

# Plymouth Mail.

VOL 2, NO. 15.

PLYMOUTH, MICH FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1888

WHOLE NO. 68

**PLYMOUTH MAIL.**  
PLYMOUTH, - MICHIGAN.

Published Every Friday Evening.  
**ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,**  
In Advance.

**J. H. STEERS,**  
Editor and Proprietor.

Office Taylor Block, opposite Postoffice, Main street.

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

## WHAT THEY SAY.

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

—Mud!  
Buy the best Phoenix mills flour.  
Fresh Kalamazoo celery at Chaffee & Hunter.

—Four new arrivals at the orphan's home.

Best buckwheat flour in town at Phoenix mills.

—This is the last issue of the MAIL for the year 1888.

The cheapest place to buy cow feed is at Phoenix mills.

Finest line of candies and mixed nuts at Chaffee & Hunter's.

—Owen L. Miller is home from Ann Arbor for the holidays.

Oranges, lemons, cranberries and mulaga grapes at Chaffee & Hunter's.

—A nice, new seven drawer sewing machine for sale cheap, at this office.

—Only a few days more in which to pay your taxes and save the percentage.

—Orphe Hubbard and Fred Kelly, of Wayne were in town Wednesday evening.

—D. Jolliffe, the cheese maker, is visiting at his old home in Canada for a few days.

—E. J. Penniman, Jr. has been confined to the house for several days on account of lameness.

—C. Wesley price has written his family not to hang up their stockings till he reaches home.

—All odd fellows should be present next Monday evening to elect and install officers for ensuing term.

—Joseph Brearly was confined to the house the greater part of last week, with "neuralgic rheumatism."

—If you have any business at the Probate office request your advertising to be done in the PLYMOUTH MAIL.

—Mr. Ira Platt and grand-son, Newell Wills, have gone to Howard City to spend the holidays with C. W. Platt.

—If you want a piano, organ or sewing machine you can save several dollars by buying it of J. H. Steers, Plymouth.

—Master Howard Smith, son of the principal of the Wayne school, was a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Adams, Christmas.

—O. N. Baker and family, of Wayne, were in town Tuesday and Wednesday, to visit among friends and attend a family reunion at Dwight Berdan's.

Largest and choicest line of canned goods, salad dressing, French mustards, mince meat, pickles in glass and bulk, catsup, etc., at Chaffee & Hunter's.

—W. B. VanVleet, who is with the Edison electric light company putting in a "plant" at Monroe, spent a few days, including Christmas, here with his family.

Fred Shaler 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. \$5tf

—James Downey, of Waterford, and Sarah Allen, of Salem, were married at the former place, on Christmas afternoon. Rev. G. H. Wallace, officiating. At the same time and place, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McKeever, of Plymouth, was baptized.

—Yesterday was the birthday anniversary of James Gillispie, keeper of the county house, and several of his relatives from this place, including Mrs. Voorheis, Oliver Westfall and wife and possibly others were present to enjoy the event. James is in his fifties, fat and jolly.

—The dancing school under the tutelage of Prof. Lemen, has grown to remarkable proportions. There must be about sixty pupils. After the lessons, outsiders are admitted, for forty cents, to take part in the hop which lasts from nine till twelve o'clock each Wednesday evening.

—Heavy rain storm Wednesday evening. Oysters in bulk and cans at Chaffee & Hunter's.

Cheapest place to buy bran is at the Phoenix mills.

—The thermometer was in the fifties here Christmas.

Perfumes, toilet articles, etc., in abundance, at Chaffee & Hunter's.

—Don't make any mistakes in dating your letters after next Monday.

Full line of citron, lemon peel, currants, and raisins at Chaffee & Hunter's.

The happy family—the family that buy their Christmas gifts at Bassett & Son's.

Tally-Ho baking powder only eighteen cents per pound, guaranteed, at Chaffee & Hunter's.

—The employes at the Markham Air Rifle works each received a turkey for Christmas.

—Miss Mary Miller, who has been teaching school at Algonac, is spending the holidays at home.

—Mrs. Ella Hix, nee Selleck, and sister, of Wayne, spent Saturday and Sunday with their parents here.

—On account of the severe storm Wednesday evening the lyceum was adjourned for one week, at some place and hour.

—Mrs. Ira Bradner, of Newburg, died on Christmas eve, and was buried on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. G. H. Wallace, officiating.

—There will be an auction sale at A. J. Lapham's store, Saturday evening of this week. A chance to buy goods at your own figures. Don't miss it as it may be the last sale.

—We were told the other day that the Wayne carriage works had orders on hand now amounting to more than all the work they did last season. That speaks well for their goods.

—They had another fire at Wayne, Tuesday night, right in the center of the village. Earl Goldsmith's livery barn was totally destroyed and although his house was but twenty feet away, the latter was saved; also nearly everything contained in the barn. The fire was supposed to be incendiary.

—A. J. Lapham gives his first masquerade party of the season, on Thursday evening, January 17, 1889. Six prizes will be given, three to ladies, and three to gents. Good music will be furnished and everything done to make the affair pleasant and agreeable. The bill will be seventy-five cents. Everybody invited.

—The Chicago opera company" gave two performances at Amity hall, Monday and Tuesday evenings. On Monday evening a portion of "Mikado," and on Tuesday, "Mascotte." Owing to Christmas eve entertainments at three churches the first night, the attendance was light, but on Tuesday evening they had a good house.

—Mr. Phillip Hall and daughter Eva, who has for a long time lived with her uncle, David Gilson, have gone for an extended visit through the central and southern portion of the State. They intend to visit Lansing, Leslie, Jackson, Hillsdale, Lawton, Kalamazoo and several small places and intend to be gone about seven or eight weeks.

—The Wayne County Horticultural society met at Grange hall, Saturday afternoon. Owing to a slight misunderstanding the attendance was small; the meeting was quite interesting however. O. R. Pattengell was elected president; J. L. Root, secretary; Mrs. C. B. Packard, treasurer. The meeting adjourned till the third Saturday in March next.

—Gen. Alger, as usual, has begun clothing the Detroit news boys. There are about 2,000 news boys in Detroit and every one of them in need of clothing will be given a coat, trousers and pair of socks. Two hundred and forty a day are fitted out in this way, beginning on Wednesday of this week and the good work will continue until all who needs them are supplied. A few more Gen. Alger's in this world would change much suffering to happiness.

## Eucpepy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon dyspepsia and install instead eucpepy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and diseases of liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at fifty cents and \$1.00 per bottle by Chaffee & Hunter. 4

# 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!

"Where did you get those?"  
"How much were they?"  
"That all?" "Aren't they nice  
—and so cheap!"

# Before!

MAKING YOUR

**HOLIDAY PURCHASES**

CALL AT

# Dohmstreich Bros.

And look over their New Line of

# Holiday Goods!

**Plymouth National Bank.**

T. C. SHERWOOD, President. L. D. SHEARER, Vice President.

**DIRECTORS.**  
T. C. Sherwood, L. D. Shearer, E. C. Leach,  
L. C. Hough, E. F. St. John, O. R. Pattengell,  
William Geer, I. N. Starkweather, S. J. Springer,  
I. N. Wilcox, L. H. Bennett, Geo. Van Sickle,  
Alfred D. Lyndon.

Three per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.

**New Harness Shop!**

**S. COLLINGE**

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.

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S. COLLINGE.

—FOR—

**LARGEST STOCK!**

—AND—

**BEST BRANDS!**

—OF—

**WHEAT AND BUCKWHEAT**

**FLOUR!**

—GO TO—

**F. & P. M. Elevator.**

**SPECIAL PRICES!**

To those wishing to buy

**Large Quantities of Ground Feed for Winter Use!**

If taken from the cars before unloading.

**L. C. HOUGH.**

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

A NOBLE CHARITY.

Work of the State Public School for the Past Two Years.

During the 21 months ending June 30 last there were received at the state public school for dependent children, at Coldwater, 247 boys and 127 girls, a total of 374. Since the organization of the school in 1874 there have been 2,512 children received. Of the 374 admitted during the biennial period, 38 were adopted, eight married, 103 declared self-supporting, 56 were returned to the counties whence they came, 13 became of age and 12 died. But three, however, died at the institution, nine dying at homes where they had been placed. The average daily number belonging to the school (present and on trial) was 311, while the average daily population at the school was about 260. The average age of the children is 7.47 years, and the average time of their detention is 14 months. During the period 331 children were indentured to various persons throughout the state, and at the close of the period 130 children were out on trial.

The cost of maintenance is less than \$100 per capita per year. As compared with the cost of similar work in other states the Michigan system is fully one-half more economical, and the board rightly believes that the "prevention of crime and pauperism, by the proper treatment of the neglected youth," is a work worthy of the best thought and labors of the law-makers. The Michigan system's greater economy is in its humanity. Neglected children become the progenitors of a dependent criminal race. Degrading influences on childhood are indelible and destructive. The Michigan system is humane, and humanity and economy have no conflict. Prevention is safe and economical, and in this work Michigan is the pioneer.

The children assist in the care of the cottages, each of which is presided over by a lady. They work on the farm and in the garden as their age will permit. They attend good primary schools, and are trained in good manners and taught religious truths. Finally, they are placed in good homes which must first be approved by the county agents, appointed by the governor. By county agents, the traveling agent of the school, and reports from guardians, a careful watch is kept over the children during their minority and, if thought advisable, they are removed from the family at any time.

There are nearly a thousand homes throughout the state in which there are children under the supervision of the school. "During the past two years," Agent Streeter says, "could we have filled all applications, over eight hundred children would have been placed in homes instead of but few more than half that number."

In his visits to county houses the agent occasionally found children eligible to the school. He believes the placing of children direct from county houses to be a pernicious habit.

The serious attention of the legislature is directed to the necessity of some enactment whereby ill-treated—not dependent—children may be taken from their parents or guardians and placed under the protection of public authority.

For current expenses of 1889 and 1890 the board ask \$23,000 for each year. This is a decrease of \$2,000 from each of the last two years. In addition to this they ask for \$1,500 for repairs on buildings, new boilers, furniture and cement walks.

Believing that more knowledge of the school is desired the board urges personal inspection of it by the public and invites their special attention to the following facts: There are here always little boys and girls, 2 years of age and upward, for whom good homes are desired. These children will average well, mentally, morally and physically, with those in the country schools. They are not delinquents. They are only dependent. This is not an institution for offenders. It is a part of the educational system of the state. Applicants who are approved by the county agents are always welcome, and special pains will be taken to select children suited to their homes.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

The Michigan merino sheep breeders, at the annual convention held in Lansing, elected the following officers: President, John T. Mich. Elba; vice-president, George W. Stuart, Grand Blanc; secretary, E. N. Ball, Hamburg; treasurer, J. Everts Smith, Ypsilanti; directors: L. W. Barnes, Byron; J. A. Wood, Saline; S. C. Lambert, Addison; A. W. Waring, Mendon.

The Capital flouring mills at North Lansing were burned the other night. The loss is estimated at \$3,000. During the fire the south wall fell in. Daniel Dailey, who was in the second story suffered a terrible fall at the same time. All the ribs on his left side were broken, his back was severely crushed, and his recovery is impossible.

The following officers were elected at the annual reunion of the old Third Michigan infantry, held in Grand Rapids on the 19th inst.: President, Dan E. Birdsall, Hastings; vice-president, John S. Pierce, Grand Rapids; S. V. Pierce, Grand Rapids; A. P. Shattuck, Lansing; T. J. Waters, Muskegon; William W. Williams, Berlin; secretary, M. D. Reed, Hastings; treasurer, S. Garrison, Hastings. The next reunion will be held at Hastings.

