana farmer got up in his sleep and stole his own mule and hid him in the woods, where the sheriff who came next day couldn't find him to serve an execution.

A Missouri horse fell over a cliff thirty-five feet high and escaped with only a scratch on his leg. Next day he got a piece of corn-cob in his throat and choked to death.

Before going to England Jake Kilrain was a perfect ignoramus in his grammar. Now it does not bother him the least bit to observe: "I cawn't, Chawley—weally, I cawn't, you know."

Joseph White, of New Jersey, slept for five days and nights and then jawed his wife for waking him up. He said she was always picking on him when she saw him taking comfort.

McLane, Pa., has a citizen exactly seven feet high, but he has a reasonable excuse for it. He got caught in the ruins of a house and they hitched a horse to his feet and pulled him out.

An Ohio farmer found his bees getting ready to swarm and he sweetened a gallon of whisky and put it in pans. The bees got drunk and he had no trouble in handling seventeen swarms.

It is against municipal law in China to dig over 100 feet to find well water. It is the idea that the bottom would fall through onto America if they dug about 223 feet and they don't want to damage us.

Honduras has just passed a law that women may compound medicines for family use, and in case they have no family they can take the doses themselves. Women have no wings, but they are getting there.

A stranger who jumped into the Ohio river the other day left behind him a note, which said: "Cuss the rich, curse the poor, and may I bring up in a warm and comfortable place." He probably did.

A good many chaps who were looking up maps and worrying about Stanley last summer are now looking through their pockets and worrying about their winter coal. The laws of nature are inexorable.

George Adams, a hotel clerk in Vicksburg, started to kick a dead-beat out of doors and kicked the jamb with such force as to cripple him for life. There was a wild hal hal as the d. b. moved on to fresh fields.

Chicago business men, during the first half of this year, mailed over \$13,000 worth of checks and notes without stamping the envelopes. It's mighty easy to lick on a stamp and powerful easy to forget to.

The Chinaman who can get back to the Celestial Empire with \$30 in cash can be a big gun all the rest of his days. That's what he is dreaming of when he squirts the dampness over the shirt-bosoms before him.

A dagger eighteen inches long, of finest steel, inlaid with blocks of gold engraved in Arabic characters, was found lately by a herdman in Gillespie county, Texas, and is thought to be a relic of the time of Cortez, and to have been originally bought or captured from the Moors by some grandee of Spain.

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Churches.

Presbyterian.—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.

Societies.

The W. C. T. U.—Meets every Thursday at their hall, over First National Bank, at three p. m. Mrs. J. Voorhies, President.

BUSINESS CARDS.

IF YOU ARE GOING East, West, North or South, —Call on— GEORGE D. HALL, Agent, F. & P. M. E. R., Plymouth, for Maps, Rates and Information.

WHAT THEY SAY.

—Next Tuesday settles it! —Who will it be, Cleveland, or Harrison? —On'y a few days more of this suspense. Farmers get your grinding done at the Phoenix mills.

—The Misses Emma Coleman, Alice Walker and Clara Steers left for Detroit yesterday, on a visit of a week or more. —Democratic meeting is called for tomorrow (Saturday) evening, at Amity hall.

—A. M. Potter made complaint before Esquire Chilson, yesterday, against Bert Eastman, a harness maker, who had been in his employ for a couple of weeks, for assault and battery.

—On account of the union services at the Methodist church next Sabbath evening, there will not be any services in the Baptist church.

—During our absence from the office last Saturday, a spare woman, dressed in black came to this office and informed our foreman that she wanted us to notice in the Advertiser this week, that there was a female detective from Linden in town.

—Thurman Harmon while driving up Main street, last Saturday evening, with a horse and carriage, undertook to pass the bus, in the same track.

Information Wanted.

If there is any person that reads this notice that knew or knows the whereabouts of Barney McDonald, formerly of Plymouth, they will confer a great favor by corresponding with Marian Brown Dames, Homer, Cortland county, N. Y. 63

Halloween.

Halloween is the eve before All-Saints-day, which occurs on the first day of November. The day was instituted by Gregory IV, in the year 834 as the great festival day of the Roman Catholic church for the commemoration of its martyrs in general.

On Thursday morning things about town appeared much different from the night before. Among the funny incidents noticed was Dr. Kenning carrying his sign home from in front of Miss Mead's dress-making establishment; the remains of a half barrel of cider in the park; a threshing machine separator standing in front of Bennett's tanning mill shop; a wind mill derrick standing on the lawn in front of Fred Peck's residence; things in general were turned up-side down at Hough's elevator; a farm gate belonging to L. Lyon, was suspended on the roof of C. A. Frisbee's office; barrels of salt scattered on the green in front of Meiler's store, a so at Chaffee & Hunter's; boxes and barrels in front of store doors; doors tied shut with ropes; horse blocks and posts removed without taking the holes; two wagons on Steng's hotel steps; several wagons in the park; E. J. Bradner's oil barrels rolled across the street; gates and everything loose stretched across the side walks.

Wonderful Cure.

J. H. Boylan, Druggist, of Plymouth, says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction.

Democratic Rally.

The Democratic rally at Amity hall, on Thursday evening, Oct. 25, was evidently a success. The hall was crowded by men of every political stripe, and by their wives, daughters and sweethearts, and by sweethearts without any masculine accompaniment.

A slight attempt at decoration had been made, which so far as it went, was an agreeable change from the sombreness of the surroundings.

The speakers of the evening were the Hon. Wm. C. Maybury, Judge Patchen and Judge Chipman, who were introduced in order by M. Connor. The speakers all handled present and passing subjects, and spent no useless breath in abusing any body or any party, which was just as it should be.

A Communication.

EDITOR MAIL: I notice in last week's issue a communication about small stores wanted. This is a slight indication of growth, and if of a permanent character ought to be encouraged. One thing specially needed here is a good first-class bakery, one that is able to supply everything demanded of such, and with patience and money enough to work up a trade.

AN INTERESTED CITIZEN.

Pike's Peak.

Chas Bentley and wife visited at Geo. Chilson's, last Saturday. Wm. Hix has finished grain threshing for this fall after a very successful season.

Chas. Crumb has closed his engagement at farming with Geo. R. Tuttle, and is moving back to Walled Lake.

John Rosengreen has engaged to work in the blacksmith shop this winter for Chas Ferguson, of Livonia Centre.

[TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.]

Chas. Barrows has moved to Detroit. V. Coats is very busily engaged in the cooper trade at present.

A little son of H. Klott recently fell from a tree breaking his arm in two places. Misses Jessie Butwell and Libbie Holley, of Detroit, visited at W. C. Brown's last week.

Married, Thursday, October 4, Day L. Dickerson and Miss Nellie Kerr, both of this place. The happy couple started at once for Bay City, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. Monahan.

T. J. Boulton while out hunting last Saturday, received a charge of shot in the face and breast from his companion's gun. One shot went through his nose, another through his finger, and one just under the skin of the forehead.

A Luxury and Necessity

For rich and poor who wish to enjoy good health, and who do not wish to resort to bitter, nauseous liver medicines and cathartics, is the concentrated California liquid flu remedy, Syrup of Figs. Sold in fifty cent and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists. 59 60

TO EXCHANGE.

A good brick double store on Michigan avenue, Detroit, for a good farm. Inquire at PLYMOUTH MAIL OFFICE.

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at J. H. Boylan's Drug Store. 1

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Boylan, druggist. 68

Save the Cents, And the Dollars will save themselves. The best way to follow the excellent advice is to commence Trading with BASSETT & SON, Main Street, PLYMOUTH, THE FINEST STOCK, THE LARGEST CHOICE, THE TRUEST VALUE,

PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS, Patent Rockers, Reed Rockers, Easy Chairs, Lounges, Bureaus, Tables of Every Description, Commodes, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Window Shades, Chairs of All Kinds, Pillow Feathers, Etc. We also carry a Large Stock of Moldings and Picture Frames, Mirrors, Brackets, Oleographs, and Oil Paintings.

COFFINS AND CASKETS, And a Full Line of Burial Goods, which are Second to None. Prices Reasonable. We aim to be Prompt, Considerate and Reliable.

GO TO THE Red Front Drug Store.

- For Physicians Prescriptions. For One-half and Bushel Baskets. For Fine Drugs and Chemicals. For Two Bushel Baskets. For White Lead and Linseed Oil. For Clothes Baskets. For Peninsular Liquid Paints. For Market Baskets. For Rubber Liquid Paint. For Timothy Seed. For Colors All Kinds in Oil. For Clover Seed. For Colors All Kinds Dry. For Garden Seeds. For Stains in Water. For Hungarian Grass Seed. For Stains in Oil. For Codfish, Whitefish and Mackerel. For Paint Brushes. For Salmon, Lobsters and Clams. For Varnish Brushes. For Scrubbing Brushes. For Shoe Brushes. For Pickles in Bottles and Bulk. For Shoe Blacking in Boxes, Men's. For Hams, Salt Pork and Lard. For Liquid Shoe Blacking, Ladies'. For Oranges, Lemons, Peaches and Grapes. For Powder, Shot and Cart-ridges. For Celery, Tomatoes, Cabbage, Etc.

JOHN L. GALE.

REMEMBER! THAT

ANDERSON BROTHERS, HEDDEN BLOCK, HAVE THE ONLY GENUINE

Tarred Rope for Corn Stalks! Also Agents for Miller & Fernwood's Oakland and Detroit Jewel Stoves.

Drugs, Medicines, Groceries.

Largest Stock and Best Assortment —OF— SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

—AT— BOYLAN'S:

New Advertisements.

The attention of our readers is directed to the following new and changed advertisements: Anderson Brothers, hardware, fourth page. I. C. Hough, F. & P. M. elevator, fifth page.

Take One.

A good, clean, well conducted newspaper, in its sphere, is as necessary to the community, as a church, or a school. Each has its specific work, which the other cannot well do, or doing, it must be in a very compressed and imperfect manner.

Every institution, profession and business has its particular relationship to the people, for whom they are, and by which they are benefited. The newspaper is the aid and mouthpiece of them all, one great means by which they reach the people, and the people are unconsciously influenced in their directions.

The business man puts money in his pocket by judicious and liberal advertising, calling the attention of an indifferent public to his particular wares, or particular values in his wares.

The professional man is made more popular; causing himself and his work to be discussed by the people at large; making them familiar with him, and sooner or later putting the people in mind that they need his services.

The schools, churches and societies need it to keep their work prominently before the community, directing attention to either public or private duty, and through its columns making their individual needs known, and inviting the thoughts and the stranger to enter and be welcomed. The farmer needs it to keep him constantly informed of home and city markets, so that he can take advantage of the fluctuations of prices. He needs it also for advertising of farms and farm products, and if necessary to speak for him when his rights are being infringed upon.

