

Plymouth Mail.

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PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY NOVEMBER 16 1888.

WHOLE NO. 62

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.

Farmers get your grinding done at the Phoenix mills.

Cut flowers and plants for sale at Mrs. H. H. Safford's.

—Rev. G. H. Wallace and wife were at Wayne on Tuesday.

—Well, the campaign is over and the country is once more saved.

Dohmstreich Bros. merchant tailoring department is more than booming.

—George Ninde, of Ypsilanti, committed suicide in Florida a few days since.

—A. W. Chaffee has moved into the Mrs. Bennett house, corner of Sutton and Union streets.

Get your photos taken at Hamilton's gallery, Plymouth.

Three hundred bushels yellow onions at fifty cents; one hundred bushels red onions at thirty-five cents. For sale at F. W. Beals.

—Mrs. Dr. Knickerbocker and baby Arthur started Wednesday to join her husband at their new home in Fertile, Minn. —Ypsilanti Commercial.

—We received a postal card last Friday, from H. A. Spicer, dated Boston, Mass., Nov. 7, 1888, and containing the following: "Victory! Hurrah for Harrison and Morton."

—There will be a grange social at J. G. Bradner's, Nov. 23, in the evening. A good program has been prepared—music, recitations, etc. All are cordially invited to attend.

—Rev. P. G. Robertson will deliver his fifth discourse on "Bible Mountains," next Sabbath morning. Theme: "Mount Calvary," and in the evening he will preach a sermon to young men.

—Last Friday night after the lecture at the opera house, Arthur Havis, janitor of the school house, claims to have been attacked by three men near the school house and robbed of a watch and \$18 in money. —Midford Times. Haves was formerly from Wayne.

—A consistent Prohibitionist in this precinct put on a slip for J. Logan Chipman for congressman. —Northville Record. Yes, and in Romulus, where there were twenty-seven Prohibition votes cast, fifteen of them were of the "consistent" kind—had Chipman slips on.

—Inhabitants of the town of St. Ambroise de La Junne Loretta, ten miles from Quebec, complained of condition of the water from the city reservoir and it was drained the other day, revealing the partly decomposed bodies of ten infants. Now they are engaged in looking for the mothers of the infants.

—Did you ever notice the poor chap who has taken his position in the first picture in the almanac, with the fish and sheep and scorpions and bulls all around him? Did you ever notice that he was naked, and that his stomach appeared empty? Well, that poor man edited a newspaper for three years on "I'll pay you after I threaten." —Kimball Graphic.

—See that fellow that just went away? asked a waiter at Swan's this noon as a healthy looking specimen walked out of the dining room door, ignoring the cashier. The man had been hanging his feet over a counter stool, devouring a savory smelling meal of partridge. "He get's all he wants to eat and drink here for a year," continued the waiter, after receiving an affirmative reply. "Bet on Harrison, you see, and won. I'd stop work for awhile if I was him. He ain't particular what he order, either. Understand that the bet includes cigars, too. Oh, he's a lucky dog!" "Know who he is?" "Lives down at Wyandotte, I believe; brother's a ship builder around here some place. Some queer bets made this election." —Detroit Evening News.

Headquarters for underwear is at Dohmstreich Bros. Largest line in town.

Cheapest place to buy bran is at the Phoenix mills.

—Miss Alice Walker returned Saturday from her visit at Detroit.

—The Wayne carriage works are turning out thirty-five cutters per day.

—Mr. Benton returned here from Laporte, Ind., Saturday, and will probably remain during the winter.

—Albert Durfee, of Livonia, expects to go up north soon, if he has not already done so, for his annual deer hunt.

—Mrs. C. H. Williams left Tuesday for a visit at Wayne and Hudson before starting for her new home at Clinton, Iowa.

—The Farmington Enterprise is the name of a new paper just started at Farmington. It makes a very creditable appearance and we wish it success.

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

—Miss Helen Wheeler was five years old on Monday. As Saturday was the best day for the children, the party was given then, and about a dozen had a very lively time and a dainty spread. We also tender congratulations and compliments.

—A Northside man purchased \$55 worth of carpet and furniture recently from a downtown house that makes a big splurge over selling furniture on easy payments, and paid \$50 spot cash. He sent the other \$5 down one week later and they charged him eighty-five cents interest. Then his wife went to another store and purchased more goods, paying cash for them. This is no fable, but it has a moral in it just the same—Northside (Detroit) Notion. The name of the house ought to be made public.

—During the demonstrations Monday evening a horse driven by a young German, of Livonia, became frightened and endeavored to run away. The animal was held down in good shape so that he did not get under much headway, but when opposite Dr. Collier's they got too far to one side of the road and the carriage upset, throwing out the occupants, one of whom was a Miss Minchart. The horse failed to get away, the occupants were unhurt and they soon started on their way again.

—One of the funny incidents of the procession just over was three bets made by Ed Bennett with Harry McClumpha; Bert Bennett with Fred Dibble and Ed Hough with Bert R. e. that if Cleveland won, McClumpha, Dibble and Roe were to wheel the other three around the park and vice versa. As Cleveland failed to win, the two Bennetts and Hough made known their willingness to pay the bet and the time was set for three o'clock Saturday afternoon. Quite a crowd assembled to witness the affair, but it was about 3:15 before they made their appearance. The boys wore long linen dusters, and white plug hats trimmed with crepe. The wheelbarrows were profusely decorated with flags. Bert Bennett led the procession, Dibble setting on the barrow with his feet over the front and carrying a banner with the inscription "Ben and Levi, got there Eli." Ed Bennett came next, wheeling McClumpha and wearing a large card with this inscription: "Reducing the surplus." As Ed is inclined to be somewhat fleshy, he struck a good plan for "reducing the surplus" flesh. Hough and Roe came next, the former with a large bandana handkerchief thrown over his shoulders. The procession was followed by a large number of boys, some of them carrying tin horns with which they kept up a continuous blast. The affair created considerable sport.

—The great closing out at auction sale of clothing, hats, caps, gents' furnishing goods, underwear, crockery, lamps, etc., still continues at A. J. Lapham's. The best bargains yet to come.

—The six Kentucky counties of Harlan, Knott, Bell, Leslie, Lucy and Fletcher have no church within their limits, yet the State gives each year many thousand dollars to foreign missions.—Ex.

—We hope to hear from all of our correspondents as regularly as possible. We can make the MAIL much more interesting if each one will send us items every week. We would like correspondents at every place near here not already represented. Please write us.