Joseph Wood of Salem was killed by the explosion of a boiler in his father's mill near that place a few days ago.

Mrs. Geneva McClure has been convicted of perjury in the United States court at Grand Rapids. She is over 60 years old, and was the widow of a soldier who served for a pension and after waiting for years for it married a second time. Soon after their second marriage the pension was allowed, and when the first installment thereof arrived she signed for it her former name. For this she was arrested and convicted as stated.

The Michigan swine breeders' association at their second semi-annual meeting in Lansing elected the following officers: President, J. W. Hibbard, Burlington; secretary, Quincy McBride, Burton; treasurer, L. W. Barnes, Byron.

The employees of the Calumet & Hecla stamp mills will start a co-operative store January 1.

The will of S. W. Osterhout, who died recently in Grand Rapids, disposes of \$300,000.

The following were elected officers of the Michigan Holstein-Friesian cattle association for the ensuing year: President, M. L. Sweet, Grand Rapids; vice-president, F. E. Mills, Ann Arbor; secretary, Charles L. Seeley, Lansing; treasurer, W. K. Sexton, Howell; directors, John A. Miller, Swartz Creek; T. D. Seeley, Bay City.

On the proposition to authorize the appointment of a clerk for each member of the 85th-first congress Cutcheon, Allen and Whiting voted yes; Brewer, Burrows, Chipman, Seymour and O'Donnell no; Fisher, Ford and Tarsney were absent.

It has been reported to the state board of health that there are 25 cases of diphtheria at Unionville, Tuscola county, and that 10 deaths have already occurred. Public meetings of all kinds have been discontinued

and no children under 18 years of age are allowed to appear on the streets. The citizens are terror-stricken.

In 1879 or thereabouts, Jacob Brenner went to Port Huron with about \$25,000 and went into the boot and shoe business. Each year he fell behind, until last spring he found that he had but about \$6,000 left. This fact made him insane, he was taken to the Pontiac asylum, and died there on the 20th inst.

The G. R. & I. railroad is going to have a branch to Lake City.

The annual report of the northern asylum for the insane goes to show that it is a badly crowded institution and that it has got to have more room at once to accommodate the increasing demands of the people of its district.

Weaver, the clairvoyant who is accused of getting \$1,000 out of Heinrich Horn of Bay City, by pretending he could cure his sick wife, has been arrested at Harrisburg, Pa., and will be brought back to answer to a charge of false pretences.

John Torrent has bought all of the G. R. & I. railroad lands in Missaukee county, and they are costing him \$900,000. Lake City, the county seat of Missaukee, will give Mr. Torrent \$25,000 in bonds and a mill site if he will put up a \$200,000 mill, and he says he will make the investment.

The state short horn breeders at Lansing resolved that the state institutions ought to be obliged to buy and use the meats of cattle born, bred and fattened in the state. They also elected the following officers: President, John McKay of Romeo; vice president, W. E. Boyden of Delhi Mills; secretary, I. H. Butterfield of Lapeer; treasurer, Robert Gibbons of Detroit. Directors, B. F. Batchelor of Osceola Center; M. A. Snow of Kalamazoo; John Lessiter of Cole.

Calvin Young, the Oakland county murderer, gets 25 years in Jackson prison.

The Menominee saw mills cut 240,260,037 feet of lumber this season.

John Murphy was, in May last, convicted in a Grand Rapids court of attempting an assault on two mere girls and was sent to Jackson for ten years. He was subsequently granted a new trial, but a noble prosecutor has been entered, as the parents of the two girls would rather he should go with what punishment he has had, than to subject the girls to the terrible publicity that another trial would give them.

Trains are now running on the B. C. & B. C. road between Midland & West Bay City.

Capt. Amos D. Allen, a well known citizen of Kalamazoo, dropped dead on the threshold of his home the other morning.

THE WORLD OF TRADE.

Detroit Produce Market.

Quotations are as follows: Wheat, red, No. 2 spot, \$1.04 1/2; May, \$1.12 1/2, \$1.12 1/2, \$1.12 1/2, \$1.11 1/2, \$1.11 1/2, \$1.11 1/2, \$1.11 1/2. Corn—December, 33 1/2; No. 2, yellow, 36 1/2; No. 3 yellow, 35c. Oats—Light mixed, 29 1/2; rejected, 25c. Clover seed—Prime, \$5.00; No. 2, \$4.65, \$4.70, \$4.60.

Apples—at \$1.25 @ 1.75 per barrel; in large supply, and none but the best choice bring the outside price. Trade very dull.

Beans—White, medium and pea beans, unpecked, \$1.35 @ 1.60 per bu; city hand-picked, \$1.85 in car lots; jobbing lots, 5 @ 10c per bu. more.

Butter—Fresh dairy, medium and fair, 16 @ 18c per lb; choice and fancy, 22 @ 24c; creamery, 20 @ 22c; oleomargarine, 13 @ 14c. Cheese—Full cream, 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2c per lb; skimmed, 8 @ 9c. Special extra brands, 13 1/2c. Market firm.

Cranberries—Best stock, \$3 @ 20 per bbl. Market very quiet and much soft stock.

Dressed Meats—Beef, 3 1/2 @ 6c per lb; veal, 7 @ 8c; mutton, 6 @ 7c. These figures represent the price by the carcass.

Dressed Hogs—Packers' prices, \$6 @ 10; butchers' prices, \$6.10 @ 6.25 per cwt; live hogs, \$5 @ 5.05.

Dressed Poultry—Fowls, 8c; chickens, 9c; geese, 8c; ducks, 10c; turkeys, 10c; pigeons, 15c per pair. Receipts liberal.

Dried Apples—4 @ 5c per bu, and dull; evaporated do, 6 1/2 @ 6 1/2c; fancy lots, some higher.

Eggs—Fresh receipts bring 31 @ 32c per doz; limed, 18 @ 20c.

Flour—Michigan patent, \$3 per bbl; roller process, \$3.75; Minnesota patent, \$3.75; Minnesota bakers' \$5.75 @ 6; rye flour, \$3.75 @ 4; buckwheat flour, Michigan patent, \$2.75. Market firm.

Hides—Green, 4 1/2c per lb; cured, 5 1/2c; No. 2 cured, 4c; green calf, 5 1/2c; No. 2, 3 1/2c; light demand.

Peas—Blue Wisconsin, \$1.25 @ 1.30; Michigan do, \$1.15.

Poultry—Live fowls, 6 @ 7c; spring chickens, 8c; turkeys, 8 @ 8 1/2c; ducks, 8 @ 9c; geese, 8c; pigeons, 15c per pair.

Potatoes—In car lots, 28 @ 30c; job lots, 35 @ 38c.

Butterbags—15 @ 20c per bu. Provisions—Mess pork, new, \$14.50 @ 14.75 per bbl; family, \$15 @ 15.25; short clear, \$16.25 @ 16.50; tierce lard, 8 @ 8 1/2c; half bbls, \$7 @ 7 1/2c; rails, 9 @ 9 1/2c; hams, 11 @ 11 1/2c; shoulders, 9 1/2c; bacon, 11 @ 11 1/2c; dried beef hams, 9 @ 9 1/2c; extra mess beef, \$7.50 @ 7.75 per bbl; plate beef, \$10 @ 10.50.

Sweet potatoes—Jerseys, kiln dried, \$3.25 @ 3.50 per bbl. Tallow—4 1/2c per pound; dull. Wool—Fine, washed, 28c; coarse, do, 20c; medium, do, 31c.

LIVE STOCK. Hogs—Market moderately active and a trifle higher; light, \$4.95 @ 5.20; rough packing, \$4.95 @ 5.15; mixed, \$5 @ 5.20; heavy packing and shipping, \$5.05 @ 5.30. Cattle—Market dull and lower; heaves, \$3 @ 5.25; cows, \$1.30 @ 1.35; stockers and feeders, \$2.20 @ 2.40. Sheep—Market steady; natives, \$3 @ 3.50; western feeders, \$3.20 @ 3.75; western corn-fed, \$4 @ 4.40; lambs, \$4 @ 5.00.

New York Produce Market. Flour dull but steady; Minnesota extra, \$3.20 @ 6.75; superfine, \$2.90 @ 3.60; fine, \$2.20 @ 3.20. Wheat quiet; No. 1 red state, \$1.15; No. 2 do, \$1.07 1/2; No. 2, red winter, January, \$1.06 1/2; February, \$1.07. Corn quiet; No. 2 mixed, cash, 47 1/2c; December, 46 1/2c; January, 46 1/2c. Oats steady; No. 1 white state, 40c; No. 2, do., nominal; No. 2 mixed, December, 36 1/2c; January, 36 1/2c. Pork dull; new mess, \$14.75 @ 15.25. Lard quiet; \$8.25 December; \$8.12 January. Hutter firm; creamery state, 20 @ 24c. Cheese steady; 12 @ 13 1/2c. Eggs fairly active and stronger; western, 23 @ 23 1/2c.

Chicago Produce Market. Wheat—December, \$1.04 1/2; January, \$1.05 1/2; May, \$1.10 1/2. Corn—December, 33 1/2; January, 33 1/2; February, 34 1/2; May, 36 1/2 @ 37c. Oats—December 25 1/2; January, 25 1/2; May, 29c. Pork—December \$12.75; January, \$12.85; May, \$13.25. Lard—December, \$9.10; January, \$9.70; May, \$7.63 1/2. Short ribs—January and February, 6.7 1/2; May, \$6.90.

Chicago Live Stock Market. Hogs—Quality good; market moderately active; prices trifle higher; light grades, \$4.95 @ 5.20; rough packing, \$4.95 @ 5.05; mixed lots \$5 @ 5.20; heavy packing and shipping lots, \$5.05 @ 5.35. Cattle—Market dull and lower; heaves, \$3 @ 5.25; bulk, \$3.75 @ 4.25; cows, \$1.30 @ 1.35; stockers and feeders, \$2.20 @ 3.40. Sheep—Market steady; native mutton, \$3 @ 3.50; western feeders, \$3.20 @ 3.75; western corn fed, \$4 @ 4.40; lambs, \$4 @ 5.00.

NEWS SUMMARY.

STANLEY IS SAFE.

Letters Have Been Received from Him.

Letters dated Stanley Falls, August 29, have been delivered in Zanzibar by Tipoo Tib's men. They state that a letter was received at Stanley Falls on August 28. Stanley was then at Bonyala, on the Aruwhimi.



HENRY M. STANLEY.

whimi, where he had arrived on August 17. He had left Emin Pasha 82 days before in perfect health and provided with plenty of food. Stanley had returned to Bonyala for the loads of stores in charge of his rear guard, and intended to leave 10 days later to rejoin Emin. He reported all the whites in the expedition as healthy, and said the expedition wanted nothing.

The Western African telegraph company of London has also received the following dispatch from St. Thomas, dated Dec. 23: "I have just received information that Henry M. Stanley, with Emin Pasha, has arrived on the Aruwhimi. The news is reliable."

TAKING A REST.

The Halls of Congress will be Silent Until Jan. 2, 1889.

Congress has taken a recess until Wednesday, January 2, 1889. The democrats of the senate accepted the republican proposition of a recess, which they granted on condition that a vote be taken on the tariff bill January 21.

A new movement toward woman suffrage was begun in the senate the other morning. Senator Dawes introduced a bill to remove the political disabilities of Harriet H. Robinson of Middlesex county, Massachusetts, and to declare her a citizen of the United States, with all the rights and powers of citizenship, including the privilege of voting and being voted for. It was referred.

The republican senatorial caucus held Dec. 18, decided that the senate continue in session without a holiday recess until the tariff bill is disposed of.