The community at large needs it, to inform them of what is constantly passing within their own borders, and with which they are specially interested—to tell them of times, events, meetings of all kinds, which they have been unable personally to attend—to tell of births, marriages, sickness and deaths, which it behoves them to know, so that their words and conduct shall be that which is right and proper.

These things being true, every man, every household, should take the local paper, and encourage it in every proper way. Make it a power for good, financial and moral, by a large subscription list and liberal support.

The more liberally it is supported, the more efficient it becomes, and the better work it can do. The local paper is very generous in its way, placing many notices in its columns without charge which ought, as advertisements and business matters, to be paid for.

The people take the paper because it is a newspaper, and not for its advertisements. A liberal support enables the editor to make it a newspaper such as the people will like, and in so doing he is carrying the advertisements of his patrons into every household. These things need to be understood, so that the whole community will deal wisely and justly by their local paper.

So friend, do not borrow your neighbor's paper, but take one of your own. It costs little, but will repay you much. It becomes monotonous and tiresome to have you continually bothering other people to supply your wants.

Do not plant yourself down in stores and offices with a foul pipe or an air-corrupting cigar, and monopolize other people's property to their irritation and contempt, but subscribe to the paper yourself, and around your own fireside, read and comment on the news, and if you will, smoke the pipe of contentment, independence and peace.

Be a man, economize a few dimes in other directions, and take the paper. Be too gentlemanly to play the loafer and sponger on other people's money and property, but have a subscription, a fire-side, and an easy chair of your own.

Plymouth, Oct. 25, 1888. G. H. W.

W. O. T. U.—Campaign Falsehoods.

"The Christian Union" says, even Miss Willard has been charged with having sold out to the Democrats for \$5,000, with which she paid the rent of the Metropolitan Opera house, in which the N. W. C. T. U. convention was held. "The Mail and Express" declares that the banner at the National headquarters of the Prohibitionists was paid for by the Democrats. A paper known as "The Democrat," published at 39 Park Row, N. Y., is being sent all over the land to both Democrats and Prohibitionists. It seeks to alienate Prohibitionists from the Prohibition party, by complimenting it, praising the Democratic national committee for printing and distributing Prohibition documents, endorsing "The Voice," and in general giving out such utterances as would lead many of its readers to believe that the Democratic party was heartily and financially supporting the Prohibition movement.

The National Democratic committee has publicly repudiated the paper. So the small staff of falsehood grinds on and grinds on.

Wayne.

James McCann spent Sunday with his family.

James Travis, of Dearborn, was in town Monday.

L. H. Bennett, of Plymouth, was in town Tuesday.

Nat Grummond, of Detroit, was seen on our streets Monday last.

Senator O'Reilly and Register of Deeds Roulo were in town Friday last.

"Piper" Goldsmith arrived in Wayne from Brainerd, Minn., Tuesday night.

Fred Porter was the lucky one to draw the cutter Tuesday night at the dance.

Alderman Hayes, Jerry Falvey, Ed. Reilly and James Houston, of Detroit, were out to the dance Tuesday night.

George Sauslayer lost a little five year's old boy on Friday last, with scarlet fever. Several more are down with the same disease in Mr. S.'s family and in the neighborhood.

John Sims, son of Fred Sims, living in the town of Romulus, died on Monday last, of typhoid fever, aged nineteen years. Mr. Sims was quite a favorite in base ball circles. He was catcher in the first nine of Wayne. The funeral was held on Tuesday, the pall bearers were from among the base ball players of Wayne.

Livonia.

The town board will be in session next Saturday to register names.

The political pot is boiling hot in this township. We have not seen any black eyes yet.

Mrs. Sophia Flint, of this place, spent part of last week visiting with her grand daughter, Mrs. Sark, of Newburgh.

The Union cemetery society met at A. Stringer's store, last Saturday evening, and elected Wm. O. Minckley as sexton.

John Stark, of Newburgh, who is ninety-one years old, went about two weeks ago to visit his sister at Howell, who is ninety-seven years of age.

Wm. Pankow, of this town, some time ago lost his pocket book in the village of Plymouth. Some honest man at that place found it and gave it to him.

There will be a Democratic meeting held at the Town hall, Livonia Centre, next Saturday evening. Hon. S. W. Burroughs and others will address the meeting.

Married, on October 25, at the residence of the bride's parents, Miss Edith Gow, of Livonia, to Will Souler, of North Farmington. It was one of the largest weddings ever held in this township, and a very enjoyable time is reported by all who attended. We wish them a long and happy life.

Newburg.

James Cary is getting better.

Miss Clarissa Herr is some better.

P. E. White is again residing at this place.

Miss Carrie Harvey is visiting friends at Carlton this week.

A. T. Radcliffe is having a very bad time with his eye again.

M. King has to use a cane and is then able to walk but little.

Mrs. I. J. Bradner remains about the same; not much change.

C. J. Tuttle is working at the tailor's trade at home at present.

Miss Camilla Abbott, of Wallaceville, is visiting Miss Emma Johns.

George Brown, of Amber, Mich., is visiting friends here this week.

Walter Fitzgerald, of Saginaw, made a short visit to friends here last week.

There will be a musical and literary entertainment at Newburgh hall in about two weeks.

Mrs. H. W. Tuttle is with her sister, Miss Sarah Smith, who is very sick at Plymouth.

Cider apples are on the way to N. Bovee's in a constant stream from all parts of the country.

Jimmy and Mark Jay, who have been very sick with typhoid fever some weeks, are a little better.

John Peterson was summoned home to Canada last week by word that his brother Will has been badly hurt.

The stormy weather last Friday and Saturday evenings made the Newburgh hall managers very sick, but they are now glad it stormed Saturday evening, for if it had not they could not have disposed of the audience as neatly; every seat was filled. Over thirty seven dollars was realized at the door.

James King, who is just as apt as he was when he first got a good meal after starving nine months in Andersonville and Libby prison pens, invited his friends to help him raise a Republican pole, last Saturday. They came about one hundred strong and raised an eighty foot beauty and unfurled to the breeze a fine Harrison and Morton and Littlefield flags. Rousing speeches were made by T. C. Sherwood and John Fuller, of Plymouth; A. F. Smith, of Wayne, and others. A fine campaign song was rendered by Alice and Archa Stoll. Three had been Democrats acknowledged the error of their ways and promised to go along with the party of protection and reform hereafter. Three rousing cheers each were given for Harrison and Morton, Littlefield and James King. The meeting broke up with the utmost good feeling.

Sports That are Healthy.

Open air sports have been a sort of American craze for some years back. They are highly recommended by physicians, and owners of vacant lots convenient for carrying them on. Newspapers that get out extras, manufactures of sporting goods, keepers of pool rooms, managers of elevated street railroads, and gamblers generally, who may be ranked as open air "sports" themselves, when not running room games, all favor diversions largely adulterated with atmosphere. There is a popular belief that they are healthy as well for spectators as those who participate in them.

But salutary as out door sports are, universally conceded to be, it is singular how little the question of health has to do with them by the side of their popularity. A few years ago rifle shooting was considered one of the most healthy out-door sports that military organizations could indulge in. It was good for any organization, in fact, and thousands of citizens left their close counting rooms and stifling beer saloons to go out in the open air and watch riflemen toy with the bull's eye. They liked to see a citizen soldier have an aim in life, though many of the spectators had none whatever. Great multitudes watched the friendly contests at Creedmoor, drinking in reviving sunshine, health-giving zephyrs and beer.

But where is Creedmoor now? We may remark that it is there yet, but its pop as well as its popularity have waned. The public discovered other forms of out-door sports more healthy because more novel, and the result is, rifle shooting is rife of its attractions. Crampton teams no longer shoot around the country hall coked as the used to do, decimating target tenders, and expert marksmen sigh as the bulls eye for want of occupant.

The race track that used to be a popular with people who wanted outdoor air, has manifestly declined in favor, also. Many who once thought they couldn't enjoy reasonable health without sitting on a narrow, wobbly plank in the hot sun three or four afternoons in the week, watching a lot of horses trotting around a dusty ring, varying the entertainment occasionally by putting up money on the wrong horse, don't frequent the race track any more, unless they are insiders. They find it too exhausting.

At present there is no variety of out door sport equal to base ball for restoring and preserving health, judging by the multitudes that it attracts. There is an abundance of pure air that a "roul" scarcely violates, and there is nothing in the game that is calculated to harm the domestic hearth, ever though a player may occasionally make a home base.—Texas Siftings.

Prince Wilhelm and the Brewer.

So little of what is favorable is heard about the crown prince of Germany, says The Fall Mail Gazette, that the following little incident, published by a German contemporary, will be read with interest and pleasure: The other day the crown prince was coming back at the head of a regiment of soldiers from drill in the well-known Tempelhof Field outside Berlin. At one of the street corners, where a crowd had collected to salute him, a man of gigantic figure left his brewer's cart to come and salute the Crown Prince Wilhelm. Before the latter had come up to where he stood he took off his cap and shouted his salutation with the rest. The crown prince had no sooner noticed the tall figure in the leather apron than he rode up to the man and shook hands with a hearty "Good morning, Tabbert. How are you, old friend?" After a gracious invitation to the delighted brewer to "come and see me some time," the crown prince rode away, accompanied by the ringing cheers of the crowd. It appears that the brewer had served as a soldier in the imperial body guard, and as such had been the ordnance officer of the Crown Prince Wilhelm.

Colonel Ingersoll's Phrases.

Colonel Ingersoll has become famous for coming popular phrases and framing epigrammatic sentences. His reference to Mr. Blaine as "plumed knight," when he presented the name of the Maine statesman to the Republican national convention in 1876, was at once taken up by the party, and became a rallying cry for them when their favorite was nominated four years later. Colonel Ingersoll's eulogy upon Roscoe Conkling shows that he has lost none of his originality. One of the gems of that address is the sentence: "He had the pride of a prince and the fortune of a peasant." Another is the distinction between pride and vanity. The orator admitted that Conkling was proud but declared that he was not vain. He continued: "Vanity rests upon the opinion of others—pride on our own. The source of vanity is from without—pride from within. Vanity is a vine that turns a willow that bends with every breeze—pride is the oak that defies the storm. One is cloud—the other smoke. One weakness—the other strength."

This is worthy a place among the utterances. The distinction is logically, clearly, and picturesquely drawn.—New York Sun.

His Idea of Beans.

"I see you have two poles to each hill of beans," said the judge as he inspected the major's garden. "Why is that?" "Oh, I thought a change of climate would be beneficial to them," was the reply.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

—Wanted—To exchange an organ or sewing machine, new, for a gentle horse. Inquire of editor at this office.

Bargains in Real Estate.