—Samuel Colange and wife, of Canada, arrived here Wednesday, in search for a house to rent. Mrs. C. returned home yesterday to pack up their household goods and will remove here. Colange, with W. K. Gunsolus, will open a harness shop on the second floor of the Lauffer building.

—If a man will chew tobacco who is addicted to the "slobbering habit," he ought to have a galvanized gutter to his under lip in order to catch "the surplus" overflow. This droll might then be conveyed through a tin conductor down into one of his shoes, or else turned into his boot where his clothes and hide would absorb and take it up. Of course he wouldn't smell like a new blown rose under the circumstances, but anything is better than making a tobacco swale of one's face.—Grand Lake News.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at J. H. Boylan's drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted. 8

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!

Hamilton's photos, Plymouth, are the best yet.

A large line of gloves and mittens, at Dohmstreich Bros.

—Hough was paying from \$1.01 to \$1.02 per bushel for wheat yesterday.

—J. R. Hamilton, late of Bay City, has opened a photograph gallery in the Punched building.

—Dohmstreich Bros. have removed their tailor shop into the rooms over Boylan's drug store.

—C. A. Lemen, of Ypsilanti, gave the first of a series of dancing lessons at the Berlin house hall last evening.

—Mrs. J. W. Barker and son Willie, of Canton, spent part of two days this week with her sister, Mrs. H. A. Spicer.

—We learn that J. F. Brown, our young lawyer, and Miss Made Marker, of Wayne, were married at that place, Wednesday.

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—A complaint has been made against Joseph Somers, of this village, charging him with illegal voting. Somers was challenged and swore in his vote. He claims to have taken out papers some time ago, but that they had been burned up. There are some who do not believe the story and they propose to see about it. If Somers has voted illegally he should pay the penalty, and so should all others, without regard to party.

—It would be well for the overseer of highways of this township to inspect its bridges and see if they are perfectly safe for heavy loads, especially for threshing machine engines. Within one year no less than one-half dozen bridges within a few miles of this village have gone down under heavy loads and several people injured. Livonia has one suit on its hands for injuries which August Blomk received last winter and now there is prospects for another one or two. C. Meining and H. Kingsley while crossing the Harlan bridge two and one-half miles north of Livonia Centre, last Saturday with an engine, broke through the bridge, injuring them both severely, and it was reported yesterday that Meining had died from his injuries.

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 cents and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists. 61-62

New Harness Shop!

S. COLANGE

Has just opened a new harness store in the Lauffer building, where he would be pleased to show a

CHOICE SELECTION OF GOODS.

First-Class Workmen and the Best of Stock.

Please give us a call.

Plymouth, November 1888. S. COLANGE

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. Stedinger, merchant at Wayne, Mich., caught twenty-nine in less than one yard space. We can name many others who have had equally good success.

GO TO H. WILLS,



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

I BELL 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 Shaker's Foundry, Plymouth, Michigan

An Army Officer's Story.

One night recently, while temporarily within the limits of one of our military posts, on the Northwestern frontier, I sought at the same time, diversion of mind and shelter from the raging storm in the officers' club room. As I closed the door and pulled the visor of my fur cap from over my eyes, I could see indistinctly through the tobacco smoke, with which the room was filled, a little group of officers seated around the almost red-hot stove. A student of human nature could have found much to interest him in the faces of these men, varying in years and experience in the service, from the gray-haired veteran of two wars and innumerable Indian campaigns, to the beardless neophyte, just free from the leading strings of his West Point alma mater; and I doubt not that, if the stories of varied experiences that those old walls had listened to, could be collected, they would form a volume of no small interest.

"Did I ever serve against the Comanches? Well, somewhat. I was a prisoner of theirs for some days," one of the older officers was replying to a question asked by one of the youngsters, as I accepted an invitation to draw up a chair and join the circle around the stove. His reply was followed by a silence that plainly indicated that the others awaited the story that they knew must follow.

The speaker was a middle aged man, remarkably well preserved for his years, and so graphic was his narrative that one could almost believe himself an eye-witness of the scenes that he described.

"Yes," continued he, "I was stationed down in Indian Territory at the time, and we were literally surrounded by Indians, whom our presence alone prevented from going upon the warpath. The Kiowas and Comanches had been for many years the bitterest of enemies, but early in the spring rumors of prospective trouble from both of them were prevalent. According to these rumors, the two formally antagonistic tribes contemplated uniting against their common enemies, the whites. These repeated rumors were promptly reported to the department headquarters, but as in every case nothing came of them, an order was issued to the effect that the next officer making any such report, should be sent to investigate it, and ascertain the facts, before the report was forwarded to the general commanding the department.

"I was stationed, with my company in a camp some little distance from the post, with instructions to watch the Comanches and Kiowas, whose camps were a few miles farther on. Attached to my company were two Indian scouts, both of them faithful fellows in whom I could trust, and when, one morning, one of them came to my tent and reported that there was certainly going to be trouble, as the Comanches were donning their war paint and feathers and endeavoring to induce the Kiowas to follow their example, I could do nothing less than order around my horse and ride up to the post to report the matter.

"That very morning the order of which I was just speaking had been received, and when I reported what my scout had told me, I received orders to bring my company into the post, and, accompanied by only one scout, to act as interpreter, to visit the Indian camps and find out what I could about the projected outbreak, and, if possible, prevent it by moral suasion.

"It was a perilous undertaking, I very well knew, for if my scout had spoken truly, there was little probability of either of us coming back with our hair on. But orders had to be obeyed; so, early in the afternoon we set out.

"The Indian was very dubious about the result of our trip, assuring me that what he had said was true and that the best fate we could hope for was to be taken as prisoners, and held until peace was again declared. Late in the evening we drew near to the Comanche camp, and long before we came in sight of it, the sounds of tom-toms and savage yells reached our ears.

"The scout here stopped and urged our going back, saying that it was all our lives were worth to enter the camp at such a time, but when I told him I must obey my orders and go ahead, but if he so desired he could go back and tell his comrades that he was afraid to follow the white chief, and had to run away. I can see the fellow yet, as he straightened up on his pony, and replied:

"Spotted Dog would lie if he said he was afraid. He only wanted to save the white chief's scalp, and will follow him wherever he dares to lead."