Mr. Edmunds has introduced, and has referred to the committee on foreign relations, a resolution that "the government of the United States will look with serious concern and disapproval upon any connection of any European government with the construction or control of any ship canal across the isthmus of Darien, or across Central America; and must regard any such connection or control as injurious to the just rights and interests of the United States and as a menace to their welfare;" and requesting the president of the United States to communicate this expression of the views of congress to the governments of the countries of Europe.

The senate has passed the bill to incorporate the American historical association.

Investigation of the alleged outrages in Alaska is in progress before the house committee on fisheries.

The United States supreme court has adjourned until January 2, 1889.

Mr. Hoar has introduced in the senate a petition of 3,228 citizens of Massachusetts praying the adoption of a constitutional amendment to prevent the interference of any religious sect with the system of common public schools.

Mr. Sherman has introduced in the senate a bill to pay soldiers of the late war who were promoted while serving their terms of enlistment the bounty they would have been entitled to had they not been promoted. The same provision is made with regard to soldiers discharged on account of diseases contracted.

Warner P. Sutton of Michigan has been consul at Metamorac, Mexico, for several years, at a salary of \$3,000 per year. The house committee on foreign affairs has reduced the pay to \$1,000.

The President has pardoned Benjamin Hopkins, now in the Ohio state prison, for embezzling funds of the Fidelity national bank of Cincinnati. In granting the pardon the President says: "The condition of the convict's health is such, as appears from an examination which I have set on foot, that the question is presented whether he shall die in prison or at home. On this presentation, I am willing that he should spend his few remaining days among his friends, regardless of any other consideration connected with the case. And on this ground alone the pardon is granted."

Hon. S. E. Sewell Dead. Hon. S. E. Sewell died in Boston on the 21st inst. He was born in Boston, Nov. 9, 1799. He was graduated from Harvard college in 1817, having among his classmates Hon. Caleb Cushing and Hon. George Bancroft, the latter being now, by the death of Mr. Sewell, the only surviving member of that class.

Mr. Sewell became interested in the anti-slavery cause, and was associated with William Lloyd Garrison in establishing the Liberator in 1831. He was the counsel for the defense of Sims, Anthony Burns and other fugitive slaves. He prepared the arguments and assisted by his counsel and suggestion at the trial of John Brown.

Three Persons Burned to Death. The house of Martin Regna, three miles north of Huntington, W. Va., burned the other night, and Regna's two children and his aged mother were burned to death. A lamp exploded in the room where the children and grandmother were sleeping, and Regna and his wife were unable to do anything to rescue them, having a narrow escape for their own lives.

THE ART OF READING

Why it Should be Cultivated in the Public Schools.

In these times, when every girl who is educated for polite society despires above all things to make one accomplishment so much her own that she shall excel all others in that one particular line, it seems strange, says a writer in the Chicago Herald, that the very one which is in the power of most persons to attain is little attempted, in fact, almost overlooked. I refer to the delightful, and ever-pleasing accomplishment of reading aloud, and in this, I do not at all consider those whose aspirations soar to the height of elocution.

Nothing is further from enjoyment than to be forced to listen to a bad recitation or declamation, as it is very apt to become, and yet inflictions of this sort befall us all. Perhaps we owe a grudge to Mrs. James Brown Potter for it, and then again, perhaps, we do not; who can tell. It may be the tendency—nay, the longing—of the young idea of this age to shoot forth in this direction.

However that may be, reciting in public and reading aloud are two entirely different things except in one particular, which is the dread of another dose excited in the mind of persons who have secretly pronounced a first hearing absolutely horrible.

Yet nothing affords greater enjoyment to others than reading aloud well done.

It is useless to say, for all know, and some perhaps with a tinge of envy, how welcome are people at our homes who can sing or play on some musical instrument well; but reading aloud well, for which one does not need a genius, will afford fully as much pleasure. And if there is one accomplishment more than another which contributes to the enjoyment of the family circle it is the art of reading aloud. The average of children between twelve and fifteen, of either sex, could no more read understandably a fine passage from Shakespeare or Dante or one of Ruskin's delightful essays than he or she could interpret at sight a passage from Wagner or translate a Russian novel. All the harmony, all the dramatic force, all the humor, all the poetic imagining in the lines seem to vanish like magic in an unintelligible jumble of sounds, as distressing to the hearer as maddening to the conscientious reader.

Why do I cite this boy or girl from twelve to fifteen as an example? Because at about this age is the practice of reading aloud dropped from the course at school. In no curriculum for advanced pupils do I remember having noted this study, and where elocution is one of the branches the teacher soars far, far above the teaching of reading, reciting with dramatic force and gesture is alone what he taught until lately, when many have looked into the study of Delsarte, physical culture, etc., and include these in their instruction. Far be it from me to decry the value of these accomplishments, for certainly none are more charming and yet none are more abused.

But for practical use, for a good every-day possession, they are no more to be compared with the possibility of reading out loud well, expressly, understandably, agreeably, than our daily bread as an article of diet may be compared with our occasional cake and pie.

The actual value of such an accomplishment is hard to estimate, though it can scarcely be exaggerated. Sewing is not such an easy task, and it may chance that half the small worries and not a few of the faults we commit may be due to the dullness and inanity with which our days sometimes teem. Diversion is a necessity of which we feel the force at every turn. Every little thing, then, which will make domestic life brighter and sweeter and home happier should be encouraged and cultivated.

A person who reads well is much more of an acquisition to the household than even one who sings well or plays finely, for their means of entertainment are not objectionable during the hours of practice, nor is their reading limited to a narrow field of that which is familiar, but extends over the literature of the world, for learning to read one article or one book, but to make interesting, comprehensible and euphonious to the ear either short paragraphs or long accounts in newspapers, magazines or books.

Parents who are sending their children to good schools often have some passing thought suggested by chance, and hasten to notice if elocution is taught in these schools. Finding it is, they arrange to have their children take private lessons or enter classes in this art, and with what result? Children are taught like mock-

ing-birds to commit to memory certain infections to be used in certain places in these lines. In other words, they repeat, parrot-like, after the instructor line after line until they can imitate his voice, his tone and his gesture; but they can not use what they have learned in any other lines. The why and wherefore of what they do is Greek to them.

Moreover, as a general rule what they learn to recite is poetry. Few, indeed, of the professors of elocution know the least thing about reading prose. I have investigated this matter a little, and have made occasion to hear the best know teachers read off-hand letters and items, and not one have I found who reads less stumbingly than the ordinary person.

It is not from lack of ability, but from lack of practice.

Of course, this should not be, and the wonder is that the attention of the people has not been called to this before.

In the curriculum of the public schools, as well as in private ones, reading aloud should be continued as a daily exercise until the day the scholars are graduated.

To a man in public life such an accomplishment would be invaluable, and to all who listen to his reading of reports or sermons or anything else a pleasure.

In reading aloud the prime requisite is an appreciation of the subject in hand and a familiarity with the general styles of writing. A naturally clear and musical voice is a great gift, but it is not the secret of success as a reader. Practice is the great factor in this as in every other success. Any intelligent person can read well and be well read.

A Composite Cat.

I took our pussy's photograph. Then one of a neighbor's cat. And then a third, and then a fourth.—A dozen pussies sat. And then we took the photograph Of every photograph; Oh, that is often done, you know, Indeed you needn't laugh! We showed Mamma the last effect. "Here is a type," we said, "Of all the dozen pussy cats— See what a splendid head!" "Splendid! A terror!" cried Mamma,—"Splendid! To say the least. Each pussy would be a truer type Than this composite beast!"—Maria J. Hammond, in St. Nicholas.

Ready For the Question.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Mr. Comeoften proposed to-night," she said as she stood before her mirror. "He's been coming here every other night for a month, and if that don't mean a proposal I'm greatly mistaken. He's decidedly eligible in every respect, and if I do get him won't the other girls rave?"

And when he did propose at about eleven o'clock that night, she said:

"Why, Mr. Comeoften; I am so surprised. I really—I—I—don't know what to say. This is all so entirely unexpected. I had not the least idea that you—you—your intentions were serious, and—I—I—and you really and truly love me?"

Of course he said he did, and she, after renewed and charming exclamations of surprise, accepted him on the spot.—Detroit Free Press.

Thanks to the Band.

"We desire to return our thanks," observed the editor of an Arkansas paper in his last issue, "to the members of the Gallusville cornet band for a serenade last night. The band can't play for shucks, and the music would have drawn a howl of pain from an Egyptian mummy, but it waked us from a horrible nightmare in which we seemed to be standing at the door of our office and defending it against a sheriff who wore horns and hoofs and had come to take possession of it. Notwithstanding the appalling character of the music, it was the sweetest sound that ever struck our ear, and we don't lay the serenade up against the boys. They didn't mean any harm, and they probably saved our life."—Chicago News.

Within the Gates.

Slender Youth—"I am very anxious, sir, to enter into the noble profession of journalism, to become master of the great questions and mighty truths of civilization, to mold public opinion in the right—"

Able Editor—"Certainly; I understand your feelings perfectly, and I am ever ready to extend a helping hand to aspiring youth. I will give you a trial at once. Did you notice my editorial this morning denouncing the brutal sport of prize-fighting and referring to Jake Sluggar as a low-down cowardly blot on the face of humanity?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we are short of reporters today, and I wish you would interview Sluggar and see what he thinks about it."—Philadelphia Record.

## The Red Light.

"You see that cripple comin' over there with a crutch, do ye?" said off Jim Perkins, the section foreman, whose section ended at the little town of P— on the South Shore Railroad, to the accompanying passenger with whom he had struck up a conversation while they were both waiting on the station platform for the eastbound passenger train.

He nodded his head as he spoke toward a girl sixteen or seventeen years of age, who was hobbling up the road toward the depot.

The passenger said he saw her and Jim continued:

"Well, sir, that little girl is a heroine, she's got more bravery in her than any two people I know on Sand! Why, she's got more sand than the biggest mogul eng'ner on the South Shore Road. Ye don't see what chance she has to show it, eh?"

"Well, I'll tell ye a story that'll open yer eyes, I'm thinkin'; hold on till she gets b."

"How'd do, Mary," he said, as the girl approached, and after acknowledging his salutation she passed on and stopped at the waiting-room door at the farther end of the platform. Jim waited until she had got out of ear-shot, and then turning again to his listener, proceeded with the story.

"'Twas two years ago, shortly after I tuk this 'ere section," he said, "that the thing happened. Mary—her name's Mary Wheeler—lived over there in that little house ye see, just this side o' the big red barn, with her mother, a widder, and her little sister.

"Her brother Jack was express messenger on the late train, No. 57, that passed here at 11:30 at night. He boarded at Swanton, the end o' the division o' the road and was only at home when he got a day off.

"The road was new at the time, and the gravel pits along the track hadn't been closed up yet. They still had gravel-trains running, and the gang that loaded the cars was a lot of dirty, nasty Italians that herded together in old box-cars switched off on a shabby side track sum'ers, or in shanties built for 'em by the company in the pits.

"Dugan's pit is just across the trestle over east there, and around the curve. It's about half a mile from here and ye can see it from the car window as ye pass.

"At that time about 150 Italians was workin' in Dugan's and about a hundred on 'em lived in the shanty they had between the main track and the gravel-pit side track.

"They was a hard set, and used to have lots o' rows up there nights, and specially pay-day nights, when they'd all had a keg or two o' beer at the shanty and plenty of dago cussedness for it to work on.

