

Plymouth Mail.

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PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY NOVEMBER 9 1888

WHOLE NO. 61

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, - MICHIGAN.
Published Every Friday Evening.
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

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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.
—Republicans are joyful.
Buy the best Phoenix mills flour.
—Did you vote for the winning side?
—Have you heard from the election?
4x4. Cheap goods; square dealing with all.

—William Coats, of Stark, was in town Monday.

Farmers get your grinding done at the Phoenix mills.

—Mrs. Hackett and children, of Columbia street, Detroit, is a guest of her cousin, G. W. Burnett.

—We are told that Bert Eastman, late harness-maker of Mr Potter's, Sunday-d at Plymouth with his wife.

—A large number of our citizens went to Detroit, Tuesday afternoon, to remain during the night in order to hear the election news.

—Last Saturday a hickory pole was raised at Sin Everett's with a Cleveland and Thurman and a Youngblood flag flying from it.

—George Durfee found some bags in his orchard the other day, where some one had left them who had evidently been stealing apples.

—The Dimondale Express says that "If there is a man in the world that wants to build a hotel and get rich, come to the village of Dimondale, Mich."

—A written report of the N. W. C. T. U. will be given on Thursday, Nov. 15, at Temperance hall, by the president, Mrs. Jennie Voorheis, who was in attendance during the whole session.

—Possibly this is worth something; better try it: "Make starch with soapy water and you will find it a pleasure to do up your starched goods. It prevents the iron from sticking and makes a glossy surface."

—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.

—O. D. Chipman and wife, of Wyandotte, formerly of Livonia, exchanged property in Mecosta county, some time ago for a patent right. They have lately commenced suit against the parties to recover the same, claiming false pretenses.

—A home without a newspaper is a place where old hats are stuffed into window panes, where the children are like pigs, the housewife like an aboriginal savage, and the husband with a panorama of Toledo painted on his shirt bosom with tobacco juice.—Ex.

—Five young men from Pottsville shot a dog in the west end as it was coming towards Dimondale, in West Windsor one night last week. It is said that the boys gave Mrs. Tuttle the owner of the dog two dollars each to settle.—Dimondale (Eaton county) Express. The Express man neglects to state which direction the dog was going.

—The Republicans held a meeting at Amity hall, on Friday evening, which was addressed by Thomas W. McVeigh, Homer Warren and Hibbard Baker. The hall was full and the meeting proved very enthusiastic instructive and entertaining, at least to those of the Republican faith. Both Messrs Warren and Baker, who were candidates for office made very favorable impressions.

—The Democratic meeting Saturday evening, like all the meetings that have been here this campaign, was well attended. George W. Moore and A. G. Comstock were the speakers advertised and their utterances were fairly well received, but the enthusiasm of the evening was spent upon George A. Starkweather, who took the floor and pronounced himself for free trade. He made the best speech of the evening and was duly applauded.

Cheapest place to buy bran is at the Phoenix mills.

—Mrs. E. W. Pate, of Wayne, was a guest at S. W. Everett's, Sunday.

—The "Flower Queen" is to be given by home talent, at Millford this evening.

—The Plymouth Air Rifle company are turning out one hundred guns a day and yet they have no surplus on hand.

—Sewing machines repaired and new parts furnished when required. Needles and oil for sale. J. H. Steers, Plymouth.

—Mrs. Jackson, widow of the late I. P. Jackson, of the Millford Times, died on Monday and was buried Wednesday of last week.

—Mrs. Bloor informs us that Mrs. S. W. Everett and herself helped raise the Democratic pole in front of Mr. Everett's house last Saturday.

—On Thursday of last week Ed. Dean raised a very nice Republican pole and run up three flags—Harrison and Morton, Littlefield and Hibbard Baker.

—Know ye, and don't you forget it, that Indian summer never comes until after the first snowflakes and until after the 10th of November. Summer days in October simply mean decent weather.—Ex.

—An exchange says: "If women ever become voters they will not be found on both sides of the fence, as is the case with so many of the other sex." Certainly not Modesty, if nothing else, would forbid it.

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. 61tf

—Last Sunday's Detroit Evening News comprised twelve pages of choice matter and excels any Detroit paper in quantity and quality of matter that has reached us in years—if ever. The News as ever leads Detroit journalism.