"For a few minutes we rode along in silence, until, upon coming suddenly

around the bend of a low hill, our eyes fell upon a sight I shall remember as long as I live. If one could look down into the lowest compartment of a infernal hell, I am sure that the scene would be a quiet landscape compared to what we saw that night. On the side of the camp toward us a huge fire had been built, near which a post had been planted in the ground. Dancing around both were a horde of yelling, howling half-naked demons, their barbarous arms and ornaments shining, and the hideous outlines of their painted faces how clearly in the ruddy firelight. They were having their famous war dance, and going through the ceremony of striking the post, in which each warrior able to bear arms and willing to go on the warpath, strikes his tomahawk against the post to illustrate the manner in which he will cleave the skulls of his unfortunate enemies.

"As soon as we were discovered by them, we were surrounded by the howling savages, pulled from our horses, and, in less time than it takes to tell it were landed within a living circle. The Indians danced around us, brandishing their tomahawks and spears, and seeing how near they could come to us without injuring us. In vain I made the 'peace sign,' and in vain our interpreter protested that our object was simply to pay a friendly visit. A grand council was at once ordered to decide if it would not be an appropriate and fitting course of procedure to inaugurate their campaign, and show their contempt for the military, by burning a white officer at the stake, and turning the war dance into a scarp dance in honor of the occasion.

"It was decidedly a case of 'packed jury,' and, although one or two feeble voices were raised in our behalf, the popular verdict was against us, and it was decided to hold the scout a prisoner, and to torture me on the spot. The scout's interpretation of the words, and the busy preparations of the Indians informed me of the verdict at the same time, and I spent the few moments that remained in instructing the scout to escape as soon as possible, and report to the post all that had happened.

"My recollection of my sensations at that time were very vague. I was stunned at the suddenness of the calamity that was about to overwhelm me, and I remember a feeling of anger at the order on account of the provisions of which I was to die a horrible death for no other reason than that of having done my duty.

"But I didn't have long to think even of that, for as soon as all was ready, the two bucks acting as my guard caught hold of me, and half led, half dragged me toward the stake. The yelling savages closed in around me with every evidence of pleased anticipation. As they were about to bind me to the stake, and the last ray of hope seemed gone, a powerful form made for itself an opening through the crowd, and in a moment I saw standing beside me Black Kettle, the head chief of the Kiowas. At his back were thirty to forty of the most influential members of his tribe. I had a short time before performed an act of kindness for this powerful chief, and I now waited in breathless suspense to see how he would return it. The Comanches paused for a moment, and then, maddened at the interruption of their gentle pastime, their yells became more and more blood-curdling, while tomahawks and spears fairly rained about me.

"Black Kettle said nothing, but, taking up one corner of his blanket, he held it out to me. The grip with which the proverbial drowning man grasps at a straw isn't a circumstance compared to the way in which I clung to the dirty edge of that Indian's greasy blanket. As long as Black Kettle permitted me to thus protect myself under the shadow of his wing, I knew that I was safe, for the Comanches would not dare to harm the protege, and thereby secure the enmity of the great chief whose tribe they were exerting every effort to secure as allies.

"Strong words and arguments followed the interruption, but finally resulted in my going off, still clinging to the skirt of Black Kettle's garment, and I was quartered in the chief's lodge, where I could consider myself safe until final disposition should be made of me.

"Five of the longest days and nights of my life were spent under Black Kettle's roof. I had to partake of dog's soup and other vile messes that he offered me for fear of offending him by declining. At all times the air was filled with yells and the sounds of tom-toms. At night I was led forth to amuse my captors, and in order that they might gloat over my misfortune. They made me dance and sing and go through all kinds of ridiculous performances. Each day I could see that the Kiowas were more inclined to join

the Comanches, and I shuddered to think of what must necessarily happen when they would put on the war paint. I had some hope that Spotted Dog had escaped, and that troops would come to my assistance, and I felt sure to have them come, for I had assisted too often in the capture of Indian villages not to know that if the troops were successful they would in all probability find me dead and scalped.

"On the fifth day my worst fears seemed about to be realized. The squaws were busy tearing down the tepees and packing up their belongings. Long lines of them leading their laden ponies were seen flitting out of camp and going off. I knew that this meant war, and that the women and children were getting out of the way. Black Kettle had been near me all day, and I was almost wild with suspense when, late in the afternoon, he appeared, decked out in all his savage finery. He told me that after long deliberation, he and his chiefs had decided to be allies to the Comanches, and that he had pleaded for my life in vain, but there was some hope yet. He ordered me to follow him, which I did.

"Outside of his lodge stood my horse, saddled and bridled, and with all my belongings, just as I had left them. He led me and I led the horse down to the edge of the water, where were collected all of the warriors of both tribes and their ponies. I was then informed that I would be allowed to cross the river and gain the underbrush on the other side, after which Black Kettle's protection would have to cease, and the whole two tribes would engage in a pleasant little fox hunt, with me as the fox. The word was given, my revolver was handed to me, and I plunged in.

"The river was not wide, but very deep and quite swift. I slipped off my horse, and, taking hold of his tail allowed him to tow me across. During the few moments of crossing, my brain was very active, and when the horse scrambled up the bank my plan was formed.

"It was by this time almost dark, and when the horse reached the top of the bank I stopped him, and in full view of the Indians, who, true to their word, waited for me to disappear in the underbrush before taking to the water. The moment that I struck the brush a yell of hundred of Indian throats reached me, and the bullets cut the brush all around me.

"I leaped from my horse, and, with my pistol gave him a whack over the rump that I know would send him on a gallop clear into the firt. I knew, too, that the Indians would follow his trail, so I slipped as quietly as possible up a side coulee and hid until the Indians passed me, when I made tracks for another fort about twenty-five miles distant.

"My ruse proved successful, for the Indians, thinking, of course, that I would try to get home, followed my horses' trail, and left me unpursued. I traveled all that night, and reached my destination just as the bugles were sounding reveille. On the day following I went back under escort to my proper post.

"Much to my surprise, upon my arrival there nothing had been heard of Spotted Dog, and it was not till months afterwards that I found that the faithful fellow had been shot by the Indians while trying to obey my instructions to escape.

"This was not the only time that Black Kettle befriended me, and when Gen. Custer and his command returned from their winter campaign that ended with the battle of Wichita, it was with genuine sorrow that I learned of the old chief's death."—*New York Sun.*

Precisely.