For particulars concerning any of the following bargains, call on or address J. H. STEERS, Plymouth.

BARGAIN NO. 1. Farm for sale; 30 acres, 3/4 miles from Plymouth; house, barn, orchard, good well; excellent location, short distance from school house. Unable to work it is the reason for wishing to sell. Price \$1,400, part down.

BARGAIN NO. 2. Six acres land, 40 rods from the road, and 24 rods deep, 1 1/2 miles from Plymouth good house, and other outbuildings; in excellent condition. Plenty of good fruit; good "drive" well, which never fails; beautiful place. Price \$1,300, with very easy terms.

BARGAIN NO. 3. Only 2 1/2 miles from Plymouth on best road; 3 1/2 acres fine ground land; 66 trees choicest apples and cherries. House has 10 rooms and splendid large cellar; rooms newly papered walls and ceilings, and well painted throughout; everything convenient and in perfect repair; double floors; weights and pulleys in windows etc.; 20 rods from wood school; 10 rods from post office, church public hall and also a splendid well of never failing, pure water and a very large stone cistern. First-class neighborhood and the most desirable place of its size within ten miles. Title perfect; no encumbrance; easy terms. Buildings all new or equivalent to new. Will be sold dirt cheap.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 23rd day of August, 1888, a writ of attachment issued out of the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, Michigan, George A. Starkweather being plaintiff therein, and Byron Poole being defendant therein, for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars. The return day of said writ was the 30th day of August, 1888. ATRINSON, CARPENTER & BROOKE, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight: Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of MICHAEL J. HANRAHAN, an insane person. Celia Beardsley, the guardian of said insane person, having returned to this court her annual guardianship account: It is ordered that Tuesday, the thirteenth day of November, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for examining and allowing said account. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. A true copy.) HOMER A. FLINT, Register. 58-60

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-second day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight: Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of SAMUEL LYNDON, deceased: Laban D. Shearer, the executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, having rendered to this court his final administration account: It is ordered, that Tuesday the twenty-seventh day of November, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for examining and allowing said account. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. A true copy.) HOMER A. FLINT, Register. 58-61

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of Constant S. Henton, deceased. We the undersigned, having been appointed by the probate court for the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice, that we will meet at the office of Geo. A. Starkweather, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Tuesday, the eighteenth day of December, A. D. 1888, and on Tuesday, the fifth day of March, A. D. 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 6th day of September, A. D. 1888, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. GEORGE GREEN, WILLIAM JOHNSON, Commissioners. Dated October 25, 1888. 59-62

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of BETSEY SIMMONS, deceased. We the undersigned, having been appointed by the probate court, for the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice, that we will meet at the residence of Gardner Simmons, in the township of Plymouth, in said county, on Tuesday, the eighteenth day of December, A. D. 1888, and on Tuesday, the nineteenth day of March, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock a. m. on each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 20th day of September, A. D. 1888, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claim: to us for examination and allowance. GARDNER SIMMONS, Commissioners. W. H. BARRETT, Dated, October 25, 1888. 60-63

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.—Time Table, Taking Effect Sept. 30, 1888.

Table with columns: WEST, (MICHIGAN), EAST. Rows include Detroit, Lansing, Grand Rapids, and other stations with departure and arrival times.

CONNECTIONS.—Detroit with railroads diverging. Plymouth with Flint & Pere Marquette R'y. South Lyon, with Toledo, Ann Arbor and Grand Trunk Railway.

Lansing with Michigan Central R. R., and Stanton Branch. Howard City, with Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R. Edmore, with Chicago, Saginaw & Ionia R'y. Big Rapids, with Grand Rapids & Ionia R. R. Grand Rapids, with Chicago & West Michigan; Grand Rapids Div., Michigan Central; Kalamazoo Div., Lake Shore & Michigan Southern.

J. E. MULLIKEN, W. A. CARPENTER, Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Pass Agt., Detroit.

FOR SALE!

I have several pieces of good property in Wayne for sale on very easy terms. A building on Keweenaw street, nine rooms, including cellar, steam heat, wood shed, etc., very desirable. The property now occupied by the Wayne County Review. The vacant lot west of the Review office. The first dwelling west of the Review office. The first lot north of the Review office. Also the property known as Central Hall. Plans of these given if desired. Want to sell because I am unable to look after them. J. E. STEERS, Plymouth, I Mich.

Plymouth National Bank.

T. C. SHERWOOD, President. L. D. SHEARER, Vice President. DIRECTORS: T. C. Sherwood, L. D. Shearer, E. C. Leach, I. C. Hough, E. F. St. John, O. B. Partridge, William Geer, E. N. Starbuck, S. J. Springer, I. N. Wilcox, L. H. Bennett, Geo. Van Sickle, Alfred D. Lyndon.

C. A. FRISBEE,

Dealer in Lumber, Lath, : Shingles, : and Coal.

A complete assortment of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Hard and Soft Coal. Prices as Low as the Market will allow. Yard near F. & P. M. depot, Plymouth

Old Stoves Made New

Have your Stove Fittings Newly Nickel Plated.

All kinds of Nickel Plating done in the best manner and at reasonable prices.

Plymouth Air Rifle Co.

FOR LARGEST STOCK!

BEST BRANDS! WHEAT AND BUCKWHEAT FLOUR!

F. & P. M. Elevator.

SPECIAL PRICES! Large Quantities of Ground Feed for Winter Use!

YOU WILL FIND!

Latest - Newspapers, and Periodicals, Pocket Libraries, Books, Stationery, Etc.,

The Homeliest Person!

IN MICHIGAN! As well as the Handsome one get a FINE PORTRAIT!

INSPECT OUR WORK!

Second to None in Excellence!

We Invite Criticism. We Defy Competition. We Guarantee Satisfaction.

Gibson & Brown,

PHOTODUPLICATION, SOUTHWILK.

Plymouth Mail.

J. H. Stevens, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

Mrs. CHARLOTTE GODFREY of Bayfield, Wis., has happily rounded out 112 years in this vale of tears.

A PHILADELPHIA lady who is active in benevolence is known as "Bless her heart" among the working girls.

With wheat at \$1.50 the earth ought to wear a roseate hue in the eye of the honest and hard-fisted northwestern farmer.

They have formed a cheese trust in New York. The trust business must be on its last legs when they have to cheese it.

Miss MABEL CHESNEY, daughter of respectable parents at Paulding, Ohio, has eloped with a negro who worked for her father.

LUNG is the name of a Chinaman in Chicago who is worth \$200,000 in real estate. Lung evidently is devoted to the consumption of wealth.

If Spain continues to add iron-clads to her navy at the present rate she will have another invincible armada by the time her baby king cuts his stomach teeth.

While the Prince of Wales was in Hungary he broke a roulette bank and won \$5,000. He may not make a great ruler, but His Highness is a good deal of rouletter.

HENRY W. SLOCUM, tennis champion of America, is engaged to be married to Miss Edsall, of Staten Island. This is the most important "love game" Slocum has ever played.

YAN PHON LEE, a graduate of Yale, who married a wealthy New Haven (Connecticut) girl, has been appointed to a position in the Pacific bank, San Francisco, Cal. He will attend to all the business his countrymen, the Chinese, have with the bank.

MR. FOSTER, the New York produce-exchange forger, is said to be in Canada. Unfortunately for him his crime comes under the extradition treaty and he can be brought back. There are some things of which the smartest thief may be in ignorance. And Foster was a lawyer, too.

SCARLET FEVER and diphtheria have made their appearance a trifle earlier than usual in Chicago this season. They were not due until after the first cold snap, when people close the windows and tack weather strips to the doors in order to prevent the sewer-gas from escaping into the streets.

It is said that the Princess Maud of Wales carefully collects, in the yards of Sandringham House and those of Windsor, Balmoral and Osborne, all the peacock's feathers and begs them all from her young friends of the English nobility. With this plumage, received without cost, she makes pretty hand screens and sells them at bazars for the profit of the poor little children.

MARIA PIA, Queen of Portugal, is a very talented woman. She takes very little interest in politics, preferring outdoor sports to the intrigues of statesmen. She is a clever horsewoman and loves the chase. She is also a good swimmer and always wears a medal which she gained ten or twelve years ago for saving the lives of her two children who, falling into the sea at Cascaes, would have been drowned if their mother had not jumped into the water and rescued them. She is a good pianist, sings fairly well and is very fond of the theatre. She is an artist in water-color painting and her pictures sell well.

STANLEY's chief lieutenant, Major Barttelot, the news of whose murder has already been given, was a very clever and energetic officer with a distinct vocation for adventures, but possessed of a most arrogant manner with his inferiors and full of the notion that the natives could only be managed by shooting on the spot the first who showed signs of discontent. Officers who served with him in the Sudan relate numerous anecdotes of this nature, which probably explain why he got into trouble with his carriers. Major Barttelot was a tall young man with a strong face, but an ugly mouth. He went through the Afghan campaign as a mere stripping, volunteered for the Sudan service when only 24 years old, and was, when killed, 29. His father, Sir Walter Barttelot, is one of the best known Tory members of the house of commons and belongs to a very old family.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

The Pioneer Journals of Great Britain and the United States.

From the first day of the meeting of the Long Parliament may be dated the beginning of journalism, writes W. A. Engarde in the *Inland Printer*. The earliest English newspaper that has been discovered is in quarto pamphlet of a few leaves, comprehending a summary of parliamentary proceedings from an entire year. It is entitled, "The Diurnal Occurrence, or Daily Proceedings of Both Houses, in Their Great and Happy Parliament, from the 31 of November, 1640, to 31 of November, 1641." More than one hundred newspapers, with different titles, appear to have been published between this date and the death of the king, and upwards of eighty others between this event and the restoration. Occasionally papers were published after the civil war began, limited to local or special occurrences, as "News from Hull," "Truths from York," "Tidings from Ireland." The more regular newspapers were published weekly at first, then twice and three times a week. The impatience of the people soured to the publication of daily papers, and Spalding, the Aberdeen analyst, mentions that in December, 1652, "daily newspapers came from London, called *Diurnal Occurrences*, declaring what is done in Parliament." In the Scottish campaign of 1650 the army of Charles, and that of Oliver Cromwell, each carried its printer along with it to report progress, and, of course, to exaggerate success. It is from this circumstance that the first introduction of newspapers into Scotland has been attributed to Oliver Cromwell.

When we look over the United States and contemplate the vast number of newspapers and periodicals, daily, weekly and monthly, and some of them two or three times a day, the fact can be hardly realized that it is but little over a hundred years since the first newspaper of any kind on the American continent was started, and but little over half that time since the commencement of the first daily. Such is the fact, however.