—George J. Nissly ships a car of poultry to New York, from Milan, this week, and will ship another from points on this branch, next week. He also shipped nearly 100 bushels of hickory nuts from this place yesterday.—Saline Observer.

—The Union temperance meeting in the Methodist church, last Sunday evening, called out a crowded house. Rev. Shank had the sermon, which was a sketch of the different kinds of intoxicants used by all nations. Rev. Wallace and Roberts on kindly yielded their time to Prof. Ford, of Detroit, who happened to be present. He gave a brief review of the temperance work as he saw it in several of the Western states, and showed the need for earnest energetic temperance work everywhere.

—Salvador Scario, a hoolblack of San Francisco, found three new babies awaiting him when he went home the other evening—two little girls and one little boy. Mrs. Scario, who is but twenty-four years old, had on previous occasions presented him with twins and a single off-spring, so that now there are six little Scarios, the oldest being about four years old. One of the San Francisco newspapers, published these facts, adding: "Give Scario a chance! Get your boots blacked at his stand, corner Third and Mission streets." Since then the father of triplets has done a tremendous business.—N. Y. Sun.

—Detroit's great cyclorama of the "Battle of Atlanta" is to be closed within a few weeks in order to change from Atlanta to some other great battle scene, the name of which has not yet been announced. The history of this great cyclorama in Detroit has been something wonderful. It has been open continuously since February 28, 1887 and during the eighty-six weeks that have passed since then the enormous aggregate of 286,321 people have visited it and wondered at its grandeur and realism. As many as 1,837 people have seen it in a single day, that day being September 18, 1887. When it is considered that there has been no change of attraction and no addition to the cyclorama since it opened, the record of business is phenomenal and could have been the result of but one attribute, and that is its great merit. Yet there are thousands in Michigan who have not yet seen this great reproductive masterpiece, and it behooves such to immediately avail themselves of the opportunity, since in a few short weeks, "Atlanta" will be gone.

The Perfection
Of the age in the medical line is the liquid fruit remedy, syrup of figs, manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup company, San Francisco, California. It is agreeable to the taste, acceptable to the stomach, harmless in its nature, painless yet prompt and thorough in its action. Sold in fifty cent and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists. 61-62

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!

OVERCOATS.

OVERCOATS.

- Overcoats for \$2.50 Each.
- Overcoats for \$3.50 Each.
- Overcoats for \$4.50 Each.
- Overcoats for \$6.00 Each.
- Overcoats for \$7.00 Each.
- Overcoats for \$9.00 Each.
- Overcoats for \$10.00 Each.
- Overcoats for \$12.00 Each.
- Overcoats for \$14.00 Each.
- Overcoats for \$15.00 Each.

—AT—

Geo. A. Starkweather & Co.'s.

Overcoats! Overcoats! Overcoats!

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. Stellwagen, 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 Wagons and Buggy Repairing.

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

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

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Opposite Baker's Pharmacy, Plymouth, Michigan 61-62

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.

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

Farwell Has a Tragedy.

Alexander St. Charles was shot and killed by Frank Walker at Farwell on the 1st inst. St. Charles was foreman in the lumber woods for Whitney & Batchelor of East Saginaw...

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

Allan Shaw, an employe of James Goulden of Port Huron, met with a peculiar accident the other afternoon. He was digging in the garden when his spade struck what is supposed to be a dynamite cartridge...

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The President Designates Thursday, Nov. 28, as the Date.

President Cleveland has issued the following Thanksgiving day proclamation: Constant thanksgiving and gratitude are due from the American people to Almighty God for his goodness and mercy which have followed them since the day he made them a nation...

SEVENTEEN DEAD.

Terrible Casualty in a Pennsylvania Coal Mine. There was an explosion the other night in the Kettle Creek coal mining company's mines, 30 miles west of Lockhaven, Pa., which were but recently opened...

Railroad Building in 1888.

A recent issue of the Railway Age contained the following: Few people have any correct idea of the amount of railway construction which has been in progress in the United States during the present year...

News From Stanley.

Henry M. Stanley has at last been heard from. Couriers from Lahore say he was met at the end of November, 1877, by Arabs trailing between Lakes Victoria Nyanza, Nziige and Tabera...