Flashes are weighed in their scales,
And an elephant packs his own trunk;
But rats never tell their own tales,
And one seldom gets chink in a chunk.
Dogs seldom wear their own pants,
Which fact lays them open to scorn.
No nephew or niece fancies pants,
And a cow never blows its own horn.
A cat can not parse its own claws;
No porcupine nibs its own quill;
Though orphan bears still have their paw,
A bird will not pay its own bill.
Sick ducks never go to a quack;
A horse can not plow its own mane;
A ship is not hurt by a tack,
And a window ne'er suffers from pane.
—*San Francisco Examiner.*

A Novel Will Case.

A peculiar case is now before the probate court at Greenfield, Mass. Not long ago William Lovering was burned to death in his house at Gill, which was struck by lightning. All the papers were destroyed, including his will. Register Thompson, who wrote the original will, has now written another as near the original as he can remember, and this has been filed. Lovering left an estate worth about \$5,000, and by this post-mortem document \$2,500 goes to the Congregational church of Greenfield and the residue to relatives.—*Boston Journal.*

COFFEE AND BLINDNESS.

How the Fragrant Narcotic is said to Affect the Human Vision.

I am satisfied that the defective visions and blindness will pretty soon be a prominent characteristic among the American people, the same as rotten teeth have been during the last two hundred years, says a writer in the *North American Review*. I make this assertion without having seen any statistics whatever on the subject of blindness. I found out long ago that a cup of coffee leaves a night shade on the brain longer than an eclipse of the sun. I had long noticed that the eyes of old coffee drinkers had a dry and shriveled appearance.

Having discovered some years ago that my own eyesight was surely weakening, I then ceased to drink coffee as freely as I had used it, and became a moderate and more observant patron of the fragrant narcotic. But I have learned that moderate coffee drinking is a hard thing to manage, being pretty sure to develop into the regular habit again with insidious ease, especially at those times when the physical system feels to be in need of some elixir. Besides, it is quite distressing for a person to be fighting off a powerful habit at each meal. I now feel free of the coffee drinking vice, and will have no more trouble with it unless I shall again fall a victim to some church supper or to the magnetic blandishments of some buoyant hostess.

Having long worked at a trade which requires almost as exact a use of the eye as the occupation of a jeweler, I made the discovery that a single cup of coffee would have a perceptible effect upon the eye. This fact was more apparent because my eyesight was originally very good—in fact, about the best. After having used coffee with indifferent frequency and copiousness for many years my sight became abnormally weak, and I began to feel a horror of darkness, wishing that the sun would never set, and desiring instinctively to go to some place where the nights would be short during the entire year. But now I have quite little of this feeling left. My eyes have regained, to a curious extent, their former range and spontaneity. I again enjoy the long panoramic views of nature which are afforded from the baby mountains that skirt Council Bluffs on the east like an encampment. I can take these long telescopic sweeps of visions again without blinking or feeling the weakening relaxation which alarmed me a week ago. I have no doubt but what this weakness of the eye which results from coffee-drinking is due to the sympathy which the optic nerve has for the nasal cavity (the latter being continuous with the membrane of the mouth). The nasal cavity, with its first pair of brain nerves, is naturally a principal place to be affected by any drinking habit.

For instance, to partake of a dish of soup will sometimes cause a person's breathing to become thick and decidedly labored. All of the sensory nerves are much affected by coffee-drinking—these gentle and highly refined threads of sympathetic force which enter largely into the sense of smell, taste, sight and hearing. The entire sympathetic system is likewise involved immediately in the coffee-drinking habit. The brain, again, is intensely affected thereby, because the principal nerves of the brain branch off from the nasal cavity. Coffee-drinking is especially injurious when it is resorted to as a backing for strong food. There are plenty of robust persons among us who have drunk coffee pretty freely for a lifetime, but who are seemingly uninjured by it. To this fact I reply that appearances are sometimes deceiving to unpracticed eyes, and that a vice does not in all cases show its effects plainly in the first generation. The free use of coffee dates back only one generation in this country. But this I will say, that no person is as stout for three hours after he has drunk coffee as he was before.

As long as a person remains endowed with latent constitutional strength he can participate in different vices with seeming impunity—but he is gradually using up his capital and will reach his limit ere his life is fully prolonged. His children and grandchildren will show a degeneration of the family stock, though they doubtless exhibit at present a premature brightness of mind. Children that are allowed to partake freely of coffee will become restless, fussy and noisy, half wild with mischief. They probably advance in their school studies with abnormal rapidity. But they hate work. At times they are indifferent about education. Their strength goes to the brain. They grow rapidly, but not aright. They develop into men and women three years to soon. Yet their eyes dance with angelic splendor, and their cheeks glow with vermilion, providing

that they started in life with robust constitutions. If they began life with puny physiques, however, coffee will make them slim and ghostly, and their eyes and features flat. Coffee will seem to improve those persons only who have a surplus of constitutional vigor. These individuals will seem possessed with forms and faces of marvelous grace and finish, yet they will fade all too soon, and fall into the hands of the doctor. Coffee has a magical effect upon the heart and circulatory system, and for awhile produces intoxication which approaches that of opium or cocaine. It causes swift growth and swift decay. It produces beauty and exhilaration, but not endurance. It gives a sentimental strength—the strength that pertains to runts.

Silver and Gold.

Farewell, my little sweetheart,
Now fare you well and free;
I claim from you no promise,
You claim no vows from me.
The reason why?—the reason
Right well we can uphold—
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold!

A puzzle, this, to worldlings,
Whose love to lucre flies,
Who think that gold to silver
Should count as mutual prize!
But I'm not avaricious,
And you're not sordid-souled;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold!

Upon our heads the reason
Too plainly can be seen;
I am the winter's bond-slave,
You are the summer's queen;
Too few the years you number,
Too many I have told;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold!

You have the rose for token,
I have dry leaf and rime;
I have the sobbing vesper,
You, morning bells at chime.
I would that I were younger—
And you grew never old—
Would I had less of silver,
But you no less of gold!

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

A Dirty Trick.