"Some one o' 'em was killed or stabbed about every pay-day night; but Lord! ther' wasn't any notice tuck o' 'em, dead or alive, and the town authorities wouldn't o' cared if they'd all been murdered s'long as they fought amongst 'emselves, and didn't offer no violence to white folks.

"Well, one pay-day night, Mary'd been over to Jonny Thompson's a friend o' her'n that lives down the street a piece, and she was havin' such a good time that before she knew it 'twas half a past ten o'clock.

"O' course she got ready to go home. Jenny offered to go half-way with her, but she said she wasn't afraid, and takin' her crutch she started out.

"'Twasn't very dark and she'd got along all right till she came to the corner of Granger's barn, when she saw two men coming up the road toward her.

"She didn't think they'd seen her, so she stepped in under the shadder o' the carriage shed roof to let 'em pass.

"They kim along till they got in front o' the shed, but 'stead o' goin' by they turned in too, and for a minute she was 'fraid they'd seen her go in and was follerin' her.

"But they hadn't; and so soon as they got inside they began talkin' together kind o' low like; not so low, though, but Mary could hear what they said. She was only 'bout four feet away, and there was a wagon between the men and her.

"They were tramps, and along with another of the same ilk they'd been stealin' a ride on the front end o' the baggage-car of No. 57 the night before, when old Tom Baker, the conductor, spotted 'em; and when the train got here he stopped and fired 'em off.

"They were awful mad and they'd made up their mind to get square with 'im. So they planned as how one o' 'em was to sneak down the road in the afternoon 'till he got past Dugan's pit, and hide in the woods there 'till after dark; then cum over to the track and pile some ties on it, so's to wreck No. 57 when she cum 'long. O' course

they'd light out after they'd had their revenge and everybody think 'twas the drunken dagoes 't did it.

"After they'd talked it all over and arranged as how they was to go by different routs to Swanton and meet there again, they separated and walked off.

"Mary had her mind made up. She knew that everybody in town had gone to bed by this time, and she was the only one that had any chance o' savin' Jack and the other passengers on 57.

"There was an old red lantern o' Jack's in the woodshed of her house, and she hurried 'round and got it. She found a match in the shed and lit the lantern with it. Then she cum out to the road again and started for the depot.

"Just as she struck the railroad track the moon went behind a pack o' dark clouds and she had only the light o' the red lamp, she had almost to feel her way along.

"She didn't know what time it was, and was mortally 'fraid she'd be too late, 'cus she had over half a mile to go, and that there big trestle to cross, and a pack o' drunken Italians to run the gauntlet of.

"She had grit, though, as I'm a tellin' ye of and she made that old crutch o' hers work purty fast 'til she got down to the trestle.

"Then cum a 'log o' war, gettin' over that. She started out on her feet but she couldn't see whether her crutch was stickin' the ties or goin' between 'em, and before long she made a misstep and plump!—went one leg down between the ties.

"She got up, pretty badly bruised, and tried it again; but before she'd gone far, down she went, and raised a big welt on her forehead from strikin' it against a stringer.

"Then she gave it up, and got down on her hands and knees, and crawled along in the dark, a feet'n' of her way with her hands.

"Finally she got over, but she was that bruised up from fallin', and she'd lost so much time a kneelin' of her way across the trestle, that she knew she'd got to strain every muscle in her body to get beyond Dugan's in time to stop No. 57; and I tell ye she just laid herself out to get there.

"I was plain sailin' now 'til she got down to the telegraph shanty, which is just this side o' the pit, and though 'twas almost dark Mary made good time, and when she got to the shanty, where the long stretch o' straight track begins, old 57 wasn't in sight yet.

"She could hear the 'tally-men's' a signin' and raisin' the O' Ned over in their shanty, but that didn't stop her. She only gripped her crutch the harder and hurried to get by. They's a path along the pit o' the main track, between the telegraph shanty and the east end of the sidin' where the swamp begins, and Mary thought she could get along faster by follerin' that as far as 't went.

"She was astumpin' it along as fast as God'd let her, when of a sudden her foot hit suthin' layin' in the path, and she fell head-first across it onto the ground.

"The thing grunted and rolled over and she knew 'twas a man layin' there but he was so drunk he didn't wake up.

"Mary was so startled, though by the suddenness o' the thing, that before she knew it she let out a yell.

"Three or four Italians that was standin' outside o' the shanty door heard the screech, and they picked up some torches, such as they use for diggin' gravel by at night, and started over to see what was the matter.

"Mary'd picked herself up, and she crawled along down the path, a hidin' o' the red lantern under her overskirt, 'til she got out o' range o' the torch-light and when the Italians was all gathered 'round their partner, a layin' there dead drunk, she lit out for dear life.

"When she got on to the end of the path, she got up on to the road bed again, and hadn't gone more'n forty yard when she run onto the ties that the tramps had piled on the track.

"Instead of bein' one or two, though, there was a dozen o' 'em, for the feller meant bizness, an' he'd made sure that there was no way o' the train gettin' by the ties without runnin' off.

"They wasn't all piled up together, but was laid along one by one.

"Mary stooped down and tried to lift the first one on, but somehow'r other she couldn't make it budge!

"She tried agin' but 'twas no go, and then she saw that the ties was all wedged down to the track by havin' two stakes drove slantin' across each end o' 'em.

"Just as she was beginning to realize that she couldn't move 'em, she heard No. 57 whistle for Swartzville curve, 'bout a mile 'n a half away.

"She grabbed the lantern and started down the track, a' swingin' of it

from side to side as she saw 57's head-light, a' loomin' round the curve.

"Here! w'at yer doin' w'ith that fer red light?" somebody hollered at her; and when she looked 'round she saw a man get up from the shadder o' the fence and come a runnin' arter her.

"It didn't take her no time to guess the feller was the one what was doin' the wreckin' but she thought she could keep ahead o' him till she got the train stopped.

"He wasn't goin' ter hare it that way though, and he was a gainin' on her at every step.

"She was desprit then, and sir, I believe God was a guidin' of her and givin' of her strength, for such weak creatures as her couldn't stand no such strain as that less'n they was given strength from some 'ares.

"So just as the tramp got within ten feet o' er and she see she couldn't keep away from him any longer she stopp'd of a sudden and set the lantern down on the track.

"Then she grabbed her crutch by the small end, and swingin' it around, she brought it down ca' thump on the critter's head, and he dropped in his tracks without a kick.

"'Twas all done in a second, sir, but at such times as that every second that's wasted is worth a year of ordinary time, and when Mary picked up the lantern agin' 57 had closed up the gap between 'em until she thought she never would be able to stop 'em quick enough.

"Dick Richards, the engineer, was look'n' out, though, and when he blew a short blast on the whistle Mary knew he'd seen the light, and after she'd set the lantern in the middle o' the track she stepped off on the side of the road-bed.

"Dick put on the air-brakes and threw the lever over and 57 gave a jerk 'like a horse a balkin' on the race track, and then eased up slow-like, and stopp'd just before she got to the red light.

"Dick and Tom Baker and Jack Wheeler run up ahead to the lantern and found Mary layin' there on the side o' the track where she'd fell in a faintin' fit when she heard the last exhaust o' 57's engine as it pulled up and stopp'd.

"While Jack and Tom was a takin' Mary back to the train, Dick walked down the track and found the tramp a-layin' right where he'd fell.

"He picked him up and put him in the baggage car, and the next time he got his wits about him he found himself bein' properly 'tended to.

"He's servin' a good long term in state's prison now, but one thing I'm sure of, sir; theres' honor among thieves' even when they're as bad as these 'ere tramps, for that feller'd never give e'en a one o' his partners awar.

"They got wind o' how their game didn't pan out and vamooseed, and nobody ever got track o' 'em agin'."

"Here comes yer train, mister," said the old man. "Good day, sir; ye can see the pit and shanties down the road just beyond the curve."

Then, as the train drew up and stopp'd at the station, he answered an inquiring look of the passenger by:

"Yes, that's Jack a-talkin' to Mary over there now. Good day, sir, good day."—*Buffalo Express.*

## In the Moonlight.

We walked together side by side,  
One perfect autumn night;  
This dull world seemed like paradise  
Bathed in the soft moonlight.

Upon my arm her little hand  
Lay lightly, and a thrill  
Of keen delight sent through me as  
A soft touch sometimes will.

I drew her close to my side;  
For why should I disguise  
The love I'd felt since first I looked  
Into her deep gray eyes!

I saw the moon's rays softly kiss  
Her lovely upturned face,  
And I—well, what would you have done  
If you'd been in my place!

—*Journal of Education.*

## Marriage and Tobacco.

George Eliot somewhere makes a remark to the effect that a man who loves a cigar gives it a first place in his affections. The English girl named Watson, who gave her lover the choice between herself and tobacco, and then because he chose the latter, sued him for breach of promise, has learned something about human nature which she did not know before. In a monogamous country a man who is wedded to his cigar should not think of taking another wife. If he marries a woman who does not like tobacco, his matrimonial venture will be certain to prove a failure. George Eliot knew men and women pretty thoroughly.—*New York World.*

A Scot, being shown Niagara, was asked if he had ever seen such a beautiful and strange He replied: "Weel, for bonny, I'll no say, but, eh, mon, for queer, I ance saw a peacock w' a wooden leg at Peebles."—*Ex.*

## WOMEN WITH MUSCLE.

Physical Culture Is Doing This for the Fair Sex.

Practical physical development probably interests larger numbers of men and women at the present time than ever before in the history of our country.

The reaction from bloodless lackadicalism, which set in a few years since, was the natural result of a crying fear lest the depressed and undeveloped physical conditions of the masses of native born Americans should result in the pre-eminence of the foreign population over the native. It became a question of social and political economy, no less than of individual happiness; and suddenly, as if by magic, out-of-door sports, athletics of all kinds, leaped into public favor and patronage by the sons, and later on, the daughters of people of wealth and leisure; gradually spreading along the entire rank of youth, from the highest to the humblest.

From the face of the girl promenade the heavy veil disappeared, giving place to a coquettish little affair of lace, which had no apparent object but to enhance the natural beauty of the face—certainly not to hide it from the influences of fresh air and sunlight, lest the vital red or the fetching brown of healthful exposure should clash against the accepted canons of lady-like appearance. Women began to walk more, and ride less; holy horror of blood and muscle gave place to the desire to cultivate both as an evidence of physical superiority, and to-day it is the exception, not the rule, to meet women who are shocked at the suggestion of a thorough course of athletics.

In summer women ride, pull the oars, swim, play tennis, and enter heart and soul into a half dozen other active games just for pure sport; while in winter they patronize the Turkish and Russian baths, swimming and riding schools, and gymnasiums, and employ fencing masters—and I am told even ballet masters—all with a view to correct physical development. Why, such an anomaly has a pale-faced woman become, so much in this condition, to be dreaded, that artists are engaged in the regular business of giving the brown and red tints of exposure to the skin, and enjoy, in says one of our popular "truth tellers," the most liberal patronage from the unfortunate stay-at-homes, who wish to simulate the benefits of the country outing and save the reputation for health, which is now recognized as the greatest of personal blessings.

Indeed, it is to be seriously questioned whether the dialogue concerning bodily ailments quite common in polite circles a few years since would not bring down the edict of banishment and ostracism upon the head of an offender; and nothing is more certain than that women as a rule now hasten to disclaim all delicacy and weakness with as much spirit as they would disclaim a vice.

I have seen a stooping figure and halting gait, accompanied by the unavoidable weakness of lungs incidental to a narrow chest, entirely cured by the very simple and easily performed exercise of raising oneself upon the toes leisurely in a perfect perpendicular several times daily.