An Important Action.

The report that Baron Von Schloeser, Prussian ambassador to the Vatican, was to be recalled is confirmed. This action is undoubtedly the result of the pope's address to the Neapolitan pilgrims...

Acting Minister.

Michael Henry Herbert has been appointed charge d'affaires at the British legation and Lord Sackville goes to England immediately on leave of absence.

Work for the Marines.

The situation of affairs in Haiti, according to reports received at the department of state, has assumed so serious a phase that it has been decided to send a naval vessel to that country for the protection of American interests...

Manitoba Wants to be Annexed.

On account of the trouble with the Canadian Pacific railway, annexation to the United States is suggested and freely talked of throughout Manitoba as the only solution. It is openly claimed that the Dominion government is simply the tool of the railway company...

Public Debt Statement.

The public debt statement for October, issued Nov. 1, shows: Total debt, \$1,708,457,234; less available cash items, \$1,211,782,085; net cash in treasury Nov. 1, \$496,675,152...

To Prosecute the Letter Writer.

It is hinted that some conversation has been had in official circles contemplating judicial proceedings against the perpetrator of the Murchison letter...

THE ELECTIONS.

RETURNS INDICATE THE ELECTION OF HARRISON.

He Carries the Empire State by 12,000 to 15,000 Plurality. Returns on the morning after election indicate that Harrison has carried New York state by 12,000 to 15,000 plurality. Returns from Connecticut give 450 republican plurality...

THE WORLD OF TRADE.

New York Produce Market.

Flour—Quiet and weak; Minnesota extra, \$4.85; wheat—Irregular; No. 1 red, \$1.14; No. 2, \$1.10; No. 3, \$1.07...

Chicago Live Stock Market.

Hogs—Market fairly active and prices steady; light grades, \$5.25 to \$5.50; rough packing, \$5.25 to \$5.35...

Chicago Grain Market.

Wheat—Steady; \$1.15 asked; highest, \$1.15; lowest, \$1.14; December oats, \$2.25; lowest, \$2.25 nominal; December corn, \$1.10 to \$1.15...

Buffalo Live Stock Market.

Cattle—Light demand, steady; prime, \$1.50 to \$1.60; good, \$1.40; mixed butchers, \$1.30; heavy packing and shipping lots, \$1.25 to \$1.30...

Chicago Grain Market.

Wheat—Steady; \$1.15 asked; highest, \$1.15; lowest, \$1.14; December oats, \$2.25; lowest, \$2.25 nominal; December corn, \$1.10 to \$1.15...

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:00 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. Nichols, President.

BUSINESS CARDS.

IF YOU ARE GOING East, West, North or South, —Call on—

GEORGE D. HALL, Agent, F. & P. M. R. R., Plymouth, for Maps, Rates and Information. 841

WHAT THEY SAY

—W. O. Allen and L. C. Hough bet fifty dollars each, Tuesday, on the election, Allen taking the Harrison end of the bargain.

—Mrs. C. W. Insee and Mrs. William Scripps, of Detroit, have been guests at G. A. Stukweather's for a few days this week.

—Mrs. Frances Clarke, an old lady of Brighton, died last Friday from burns received by her clothing catching fire the day before.

—An autumnal concert, conducted by the W. C. T. U., of this place, will be given in the M. E. church, on Friday evening, November 16.

—We learn that F. H. Kelly will attend the meeting of the State board of pharmacy, at Lansing, to be examined for a druggist's assistant.

—H. B. Bennett and C. L. Wilcox on Tuesday bet ten dollars each on the result of the election, Bennett placing his confidence in Cleyland.

—L. C. Hough has had several men engaged for some time past in packing apples and he is gathering them in by the thousands of barrels. He's a hustler.

—The Misses Isabel Beam and Carrie Shortman left on Monday for Pleasant to attend business college, and Miss Mary Beam left for the same place to open a dressmaking establishment.

—We understand that T. C. Sherwood, of this place, addressed a Republican meeting, at Northville, last Monday evening and a person who was there says he predicted in his speech "that New York would surely go Republican and elect Harrison, President, and that Gov. Luce would be re-elected by a largely increased majority." He guessed pretty nearly right.