Dr. R. S. Huidekoper, of Philadelphia, played a mighty low-down trick on a party of friends a few evenings since. He gave an elaborate dinner and treated his guests to a dish, called on the menu card "Filet a la Pandora." Everything passed off smoothly, the wine flowed freely and everybody was happy. As the repast drew to a close the doctor arose and informed his guests that the new dish was a portion of his old hunting horse which had to be killed for lameness. History fails to state whether the guests rose as one man and smote the doctor, but it is the belief of many that he deserved it. It is to be hoped that this prank of the doctor's will not become the fashion, for it would be very annoying to go to a dinner party, fill up and at the end of the meal have the hostess arise, ask you to recall the fifth course and then quietly inform you that you had eaten a portion of her defunct mastiff, or pug, or partaken of a stew, in which the principal ingredient was her parrot which had died of old age on the previous day. Little fads of this sort, while they might be the very height of fashion, would naturally have a tendency to make the dinner-out tired, and the result would be that he would not dare to tackle any new dish for fear of running on to a broiled guinea pig or a white mice fritter.—*Peck's Sun.*

To Cook American Girls.

"A man living on Frankfort-on-Main Germany, has obtained a divorce from his wife because she did not know how to cook American girls who desire to wed among the German nobility had better take warning." The American Minister at Berlin should at once look into this matter. The practice of cooking American girls must be dangerous, unpleasant, and in many cases—as when they are boiled, for instance—fatal. We always did wonder what become of all the girls who went to Germany and were seen and heard of no more. Now we know; and we hope this awful warning will keep our girls out of Germany—but it won't.—*Texas Siftings.*

Superstition Rife To-day.

People are wont to boast of the enlightenment of this age and laugh at the superstitious of their forefathers. But it is quite safe to say that superstition is as rife to-day as it ever was, the only difference being that now people are ashamed to acknowledge their weakness. Said a real estate man: "There is nothing which gives a building a lasting black eye quicker than a report that it was haunted. The slamming of a door, the rattling of a window, the knocking down of a tin pan by pussy cat are all the work of ghosts in such buildings. And the worst of it is that people are just as afraid of a new building erected on the site of a haunted one as they are of the haunted one itself."—*Buffalo Express.*

Churches.

EPHYRAIAN.—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.

METHODIST.—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School after morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

BAPTIST.—Rev. P. G. Robertson, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath school at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings. All are invited.

Societies.

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

PLYMOUTH ROCK LODGE No. 47, F. & A. M.—Friday evening on or before the full moon. P. C. Whitbeck, W. M., J. O. Eddy, Secretary.

GRANGE, No. 380.—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately at their hall, in the Hedden block, O. R. Pattengill, Master.

K. of L. LAFRAM ASSEMBLY, No. 5528.—Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:00, at K. of L. hall, C. G. Curtis, Jr., R. S.

TONGUES LODGE I. O. O. F., No. 32.—Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m. O. R. Pattengill, N. G.; C. G. Curtis, Jr., Rec. Sec.

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IF YOU ARE GOING East, West, North or South,

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J. F. BROWN,
ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC
Office over Postoffice. 22-29 Plymouth, Mich.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Buy the best Phoenix mills flour.

Now is the time to set for your Xmas photos at Hamilton's gallery, Plymouth.

—South Lyon has a Biva Lockwood steamer floating from a tree on its gas well. A very appropriate place for it.

—Buckwheat pancakes are now getting ripe and those who have tried them pronounce them of fine quality this season.

—Barclay Smith's request for a new trial in his suit against P. E. White, E. J. Robinson and L. W. Hutton, of Northville, has been denied.

—On Wednesday evening, Nov. 21, an unusual and somewhat novel meeting will take place at the Baptist parsonage. It will be a social, a literary entertainment, a table sale and an account of talents received. An enjoyable evening is promised and friends are most cordially invited.

—Wednesday morning on going to the barn Philip Stellwagen found one of his horses cast in the manger, and in attempting to relieve him was kicked in the face and hurt quite badly. The horse upon being relieved was found to be so badly injured that he died the next morning.—Wayne Review.

—Job is said to have been very patient with his 300 camels, so much so that his name has been handed down to posterity as the very embodiment of patience, but while we are willing to concede everything to Job we insist that he never had to put up stove pipes or hear more. If he had his patience would have been exhausted, and we apprehend that great strings of cuss-words would have passed from his lips.—Oxford Globe.

—Tuesday evening as Fred Peck came out of his residence, he heard some one near by crying. Upon investigating he found a young lad about twelve years old, who said his parents lived at 515 Barney street, Bay City. That his brother, older and himself had run away from home, and that after reaching this place his brother had run away from him, and that was what he was crying about. He didn't appear to be very bright and it was a hard matter to learn very much from him. Peck and Marshall Dunn took him to the telegraph office and sent a message to his parents. He was kept over night and the next day Peck collected money enough about town to send him home.

—Last Saturday, notwithstanding the rain, about one hundred of our citizens went to Northville to participate in the Republican jollification there. They were met at the depot by several hundred people with band and torchlights and a large number of wagons loaded with people carrying banners with various devices; a wagon with a boat containing a representation of Grover fishing, etc. A spruce of white horses drawing a carriage with four persons, bearing a banner with the words, "To the White house," led the procession, followed by attraction engine drawing two wagons loaded with ladies. Along the line of march houses were illuminated, red fire burning and with the Roman candles in the hands of those marching, it made a fine display. The streets of Northville were filled with people, as well as the windows of the business places and residences, watching the demonstrations. Later in the evening a huge bonfire was lit. Farmington people were present with a good delegation. On the return home the major portion of the Plymouth crowd got off at the railroad crossing and marched down town. At Starkweather's and one or two other places the band stopped and played and the boys cheered and and hurraed themselves hoarse. Nevertheless they seemed to enjoy it.

—Among the late marriage licences are George A. Wiles, Canton, aged twenty-three, and Frances Joslin Van Buren, aged nineteen. Francis Stringer, aged seventy-three, Nankin, and Harriet Barker, aged fifty-five, same place. Robert Thomas, Northville, aged twenty-one, and Effie Burden, nineteen, Plymouth. Almeron Morris, Redford, twenty-one, and Henrietta Vizard, twenty, Detroit.

—We are glad to hear of Rev. Gifford's good fortune in becoming the pastor of the Methodist church, at Orion, Oakland county. Though a small town it is beautifully situated by a little lake, and in the midst of a lake county, which tends to make the place quite a summer resort. The church is a large and flourishing one and will give the reverend gentleman ample opportunity for the scholarship and general ability which he undoubtedly possesses. The change will greatly benefit his health, which will conduce not a little towards making him a popular and powerful force for good in and about Orion. While here he and his estimable wife have made themselves many friends, who will part with them with regret, but happy in the thought of their future happiness and usefulness. He goes with the kindest regards and best wishes of all, to his new field of labor, with the sincere hope that health and success may there await him.