April 24, 1704, saw the first newspaper in the English language in the American colonies or on the North American continent. This was the *Boston News Letter*, a small half sheet, published by John Campbell, a Scotchman, who was a bookseller and a postmaster. The contents of the first number were: "Queen's speech in the English parliament, a few local articles under the Boston head, one advertisement, extracts from the London papers and four paragraphs of marine news." Advertisements were inserted at reasonable rates, from two pence to five shillings.

In 1721 James Franklin established a newspaper in Boston. The paper was severely critical withal, and somewhat hostile to the clergy. Franklin became unpopular, was censured and imprisoned for "scandalous libel." James Franklin was strictly forbidden to print the *New England Courant* without supervision, etc. He evaded this by substitution of his brother's name for his own. The *Courant* lived three years.

The *American Weekly Mercury*, of Philadelphia, issued in 1722, was the third newspaper printed in the colonies. It was made up of quaint advertisements and short paragraphs of antique news.

The *Pennsylvania Gazette*, edited by Dr. Franklin, and published in 1729, was the next venture to mark journalism. In its prospectus Franklin announces his intention to make a good, readable journal; and in his ideas it is easy to see that he was far in advance of his contemporaries. His paper consisted of four small pages, and the subscription was ten shillings a year.

In 1735, Thomas Fleet established the *Boston Evening Post*. Fleet was born in England and learned his trade there. He once advertised a negro woman for sale as follows: "To be sold by the printer of this paper, the very best negro woman in this town. She has had the small-pox and measles, is as hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, and will work like a beaver." Fleet was a humorous character, and made money out of his paper.

The *Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser* was started in 1765. At the time of the Stamp Act, in 1765, the paper came out in mourning with the motto, "The times are dreadful, dismal, dolorous and dollarless." There was also a death's head in one corner of the page, and under it these words: "Oh! the postal stamp."

A journal called the *New York Gazette* flourished a little while in the year 1771, but was remarkable in no particular; and the first daily in the United States, the *Pennsylvania Packet*, afterward called the *Daily Advertiser*, was started in 1791.

These were the first attempts at American journalism, and, as such, are alone worthy of mention. Soon after the advent of the daily newspaper, the idea of collating and digesting the news became more and more comprehensive, and from the beginning of the present century up to this time, the American newspaper has grown steadily and rapidly, until it now represents the entire world, and is "greater than the throne itself." Its number is almost countless, and its power for good or evil beyond calculation.

Adulterating French Wine.

Since the great reduction in the amount of wine produced in the Bordeaux and Burgundy districts, the inferior wines of the central departments of France are being substituted for them, and chemistry is called in to increase their market value. "Plastering" consists in adding sulphate of lime after the first fermentation, or while the wine is in the vat; it is also mixed with the grape-juice. The general rule is to give 500 grammes of the "plaster" to the hectolitre of wine, but more usually it is thrown in without weighing. The advantages of the sulphate of lime are said to be increased fermentation and a brighter and more permanent color in the wines, which will also keep much longer. The objections are that the chemical changes render the wine injurious to health, for it is said that the bitartrate of potash contained in wine in its normal state, when brought in contact with the "plaster," forms an acid sulphate of potash, and there is precipitated an insoluble bitartrate of lime, varying according to the degree of alcohol. The quantity of sulphate of potash in the wine is increased from five to ten fold by the action of the "plaster." Moreover, in wine treated in this way, sulphuric acid is found in a free state, as well as sulphate of magnesia. The effects of the practice on the health of the consumers of the wine so treated were discussed in the Academy of Medicine, and one of its members, M. Marty, has made a report on the subject. As far back as 1857 the doctors in the department of Aveyron found that persons drinking "plastered" wines had an unquenchable thirst (cephalalgia) and an insupportable dryness of the throat; but different authorities gave different estimates of the effect on health of the consumption of these wines. Hygienic committees reported they were harmless; chemists said they were injurious to health; but M. Marty appears to settle the question from a hygienic point of view. It is an incontestable fact, he says, that "plastered" wines occasion functional troubles and organic injuries; they act as purgatives and caustics in certain cases; but it appears that moderate "plastering" is necessary to the utilization, preservation and transportation of certain of the poorer grades of wines, and in such cases it is recommended that the proportion of acid sulphate should not exceed two grammes per litre. As a general conclusion the academy is of the unanimous opinion that "plastering" wine is a custom detrimental to health, and advises that the laws against it be rigorously enforced.—*London Times*.

Lives of Great Men All Remind Us.

The late W. W. Corcoran, the Washington philanthropist, preserved with religious care the small tin shoemaker's sign that belonged to his father. He proudly exhibited it along with the rest of his treasures. Few great men try to conceal the humble surroundings of their early life. Every one is familiar with the poverty and early struggles of Lincoln, Clay, Webster and Garfield. Bishop Hall was the son of a farmer; Columbus of a weaver, Whitfield of a tavernkeeper, Cardinal Woolsey of a butcher, Shakespeare of a wool stapler, Cromwell of a brewer and Milton of a note broker. John Banyan was a tinker, Cincinnatus a farmer, Burns a plowman, Confucius a carpenter, Mahomet a mule-driver and Terrence a slave.—*New York Press*.

The Two Sides of It.

Old gent: "There's the door bell. I suppose that's young De Poore come to spend the evening with you, and I tell you this thing has got to stop. If you don't give him his walking papers I will this very night."

Daughter: "But, pa, he is in receipt of a good salary, and—"

"Salary! What's a salary to a girl brought up as you have been? You should marry a millionaire's son, a man who can support you in the style."

Servant: "Please, sir, the butcher is at the door, and he says if you don't pay that bill to-night he'll tell Mr. De Poore what kind of a scoundrelly family he's in danger of marryin' into sir."—*Philadelphia Record*.

GETTING READY FOR HUNTING.

What the Sportsmen are Buying for the Fall's Shooting—An Outfit Worth \$5,000.

It was a long, limp, narrow bag with strings around the opening, and it was hung up conspicuously in the store of a dealer in sportsmen's goods. "If you want an item," said the proprietor, pointing to it, "you might get one on the subject of sleeping bags. That is a sleeping bag. The present cold and damp weather has caused the hunters to look more to their comfort than usual, and the result is that there is a drive in sleeping bags. What do they cost? All the way from \$25 to \$250. The latter are lined with the most expensive fur; they are made, as you see, in the shape of a large bag, big enough for a man to get into and be entirely covered up. They are shirred around one end, or the neck, and are sometimes made so long that you can draw the opening together above your head; this is when you are hunting when the weather is snowy or very cold. Sometimes they are lined with sealskin, but as a rule with less costly furs, and occasionally, when they are wanted for a short trip, the lining is made of blankets. We are now making one of the latter for Mr. John G. Heckscher, who is about starting on a hunting trip. Those lined with blankets cost from \$25 to \$30; the outside of the bags, as a rule, are waterproof canvas, though there are some that are covered with rubber. They can be folded in small compass and you can sleep in them most anywhere."

"What do hunters' suits cost?"

"They can be had from \$3 to \$60. Canvas suits are sold from \$3 to \$10; corduroy from \$25 to \$30 and velvet from \$50 to \$60."

"Is there anything new in hunting guns?"

"Yes, the ejector gun, that throws out the empty cartridge. This is coming into use, and is the latest. It is called the highest development of the sporting shotgun, and costs from \$250 to \$350. Talking about shotguns, there are sport-loving men of this city who have an outfit of from six to twelve guns. I know of men who have a dozen fine guns, from a thirty-six bore breechloader, such as a lady may use, to a four-bore hammerless, which is used for point shooting. This fall the thirty-six bore is quite popular, especially for upland shooting, because it is light. It weighs only four or five pounds."

"What are some of the highest prices paid for shotguns?"

"From \$450 to \$500 with one set of barrels, and with a double set of barrels half as much more. These are finely made and are of the very best materials. The barrel is of the best Damascus steel and the stock of Italian walnut elaborately engraved."

"What does an average outfit for a hunter cost?"

"The actual outfit would consist of a suit, about \$25, cartridge belt \$1.25 and gun \$125, or a total of \$151.25. The cheapest outfit would be about \$30, which would include a gun for \$25, a suit for \$3 and a cartridge belt for \$1.25. But there are wealthy sportsmen in this city who have as much as \$5,000 invested in hunting appliances, and some even more than that. They collect their guns gradually, adding one or two to their stock as they feel the need or as improvements are made. There are many persons who have a fancy for collecting old guns and antique arms, and who have a room in their houses fitted up with hunting appliances and articles that suggest hunting and the sports. The other day we fitted up a billiard-room in this manner for a wealthy gentleman of Westchester county. There were old-style arms, a set of elk horns worth \$200, an ensel of boat oars and fishing tackle, panels of lawn tennis racquets, fencing, arching and every sort of sport. They made a very attractive room."—*Man and Express*.

Found on the Battle Field.

A gentleman told me yesterday of a strange experience related by a friend of his. It was during the battle of Gettysburg, that his friend, just before entering the action, took his canteen from his shoulder and hid it in a crevice in the rock. Then came that fiery hail of shot and shell that swept down regiments like fields of grain before the reaper. At the close of the battle the soldier forgot all about his canteen, nor did it ever occur to him again until he visited the field at the last reunion. Then it flashed through his mind, and after a few minutes' search he found it where he had left it on that momentous day. It seems scarcely credible that it could have been overlooked during the minute exploration of the field ever since the war, but the gentleman who related the incident is of unimpeachable veracity.—*Albany Argus*.

MURIATIC ACID LAKE.

The Seething, Bubbling Mineral Mass Found on White Island.

White Island is nearly circular and about three miles in circumference. writes an Auckland correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. It consists of tall cliffs on three sides formed of rock and loose rubbish thrown up from the crater. On the fourth side is a large flat many acres in extent, broken in two places by tall and fantastic rocky eminences, which appear to have once formed part of the cliffs in which the flats would seem to be a fault. These cliffs are eight hundred feet in height, perpendicular within and gently sloping to the sea. Before you is a vast amphitheater of extraordinary tint. The walls of this basin, towering up to the sky, appear serrated at the edges and intersected along the face by an inextricable network of fissures and crevices. Landed in the ship's dingy on the boulder-strown beach, we find ourselves within the awe-inspiring inclosure of this wonderful plain. A large plain of mineral deposit is before one, and on the right is seen a tramway leading up to what is known as the Adamant reef. In the center of this plain is the wonderful boiling lake. As we approach it along a well-beaten track the ground becomes chocolate color, and all at once the visitor is conscious of the most pungent orders as the fumes from the surface of the boiling lake and the base of the surrounding walls of rock reach him. A few steps more and a magnificent scene bursts upon the view. Below you lies the most extraordinary tinted picture that poet, artist, explorer, novelist, tourist or special ever gazed upon. The general tone of the ground line is of a deep chocolate, the walls of rock around of that warm color known to artists as madder brown, relieved with rose madder, the edge of the lake a deep orange and the lake itself a blending of the peculiar green of verdigris and lemon yellow. At the base of the rocks issue jets and clouds of vapor.