—The annual election of officers for the Presbyterian Sabbath school, was last Sunday. T. C. Clark was chosen superintendent; Mrs. Mary Sly, vice-superintendent; B. H. Bennett, secretary and treasurer; Edward Hough, librarian; Miss Mary Andrews, organist; Bonnie Tyler and Geo. H. Wallace, assistants. All children and parents who do not go elsewhere are cordially invited and welcomed. Let all the children be gathered into some Sunday school.

—The magnificent new building of the New York Times is so far advanced to the point of completion that the roof is on and being covered with metal. There is no other commercial building in New York so tall as this one, i. e., not counting towers and other disfigurements above the roof. By accurate leveling measurement engineers have determined that the top of its wall is but two feet below that of the New York tower of the East river bridge. Its upper store—the thirteenth—will be the composing room of the paper.—Philadelphia Times.

—The Prohibitionists had the last night in Amity hall, before election. A Fish and Brooks banner had been strung across the street. The hall tastefully decorated with flags and flowers, and on the platform was an organ. An impromptu choir was made up, which was an agreeable diversion. A quartet of little boys was loudly applauded. Rev. Charles Conley and Lemuel Clute were the speakers, both of whom gave excellent speeches. The hall was crowded, and the audience gave great attention to what was said. It was after ten when the meeting closed. Rev. Robertson opened the proceedings with prayer, and Rev. Wallace closed with the benediction.

—Henry Jackson is building a new upright to his residence on Mill street.

—The young ladies F. U. N. club will give their first leap-year party this fall, on Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 29, at the Berdan house. The invitations will probably be sent out to the young ladies in a day or two. Like the parties previously given by this society, it will surely be a success.

—Mr. Kellogg's two new houses on east Ann Arbor street near the fair grounds are nearly completed.

—C. B. Croby's beautiful residence was brilliantly illuminated from top to bottom Wednesday evening. The yard came in for its share, about fifty Chinese lanterns and other transparencies making a very pretty show. Several appropriate mottoes, appeared in the windows.

—Next Sabbath evening Rev. P. G. Robertson will deliver the fourth discourse, on "Bible Mountains," in the Baptist church. Subject: "Mount Pisgah." Time, seven o'clock p. m.

—A telegram passed through here on the wire Wednesday to a Greenville man says "God bless our home Grandma's pants will now fit Bennie."

—We have reliable information that the board of registration in Livonia partially counted the vote in that town, and finding that their tally sheets were not made large enough to accommodate the full ticket, locked up the boxes and adjourned until the next day, instead of fixing their sheets and completing the count.

Old wells cleaned and repaired and new ones dug. Work guaranteed or no pay. A. O. Lyon, Plymouth.

Burglars!

During Thursday night of last week our village was again visited by burglars, who entered the Plymouth National bank by boring through the front door and breaking the fastening. When inside they drilled through the vault door and broke the lock, thus gaining entrance to the vault. They ransacked numerous boxes containing papers stored there by citizens in the vault, scattering them around but found nothing about them worth taking. They then attempted to break open the safe in the vault, but were unsuccessful. The safe is an excellent one and held its wealth in spite of their efforts.

The damage done to the bank was about twenty-five dollars. The safe has a time lock, which they disturbed so that it was impossible to open it at first and an expert from the Detroit safe works was sent for, but before he arrived Mr. Sherwood had it open.

They also visited H. C. Bennett's grocery store, where they pried open the front door and secured about one hundred cigars and what change there was in the drawer—one one two dollars.

The postoffice, separated from Bennett's store by a light door was also entered and about two dollars in pennies taken.

They also entered the office of the Markham Manufacturing Co., where they had no trouble in opening the safe, a card containing the combination of the lock always hanging on the knob to the safe door, no money being kept in the safe.

By this time it was getting pretty well towards morning and they entered Wm. Smithman's barn taking his horse and skeleton wagon and started east. They were tracked eastward toward Detroit, being seen by numerous persons on the road but were lost track of when near the city and Mr. Smithman was still looking for the horse some time after its whereabouts was known here.

The party consisted of three persons who drove into Conrad Clippert's brickyard in Springwells; took the harness from the horse and put it in the buggy and covered it with a blanket; then putting the halter on the horse and turning it loose, they skipped for parts unknown.