—There was a rather serious occurrence at Redford, on election day, which seems to have been kept remarkably quiet, or, at least, passed over very lightly. Among the workers at the polls was a young farm hand named Thomas Tiner. Along about ten o'clock in the forenoon the young man began to show the effects of drink. It was known by the initiated that there was a jug of whisky within easy reach, and it was alleged to have been brought there by parties from Detroit. Tiner devoted much of his time to the aforesaid jug, and the owners of the liquor did not seem averse to allow him all he could hold. The liquid was concealed in a barn across the road from the hotel, and Tiner's last excursion there found him speechless and well nigh helpless. It is said that a person in the barn held the jug to Tiner's lips and aided him to take a farewell draught and then laid him away on the hay to sleep off the effects of his libations. For some reason he was soon afterwards removed to another barn of horse shed near by. Early in the afternoon he was discovered apparently lifeless, and an examination proved that he was in fact dead. The body was removed to a room in the hotel and later to the farm where he had been working, some four or five miles distant. The doctor of the village held a post mortem and decided that he had come to his death from the liquor imbibed during the day.—Detroit Evening News.

—There is some delightful literature about the Indians in the November Wide Awake. A touching true story by Margaret Owen Foster, entitled "The Little Captive Chief." The incident happened in Oregon about thirty years ago. "An Evening at Carlisle," by Miss Sparhawk, a teacher in the Indian school. In Mrs. Upton's "Children of the White House," a fine chapter is given concerning "The Household of John Quincy Adams," full of anecdote and fresh historical matter, and very valuable for its twenty-seven illustrations. The frontispiece is a bewitching full-length portrait of "The Dorothy Q. of To-Day," a great-great-granddaughter of President John Adams, and a relative and namesake of Dr. Holmes's "Dorothy Q." Another beautiful article is entitled "Some Children of Modern Painters." "The Wild Horseman, Count Chaudor," is an account by Madam Radford de Meissner of the famous daring Hungarian Count and his horses. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has a charming story called "A New Birthday." "Caught in a snowstorm," by C. S. Messinger, will interest everybody—it is an exciting adventure of two children who went to see "The Mikado." "Plucky Smalls" and "Double Roses," are concluded, to make way for a new "Peppers" serial by Margaret Sdney, and one of the New England life by J. T. Trobridge. Harlan H. Ballard has a very instructive article on "Ye Knightly Game of Chess. There are many other good things: "Concerning Cats," by Miss Winslow, "Inside an Outline," "The Author of Paul and Virginia," "Veneer Women," "Irish Crickets," "Who Sift the Blacksmith's Apron?" "Moon Pets," "The Little Rebel's Song," "Prize Questions," etc., etc. Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year; twenty cents a number. Sample back-number five cents, or of the four Lathrop magazines for fifteen cents. D. Lathrop Company, Boston, Mass.

Brace Up.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with headache, you are fidgety, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alterative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at J. H. Boylan's drug store. 3

The Temperance Vote.

Among the other surprises as the result of the recent election, will be that of the smallness of the Temperance vote. While the affairs of the country are safe, and our national welfare will flow on as auspiciously under the new order of things as under the last, yet a great many, yes, a great majority of temperance people of every party, by whatsoever name known, will regret the seeming set-back that the cause of temperance has received. Even the abusive opponents of the third party can afford to be a little merciful and sympathetic towards those who have worked for a beneficent end and by means that they honestly believed to be right. The evil to be fought is a monstrous one. That all admit. The only question as to its quickest destruction is, as to the "how." Surely men can differ on this point without calling each other brutes and cutting each others throats. When the amendment was voted on in Michigan one year ago, it was a vote outside of party lines, and the consequence was, that fifty-eight thousand ballots were deposited for that reform. But here the question was a distinctly party one. It was a question of who should rule and fill the offices, and as no one likes to see his own family "licked," although perhaps they deserve it, as might be expected tens of thousands of good temperance men fell back into their party lines, and voted with them.

Temperance people, however, need not be entirely cast down, for as the old proverb points it, "the darkest part of the day may be just before dawn." So here. Wisdom may be gained, and light given. Past mistakes can be noted and avoided; weak places cut out and stronger splices put in, and so on to the end of the chapter.

One if not two lessons ought to be learned; First, for public speakers to quit railing at individuals and parties, and denouncing them in the strongest possible terms. This kind of business we think has passed its usefulness. It generates ill will—rouses antagonism, hurts the sensitive on party ties, and does not commend itself to the temperance element at large. The party has a platform, and the preacher has a text, let them both stick to their business and not blunder off and busy themselves with minor matters. We are convinced they will accomplish far more in this way than by the old method.

Second, would it not be best to secure Prohibition as an amendment, independent of party, and when gained, then let the Prohibition party, as a law and order league, take it upon themselves to see that the law was obeyed! We simply offer this as a suggestion, leaving it for older and wiser heads to decide as to its feasibility and success. Only don't abuse, do not antagonize, but convince, attract, win over. G. H. W.

Plymouth, Nov. 9, 1883.

—All odd fellows are requested to be present at the lodge room, next Monday evening to transact important business.

W. N. Wherry has applied to the circuit court to have a receiver appointed to settle up the business of Polley, Wherry & Co.

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 Danes, Homer, Cortland county, N. Y. 63

W. O. T. U.—Notice.

The "Y's" have engaged D. A. Waterman, auditor of the M. C. R. R. to address the children at their next meeting, Nov. 25. Mr. Waterman is a well known christian worker, of Detroit, and we feel assured that his address to the children will be both interesting and helpful.

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, Galls, and Fevers; to cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, California. Sold in fifty cents and \$1.00 bottles by leading druggists. 66

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. 65

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.

Old and reliable Medicines are the best to depend upon. Acker's Blood Elix-ir has been prescribed for years for all impurities of the Blood. In every form of Scrofulous, Syphilitic or Mercurial diseases, it is invaluable. For Rheumatism, has no equal.

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And the Dollars will save themselves. The best way to follow the excellent advice is to Commence Trading with

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Patent Rockers, Reed Rockers, Easy Chairs, Lounges, Bureaus, Tables of Every Description, Commodore, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Window Shades, Chairs of All Kinds, Pillow Feathers, Etc.