To take this exercise properly one must take a perfect position, with the heels together and the toes at an angle of 45 degrees. Then drop the arms lifelessly by the sides, animating and raising the chest to its full capacity muscularly; the chin well drawn in, and the crown of the head feeling, as our professor used to put it, as if attached to a string suspended from the ceiling above. Slowly raise upon the balls of both feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all the muscles of the legs and body; come again into the standing position without swaying the body backward out of the perfect line. Repeat this same exercise first on one foot and then the other.

It is wonderful what straightening out power this exercise has upon round shoulders and crooked backs, and one will be surprised to note how soon the lungs begin to show the effect of such expansive development.

If to the above one adds the equally simple exercise of touching the palms of the hands together with arms extended in front of the body, and then with a regular and graceful outward movement the backs of the hands are made to touch behind the body from three to six times, all the while keeping the lungs inflated with pure air; we may be absolutely sure that an erect carriage and full lung power will be established. Of course such exercise must be taken by women without stays and in a loose gown; as, indeed, all exercise intended to strengthen and develop the muscular system needs to be taken

## COSTUMES FOR GYMNASIUMS.

In the gymnasiums and fencing classes a regular costume is worn which will not impede or interfere with the free movements of any member of the body; and those who are about to enter upon a course of physical development, whether by the lighter or heavier method, with or without apparatus, will do well to provide themselves with such a costume, which ought properly to consist of a pair of full Turkish trousers, with a jersey under waist or blouse, which can be worn with an abbreviated tunic drapery, if one be supersensitive about appearing in the simple trousers and blouse. This style is worn as the regulation costume in all of the popular gymnasiums patronized by both sexes.

When one cannot devote the time and money to a long and comprehensive course of physical study, which will include all forms of gymnastics, I advise the lighter course, which can be taken, without apparatus, as that best calculated to develop all parts of the body harmoniously; and as the one system which is convenient and always possible to be taken at home or abroad, requiring only a loose costume, and the time, will and knowledge to be practiced daily.

Where one depends upon clubs, machines, bars and swings, together with all the paraphernalia of a well-equipped gymnasium, the chances are that days, and even weeks will pass during the year when practice will become impossible; and in towns where no such conveniences are to be had, heavy systems are out of the question. While I do not wish to be understood as depreciating the value of these forms of physical upbuilding, my object at present is to explain to busy men and women, who have no opportunity for the heavy work, how to get real benefit out of what is within their reach.

The lighter course of physical study will develop every muscle in the body without sacrificing the grace of any part to another. This is the course of roundness, curves and reserved vital force, and not that of knotty muscles and predominating specialties. Each movement has an object in taking gentle hold upon some particular part, and although the course as given by competent teachers in detail is impossible to explain in a brief letter, it is safe to say that a very fair system of development can be assured to a conscientious worker who faithfully carries out the exercises already given, and adds two others, one for breathing and another for diverting the blood from the head when the pressure is too great.

Probably no exercise is of more importance to the blood, heart and lungs than that calculated to insure proper breathing. Most persons breathe very badly indeed, taking short, "choppy" inspirations, which fill the middle cells of the lungs, leaving the upper and lower parts to gather cobwebs and disease. In taking the breathing exercise there is always exaggeration and forced inhalation and exhalation; this is essential because the lungs need this extra work daily, even when a correct habit of breathing has once been established.

—*Annie Jenness Miller in New York Mail and Express.*

## Worth Trying.

Says an old smoker: It is remarkable that people smoke so much tobacco in its various forms, that is impregnated with deadly nicotine when by a simple method, which would not detract one whit from its good quality, but would remove all that is objectionable; the tobacco could be made free from this poison. Merely soak the tobacco a day in a shallow trough and then lay it in the sun, if feasible, if not, dry by the most convenient means, and the weed is robbed of all odoriferous properties, and of nicotine. It is then so sweet the fumes would not offend the most sensitive lady, because it has no fumes besides, the vessel in which it is burned does not become "strong"—a valuable thing for a man who prefers a meerschau pip to cigars.

## A Chinese Delicacy.

If you were a Chinese girl, remarked a celestial nobleman belonging to the Chicago Mission, and wanted to give some one a great delicacy you would get two young baby mice, blind and unable to crawl and place before your guest alive on a plate. He would dip each living morsel in a dish of honey and envelop it in a sugary shroud before popping it into his mouth. The dying squeak of the poor little atom is the sauce piquante of this favorite dish in China.—*Philadelphia Press.*

It was not Goethe who said that you can always tell the man who has gone to grass by his scedy appearance. Goethe was a brilliant philosopher, but there were some things he forgot to say until it was too late.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Churches.

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

Societies.

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

WHAT THEY SAY.

Rock salt in any shape at Chaffee & Hunter's. —"Doug" Kellogg, of Detroit, was in town Sunday.

All the leading brands of flour at Chaffee & Hunter's.

Farmers! get your grinding done at the Phoenix mills.

—Miss Anna Scotten, of Albion College, is home for the holidays.

Henry Smitherman has secured employment at L. H. Bennett's shops.

—If you have anything to sell, try our "Cheap Column," on fifth page.

—Miss Isabel Beam and Carrie Shortman, students at Cleary's business college, are home for the holidays.

—It will be a long time before it will be necessary to use three figures of a kind, in a date line again, as in 1888.

Ladies! We have just received a new lot of those Smyrna rugs, call and see them before they are gone, Bassett & Son.

—A subscription paper was passed around Tuesday and money raised to buy chickens and other things necessary to make good Christmas dinners for some of the deserving poor of our village.

—George N. Tibbits, of Muskegon, is spending a week in this vicinity visiting among friends and relatives. From him we learn that his father, John S. Tibbits, who formerly lived at Newburg, but of late years has been living in California, has just returned to this State and is making his home at Muskegon.

—Some of our citizens living in the eastern part of the village were alarmed by the cry of fire Monday evening, and upon investigation it was found to be from the barn of George Smith. Mr. Smith's little boy and another lad were at the barn with a lantern and by some means the bottom of the lantern fell off and set fire to the hay. The lads screamed and Doc Passage and others by hard work extinguished the flames with slight damage. Children, fire and burns filled with hay are a dangerous compound.

—It our readers wish a good weekly paper, other than a home paper, we could suggest no better ones than the Chicago Inter-Ocean and the New York World. Either of them are large and contain the choicest matter for home reading—in fact there are none better. They are one dollar per year, each; or we will club them with the MAIL at a reduced price. The World contains a complete novel, by some one of the best known writers, in every issue. The prospectus of the Inter-Ocean published in this paper, speaks for itself. Send your subscriptions for either to us, if

For Sale.

One very fine, nearly new, upright piano, cheap for cash, or on easy terms to responsible parties, as the owner has no use for it. For particulars inquire at this office.

Grange.

Livonia Grange No. 268, met at the residence of Thomas Patterson, Saturday afternoon and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Master, John E. Willcox; overseer, L. G. Pierson; lecturer, A. F. Millard; steward, Henry Smitherman; assistant steward, Wm. Robinson; chaplain, Mrs. Ada Pierson; treasurer, Thomas Patterson; secretary, Mrs. Libbie Willcox; gate keeper, W. B. Ewing; Pomona, Mrs. Sarah Smitherman; Flora, Mrs. A. F. Millard; Ceres, Agie Ewing; lady assistant steward, Melvina Leach.

Death of John M. Pennell.

From a Grand Rapids paper we learn the following concerning the death of John M. Pennell, who formerly lived at Northville, and at Wayne:

"The coroner's inquest on the death of John M. Pennell was held yesterday morning. Several fellow workmen testified that Pennell was very reckless in regard to endangering his life, and had always seemed to be better pleased if his work was upon some high or exposed position. When he began his work on the roof of Bishop Richter's house, Friday, the roof was slippery and he was warned to be careful, but he only laughed at their fears and throwing the rope over an ornament on the peak of the roof he hung to the rope and began his work. He was again warned that the rope was not securely fastened, but did not heed their caution and shortly afterward the ornament broke and Pennell, having nothing to cling to, fell to the ground, a distance of about sixty feet, and died instantly. Other testimony was to the effect that a short time before his death he had spoken to some of his friends in regard to money he had in the bank and also some real estate, but no trace of it could be found, and it is not known whether it was simply idle talk on his part or the property has been secured by some one else.

After hearing the details of the testimony the jury rendered a verdict of "death by an accident, caused by carelessness on his part." A telegram was received yesterday from relatives, directing Undertaker O'Brien to ship the remains to Novi, this State, where he has an uncle named Delus Flint.

A number of friends viewed the remains yesterday and the floral pieces left showed the esteem in which he was held by his friends."

Xmas Eve.

The Presbyterians did not make much noise about it, but they did considerable and valuable work towards giving their Sabbath school a beautiful Christmas tree. It towered in grand proportions from floor to ceiling, and was filled with gifts, from a little toy to things both rich and valuable. Special credit is due to Mrs. C. W. Valentine, Miss Emma Coleman and Miss Alice Walker for the patience and pertinacity with which they worked; much of the success was largely due to their individual efforts of brain and fingers. The church was filled to overflowing, and all listened appreciatively to the recitations, readings and music of scholars and choir.

When all was ready, his saintship, Santa Claus, put in his appearance, with robe of Buffalo, flowing beard and merry bells. Harry Robinson was the man who tickled the little folks, and by his various witticisms convulsed the audience. Through his hands the presents went; gifts of all kinds, from most everybody to most everybody else interested in the Sabbath school, and also a number of special workers in the congregation. The pastor's wife and pastor were liberally remembered, while to Miss Coleman was the gift of the evening, an elegant carved oak chair, latest style, direct from factory, from a number of her friends in the congregation. This young lady deserves it. For many years the chief and leader of the choir, she has served to the pleasure of everyone. In the Sabbath school she is also invaluable, as singer, teacher and universal helper. What makes her services all the more valuable, is the modest and lady like manner with which all is done; her promptness and cheerful willingness to do anything and everything she can for the church's and the Sabbath school's welfare. The congregation fully appreciate her worth, and testified their approval of this gift by their hearty applause.

By half-past nine the tree was denuded of its wonderful fruit; the lights were out and the delighted people were "munching" their way homeward.

Below we give the programme: Coronation, Congregation. Prayers, Pastors. Anthem, Choir. Recitation of Ecce Agnus Dei, School. Recitation, (Clay Hoyt. "Sada Penniman." Andrew Wallace. Bennett Bros. Music, Blanche Starkweather. Reading, School. Song, George W. Wallace. School. Recitation, Willie Wallace. School. Solo, Miss Coleman. Recitation, Miss Mary Andrews. Due, instrumental, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Stafford. Distribution of presents, Santa Claus. Doxology and Benediction.

Tonquish.

The next meeting of the Pomona P. O. H. will be held at Redford Grange hall, January 11, at 10:30 a. m. S. J. Blount, secretary.

Belleville.

[TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.] Two Christmas trees here next Monday evening.

The rostrum in the M. E. church has been remodeled over.

The Episcopal church fair was very successful; the proceeds netting them about \$60.

Myrtle Lodge No. 99, F. & A. M., of this place, gave a supper to their members at Union hall, Tuesday evening next.

Mrs. Cora Ingraham, of Flint, who has been visiting friends and relatives here for the past week returned home Wednesday.

Recollection and Hope.

"Backward, slow backward, oh tide of the years! I am so weary of toil and of tears.— Toil without recompense—tears all in vain Take them and give me my childhood again! I have grown weary of dust and decay, Wear of flinging my soul wealth away— Wear of sowing for others to reap; Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

Thus sang Florence Percy as she portrays in touching verse the lost hopes disappointed ambitions, and tired lives, of those who sink under the burdens of the present. The recollection of what they once were, of the hopes and aspirations of youth, of the bright pictures which imagination drew of the then future, contrasted with present condition, and the unending labors of the average life, have bowed the soul in disappointment and sorrow.