The amount of wealth they secured hardly paid them for the venture.

The animal was found by some one at the brick yard and placed in a barn there until they learned where it belonged.

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.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at J. H. Boylan's drug store.

ELECTION.

The Vote of This Precinct.

The election in this village passed off very quietly. The vote was somewhat larger than usual, the total presidential vote being 914 in the two precincts.

At this writing, Wednesday morning, the returns for the different states indicate the election of Harrison and Morton.

The Republicans claim Michigan by from 15,000 to 20,000.

Chipman, Democratic congressman from this district is elected by 2,300 or more.

Nazel, Rutz and Grosfield, Democratic senators from first, second and third districts are all elected.

For the State legislature, Greiner, Democrat, second district; Deming, Republican, third district; Stollat, Republican, fourth district, are elected.

On the county ticket the Republicans elect Durfee, Littlefield, Bolger, Wilcox and Brown. The balance of the ticket is Democrat.

In this precinct Durlee got fourteen more votes this year than in 1884, while Fowler, his opponent got eleven votes less.

NATIONAL TICKET. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS—1884, Democrats, 390; Republicans, 194; Prohibition, 46. 1888, Democrat, 288; Republican, 240; Prohibition, 57. STATE TICKET. FOR GOVERNOR—1884, Democrat, 197; Republican, 181; Prohibition, 61. 1888, Democrat, 182; Republican, 196; Prohibition, 57. CONGRESSIONAL TICKET. FOR REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS (1st district)—Laker, Rep., 215; Chipman, Dem., 181; Conley, Pro., 58. LEGISLATIVE TICKET. FOR STATE SENATOR (2d district)—Dickerson, Rep., 156; Keitz, Dem., 193; Reed, Pro., 56. FOR REPRESENTATIVE STATE LEGISLATURE (2d district)—Wells, Rep., 186; Granger, Dem., 191. COUNTY TICKET. FOR JUDGE OF PROBATE—Durfee, Rep., 210; Fowler, Dem., 152; Chipman, Pro., 62. FOR SHERIFF—Littlefield, Rep., 208; Youngblood, Dem., 174; Patuck, Pro., 64. FOR COUNTY CLERK—Warden, Rep., 198; Lane, Dem., 189; Gibson, Pro., 59. FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS—Bolger, Rep., 196; Kono, Dem., 190; Jamieson, Pro., 59. FOR COUNTY TREASURER—Garton, Rep., 198; Phelps, Jr., Dem., 191; Phelps, Pro., 56. FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY—Wilcox, Rep., 197; Burroughs, Dem., 189; Powell, Pro., 58. FOR CIRCUIT COURT COMMISSIONER—Each, Rep., 201; Abbey, Rep., 200; Cousins, Jr., Dem., 183; Watson, Dem., 188; Thomas, Pro., 59; Lowrie, Pro., 59. FOR COUNTY AUDITOR—Edelme, Rep., 193; Mahoney, Dem., 183; Fairman, Pro., 60. FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR—Campau, Dem. (no opposition), 184. FOR CORONER—Long, Rep., 199; Brown, Rep., 199; Tomony, Dem., 187; Sweney, Dem., 188; Griffin, Pro., 60; Stewart, Pro., 59.

Those Registration Frauds.

W. Worth Wendell, of Northville, called upon the town clerk on Tuesday of last week and wanted to inspect the registration book. It was not registration day and the clerk didn't see fit to let him do so. He was informed, however, that his name was registered and the clerk offered to make out a certified copy for him but he didn't want that—he wanted to see the book. He was informed that the board of registration would be in session on the following Saturday, when the books would be open for inspection to all. Not being satisfied he applied to the Circuit court for a mandamus to compel the board to show the books. The court ordered the board to appear before it Monday morning, and show cause why they should not allow Wendell to inspect the books any day when they were in session, which they did—or tried to at least—but when they reached the city hall they learned that the case had been discontinued the court adjourned until after election and Judge Gartner, before whom the hearing was to have been held, was nowhere to be found. Thus the great fraud came to naught. The attorney for the board, a prominent Detroit Democrat said that the judge should never have granted the mandamus.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrack & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at J. H. Boylan's drug store.