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| For Peninsular Liquid Paints. | For Market Baskets. |
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| 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 Scrubbing Brushes. | For Hams, Salt Pork and Lard. |
| For Shoe Brushes. | For Oranges, Lemons, Peaches and Grapes. |
| For Shoe Blacking in Boxes, Men's. | For Celery, Tomatoes, Cabbage, Etc. |
| For Liquid Shoe Blacking, Ladies'. | |
| For Powder, Shot and Cart-ridges. | |

JOHN L. GALE.

REMEMBER!

—THAT—

**ANDERSON BROTHERS,
HIDDEN BLOCK,**

HAVE THE ONLY GENUINE

Tarred Rope for Corn Stalks!

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Drugs, Medicines, Groceries.

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SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

—AT—

BOYLAN'S:

Eugene Field and Crowfoot Joe.

The generally accepted impression is that Eugene Field is a poet and a genius; that he had written some good poetry is a certainty, and thereby hangs a tale. In 1882 Mr. Field was in Denver working on the *Tribune*, and a number of his little epigrams published in that paper had received an amount of recognition that was surprising to the author. Mr. Field was attracted one day into a saloon by the music of a band, having a newspaper man's desire for knowledge of what was going on, and as he sat at a table waiting for the music to cease, that he might make some inquiries, in strode a stalwart individual dressed in full western garb, slouch hat, pants in boots and belt containing the arsenal usually carried by these gentry. As the band stopped playing he walked up to the poet and bluntly asked him if his name was Field and if he was "the chap that writ that air story in the *Trib.*" Mr. Field answered the first query without hesitation and to the latter he replied that "he was happy to say a few of his effusions had met with public favor." "I don't know nothing 'bout your fusions," said the giant, but I do know I want some of that air po'try writ, and you are the chap what's going to do it. My name is Slippery Bill, and I jest want you to sling together some of that jingling stuff about me and the fight I had with Crowfoot Joe down to Parks' tother night."

"My dear Mr. Bill, I should like to accommodate you, but it is impossible; I don't know anything about the fight, and, moreover, I can not write poetry without some time to think over my subject; really, Mr. Bill, you must excuse me," and Field tried to make his refusal as mild as possible, for he did not at all like the gleam of the stranger's eye.

"Excuse nothing," replied Slippery Bill, "you git down to biz now purty lively, and no fooling; thar's pen and ink and you git out your paper and begin them ben tracks," and Bill pulled a big revolver to emphasize his last words. A gleam of hope shot through poor Field, for he had no paper, and telling the would be hero of the "pome" that fact, started for the door. But the hero was not to be baffled of his will. Drawing bead on the unwilling writer, he yelled: "Sit down there, mister, or you'll need a shutter more than a chair! Sit down; I'll git the paper," and whipping out his knife he slashed into the drum that stood on the floor near by, cutting a sheet out of the head and, putting it before Field, said: "Now you write on that." There was no escape; the author was in for it; he grabbed the pen and dashed off a few lines.

"Say, mister, jest read what you have writ so fur, to see if it jibs with my notion," said Bill, and Field rattled off some stuff about "Slippery Bill was the toughest pill that ever went in for a fight; he licked Crowfoot Joe and laid him low, down at Parks' on Tuesday night." Bill was tickled all over and told him to go on. He did go on until seven verses had been written on the drumhead. During all this time there had been a room full of spectators, none daring to say a word. Some had come into the saloon during the pow-wow and some had gone out, and perhaps it was by reason of the latter that a change of scene was brought about. While Bill and Field were so industriously engaged another giant of the same general appearance as Bill had come quietly in and stood listening intently, his eyes gleaming and his hand clutching the handle of his gun. Just as the last line was written Bill turned and, with a start, noticed who stood near him. In a flash Bill was covered with the stranger's pistol and he held up his hands.

"Say, mister," said the intruder to Field, "that a r is purty good reading; you bet it is, but I happen to know that it is a lie, for my name is Crowfoot Joe. It sounds purty slick though, and Bill here seems to like it, so I guess he'd better eat it; hyar, take that knife, mister, and cut that up in chunks," and as Field obeyed he ordered Bill to pick up the pieces and swallow them. Bill had no alternative, and with many a gulp and choke he put them all under his belt. When the meal was over Joe backed to the door, and before leaving said: "Say, Bill, when you git hungry, jest git another pome writ about licking me, and I'll come and feed it to you; if the sheepskin don't kill you, another pome like that will for sartain."

Another Say So Marriage.

A marriage, not only without bridesmaids, best man, orange flowers, banquet and attendants, but also without any ceremony whatever was an unusual episode in the office of the registrar of wills yesterday. The contracting parties were S. W. Beemer, a well-known merchant of Taylorville, and Jennie D. Thomas, a very pretty and intelligent looking maiden of 21 years, whose home is in Seranton. All questions being answered satisfactorily they were given a marriage license, and announced that they desired to avail themselves of the provision of the law of June 23, 1885, by which simply declaring their intention of becoming man and wife and signing a marriage certificate attached to the license they become in the eye of the law as legally married as though the ceremony was performed by a clergyman before a church full of people. They complied with the provisions of the law on the spot, signed the certificate and left the office man and wife.—*Wilkes-Barre News-Dem.*

THE ISLAND OF OJEE.

Queer Information Elicited by a Letter from an Inquisitive Boy.

Two years ago, says the *New York Herald*, Charles Murtagh, Jr., the 16-year-old son of a well-known citizen of Brooklyn, living on Berry street, near North Seventh, while looking over a large map of the world noticed the South sea cluster of islands. The furthest was the Island of Ojee. A boy's pride to write a letter to such a place seized him and he asked his grandfather about the matter.

Grandfather Murtagh had been a seafaring man in his earlier days, and among his bosom friends had been a Capt. Green. The latter had left these shores many, many years ago in a vessel and was never heard of afterward. As a freak Mr. Murtagh told his grandson to address his letter to Capt. Green. The letter was delivered to a captain of a vessel bound for Australia. After many months' waiting for a reply and none coming the boy and his grandfather gave up all hope of ever hearing from that island.

Last Monday the boy received a letter. The edges were badly crumpled and the missive had the appearance of having been handled over. When the letter was opened no date was found therein. Further down, however, it was seen that it had been written some time in July 1887. Strange as it may seem the letter that young Murtagh wrote had really reached a man named Green, who was an inhabitant on the island. The reply was lengthy one, and in its opening the writer spoke of having received the letter of young Murtagh from Brooklyn, and said that he would hasten to answer it.