The tint of this lake is probably due to the fact that as the value of water has lessened the chemical properties in the water have become of greater strength, and some predominating over others give the present extraordinary hue. The lake is simply a seething, bubbling mass of muriatic acid, and as the liquid boils up the bubbles have their sides in shadow, reflecting a green tinge, the whole surface emitting a vapor that, very soon finds out your lungs and tickles the mucous membrane of your nose and throat, to say nothing of bringing to the eye involuntary tears.

To the right, following the natural basis of the island, is chaos itself—rocks, stones, chasms, streams, pools, lakelets in frantic confusion, these latter apparently all alive and each one bent on outshining if not outdoing the other. This was a sort of school-room for the apparent education of small volcanoes. Amid the hissing, sputtering, choking things could be seen here and there what looked like huge, mammoth golden caniflowers. These were sulphur formation.

No animal or insect breathes upon the island. Two hundred fathoms will hardly reach the bottom within half a mile of its shores. This island is the eastern limit of the extensive belt of volcanic agitation which extends from Mount Egmont through Tongariro, the Taupo Rotomahana lakes to Whale Island and the adjacent rocks, north of which line earthquakes are rarely felt.

An analysis of sulphur deposits on this island made in the New Zealand Geological Survey Laboratory shows that one of yellow sulphur contained 99.9 per cent of sulphur, that another of green sulphur contained 62.5 per cent sulphur and that a third of impure sulphur contained 62.05 per cent sulphur. The chief impurity was gypsum, which does not interfere with its distillation.

Robert Browning's Venetian Palace.

Mr. Robert Browning is a retired mountain village in the Austrian Tyrol. He has now recovered his health and strength. Mr. Browning has his sister with him, his son and daughter-in-law. Mr. Browning will henceforth make Venice his headquarters. He has lately bought the fine palace, The Bezzonico, one of the largest fronting the Grand Canal. This palace, with its marble frontage, its arched windows and pillared balconies, is one of the most notable in Venice. The ceilings are covered with paintings of the date of the sixteenth century. Two statues attributed to Michael Angelo adorn the staircase. Candelabra of the finest art hang in the grand reception-rooms.—*London Court Journal*.

A Blue Serge Suit.

I got this suit because I was going to the seaside. My wife said I was to go; that I was looking tired and worn, and that I wanted a change. Now I don't at all care about going into the country. London is the pleasantest place in the world and it seems folly to leave it for a place that is certain to be less pleasant. And I had not been away for years—not since I was married, in fact; but this year my wife said I was to go, and she stroked back my hair from my forehead and said my temples were throbbing, and that showed that I ought to be at the seaside. And she kissed me on top of the head, on the place where the hair was very thin, and said persuasively: "We'd better spend the money that way than in doctor's bills, Walter, and you can easily take three weeks' holiday."

"I can," I said, "and I will; but I don't see why I should go away simply because everybody else does. The air of Highgate is healthy enough for anybody, and we can make some excursions from here. We can hire a carriage and drive out through Hendon, anywhere in that direction. And I'll take you to Crystal Palace. And I haven't seen Epping Forest for ever so long."

"There's no use arguing with my wife—she never gives in. I'm told that most women are like her in that. She persuaded me finally that I was to go down to Eastcliff, and after that had been there a day or two I was to look out for lodgings, and she would come down with the two children. They didn't want the change, she said; it was for my sake we were going. But she couldn't bear to think of leaving me alone. When we had settled at Eastcliff my wife left me in peace for a few days. Then one morning at breakfast she said suddenly:

"Have you ordered your new clothes yet, Walter?"

"New clothes, my dear?" I said. "I don't get my next suit for another six weeks."

"Well, but, Walter," she said, "you must have a light suit for the seaside. You can't go about all the time in black; you must have a jacket suit, for when you are sitting on the pebbles or rowing or wading."

"Mrs. Effie," I said, "I'm supposed to sit on pebbles or go about wading, exposing my ankles, at my time of life?"

I put this quite pathetically. But it was no use saying anything; my wife would have ordered to suit herself if I hadn't gone around to the tailor's.

He was very pleased to see me, and rubbed his hands deferentially as I sat down. "A little sooner than usual this time, sir," he said. "The same thing, I suppose, sir. Black diagonal coat and vest."

"Mr. Tape," said I, "I regret that it is not the same thing. My wife insists on my having a summer suit—a light suit, you know, for the seaside."

He showed me no end of patterns of light materials, but I couldn't satisfy myself. I am shy, let me say here—particularly about wearing new clothes. My wife says I am afraid that people will pinch me in my schoolfellows did when I was a boy. Even when I get into a new black jacket just the same as the one I am leaving off, I don't like it. And to wear those stripes and things! At last the tailor suggested a blue serge. That was a very different, he said, and was quite the correct thing for the seaside—quite nautical in fact. So I fixed on a suit of navy blue, 3/4 guineas, 5 per cent. discount for cash, and was pleased when I got home to find my wife was satisfied. When it came home, too, she said that it fitted me very well, and that I looked ever so much younger. Then she kissed me on the bald patch on my head—to remind me, I suppose, that I'm not so very young.

"It's a pity we're not going into Wales or Scotland," she said, "for you could have worn knickerbockers."

"My dear," I said, "I'm sure I wouldn't. You must tempt me to a blue serge suit, but we must draw the line somewhere. I draw the line on this side of knickerbockers."

Well, the day came at last that was to take me to Eastcliff. My wife had fixed on Eastcliff because she has an old maiden aunt who lives there. This aunt has promised to do something for the children by-and-by, and we have hopes that their parents won't be forgotten. The next day was her birthday, and my wife had bought her a small pair of earrings, and I was to be sure not to forget to call and deliver them with all sorts of messages and inquiries. I had another small piece of business, too; a copy of an agreement had to be sent down from our farm to the reading solicitors at Eastcliff, and as their head clerk was one of my greatest friends—we had been in the same office in London—I readily undertook the commission. I got down too late that night to do more than look at the sea before I went to bed, but the next morning I was out walking on the beach very early. The sea looked very cold, and I determined to put off my bath till after breakfast. I was bound to bathe, you see, whether I liked it or not, for my wife had told me that I was to; and when she came down she would be sure to ask me how many dips I had had, and I hold that a man should not tell lies—not even to his wife.

About 10:30 the sea seemed to look a little more comfortable, and I started out to take my first plunge. Afterward I decided to go and call upon my wife's aunt; just as I started, however, I found out that I hadn't the earrings. They were in a small box like a pill box, and I had taken my compound colocyth pills instead. I was horrified to think of the scene there would have been had I presented the wrong box; I didn't think I was going to make a still worse mistake. When I went back to my room I saw the agreement which I was to leave with Messrs. Croylard, Harkness & Phillips. So I put it in my pocket, and as I found their office was on my way to the old lady's house, I determined to leave it as I was going there. Accordingly I went to the beach.

Now I always say I am fond of the sea. I like reading sea tales and poetry about the mighty deep, and can declaim Byron's lines beginning, "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!" But it always seems to me that the ocean rolls on quite as comfortably when I am on shore, and I enjoy it a great deal better. When I was a boy at school I had to learn some verses which I haven't forgotten yet:

*Seava, mare magno turbantibus aequora ventis,
Et terra maris altis aequore laborant.*

underline "Eterra," and you have in your sentiments. But though I don't like being on the sea, I like being in it still less. Sea-bathing is a dreadfully cold, damp, clammy sort of an amusement, but quarrelling with your wife isn't amusing at all, so I determined to take a plunge. Just as I was getting into the water a man about my size and build got out of the next machine. He walked out gaily into deep water and then swam out to sea. If I could swim like that, I thought, there would be some sense in sea-bathing. But I had to stand about on the beach, which was pebbly and hurt my feet a good deal. Then a wave broke over me and filled my mouth with water, and I was glad to get back into the machine again and dress myself. I was very quick over my dressing, as I began to be afraid of being late at my aunt's. My boots seemed to be unusually painful; I suppose it was owing to the pebbles on the beach when I had bathed. I gave up the idea of calling on the lawyers, but fortunately I met my old friend Hopkins, the head clerk of Messrs. Croylard & Co., and I gave him the packet I had.

"Are you down here for business or pleasure?" he said. I knew he wanted to chaff—Hopkins was always great at chaff.

"For pleasure, chiefly," I answered. Hopkins is a bachelor, or I would have said, "For my wife's pleasure."

"Ah, I should think so," he said. "How much for the get up?"

Hopkins, like many other people, is often vulgar when he tries to be jocular.

"It fits you like ze pa-per on ze wa-al," he went on. "Jacobs & Co., I suppose." Then he examined the coat more closely.

"It's very queer," he said, "the cloth is the best serge made, but the fit—why, my dear fellow, your arms are sticking out of it dreadfully."

It was quite true, though I had never noticed before that the sleeves were so short. I am not quick at observation, but it struck me as rather strange that my wife hadn't remarked it.

However, I arranged to see Hopkins in the evening for a chat over old times, and went on to my aunt's (I know my wife's aunt is not really my aunt, but then what relation is she? I call her my aunt). She wasn't in a very good humor when I called. I don't think elderly maiden ladies are very keen about celebrating their birthdays. They only keep them once in four years, I fancy, and perhaps this wasn't the right year. First my aunt scolded me for being late, and then for walking fast and getting myself hot. Then she became amiable again, and said she was glad we were coming down here; she would be so glad to see her niece.

"And your niece's husband, too, aunt, I hope," I said, with an attempt to be pleasant.

"Don't be ridiculous, sir," she replied. "I mean your little girl, of course."

This cool way of skipping a generation was rather too much for me, but I said nothing.

My aunt looked at me for a moment. "Mr. Biffu, I don't like your extravagance. A married man ought not to wear expensive flowers in his coat—these must have cost you half a crown at least."

"Expensive flowers, aunt?" I gasped. "I've bought no flowers."

"Then where did you get these, Mr. Biffu?" inquired my aunt sternly.

I looked and sure enough there was a button hole of very choice flowers in my coat. I didn't in the least know how they got there.

"Aunt," I said, "I didn't buy those flowers."

"Don't tell me," she replied. "Who would give you flowers, I wonder?"

I might have found some telling reply to this very uncomplimentary question, but I was so astonished by the presence of the flowers that I could think of nothing to say. I gazed vacantly at the top button on my coat, holding it out in my hand to see it better. There was a painful silence. At last to make a diversion, I took out my wife's present and handed it to my aunt.