TO EXCHANGE.

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

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, Commodore, 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 Pickles in Bottles and Bulk. For Shoe Brushes. For Men's. For Shoe Blacking in Boxes. 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.

AN UNLUCKY STROKE.

How a Man Lost Ten Thousand Dollars by His Own Carelessness.

I took my papers and tried to read, but I lost all interest in reading, and drew my chair close to the table to watch the game, writes a professional story-teller in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. I looked on for awhile, and became perfectly disgusted with the players, to think what chumps they were. Why, they didn't know how to play. Here was another evidence of my luck. If I hadn't sworn off I might have won a couple of hundred dollars. I watched their game so long that I thought I would risk \$50, and if I lost that I would quit, and—well, \$50 more or less for expenses wouldn't cut much of a figure. So I went to the captain and bought \$50 worth of "corn." They used corn in those days having no chips, as we do now. I started in to play, and after awhile, lost all the corn I had. It was not my bad playing, but simply hard luck. I thought I couldn't always lose, so I invested \$100 more in corn, and, to make a long story short, I lost that. After losing \$150 I became desperate, and played with great recklessness. I invested the balance of my money in corn, and had lost all but five or ten grains, which I had in my coat pocket, when the boat whistled for a landing. The first mate rose and said:

"Gentleman, I am very sorry, but we have to take on some wood at this station, and my services are needed. You, gentlemen, continue the game, or wait until we get under steam again, and I will join you."

After awhile we agreed to wait for the mate. I thought I would take a stroll on deck and get some fresh air. I walked down the gang-plank, and where the boat had landed there was a great, large house. I could not tell what kind of a house it was, as the night was pitch dark. I walked up to it and felt that there were holes in the side. I ran my fingers through the holes, and imagine my surprise when I found it contained corn. I had accidentally run across a corn crib. I was not of a thievish disposition, but I thought if I took an ear of corn and I won, why I would place in my pocket what I had taken and only cash what I had really won; but, on the other, if I lost—well, it was like a drowning man catching at a straw. So I took an ear of corn and placed it in my pocket and commenced shelling it. In the course of half an hour the boat started down the river and we resumed the game. From the start I commenced winning. Everything I drew to I got. I won pot after pot. About three o'clock a m., some one proposed that we have a jackpot and quit for the night. Everybody agreed. There was something like \$5,000 in the pot, and I won it. Every one commenced counting their corn to cash in, and I commenced counting mine. I was winner over \$10,000, when the captain said:

"Hold on there. I didn't issue any red corn."

There was a stir immediately. The captain wanted every body searched, and in going through my pockets he discovered the ear of corn which I had taken, which proved to be red. In taking out the corn I had won some of the red corn got mixed in with the white. Some of the men wanted to shoot me; others wanted to lynch me, but the captain said no, he would not cash my corn and would put me off the boat. Immediately he stopped the boat and sent me ashore without a nickel. I walked back until I had gotten as far as the crib of corn, and it proved to be a crib containing 75,000 ears of white corn, and the one I got was the only red ear in the crib.

Mr. Gladstone's Library.

Mr. Gladstone's study at Hawarden Castle is rather curiously arranged. The walls are covered with books, and volumes are also massed in large shelves jutting out from the walls into the room. Between each partition of books there is room to walk; thus the saving of space in arranging the library in this manner is enormous. The stock of books, perhaps, exceeds 15,000 volumes, and not withstanding this large number Mr. Gladstone has little difficulty in placing his hand upon any volume that he may require. There are three writing-desks in the room; one is chiefly reserved for correspondence of a political nature, and another is used by Mrs. Gladstone. Looking out of the study window the flower beds facing the castle present a picturesque appearance, while the heavily wooded grounds beyond stand out in bold relief and form a massive green background.

The Mystery of the Comb.

It would be curious to know what mystic meaning our forefathers attached to so simple an act as that of combing the hair. Yet we learn from old church history that the hair of the priest or bishop was thus combed several times during divine service by one of the inferior clergy. The comb is mentioned as one of the essentials for use during high mass when sung by a bishop, and both in English and foreign cathedrals they were reckoned among the costly possessions of the church. Some were made of ivory, some were carved, others gemmed with precious stones. Among the combs specially known to history are those of St. Neot, St. Dunstan and Malachias. That of St. Thomas, the martyr of Canterbury, is still to be seen in the church of St. Sepulchre, at Thetford, and that of St. Cuthbert at Durham cathedral.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Cultured Waiter.