Such a contemplation is indeed apt to give the best of us twinges of sadness and regret. Our ideal has not been reached; many of our idols have been shattered; the rank, the wealth, the position we coveted have not been attained, or if attained, only at the cost of great labor and self-denial, and the loss of much that is necessary for present enjoyment.

Men and life, business and religion, are not what we thought they were, and after all we have only filled a place in the great army of laborers, "sowing for others to reap."

But our lot is the common lot of all. The world and mankind are not so bad after all. We have only made the mistake of placing our ideals too high; higher than our circumstances or abilities will allow us to reach. If we had only been content with doing our part, dealing with the real and not with the ideal, content with honest labor and honorable character, the chances are we would not have been thus disappointed with life.

But supposing we have been thus unfortunate; will repining and complaining better our conditions? Nay, it only makes it the more uncomfortable, and takes from us the strength and hope we need for the future.

Even, if it were possible, few of us would be willing to go back to childhood. If we had only the same identical life to live. Childhood, with some of us, has not been the pleasant thing it might have been; we have seen too many of the sorrows and afflictions of life; the struggle has been too severe; the tension too great. We prefer to let "the dead past bury its dead." We prefer to live for the future, and if possible, from the elements left, and the experience gained; to build wiser and better for the coming years. We choose to look forward, not backward; to look up, and not down; and if we cannot accomplish our aspirations here, we will so live and labor as to make it easier for someone else to accomplish theirs.

This is the teaching of the word of God. "Not only to bear our own burdens, but also to help others, so far as we justly can bear their burdens."

We sincerely sympathize with those upon whom their own sins, or the sins of others may have fallen, but we would not counsel a recollection whose only effect would be bitterness and sorrow. Rather, warned by the past, be sure where you put your feet in the future; of how you speak, with whom you shall mingle, so that by patience, industry, and righteousness you may yet get from life a satisfaction and joy that have hitherto failed to come.

New Year's time is usually the time for retrospection, regret and self-promises for the future. All very good if we reap wisdom from such sowing. But such periods are usually brief, and their effects only transitory. We had better think less, talk less and work more. Do not hurry, nor worry. God has given us all the time there is, and it is sufficient to do everything we ought to do. Crowding and rushing, means mistakes and a breakdown. Steady and systematic will accomplish wonders. But wit in the man must be the motive power, a righteous object, and a hope of realization. If he knows himself and his Creator as he ought to know him, there will be very little to fret over. Having done this best, he knows God will supplement his weakness and lack. Above all, he will have within him "the peace that passeth understanding," and by and by, he knows he will be satisfied and content. By well doing therefore, let the coming year be filled with hopes of betterment and preferment, looking not so much for, nor depending so much upon, human applause and pettable gain, as upon the favors and rewards of Him who can even make our failures stepping stones to future success. G. H. W. Plymouth, Mich., Dec. 20, 1888.

A Scrap of Paper Saved His Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle; it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful discovery free at Chaffee & Hunter's drug store. 4

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.

Red Front Drug Store.

Candies. Candies. Candies.

Candies. Candies.

Candies.

CANDIES.

Candies.

Candies. Candies.

Candies. Candies. Candies.

Leaves for Pot Pouri Jugs for sale.

JOHN L. GALE.

Drugs, Medicines, Groceries.

Largest Stock and Best Assortment

—OF—

SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

—AT—

BOYLAN'S.

REMEMBER!

—THAT—

ANDERSON BROTHERS, HEDDEN BLOCK,

HAVE THE ONLY GENUINE

Tarred Rope for Corn Stalks!

Also Agents for Miller & Fernwood's Oak-land and Detroit Jewel Stoves.

Olarenceville.

A "Christmas" at the German church, Sunday night. Mr. and Miss Becker, of Detroit, were the guests of Mrs. Waack, Sunday.

Livonia.

Mrs. Maria Leach is on the sick list. Dangald Blue is very low at this writing. A merry Christmas Mr. Editor. [Thanks, Editor.]

Our school teacher, is at home, at Plymouth, spending the holidays. One year ago to-day there were many sad hearts in this neighborhood.

Wm. Smith and E. W. Millard returned home from Ypsilanti to spend the holidays.

The young folks of this place took in the Christmas tree, at Newburg, Monday evening.

Mrs. A. Turnbull went to Webberville, last Monday, to visit her brother, John VanHouten.

Mr. Luther, the man that tried to kill his family in Detroit, last week, has two brother-in-laws in this town, both very nice men.

Grant Smith traveling agent for the firm of Edson, Moore & Co., is spending Christmas with his sister at this place, Mrs. J. E. Wilcox.

Wayne.

Geo. Newkirk was out from Detroit over Sunday. C. B. Wortley, of Holt, was, in town Sunday.

D. B. Newbirk, of Detroit, was in town Monday. Ed. Collins was out from Detroit over Christmas.

C. Westfall and Fred Shafer were seen on our streets last week.

Miss Mattie and Hattie Collins have returned home from Muskegon to spend the holidays.

Orrie Hubbard has returned from Iowa, where he has been working for the past four months.

Harrison Berdan, of Charlevoix, was down last week to visit his brother Geo. who has been sick for the past six months.

An alarm of fire at about twelve o'clock Tuesday night, called out the citizens in great haste and numbers to witness the burning of Earl Goldsmith's barn.

This makes the fourth fire in three months. There was a drizzling rain at the time and by the work of one the best fire-fighting brigades in the State, nothing but the barn burned, notwithstanding that the house was not farther off than twenty feet.

The fire was discovered in the northeast part of the building, and before it had made much headway everything that could be stirred was got out of the burn.

There were three or four horses and one cow, buggies, harnesses, etc., all gotten out and saved. The origin is unmistakably incendiary. The building was insured.

Newburg.

George N. Tibbits, of Muskegon, is visiting friends here. Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Stark are spending the holidays at St. Johns.

Chas. E. Smith, of Lake Linden, Mich., is spending a few weeks with friends. Miss Annie St. John, of Ann Arbor, arrived here Christmas day for a short visit to friends.

If any one says there is no truth in "cast your bread on the waters and it will return to you," the president of Newburg ball association, will tell you he knows better; he has just tried it.

Our Christmas tree and entertainment came very close to being a grand success. The only noticeable error was in not providing suitable light for the stage.

A fine display of presents were distributed by P. B. Whitbeck, as Santa Claus, who, to use an expression we heard, "Oh! he was just lovely." His little speeches were sandwiched with little gems of poetry.

Replication to the Correspondent from Mead's Mills.

I noticed an article in the PLYMOUTH MAIL of the 14th inst. giving the general news of the day, all of which was quite brief. I then noticed the commencement of a new subject. The writer starts out with what I supposed was a replication to an article written by F. J. and published in the MAIL, December 7.

The writer starts out with very strong and positive language. First he says the writer evidently is in his dotage or else he is ignorant of the existing state of affairs in the land. He also says that the writer said the husband supposed to furnish shelter, food and raiment. I did say so in the article that I wrote and the law makes it obligatory for him to do so.

Again, the writer says there are instances where the wife not only supports her liege lord but the children beside. I will admit there are as stated cases where it is done by her. Suppose the husband is a mechanic and supports his family by days work and should fall from a scaffold and break his arm, and be unable to work, who should support the family until he recovered and is able to work again?

The skies were never dark enough, nor starless enough; the storm was never fierce enough nor mild enough; the quick bolts of heaven were never loud enough and he arrows of slander never flew thick enough to drive a noble woman from her husband's side, so it is all of human speech the holiest word is woman. Did I in answering the article of G. H. W. say one word that would detract from woman in any shape or manner, but in a friendly way? I wrote the answer. I had a perfect right to reply. Free speech gives me the right to do so.

Again I will resume my answer to another proposition, that is propounded by the correspondent from Mead's Mills. He or she says that if a woman dies without making a disposition of her property the husband can claim one-third as his share. If the husband was the owner the wife could have the use of one-third during her life time. Now the writer puts in so many ifs that it seems to destroy one-half of his argument.

Now, I will finish up what the correspondent says about the pocket book. He don't deny what he said about its being full, but says no sane man or person thought it was intended that the book should be so full as to endanger the fastenings of the it. Now Mr. Correspondent what right have you to prevaricate or quibble, when you know as well as I do what language he used. I believe he meant what he said and said what he meant.

You have no right to misconstrue his language; you have no right to try and shield him behind some subterfuge in order to make your argument more perfect. If he has made a blunder you can't step in the gap and close it up for him. He is more able to defend himself than you are to defend him and to tell the truth in the matter. I don't think he thanks anyone to meddle with his affairs, especially in an article of pleasantry between him and his neighbors.

His letters are always interesting and instructive; a good deal more so than any you can write. So take my advice and never try and make yourself too conspicuous. When your hamlet grows larger you will have a greater field for operations. I believe in home talent and you are taking that all away from Plymouth. That is radically wrong. Give some one in Plymouth a chance to come to the rescue of Mr. G. H. W. He has hosts of good friends here and I am one of them.

wrote it must be a coward or he would put his initials to it. If the correspondent accepted the article and agreed to have it published, he has been made a cat's-paw of and is just as deep in the mud as the other is in the mire.

The higher we get in the scale of being, the grander, the tenderer we will become. Kindness is always an evidence of grandness. Malice is the property of a small soul. Now, it seems to me that the article that was published in the MAIL purporting to come from Mead's Mills was not written in kindness nor in a christian spirit. It seems to me that it was malice aforethought. If it was the latter I will forgive him or her and pray God may do the same.

I cannot refrain from calling the gentleman's attention again to the subject of a man that is in his dotage. I am accused of being such a person. Have you, the author of the article referred to, ever studied phrenology? Are you skilled in the art of mind-reading? Have you ever studied physiognomy? If so you are a proper person to judge of a man when he arrives at that period when he begins to show mental disability.

The current teachings of the day when I was a boy were this: The boys were forbidden by their parents from scoffing or tantalizing the old when they become infirm and decrepid. I also remember the picture I saw in the first spelling book that I studied. It showed a group of boys scoffing at an old man that was blind and deaf.

The Lord God sent a wild bear out of the forest and he destroyed them all. Now, don't trouble yourselves about old bald-headed men, for fear of meeting the same fate yourself.

Not only being called a man in his dotage, I believe that I have been a much misrepresented man in regard to woman's rights. No man has cause to respect, love and adore woman more than myself. I had a kind, loving and affectionate mother. I loved her while she lived. I love and revered her memory. In my father's family there were fourteen children, ten of them were women, and four boys, myself being the youngest of the family.

I will close my article by giving my best respects to the correspondent from Mead's Mills. F. J.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE No invention of the nineteenth century has worked a greater revolution in household economy or conferred more of a benefit on humanity than the sewing machine. The first productions were crude and uncouth in the extreme, and it was reserved for American skill and ingenuity to bring forth a machine of any practical value.

The M. E. church was crowded last Monday evening—even standing room was taken—to hear Miss Nettie Pelham's "Christmas Ship," which was given by Misses Addie Dibble, Maud Packard, Maud Millsbaugh, and Messrs. Milton Moore, Will Berdan, Harry Markham and Sammy Spicer, of the Sunday School, in a very acceptable manner.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

FOR SALE.

I have several pieces of good property in Wayne for sale on very easy terms. A dwelling on Norris street, nine rooms, excellent cellar, eastern, woodshed, etc., very desirable. The property now occupied by the Wayne County Review. The second lot west of the Review office. The first lot north of the Review office. Also the property known as Central Hall. Plenty of time given if desired. Want to sell because I am unable to look after them. J. H. STEERS, Plymouth, Mich.