"A little trifle, aunt," I said. "Bertha hopes you will like it." I took out my handkerchief as I said this to wipe away the perspiration which my excitement had caused; a piece of brown paper fell to the ground, and fluttered over to where my aunt was sitting. I didn't like to go over and get it, but sat still, mopping my face.

"I hope you like Bertha's choice," I said, after a time. "It is so hard to find anything exactly appropriate."

I looked at my aunt; her face had a very queer expression.

"And is this your idea of what is exactly appropriate?" she repeated in tones of deep irony.

For a moment it flashed upon me that I had brought the compound colocyth pills after all.

"Is this your idea of appropriate?" she repeated, as she held up a wedding ring.

"Mr. Biffu, she said, solemnly, after a little time, 'you are not such a fool as to want to give me a wedding ring. There is some secret here, and you have betrayed yourself.'"

And my aunt slowly stooped down and picked up the paper at her feet.

"I saw you eyeing it," she said. It was a telegram. She took it out of the envelope and read it, then looked at me, and said: "You villain!"

More astonished than ever, I took it from her hand and read: "Will come by 5 P. M. train; meet me at station. Millie kisses Clara."

"I know French," said my aunt. "That means 'a thousand kisses,' you villain. And addressed to 'C. Lambert, Poste Restante,' of course. You villain!—and a wedding ring, too! You are going to run away from your dear wife. But I will defend my little niece and her mother, too."

My aunt drew herself up to her full height and looked capable of defending anybody or anything. I gasped out that I was innocent, that I knew nothing of the telegram or the ring. My aunt darted at me and seized a small locket hanging on my watch chain.

"That's not the locket I gave you on your wedding day," she screamed. "Open it!"

I did so, and inside there was a little braid of hair and the portrait of a lady. My aunt was furious.

"I suppose you will tell me that that's your wife's portrait, and that her hair is dark," she said.

I sat in perfect bewilderment. What had taken place! Had I promised to elope with somebody without knowing it! Then all of a sudden the truth flashed upon me. I understood it all—why the boots hurt me, the short sleeves, the flowers, everything. I had gone into the wrong bathing-machine, and dressed in some one else's clothes. It was a blue serge suit, but not mine. It was a long time before I could persuade my aunt of the truth of this, but at last she gave in that I was right.

"Mr. Biffu," she said, "I called you a villain—I was wrong. You are a fool. A man who doesn't know his own clothes isn't fit to be a married man. Why, what mistake will you make next? Go away, and don't forget to bring me Bertha's present when you've managed to find your own coat."

I felt very unhappy as I left my aunt's. The boots pinched worse than ever, and I wondered how I could ever have thought they were mine. The sleeves seemed shorter, too, than mine; my arms now seemed to stick out in a most ridiculous way. I saw now that Hopkins was right. I went straight back to the bathing place, in the hope of finding out something about the man whose clothes I was wearing. I was sure that the man I had seen swimming out to sea was the man I wanted. But the machines were all drawn up on the beach and the men had gone away. I found out the address of one of them, and went around to his lodgings. He wasn't at home, but tracking him about, for some time I found him in a low public house. He was a born-and-bred cockney, who had come down to Eastcliff to do odd jobs during the season. He was surrounded by a lot of rowdy-looking fellows, and was telling them about the very affair of the change of clothes. "Yes," I heard him say as I entered, "it was one of the downiest tricks I ever heard of, and I've come across a good deal in my time."

"So you've, Bill; 'ear, 'ear," they chorused approvingly.

"He was got up just like 'im, yer know; just the same kind of togs, watch, chain and everything."

"I suppose the watch he left behind wasn't worth much," observed one of the listeners.

"Not do you think?" replied the cockney, contemptuously. "In course it wasn't; no fear of that. But, Lord, you should have heard the other a-cussin' and a-swearin'! Seems as how he'd something is valuable in his pockets. If he comes across that downy cad he'll make it hot for 'im. But Lord bless you, he's safe in Whitechapel 'n's."

I thought I had better come forward here, and I looked as fierce as I could, and sternly asked him if he knew where the man was who had taken my clothes. Instead of answering he burst into a roar of laughter, in which all his friends joined.

"Take your clothes," he gasped; "come, now, that's a good 'un, that is."

I believe to this day he thinks that there was what he would call a "plant." I found out, however, that he knew nothing of the whereabouts of the owner of the clothes, and I left the horrid place. I didn't at all know what to do, unless I walked about on the parade and looked out for all the blue serge suits I could find. That is just what I did. With a half-hour's interval for refreshments, I did nothing but that till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. There was no end of blue serge suits. Every third person seemed to be wearing one. But some of the wearers were too tall, a few too short, some were too fat, and so on. At last I saw a man whose clothes I was sure I could wear if I tried. He was walking very fast down the parade, and with my tight boots it wasn't pleasant to try to follow him. When I came up with him he was sitting on a bench. I noticed that he was looking about him a good deal, as if he was expecting something. I sat down beside him, but I couldn't think how to broach the subject. I certainly would not do to say, "Sir, are these your own clothes you are wearing?" I thought if, "I see, sir, that you, like me, are wearing a suit of blue serge," but that did not sound very well, and I hesitated all the more because he looked a very peppery, excitable sort of individual. I could tell that by the ferocious way he looked about him. At last I said very mildly, "Excuse me, sir, but did you take a bath in the sea this morning?"

"Yes, I did," he replied. "What of it?"

"I only asked," I continued, because—

But here a young lady came up and touched him on the shoulder.

"I am awfully sorry to be so late, Bertie," she said.

He got up and went away without waiting to hear what I was saying. At first I thought I ought to follow him, for I felt sure I could recognize my own suit. But I didn't like to, either; and then it struck me that if he had been the man he would have noticed that I was dressed in blue too. He would have been quite as anxious as I was to get into his own clothes. Then the word "Bertie" I pulled out of the telegram. It was addressed to "C. Lambert," and here an idea came to my relief. The telegram said: "Will come by 5 P. M. train." I would go to the station and wait for the train. Mr. Lambert would be there to keep his appointment, and so I would find him. I was quite proud of this idea, and it was followed by another. "Clara" was, of course, the young lady whose portrait was in the locket I was wearing. I would look out for her, and she, of course would be looking out for him, and just as they were over the first ecstasies of meeting I would step up gently and say: "My clothes, sir, if you please." I spent the quarter of an hour I had to wait at the station in looking at "Clara's" portrait, so as to be sure I should know her when she came. But she didn't come, at least I didn't see her. I waited in the station until everybody had gone away who had come in by the 5 P. M. train. I saw no one who resembled at all the lady of the locket. Just as I was going away a man spoke to me.

"You were expecting some one by this train, sir?" he said.

"Well, yes," I said; "that is, I—"

"Will you follow me, sir?" he said, with a mysterious air. I hesitated a moment. It was evident he was going to take me to the Clara of the telegram; ought I to go? I thought this at my risk would bring me in connection with Mr. Lambert, whoever he was, and so I set to getting back my clothes and my aunt's ear-rings.

"Lead on," I said. The situation seemed to be getting quite romantic. Here was I, a steady, respectable man of 37, going to keep an appointment with a young and beautiful girl. The only thing was, what would she say when she found that I was the wrong man! She would probably be very much frightened, and I would then say dramatical-

ly, "Madam, your secret is safe with me, but oh! restore me my blue serge suit," which would be like a page from an old romance.

My guide led me to a house not far from the station. The housemaid who let us in looked at me, I thought, with unusual interest. I quite understood that. We were shown in the front first parlor, and here my conductor left me.

"Will you wait here a little while, sir?" he said, as he went away. I sat down, rather wondering what was going to happen. Would she come in suddenly and throw her arms around my neck, and then find out I was the wrong man? I resolved I wouldn't let her make the mistake; then, after a little reflection, I thought I would not trouble myself about it. It would not matter much if she did take me for her lover for a moment or two. I heard the rustle of a lady's dress, but no one came in. At last the door opened. I waited but did not feel any arms thrown round my neck, so I turned around. I saw a stout, elderly gentleman, evidently a clergyman or a dissenting minister.

"Sir," I began, for I thought I had better not finish off at once.

"Do not address your remarks to me," he replied solemnly; "I am not Mr. Gregory."

Again the door opened; a lady entered.

"Madam," I said, "I don't know—"

"Sir," she replied, "my brother, Mr. Gregory, will be in directly. You will address yourself to him."

"If I might advise this misguided man," said the clergyman, "I would beg him to remember that all is known. No subterfuge can avail him."

"My brother is not a man to be trifled with," said the lady.

Before I could reply anything, a tall, stout man came into the room. He was very red and very hot.

"I have locked the front door," he said, "and fastened all the windows, and bolted the door at the top of the stairs. He can't escape, anyhow. And now, sir," he added, suddenly turning to me, "we'll see."

He dashed out of the room, and returned almost immediately with a large riding-whip. "You see this," he said, "and you see me."

And he lifted the whip menacingly. But the lady intervened.

"Roger," she said, "don't forget to temper your justice with mercy; remember he had a mother, and for his mother's sake—"

I thought, however, it was high time to speak for myself. I began: "My dear sir, you are under a mistake; the fact is, this morning I took a bathing-machine—"

"Don't call me your dear sir," he thundered out before I could finish; "and don't talk to me of bathing-machines; answer my questions simply—yes or no, or—"

And he shook the riding-whip in a significant manner.

"Let me question him," said the clergyman. "Remember to answer directly, sir, without prevarication; it will not avail you. You came down from town last night?"

"Yes, I did," I said, "I regret to say. I had much better have stopped there. You are all under a mistake, evidently. In the bathing-machine—"

"Don't talk to us of bathing-machines," roared the old gentleman; answer the questions put to you."

"And you were at the station at 5 o'clock to-night, I think," continued the clergyman; "you will hardly deny that?"

"No," I said, "I was there, but I went there—"

"Never mind what you went there for," roared Mr. Gregory again; "we know all about that."

"Too well, alas!" said the lady. "Poor Clara—unhappy, misguided child!"

"You're wrong," I said, "I never saw the young lady in my life." Here Mr. Gregory interrupted me with a shout, and his sister murmured faintly something about a locket.

"Open the locket you have on your chain," roared the irascible old gentleman; "will you deny that this is my niece's portrait?"

"I know nothing about your niece," I said, for I retained all of my presence of mind.

"I hope the young lady is all right. Permit me to explain. In the bathing machine—"

But the word "bathing-machine" exasperated the old gentleman dreadfully. He said he hadn't come there to talk of bathing-machines, and he couldn't bear them mentioned in such a connection.

"I'm not wearing my own clothes," I began again.

"Is the man mad?" he burst out. "What do I care about your clothes? What—?" Then he seemed to check himself a little.

"Let us come to the point. There is one question I will ask; be careful to answer it truthfully. I shall test the truth of your statement. I pass over the deliberate untruth you uttered just now. When you came down here did you come prepared to marry my niece—to marry her, I say?"