The writer and a number of people, the letter said, were alone on the island. More than forty years ago a vessel left New York for St. Helena. The commander was Capt. Green, and there was a crew of fourteen men, besides two women. Everything went well until the vessel almost reached the Canary islands, when a gale sprung up and the ship foundered.

The crew took to their boats, and finally, after months of drifting, they landed on the coral reefs on the island of Ojee, or about seven thousand miles from their original destination.

No signs of habitation were visible when the crew landed. They were cast away with no prospect of hearing from home unless by chance a passing vessel came that way. So it continued for years. Those on the island intermarried until the population reached fifty-four. Plenty of game was found on the island, and finally a whaling vessel came that way. When this ship reached there some of the survivors went on board and engaged themselves out as seamen. Who they were is not known. The original number on the island finally dwindled down year by year and many died, until only three men and nine women remained.

The writer next said that for four years there had not been a vessel in sight of the island. The letter he added, had been written some time, and it could not be dated, as it was not known when the next vessel would pass the island. The writer further declared that it was a lonesome spot, but that there were now plenty of cows and pigs, besides other cattle, and plenty of game that would keep them alive for years.

SPONGES AND SPONGE DIVERS.

How Deep the Gatherers Have to Go Under Water for Their Harvest.

"That is a fine sponge. Where did it come from?"

"From the Levant, or eastern end of the Mediterranean sea. Do you know how deep the gatherers have to dive in order to get such sponges? Some go down 175 feet to the bottom, where the sponge grows. The much-talked-of pearl divers of Ceylon and India only go down about 42 feet on the average. A very rapid descent has to be made by the sponge diver in order to overcome the pressure at such a depth as 175 feet. That same pressure makes the ascent difficult after the prize has been gained. There are sponges in the waters of Ceylon, where the pearl divers operate, but they are of little value as a rule, although some small, soft and compressible ones have been found."

"Is not such deep diving dangerous?"

"I suppose there is a limit of depth, beyond which it would be dangerous to go. The superincumbent pressure would in such instances prevent resuscitation, even if the diver did not perish from asphyxia. There are records in Ceylon of pearl divers remaining under water at a great depth for 100 seconds, and I think it possible for some to keep down for even two minutes. Sponge has been brought up in tropical waters from 185 feet, according to well-accredited records and without injury to the divers. Of course the diver would in such a case make a direct dive to the spot where the sponge grows and come up without searching around on the bottom to any extent. I would not be surprised, although I have never heard of such a case, if a good pearl or sponge diver should safely make a descent of 200 feet."—*Mail and Express.*

Preparing for War.

Mrs. Smith—"Do you think New York will be bombarded by the English ironclads?"

Mr. Smith—"I shouldn't be surprised."

"Dear me, Charles, go right upstairs and load that pistol in the drawer."

Some of the Books that Best.

Why should books which cannot possibly give any profit be prescribed for the brain-racked merchant, or for the business man with nerves all unstrung? Obviously, no good reason can be offered why a sickly, sentimental novel is more invigorating and refreshing than a book which sets the reader in a working mood. An example or two will serve to make my meaning plain.

Take the case of George Eliot. Did she seek rest and relaxation in "Summer Reading?" Not at all. Completely worn out with worry and with work, after finishing "Romola," she found "peace of mind" in "Spencer's Principles of Psychology." Again, in the last number of the *Popular Science Monthly* the Rev. Dr. Hill, ex-president of Harvard, tells the case of a Boston merchant, who, when bankrupt and ruin stared him in the face, sought mental rest in re-reading Bowditch's translation of the "Mechanicus Celestis." Long and earnestly did he concentrate his distracted brain on the almost forgotten problems of his school days, until the crisis was safely passed. Now, if this merchant had taken a dose of Tolstoy's pessimistic novels, if he had learned "The Truth about Tristram Varick," if he had read the "Quick or the Dead?"—do you suppose that his mind would have been set in working order? Would he have gone through the fire unscathed. I trow not.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean to insist that strong-minded men and women should not read what they like. I simply argue that our writers and our publishers should give us not only milk for babes, but meat for strong men, in summer and winter. Why should the weary-minded man of affairs be asked to trifle over the loves of every Jack and every Jill? Should he take "Life" rasped down to wire edge by Count Tolstoy? Is Stevenson's medicine a sure cure for biliousness? Or, is Rider Haggard's great African cure the better remedy? Whose smelling salts should he take for the headache? Whose "vitalized phosphates" best restore the energy lost by nervousness or indigestion, best refresh the nerves tired by worry and excitement?

These are questions in which writers should have some pride, some feeling. It seems to me that if I were an author I would be cut to the quick to see the offspring of my brain become mere butterfies or moths. These summer children of fiction are usually born after Easter and by All-Soul's Day are dead and buried.—*Epoch.*

Reputation Made in One Minute.

"How did Col. Ecks come to be elected to congress?" asked a traveling man of a south-western merchant.

"I understand that he has been a resident here for only a comparative short time."

"Well, we've been having some pretty lively base ball games between two cowboy nines, and we had run clean out of umpires. Col. Ecks was asked to umpire a game that was about to come off and accepted right there. He got up behind the catcher, and the first ball was delivered. The man at bat smashed it and sent straight for the first baseman's hands. He dropped it but picked it up just in time to put it against his man who was trying to slide in. Excitement was high and everybody had his eye on the umpire."

Boiled Baby.

The recent outbreak in Corea has at length been explained. A belief had somehow sprung up among the natives that the American missionaries were buying or stealing their babies for the purpose of boiling them down. It is the most absurd thing in the world, of course, for missionaries have no occasion to buy or steal babies, many of them having more of that commodity on their hands than they really know what to do with, after a few years residence in a heathen land. And who ever knew missionaries to boil anything down? They don't even boil down their reports to the home office or letters to the newspapers. But what did the missionaries boil down babies for? Why, to supply chemicals in making photographs. Did any one in Corea or anywhere else ever hear of such a stupid notion as that? We are ready to admit that a baby thoroughly boiled down might be counted on to sit still in front of a camera than one unboiled, but that is the only use to which it could be put. It is said that the jealous Chinese have started the story going among the ignorant Coreans. We can easily believe that boiling things savoring so much of the laundry.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Sad Thing About Shakespeare.

Friend (to eminent barn-stormer): "How did you make out on your recent trip, Cholmondeley?" Eminent barn-stormer: "I played to poor business everywhere. I tell you, old man, Shakespeare is losing his grip."—*Lit.*

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