Business Notices.

Wanted—To exchange an organ or sewing machine, new, for a gentle horse. Inquire of editor at this office. Sewing machines repaired and new parts furnished when required. Needle and oil for sale. J. H. Steers, Plymouth. A new sewing machine at the MAIL office. Will be sold very cheap.

OUR CHEAP COLUMN. TRY IT!

Advertisements will be inserted in this column until further notice at the following low rates: Not exceeding three lines, one time, 10 cents; two times, 18 cents; three times, 25 cents; four times, 32 cents; five times, one time, 15 cents; two times, 22 cents; three times, 30 cents; four times, 45 cents.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR A GOOD FARM a new and very desirable residence on West Fort street, Detroit. Inquire at MAIL office. 637

LEGAL BLANKS OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE at the MAIL office, Plymouth. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to an order of the Probate Court, of the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, granting unto the undersigned administrator of the estate of Hannah J. Ash, deceased, license to sell the real estate whereof said deceased died seized and possessed, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, interest and charges: The undersigned administrator will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, on the premises lately occupied by said deceased, on the seventh day of January, 1889, at one o'clock p. m., local time, the real estate of said deceased and described as follows: Beginning at the center of Ann Arbor and Deer streets; thence southerly along the center of Deer street to the center of Bowery street; thence westerly along the center of Bowery street to land owned by C. B. Crosby; thence northerly along the easterly line of Crosby's land to the north-east corner of said Crosby's land; thence westerly to the south-east corner of land owned by J. M. Collier; thence northerly along the easterly line of J. M. Collier's land to the center of Ann Arbor street; thence along the center of Ann Arbor street to place of beginning, and situated in the village of Plymouth, county of Wayne, State of Michigan. CASE J. ALLEN, Administrator. Holly, November 14, 1888.

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR PLYMOUTH.

E. P. ZERBE & CO.

Have opened a GIFT TEA & COFFEE STORE At the Corner of South Main and Church streets.

A Handsome Present! Will be given to Every Purchaser of Tea, Coffee and Spices as an inducement to test the merits of our goods, the Purity and Superior Quality

Of which will be sufficient recommendation for further purchases. Special Sale for Next Saturday!

A Handsome One-half Gallon Pitcher will be given with One Pound of the Best Baking Powder. REMEMBER THE PLACE! Corner of South Main and Church Streets, the Old Bakery, Plymouth, Michigan. 68

Subscribers!

Please bear in mind that we discontinue the MAIL in every case, when the time is up for which you have paid, unless we have your permission to continue it. When you subscribe for one year it is impossible for us to tell whether you will want it longer, unless you say so. We send the paper to no one on the start without it is ordered, and we send it to no one after their time is out, unless it is ordered. It is necessary for us to have some rule and adhere to it and we have adopted the above. We trust that when you are notified your time is out, you will give us permission to continue it. THE PUBLISHER.

Bargains in Real Estate.

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

BARGAIN NO. 1. Farm for sale; 30 acres, 3/4 miles from Plymouth; house, barn, orchard, good well; excellent location, short distance from school house. Unable to work it is the reason for wishing to sell. Price \$1400, part down.

BARGAIN NO. 2. Six acres land, 4/10 rods on the D road and 24 rods deep, 1/4 miles from Plymouth good house, barn and other outbuildings; in excellent condition. Plenty of good fruit; good "drive" well, which never fails; beautiful place. Price \$1,300, with very easy terms.

BARGAIN NO. 3. Only 2 1/2 miles from Plymouth on best road; 3 1/2 acres the garden land; 30 trees choice apple and cherries. House has 10 rooms and splendid large cellar; rooms newly papered walls and ceilings, and well painted throughout; everything convenient and in perfect repair; double doors; weights and pulleys in windows etc.; 30 rods from good school; 10 rods from post office, church, public hall and store. Splendid well of never failing, pure water and a very large stone cistern. First-class neighborhood and the most desirable place of its size within ten miles. Title perfect; no encumbrance; easy terms. Buildings all new or equivalent to new. Will be sold dirt cheap.

A XMAS GIFT.

AN ELEGANT LIFE SIZED PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF Worth \$25.00 if you draw the lucky number. Every person buying a dozen of our lovely Cabinet Photographs DURING DECEMBER Has an equal chance.

13 FOR A DOZEN THIS MONTH. 13 And remember our work is second to none regardless of price. Nothing more elegant as a Christmas Present to a friend than one of our Cabinet Portraits.

GIBSON & BROWN, NORTHVILLE. Old Stoves Made New Have your Stove Fittings Newly Nickel Plated.

All kinds of Nickel Plating done in the best manner and at reasonable prices. Plymouth Air Rifle Co. C. A. FRISBEE, Dealer in Lumber, Lath, Shingles, and Coal.

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

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

Table with columns for WEST, STATIONS, and EAST, listing train times and routes between Detroit, Lansing, and other stations.

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

Chicago Junc. with Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway. Lansing, with Michigan Central R. R. Ionia, with Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R. R. and Stanten Branch.

Howard City, with Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R. Edmore, with Chicago, Saginaw & Okemba R. R. Big Rapids, with Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. Grand Rapids, with Chicago & West Michigan; Grand Rapids Div. Michigan Central; Kalamazoo Div. Lake Shore & Michigan Southern; J. B. MULLIKEN, Gen'l Manager, Detroit. W. A. CARPENTER, Gen'l Agent, Detroit.

# Plymouth Mail.

J. H. STANNA, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

THE Empress of Germany nurses her baby. As the little one has been made a Colonel in a German regiment, and already belongs to various orders of knighthood, he is worthy of his honor.

GEORGE W. VAN SICLEN writes from Holland to friends in this country that the Netherlands will celebrate on Nov. 15 the two hundredth anniversary of the accession of a Dutchman to the throne of England.

Mrs. MACKAY recently presented Queen Isabella of Spain with some rare pieces of china. It is asserted that her ex-Majesty has offered to use her influence to secure a Spanish title of nobility for Mr. Mackay.

KALANUA King of the Sandwich Islands, is writing a novel. He has long had literary aspirations, but did not feel that he ought to attempt fiction until after he had learned something about life from experience.

GOLDWIN SMITH, who is setting forth his personal recollections under the title of "Observations of a Lengthened Experience," has abandoned his project of writing a continuation of Macaulay's "History of England."

ELDER EVANS the head of the Shaker family at New Lebanon, has been spending some time in New York of late attending to the publication of his writings. At eighty years old he looks and acts and talks like a vigorous man of fifty-five.

DOM LUIZ King of Portugal, who translated "Hamlet" into Portuguese some years ago, has just published a translation of the "Merchant of Venice." The monarch, in addition to being a linguist and poet is a virtuoso on various instruments.

CAPTAIN BOYCOTT, despite his terrible experiences in Ireland, dwells absolutely in no hatred either of the country or its race. In a letter he made use of this remark: "I go for my annual holiday to dear old Ireland—I is my one treat of the year."

LOD JENNYSON has been sick for some months and was so seriously ill at the beginning of last week that grave apprehensions were felt by his family for the moment. The most urgent symptoms have passed away, but he is still very prostrate and weak.

QUEEN NATALIE has sent a formal protest against the divorce granted to King Milan by the Metropolitan of Belgrade to the Greek Orthodox Synods of Bucharest and Athens, to the Holy Synod of St. Petersburg and to the Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople.

ANOTHER of Columbia's fair daughters has been captured by a foreigner—this time by an English lord. A Washington dispatch announces the marriage of Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., and Miss Mary Endicott, the only daughter of the secretary of war.

Mrs. HANNAH ATWOOD CROSBY of Warner, N. H., recently passed her ninetieth birthday, at which many interesting incidents of her early life at Boston were recalled. She went to the Hub as a bride in 1826, when the population was only 45,000 and cows grazed on the common.

O. J. BROWN, of Claremont, a well-known New Hampshire stage driver in the staging days, celebrated his eightieth birthday recently by driving a load of his friends, drawn by eight gray horses, to Windsor, Vt., giving them a fine dinner and driving them back in excellent style.

Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE has made the most remarkable recovery her physicians have ever witnessed. When she left Sag Harbor it was believed that she could not live to reach Hartford. Now, however, she is better than she has been for some years, and is able to walk with the aid of a cane.

Among the Washington debutantes of the coming winter will be Miss Nellie Bayard, Miss Garland, Miss Grace Black, daughter of General Black; Miss Harlan, daughter of Justice Harlan; Miss Quay, daughter of Senator Quay; the Misses Preston, daughters of the Haytian Minister; Miss Wilson, daughter of Colonel John M. Wilson; Miss Thompson, daughter of the California representative, and the Misses Fuller, daughters of the chief justice.

## WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

The Eyes Through Which Our Thoughts are Read and Seen.

Some poetical gentleman has called the eye "the window of the soul," and at all times and among nearly all people it is regarded as the great feature of expression; that is, by persons who are neither amateurs in nor professors of that quasi-science physiognomy. These gentlemen, says the San Francisco Chronicle, devote their time and treatises as much to the nose as to the eyes, propounding rules of characters deduced from the wrinkles of forehead and warts on the cheek, writing learnedly of the lineaments of the cheek, the signification of the chin, the index of the mouth and a score of other diversities of feature.

First, as to the eyes as a feature in National physiognomy. Lavater, when discussing this question, gives the following as the result of his observations: That the Italians have small eyes; the Germans light-colored eyes, surrounded with many wrinkles; the English strong, open, liberal and steadfast eyes, and the Swiss dull eyes.

The Scandinavians, according to Buffon, have narrow eyes, the pupils of a yellow-brown, inclining to a black, and the eyelids retiring towards the temple. The eyes of the Tartars, he says, are small and sunken, the eyebrows large, covering the eyes, and the eyelids thick. The eyes of the Chinese are small, the eyebrows large, and the eyelids raised.

The New Hollander had a dull, black eye, thick eyebrows and eyelids half shut—a habit acquired in fancy to preserve the eyes from gnats. To the Spaniard Buffon gives "good eyes," to the Goths, blue eyes, and to the Finlanders, heavy lids and the iris of a deep yellow.

Winkelmann holds the opinion that the shape and color of the eyes are very largely the result of climatic and other direct conditions. Thus, he says, the small half-closed, blinking eyes of the Esquimaux are due to nature's attempt to preserve the sight from the dry, cold air and the effusion of light from the snow amidst which they live. The small eyes of all the distant and northern nations, he says in another place, are in consequence of the imperfection of their growth. It is upon the authority of a philosophic writer named De Pauw that the Peruvian has an eye, the apple of which is black and the white not very clear.

This reminds one of the description by Russell of a Senegambian's eye, which he likens to a boiled prime set in a plover's egg. Another authority states that the eye of the Turks is devoid of passion or great enterprise, but that it is eloquent in all the penetration of benevolent cunning. This writer also says that the "silent eye" of the Englishman "seeks not to please;" that the eye of the Frenchman is "vivacious and unstable;" that the Italian's is "ardent;" and the Dutchman's "half open and without thought."

Eyes have always been regarded as tribal indications. Tacitus, for example, describes the Germans as "fierce, with blue eyes and red hair." The Celts are described as swarthy and dark-eyed, the Gauls are red-haired and light-eyed, while the Nubians and Egyptians have always been spoken of as dark eyed. These characteristics have not apparently changed, and it may be said roundly that the people of the temperate zone have generally light-colored eyes, while those of the extreme zones are dark.