"Come down here to marry your niece?" I replied. "I did nothing of the sort—why, I have a wife and two children."

The lady arose here and said she couldn't stop any longer in the same room with such a disgrace to his species. Not even for my mother's sake ought I to be protected any longer. Mr. Gregory grasped the riding whip, and the clergyman said that he would rather not be present at the scene that was going to take place. He hoped Mr. Gregory would not be too violent, that was all.

Mr. Gregory waited till they left the room, and then walked slowly toward me, his face purple with rage, I don't know what would have taken place, but just at this moment there came a furious peal to the street-door bell. It had rung twice before, but Mr. Gregory had given orders that the door was not to be opened. Now, the housemaid came up to know what she was to do. Mr. Gregory looked out of the window.

"You must go to the door," he said, "but tell the young man, whoever he is, that I am engaged, very particularly engaged; he might call again in half an hour. I dare say I shall have finished by then." And he looked darkly at me. The housemaid went away.

"And now, sir," said Mr. Gregory, "perhaps you will answer one question I have to ask, and no subterfuges—no reference to bathing machines." And he brandished the whip menacingly.

I thought of Themistocles and his "Strike, but hear me," though "Don't strike, but hear me" expressed my sentiments much more accurately. I don't believe, however, I should have got out a word of explanation in time if I had not again been saved by somebody coming into the room. It was a

young lady, evidently the "Clara" of the locket. She had been crying a good deal, and her eyes were much swollen, but I could see that she was very pretty and her manner was quite calm and collected. She spoke to Mr. Gregory.

"What is this, uncle?" she said. "They tell me that Charles is in the house. Again there came a furious peal at the door.

"Confound that girl! Why doesn't she open the door?" interposed Mr. Gregory.

"You have the key in your pocket," replied his sister, who now with the clergyman returned to the room.

"Come away from here, Clara, I insist," she went on; "this is no place for you. He has confessed his villainy."

"He is a married man with four children" said the clergyman, solemnly.

"Two children," corrected the lady.

"And who is a married man with four children?" said the young lady, calmly.

"Unhappy girl," murmured the other. "I shudder to think of what might have happened."

"Down on your knees and confess your villainy, villain, roared the old gentleman. But the young lady burst out laughing.

"You don't think," she said, "that you've got Charles Lambert there. Why, Charles is as different as possible—Charles is good looking. You can't think I'm in love with that man. Why, he has hazel hair—"

"Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," said I, interposing, "but I think I'll withdraw. I have had quite enough of this. I've been insulted all round. If you won't hear me, at least let me go away."

Here the door opened and a young man rushed into the room.

"Clara," he said. "There was no need to ask who he was."

"You'll remember," I said after a time, "that that is my coat you are wearing. Don't crumple it too much."

The three others looked on astonished, but Clara Gregory quite coolly introduced Charles Lambert to all of them.

"And who," said the elder lady, "who is this man with the wife and two children, and what is he doing here?"

"Now I felt it was my turn to have an inning, and I explained the whole affair. The old gentleman gave a sort of howl when I mentioned the bathing-machine, but otherwise I was listened to.

Then I and Mr. Lambert adjourned to a bedroom to change our clothes. He wasn't very amiable at first, remarking that anybody might have told the difference between the two suits, his being made by Poole, and mine being, he said, a very inferior article. However, he told me about the business which had brought him to Eastcliff. He had been engaged to his Clara for nearly a year. Clara was an orphan, and her uncle and aunt were her nearest relatives. They had recently returned to England from Australia, and taken upon themselves the care of their niece. The uncle was for some reason very suspicious of him—had refused to recognize the engagement or to let Clara correspond with him. They had not had much difficulty in evading his commands as to correspondence, and they had arranged a plan of flight. But this had become known to Mr. Gregory; he had come to Eastcliff himself, bringing his niece by an earlier train than the one appointed. A telegram from Clara's maid had informed him later on in the day of the change of movement, and so he had not gone to the station.

When we got back to the other room a general reconciliation took place. They apologized to me for having called me a villain, and so on, and said they were pleased to make my acquaintance. They laughed when I told them what had happened to the wedding-ring.

"But what have you done with the marriage license, the special license?" said Mr. Lambert suddenly.

"Good heavens!" I said, "I must have given it to Hopkins, thinking it was the agreement." I shuddered to think of the jokes he would cast at my expense, and that the story would reach my office in London, too. In fact, when I got back to the hotel I found the license there, sent back with a very facetious note from Hopkins, wishing me happiness in my second matrimonial venture, and so on. I won't give the letter; Hopkins isn't really so funny as he thinks he is.

The next day Mr. Lambert called at my hotel. He said that Uncle Gregory had given his consent, and would trouble me for the special license. And would I come to the wedding, which was to be a very quiet one? I went and wore my blue serge suit—the right one, though, this time. And in the evening my wife came down, and I told her all about it. And she says that next summer I must wear ditto, and that she was never in favor of my having a blue serge suit.

An Experimental Farm.

"How are you getting along with the experimental farm?" asked a member of the board of regents of a western agricultural college of the president of the institution. "First rate," replied the president, "wheat all killed up and calves taught to drink sour milk. I'm having trouble with some of the students, however. Their claim that it is too hard work for them to dig the great holes necessary in planting the pumpkins." "Fire 'em out, professor, fire 'em out!" returned the regent. "If they kick on that, what will they do next fall when they have to dig the pumpkins with may be fifteen or twenty in a hill!"—*Time.*

The Greatest.

In a Kentucky Sunday-school. The teacher, addressing a boy, said:

"Whom do you consider the greatest man in the table?"

"Cian."

"Oh, no; he was wicked. Why do you regard him as the greatest man?"

"Cause he drownd Abel."

"Yes, but Samson killed a large number of men."

"He did? Well, then, I reckon he was the greatest."

There is a pitcher out west named Hope. Hope ought never to be knocked out of the box.—*Pact.*

A PETRIFIED FOREST.

One of Arizona's Wonders—A Region Strawn with Agatized Wood.

On the way thither through Arizona, says a Pasadena letter, I stopped at the petrified forest. I left the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe at Holbrook, engaged a cowboy and horse, and started at 8:30 a. m. After riding about thirty or thirty-five miles we reached a canyon, and following this a mile or so found ourselves among the most wonderful works of nature I have ever seen. At this point the canyon is wide and rocky, yet every rock large or small, is a piece of agatized or petrified wood. On one side the transformation seems to have been of the ordinary kind, and we find perfect specimens of petrified wood, showing the bark and in some instances even the rings of growth. In some places protruding from the earth may be seen the trunks of trees, branches and even roots, so complete has been the change. In other places sections of fossil trees have from exposure at last been broken up by the action of the elements. Often the fragments of stone resemble perfectly, both in color and in structure, the natural wood, showing the grain, sap, and knots of the original tree. At first I picked up two splinters a foot long and not more than a half an inch in thickness, and stuck them together to be sure that they were not real wood, but they flew to pieces and I was convinced.

But by far the most interesting side of the canyon is the side where the agatized wood is found, or at least is most abundant (it is found for miles in every direction, and to the south as far as the eye can reach the country is dotted here and there with what appear to be short saw logs). On this side the trees must have grown close, for the ground is covered with trunks of trees ranging in length from 8 to 10 feet and in diameter from 1 to 7 feet (mostly about 2 1/2 to 3 feet in diameter). The agatized wood seems by its process of transformation to have lost its grain as well as natural color, and the only apparent likeness which I think these rocks bear to a tree of this age (besides their cylindrical shape) is that in all instances the sap is of a darker color, showing that decomposition probably affected it while the heart or wood of the tree remained sound. Also in many instances the rings of growth, being very thick, are marked by lines of cleavage. You would think it strange if at every step you were treading on pieces of beautifully colored agate, but in this canyon if you are not stepping on pieces it is because you are on one piece; it is all agate. I did not go prepared to bring back specimens. In fact I found a Winchester rifle and six-shooter were enough to carry, but it was impossible to come away without bringing something, so we took the sack that held oats, and that oak sack is now in my satchel inclosing about fifty pounds of Arizona. I have pieces of the roots, bark, sap, branches, pitch, and best of all a cone, to prove that these trees are closely allied to if not the identical eucalyptus tree of the day. In one place a fossil trunk spans a ravine thirty feet above a running stream. The bridge thus formed is twenty-five feet long. The tree trunk is exposed over fifty feet. This tree was the longest unbroken section and varied from 3 1/2 feet in diameter at the base to 2 1/2 feet where the top disappeared in the ground. There was nothing to show that branches had been broken off and but one knot was visible. The tree was perfectly straight, and compared with the rest was scarcely as large as an average-sized tree.

Would not this have been a paradise for a lumber camp before nature got a claim on the limit? But I suppose some enterprising fellow-citizen of ours will ere long take up this tract and begin manufacturing everything from a table to a cuff button. In fact before reaching Holbrook I was informed that a firm of New York jewelers had bought up the entire tract (thus getting a corner on agatized wood) and were about to develop it.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S PROCLAMATION.

The New Ruler Eulogizes His Father and Promises to Be a Good King.

The following proclamation has been issued by Emperor William:

To MY PEOPLE: God's decree has once more plucked us into the most poignant sorrow. His tomb has scarcely closed over the mortal remains of my never-to-be-forgotten grandfather when his majesty, my warm-loved father, is also called from this life into everlasting peace. The heroic energy, prompted by the Christian self-sacrifice with which, despite his sufferings, he knew how to fulfill his kingly duties, seemed to justify the hope that he would be preserved to the fatherland still longer. God willed differently. The royal sufferer, whose heart beat responsive to all, was great and beautiful. He only had a few months granted to him to display on the throne the noble qualities of mind and heart which won him the love of his people. The virtues which adorned him and the victories which he achieved on the battlefield will remain a grateful remembrance as long as German hearts beat. An imperishable glory will illumine his chivalrous figure in the history of the fatherland.

Called to the throne of my fathers, I have assumed the government, looking up to the king of kings, and have vowed to God that, after the example of my fathers I will be a just and clement prince to my people; that I will foster piety and fear of God; that I will protect peace and promote the welfare of the country, and that I will be a helper of the poor and distressed, and a true guardian of the right.

In praying God for strength to fulfill these kingly duties which his will imposes upon me I am supported by confidence in the Prussian people, which a glance at our past history gives me. In good and in evil days the Prussian people have always stood by their king. Upon this fidelity, which my fathers have found an indissoluble bond at all times of difficulty and danger, I rely with a consciousness of returning it from the bottom of my heart as the faithful prince of a faithful people, both equally strong in their devotion to their common fatherland. From this consciousness of the reciprocated love uniting me and my people I derive confidence that God will vouchsafe my strength and wisdom to exercise my kingly office for the welfare of the fatherland. WILHELM.