Fred. H. Carruth, in the New York Tribune, gives some amusing experiences with a cultured waiter, from which we extract the following:

The person who thinks he can live on any less good substantial food when he has his chair adjusted for him at each meal by a polite waiter than when he doesn't also makes a mistake. We boarded at a hotel last week where the waiter would slide the whole length of a long dining-room to adjust my chair for me, but it didn't ease the pangs of hunger I felt while waiting an hour or so for him to return with my order. I can adjust my own chair quit satisfactorily to myself when I sit down to the table. It may not suit a head-waiter who never takes off his swallow-tail coat even when he goes to bed, but I am quite well contented. A man like a head waiter, of course, on whom nature bestowed the dignity of the full bench of the supreme court, may detect flaws in the way I adjust my chair, but my way suits me. If a hotel waiter will put the time he spends in adjusting my chair and polishing an already spotless plate with a napkin into promoting the rapid transit of the bread and mashed potatoes to my neighborhood I will be better pleased.

The last waiter I encountered said he was a student in a leading New England college when in private life. I asked him if he was taking Greek and he said he was, and went on to tell me something about nouns and verbs in the Greek language. I was interested, of course, and asked several questions about them. He made the subject quite clear, and when he paused I asked him why we didn't have nouns and verbs in the English language. He gave me a long piercing look and I saw a shadow as of pain pass over his young face. He found his voice subsequently and spoke to me quite earnestly for some little length of time on the subject of English nouns and verbs. I found that we did have them in our language already. He said I was using them right along, and mentioned prepositions and adjectives and a whole lot of other things whose names have escaped me. I said that if nouns and verbs were already at large in the language that knocked my first intention of introducing them into our speech and making a big thing out of it. He gave me another pained look and said it did. I heard him telling another fellow traveler along the thorny path of knowledge about me. He got behind a column and held his hand up to his mouth and said there was one of those rich fellows over there who didn't know anything. Probably that fellow, he said, could draw his check for a million or two any day, but his education had been neglected. He didn't know the first thing about the rudiments of the English grammar. And worse than that, he had asked foolish questions about Greek. It was surprising how a man with my defective education could go and pile up money. If he was a millionaire he would go to a night school a while if he didn't do anything else.

A Dog's Memory.

A friend in the country had a valuable Newfoundland dog, between whom and a neighboring retriever there was a family feud of long standing. The New foundland, whom we will call "Montague," accompanied his mistress one day on a visit to the home of his rival, "Capulet," says a writer in Chambers' Journal. Those were the days of goloshes, now happily departed. The lady removed hers and placed them inside the door of the house before entering the drawing-room.

Up started Capulet, who had been lying in ambush, seized a golosh in his mouth and was about to make off with it, when he was pisioned by Montague. A deadly combat ensued. At length Montague, the victor, seized his mistress' goloshes, ran off with them triumphantly through the village and never stopped until he had deposited them safely inside his own door. After that day never did he pass the gates of his enemy's domain without going in and bearing away some trophy—if only a stick or a stone—as an emblem of his mastery. Years passed by, during which Montague wandered in many lands. He was an old dog when he returned to his early home, and that of Capulet was inhabited by strangers who knew him not; nevertheless, the first time he passed by the old gates, and when next seen was running up his own garden path with a huge hunting boot between his teeth.

Dynamited a Shark.

When Capt. Andrews, in his little boat "Dark Secret," was about 1,000 miles out, he met sharks. This is what he did: "I had several cans of jams' tongues, pickled lobsters and sardines, that were partly spoiled. I took the tongues and tossed them over one at a time, and let the sharks bustle for them. I fed out all the tongues, and some sardines. Then I thought I would give them a change. So I took one of my canon salute cylinders, made to explode under water or anywhere. These are about five inches long and two and one-half inches in diameter, and as loud as a six-pounder. I lit the fuse to one of these, put it in a can, and threw it overboard. The quickest shark got it, and he soon became a flying fish. A deluge of bloody water swept over the boat, sharks' ment flew into the air, and the other sharks recoiled."