No Files on the Gouls.
Jay Gould (on sick bed): "I suppose that is our dear, kind minister at the door. I sent for him. Show him up quickly." Nurse: "No, it is your son. Here he is." Boy: "Well, I did as you directed and had our family physician shadowed. He has not changed to the bear side of Gould's stocks; no signs of bridging; he is still buying for a rise." Maid (entering): "Please, sir, the minister is downstairs and—." Jay Gould: "Tell him I am not at home."—*Omaha World.*

Time waits for no man because some men are so long in coming to time, we suppose.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The musician may not be a musician, but it is certain that he is having time.—*Denver Post.*

Rainfall Upon the Plains.

"Is the rainfall increasing upon the plains?" is the subject of an article by Henry Gannett in a recent number of *Science*. Thirty years ago all the country west of the Missouri was considered the "great American desert," in which, without irrigation, agriculture was an impossibility. But the stream of immigration has swept with each succeeding year, further and further up the slope of the plains, driving the border of the desert before it. It is almost universally believed in this region that settlement and tree planting have induced greater rainfall. Mr. Gannett thinks other causes are involved. An examination of both the annual and the seasonal distribution of the rainfall in twenty-six stations where rainfall records have been kept for long periods, according to Mr. Gannett, shows that they have undergone no material change since settlement began in that region. "We may," says he, "therefore dismiss as baseless the popular idea of an increase in rainfall, either annual or during the growing season, and look elsewhere for an explanation of the phenomena of settlement which the plains present.

Experience has shown that a much smaller quantity of rain is essential than was supposed, and to his mind, there is little more to be said. Cultivation adds greatly to the economy of the rainfall. The surface of the plains in an uncultivated condition is mainly bare, hard ground, but slightly protected by its covering of grasses. From such a surface the rain flows off freely, and an unusual large proportion of it finds its way into the streams, while a correspondingly small proportion sinks in the ground. The farmer, with plow and harrow, changes all this, and retains in the soil most of the rainfall. From year to year the supply in the soil increases, so that the surface soil may draw in times of drought. Furthermore, the scanty vegetation offers little protection against evaporation, which is excessive on the barren plains, but the ampler mantle which cultivation spreads over the soil, prevents its moisture from disappearing in the atmosphere with so great rapidity.

Made Her Majesty Gasp.

Porter Rhodes, who discovered the biggest diamond ever found at the cape, believes quite as firmly in his jewel as the queen does in hers. It weighs 150 carats and a perfectly clear having "lights like white satin through it." Out at the cape Mr. Rhodes placed it on exhibition and charged \$5 admission fee, and clearing a handsome sum for one of the hospitals. When he came home to England the other day the queen heard of him and expressed a desire to see his diamond. The possessor not being accustomed to the etiquette of the courts he was carefully warned against contradicting her majesty, who is somewhat impatient of such things, and was bade to make no comparisons. He got on very well until the queen, having examined it with considerable interest laid it down with the remark that it was handsome but not so large as her Koh-i-noor. "Koh-i-noor!" cried the indignant diamond digger contemptuously, wrought out of remembrance of warnings, "why the old thing can't touch mine. It's a deal bigger than yours, and I wouldn't give this diamond for two of your Koh-i-noors." The queen fairly gasped with amazement at his audacity, and had him peremptorily bundled out with his impertinent jewel.—*New York World.*

The Sleep Required by Children.

A healthy baby for the first two months or so, says a medical writer in *The Chautauquan*, spends most of its time asleep. After that time a baby should have at least two hours of sleep in the forenoon, and it is quite possible to teach almost any infant to adopt this as a regular habit. Even to the age of 4 or 5 years a child should have one hour of sleep, or at least rest in bed, before its dinner, and it should be put to bed at 6 or 7 in the evening, and left undisturbed for twelve or fourteen hours.

Up to the fifteenth year most young people require ten hours, and till the twentieth year nine hours. After that age everyone finds out how much he or she requires, though as a general rule at least six to eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangement in women than any medicines can cure. Daring growth there must be ample sleep if the brain is to develop to its full extent, and the more nervous, excitable, or precocious a child the longer sleep should it get if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill or its life be cut short at an early age.

It takes \$10,000 to build a \$5,000 house. The beauty of the foregoing is that it is both a joke and a serious fact.—*West*

POSTAGE STAMPS AS CURRENCY.

"Shipplasters" and Imitation Bank Bills During the War.

"Postage stamps were used as currency in this country shortly after the last war was begun," remarks a veteran financier to a *New York Mail & Express* reporter. "All coin was withdrawn from circulation, and there was nothing to make change with. Storekeepers issued 'shipplasters' in the shape of pieces of cardboard, on which were printed the words 'Good for 10 cents,' or such other sum as might be needed for the purpose, with name of the person issuing them also printed. Other houses had an imitation of a bank bill printed, of different denominations from 25 cents to \$3. All these things passed current, and the storekeeper's promise to pay circulated as freely as a bank note. Storekeepers had their credit to preserve and honored their shipplasters whenever presented. There was a hotel on Fulton street that issued notes or bills for 25 and 50 cent denominations. They were well executed by a bank-note printer, and cost a large sum to print. The name of the hotel appeared in place of the usual bank name. Beneath were the words: 'The proprietors of the above hotel agree to pay on demand 25 [or 50] cents in meals or accommodations, or in current funds, if presented in sum of five dollars or more.' These notes were signed 'Richards & Green,' proprietors of the hotel, now both dead. The first named told me, long after the war closed, that the firm had made enough for redemption or retained notes, not presented for redemption, to pay for the cost of printing, besides gaining the accommodations in being able to make ready change."

"But what has all this to do with the postage stamp?" "I am coming to that. There were times when smaller change was necessary, and the postage stamp was then given. As there was some responsibility in the shape of the national government for the issue of a postage stamp, the people began to have more confidence in them than in the private shipplasters. It was also stated that the latter were issued in defiance of law, and no court could be counted on for redemption. Even cities had issued these shipplasters, making them redeemable in the payment of taxes, and altogether the number became great, and many irresponsible persons put forth a mass of worthless paper on the market. As soon as distrust arose the working classes preferred postage stamps, and storekeepers found them useful in making small change. In a short time there were thousands in circulation, and workmen were often paid by their employers in stamps done up in envelopes like those used to-day on the one-horse cars, the envelopes having printed on them the amount of money value inclosed. Often a man on a Saturday would have from \$10 to \$20 in his pocket in postage stamps. In warm weather they often stuck together. Then, if change was wanted, there would be trouble. Damp fingers in handling would always cause the same annoyance, and while as change the stamps were considered convenient, yet as a currency they were pronounced a nuisance. The national government, therefore, hit upon a plan for the issuing of a postal currency of the color of the stamps. A 5-cent postal bill had the representation of a 5-cent stamp on its face, and a 25-cent bill had five 5-cent stamps laying side by side and lapping over each other. The color was orange yellow. A 10-cent postal bill had the representation of a 10-cent postage stamp, and a 50-cent bill five 10-cent stamps arranged as before mentioned. The color was green. These small bills were redeemable in legal tender or greenbacks when presented in sums of \$5 or more. After a while these bills drove out the postage stamps except for sums less than 5 cents. But during the time the stamps were in general use the national government must have made a large sum of money, as there were many postage stamps destroyed in more ways than one, but principally by adhesion. After a while the postal bills were withdrawn and the fractional currency issued in its place. This remained in use until the restoration of specie payments in the shape of subordinate silver."

The Retort Courteous.

When the sister of the governor of a neighboring state was married, a few years ago, she received a great many valuable presents, and among them were many pieces of plate and silverware of all sorts. But particularly was she overwhelmed with silver fruit spoons. Beautifully chased, gold-lined, in every sort of variety, were these spoons.

After the wedding, and when they had returned from the honeymoon, the bride found that she had no immediate use for half of the silverware she possessed, especially as for the time they were to live in her mother's house. So she consigned some of it to the care of a bank in town. The fruit spoons all went to the vault.

A few months later she received an invitation to attend a wedding of a schoolmate in a neighboring town. She knew she would have to go to New York to buy a suitable present, and she didn't care about taking the journey just then.

All at once the idea came into her head that she had a great superfluity of fruit spoons. Why should she not send some of them to her schoolmate for a present? There seemed to be no objection, so she sent the butler down to the bank with orders to pick out a case of spoons. The butler fulfilled his mission. None of the presents were ticketed, so that it was altogether impossible to tell from whom this particular set of spoons had come.

The spoons traveled once more to a hymeneal altar, and the lady who sent them heard nothing about them for several days. Then she received the following letter:

"DEAR MADAM: I am very grateful to you for returning the spoons. I thought they were too good for you when I sent them to you as a wedding present, and it is honest for you to send them back. Yours, etc."

It is not wise to give away your wedding presents.—*New York Graphic.*

Swallowed a Hairpin.

A young girl, who is employed as an overseer by the Chicopee Manufacturing Company, recently swallowed a large hairpin, which the physicians have, as yet, been unable to remove. She was unconsciously playing with the pin, which was steel and about four inches long. She felt a sharp pain, as a person does when choked, as the pin left her mouth, but in a few moments the instrument seemed to pass through the throat, and it has not distressed her in the least since. The physicians at once concluded that the pin had passed into the stomach, and a few medicinal remedies were resorted to. The doctors are completely baffled by the case. The pin is said to be too large to find its way to the surface, as often happens.

Admitting the Soft Impachment.

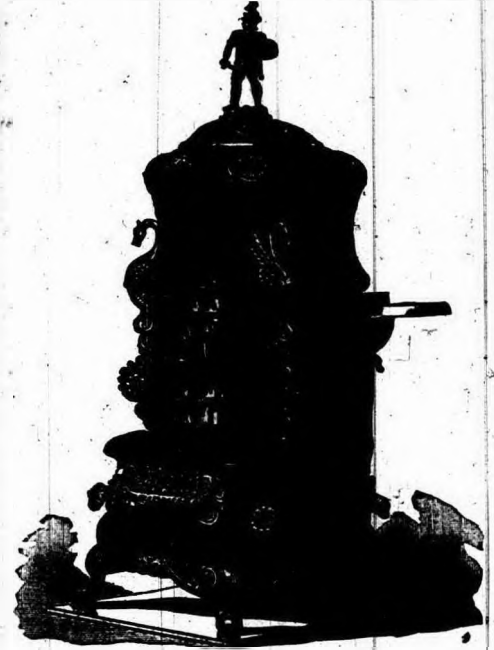
Barber (to customer whose face looks as though it had undergone several surgical operations): "The man who shaved you last must have been a fool." Customer: "He was. I shaved myself."—*New York Sun.*

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