They Feared Bloodshed.

A trio of young men came running pell-mell up State street a little after midnight this morning with the startling intelligence that the "Vinegar Factory" was haunted or that some horrible deed was being committed there. They avowed that groans and subdued shrieks had been heard as if some one were in mortal agony, while not a sign of life appeared about that gloomy abode.

Accompanied by the reporter the panting youths ventured back to the scene of the supposed murder or ghastly revel. The historic old edifice loomed up dark and forbidding in the moonlight. Not a sound disturbed the grave-like stillness of the night. Suddenly a low moan was heard. The trembling quartette felt each individual hair stand on end. Then another groan—muffled at first, ending in a painful wail—came from somewhere near the building.

Had a vote been taken just then the voice of the convention would not have been for war. It would have been for retreat. After a whispered consultation the party decided—provided that the reporter would go in advance—to explore the mystery. Where there are groans there must be life, it was reasoned, and where there is life there are no ghosts.

Cautiously creeping around the building it did not take long to learn the cause of the disturbance. There lay a "colored gemplum" on the soft side of a huge stone snoring as if for a prize at a cake-walk. He can learn the names of those who disturbed his dreams with their boots by applying to those who did it.—Binghamton Republican.

The Ugliest Man in Jersey.

"Well, I reckon I kn hev the wagon," said Rathole Loper, of Bridgeton, N. J., yesterday, as he stepped up to Louis H. Dowdnev, chairman of the Ugly Man's committee at the Cumberland county agricultural society's thirty-fifth annual fair, which opened in Bridgeton yesterday. A wagon-building company somewhere out west had offered a prize of a pretty road cart to the ugliest man who presented himself. Loper was the first candidate.

Chairman Dowdnev threw up his hands in horror. He feared there would be no chance for anyone else, but happily he thought of to-morrow's influx of congressional candidates, and silently recorded Loper's name. Loper's known far and wide through Cumberland county. He gets his nickname from the strangely striking resemblance of his mouth to the dark retreat of bead-eared rodent. He has big, staring eyes of a gentle Nile-green shade. The contour of his face is a cross between a cyclone-struck pumpkin and a dog contortionist. Nobody in Bridgeton will have the hardihood to enter the contest with him.—Philadelphia Record.

A Colony Up in the Clouds.

Life at the Liek observatory, over 4,000 feet above the sea level, on a lofty summit, with other mountain crests only for neighbors, is an interesting study. Here is probably the highest colony in California. The astronomers and necessary employes of the observatory form a little world of their own, and few of them care often to go outside of it. The stage that comes once a day brings news from the world outside, and visitors, curious to see the wonders of the mountain. A contract with a San Jose expressman secures all needed freight once a month, sometimes oftener. A butcher with supplies comes up the twenty-eight miles of tortuous mountain road once a week. Cows and chickens are adjuncts to the commissary department. Quail, rabbits and deer are plentiful in surrounding canyons, and some of the sportsmen-astronomers occasionally bring them down. The summer air is soft, and so rarefied as to exhilarate and make great exertion seem slight. All the astronomers come from cities, yet none complain or sigh for attractions beyond those revealed by the marvelous telescopes.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Where Caviare Comes From.

The annual export of caviare—or the preserved roe of the sturgeon—from South Russia is stated by trustworthy authority to be now equal to from a million to nearly a million and a half pounds avoirdupois. Most of it is shipped from Taganrog, and the greater part finds its way to Greece and certain parts of Italy and Germany. Caviars, though much esteemed by connoisseurs is still among us "caviar to the general," as it was in Shakespeare's days, for it is noted that comparatively little is sent to England and still less to France. Like the "daughter-in-law elect" of Mr. Gilbert's "Mikado" it is an "acquired taste." It is some satisfaction to know that the gigantic sturgeon of the Caspian and the Volga is not killed merely for his roe, like the buffalo for his hide. His swimming bladder, duly prepared, furnishes all the "wingless" consumed in Europe; his fat provides a favorite substitute for butter; his external skin when muffled and tough makes a capital leather; and, lastly, some more transparent membrane of his system does duty in parts of Russia and Tartary for window glass.—London Daily News.

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