Of the races, he only one that can be said to be light eyed is the Caucasians, and even this race is by no means uniform as to color in its eyes. The entire human history goes to prove that the light-haired, blue-eyed races are capable of the highest degree of civilization, but it does not by any means prove that the highest degree of civilization is confined to the blonde races. There was a period when blue-eyed persons were rarely seen, and to-day seven-eighths of the world's inhabitants have dark eyes. Not only is the majority on the side of the dark-eyed, but statistics would seem to indicate that that majority is increasing. In a paper read some time ago before the Swedish Anthropological society it was stated that brown eyes were becoming more common in Switzerland, North Germany, Belgium and Sweden, and that out of every one hundred sets of light-eyed parents fifty-six per cent of the children had dark eyes.

In this calculation blue gray and gray eyes were classified as blue, and, if there is any weight to be attached to the report, it would show that blue eyes, even in a blue-eyed country, are becoming decidedly scarce, which ought to be good news for the blondes.

It will be sequential here to quote a paragraph or two from Lavater con-

cerning the color of the eyes. "The most common to the eyes, he writes, 'are the orange, yellow, green, blue, gray and gray mixed with white. The blue and orange are almost predominant and are after found in the same eye.' "Eyes supposed to be black," says Buffon, "are only yellow, brown or a deep orange; to convince ourselves of which we need but look at them closely, for when seen at a distance or turned towards the light, they appear to be black, because the yellow brown color is so contrasted to the white of the eye that the opposition makes it supposed black."

"Eyes also of a less dark color pass for black, but are not esteemed so fine as the other because the contrast is not so great. There are also yellow eyes which do not appear black because the colors are not deep enough to be overpowered by the shade. It is not uncommon to perceive shades of orange, yellow, gray and blue in the same eye, and wherever blue appears however small the tincture, it becomes the predominant color and appears in streaks over the whole iris."

"The finest eyes are those which we imagine to be black or blue. Vivacity and fire, which are the principal characteristics to the eyes, are the more enlivened when the colors are deep and contrasted than when slightly shaded. Black eyes have most strength of expression and most vivacity; but the blue have most mildness and are more arch. In the former there is an order uninterruptedly bright, because the color, which appears to us uniform, emits similar reflections every way we look at it. But modifications are distinguished in the light which animates blue eyes, because there are various tints of color producing various reflections."

### The Greatest Gambler of the Age.

A man has just died whose whose life might well serve as a text for a thousand sermons. This was the Baron de Bastart. His life was entirely given up to gambling. He came from a good family in Brittany, and when a young man was made sub-prefect of Morlaix. This office he neglected altogether, and spent most of his time in Paris playing baccarat. That was at the time of Louis Napoleon's Italian campaign. When the treaty of Villafranca was signed and peace was restored a telegraphic message was sent to him, and a package of official posters proclaiming the news, which it was his duty to distribute throughout the department. These were sent to his office at Morlaix, but the telegram was forwarded to him in Paris. It was handed to him at the baccarat table. He read it and went on with the game. He did not go to Morlaix for a month, and when he did go there he found the package of posters still laying on his desk, and beside them a letter from the minister of the interior dismissing him from his office in disgrace. He immediately returned to Paris, and never again left this city.

From that time until his death this week he spent all his available time at the gambling table. As surely as the hour of 4 struck every afternoon, he repaired to his favorite club. There he played without a break, save to eat a hasty meal, until about 5 o'clock next morning. I am told by officers of the club that in all these years he was absent from his place only four days, or nights. Did he win? No. He always lost, and his losses were heavy. Indeed, he did not expect to win. His losses enriched the club and filled the pockets of many of its members. Those who knew him well say that his losses for thirty years averaged more than \$100,000 a year. That would give a grand total, then, of more than \$3,000,000. The baron was able to do this because he owned mining stock which brought him a fixed income of about \$150,000 a year. —Paris Letter to the Chicago Tribune.

### The Poker Theatrical Party.

The poker theatrical party is one of the latest social affairs. A party of gentlemen meet and play for a box, the railroad fare, and the supper after the performance. It may occur to the uninitiated that the map who "gets stuck"—poker parlance—has a heavy bill to settle. But the poker theatrical party is exclusive. It has just so many at the table, and they are always the same, so that if the theaters don't give out each man in the game at some stage of the season comes in for his expense, for you must remember that in a gentleman's game of poker it is understood that every player must "get stuck" at some time. At these gentlemen's games one can also hear a language peculiar to themselves. For instance, when one of the players has three queens he says he has "three typewriters," but he doesn't say it when his wife is in the room. —Chicago Times.

### Being a Man.

Bonny Bronson was very sick. He was sure no one was ever so sick before, and that his last hour had come. He really hoped it had, for this agony was beyond enduring long. The worst of it was that he must suffer alone. His place when he was ill was on his motherless bed, but to-day he was on the grass under the shade of an apple tree, hiding from her. He knew that if his father were to come by and discover the old brown pipe-thrown ashle in his distress, he would say he was justly punished, and maybe punish him in some other way besides.

The truth was, he had been trying to learn to smoke. On his way from the postoffice that morning he met Pat McMahon. Pat was much smaller and a great deal older than Bennie. He had smoked almost from babyhood. He had a weazen little face, and a bold swaggering manner. He had lately added beer-drinking to the list of his accomplishments, and would some day make his mark in the world, if he continued as he had begun, as a petty villain. He was smoking this morning when Bennie met her.

Being a free-handed lad, as all the boys knew, he offered Bennie a whiff from his old pipe. The younger boy refused it, and, when urged, confessed that he did not smoke. Pat laughed at him, and said he hated a girl-boy, and that he would never be a man until he learned to do so; that there were the "makin's" of a man in him if he would bring it out; and much more in the same strain. When he had finished his few but impressive remarks Bennie was convinced that the one thing he needed to become a man was to learn to smoke. He did not think it necessary, however, for his mother to know anything about either the smoking or the manliness. So, when with many thanks he accepted the loan of Pat's pipe he could get one of his own, he went into the orchard to take his first lesson alone.

He had no idea what that lesson implied, and he thought as he lay there that he would rather not be a man if this was the way to become one. When the worst of the sickness was over and he was more reconciled to living he thought of what Pat had said, and began to doubt his statements. His own father was a true man, and one whom the whole town respected, yet he never smoked. Pat's father was hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth, yet who respected him? There was a mistake somewhere, and it must be that Pat did not know as much as he thought he did, and who indeed ever looked up to Pat, with all his drinking and smoking, or considered him anything but a small rowdy? Bennie remembered, too, that his mother had forbidden his having anything to do with the boy; he was quite certain now that his mother was right. Of course she was, and as he had never yet concealed anything from her, he would not begin now. As soon as he could walk he made his way to the house. She was not in the sitting-room, and Bennie, who was still sick and very pale, went up to her room, where she sat sewing.

"Oh, my son," she cried, as she caught sight of his white face, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Oh, mother, I have been so sick!" he answered. He felt very much like crying, but for a boy of ten that would be decidedly unmanly, he thought.

"Lie on my bed there, dear; and let me send for a doctor."

She left her work and came to him. "I will lie on your bed, but a doctor will do me no good."

"Why, what can be the matter?" she asked, thoroughly alarmed as she arranged the pillows. "There! lie there."

"Don't be so kind to me," he almost wept. "Oh, mother, I've been smoking!"

"Bennie! was all she said, as she sat down on the bed by him.

Then he told her all.

"You see," he added, by way of excuse, "the boys do laugh so at a fellow if he don't do anything to show that he is a man."

"It shows that you are not a man to mind being laughed at," she returned. "It is only the weak who can be ridiculed into doing wrong. The brave man or boy does his duty without regard for the opinion of the world. The most perfect manhood is the Christian manhood. Christ is a model of manliness. He came into this world as a child, that even children may have an example to follow; and, Bennie, he was subject unto his parents. He remained so until he grew up, I suppose. He thought it manly to obey them, and wrong to disobey. By following his example you are cultivating the highest manhood, and he will give you grace to withstand the temptations of the world, and courage to do what you know is right notwith-

standing the laugh of ignorant boys who have gone far astray and want to drag others with them. And as for smoking, I have heard men say that when you once learn to do it you are tobacco's slave, and few men have power to throw that master off. You will never cease to regret that you entered into the bondage—and all for the sake of boys." —Careful Guide.

### Getting Fat.

The wife invalid does not lack fresh proofs of emancipation morning after morning with half so keen a solicitude as that shown by the threatened victim of obesity; for invalids, as a rule, are rather careless about personnel, while people who are growing stout often disclose an eager regard for it. Their sensitiveness, too, has become proverbial; and I should say that this rose from a sole in feeling, that they are becoming gradually pressed away by their own avoidants from all the romanticism and picturesque of life. But especially is this true when they are of the softer sex. Flesh has wrought more dolorous havoc in the feminine than in the masculine bosom. We all find that a fat Romeo is somewhat crucial to put up with, but will not have a fat Juliet at any price; we should prefer one, indeed, beside whom Sarah Bernhardt appeared a trifle plump.

It has been my impression that the sorrows of fat women still wait to be sympathetically recorded. As a class they have been chronicled abundantly. Their kinder chronicler has yet to look into his heart and write about them. He will tell what agony they have suffered from the simple phrase "You appear to be very well," and how they have felt very shuddered the word "health," has left the lips of some innocent friend. He will touch upon those bitter qualms of embarrassment which are felt when a member of their portly sex shall enter a street car and find that two men rise gallantly instead of one. He will mention, also, their tremulous distrust of fragile looking chairs. But this will not include the whole substance of his exposition, for he cannot, as a conscientious analyst, ignore those data of dieting which include a fervid cult of roast beef, fish and lemon juice, coincident with an avoidance of sugar, milk and potatoes. It will be a sorrowful history when some one shall some day indite it. It will be replete with heart yearnings, but it must likewise be sadly pregnant with yearnings of a more prosaic and carnal kind. —Edward Fa-coll in Once a Week.

### After an American Fortune.

Allamacher, the printer of Versailles who was supposed to have inherited 25,000,000 francs from a testator who died in America, is still playing the part of a "wandering heir." It is stated that the printer really received over \$3,000 from a banker in order to enable him to go to America, where his property was awaiting him, and that the new Monte Cristo has actually sailed for the "States." One thing, however, is certain, ever since the announcement of Allamacher's reputed good luck, the office of the printing establishment of Versailles, wherein he has worked, has been inundated by letters from all parts of France. Among these epistles were 800 communications of all sorts and sizes from women, thirty letters from people who wanted to float newspapers, wax works, waterworks, railways, mines and every kind of financial undertaking; 27 epistles from poets offering copies of their latest productions, and a myriad of others from the tradesmen, struggling lawyers, litterateurs, painters, musicians, actors and "quacks." The women's letters were the most amusing of all. There was the svel and symmetrical sylph with golden hair, who had already been noticed; the widow of a general, who modestly represented herself as of a certain age, but well preserved, still beautiful, and calculated to secure the felicity of a millionaire. Then there were dozens of *demoiselles avec titres*, and numerous damsels without any blemish; a laundress who loved composers, and a score of milliners, each of whom assured M. Allamacher that she was ready to die for him if necessary. Some of these letters bore curious addresses, such as "To M. Allamacher, ex-Printer," or "To the heir of \$5,000,000, at Versailles," or "To M. Allamacher, of Versailles, the Impersonation of virtue Rewarded." Hardly any of these peculiar communications have reached the printer, who is now either hiding in mysterious quarters in Paris, or crossing the Atlantic in quest of the "Golden Fleece," which, after all, this new Jason may not be able to secure. —Paris Dispatch to the London Telegraph.

## FARM AND HOME.

### Keeping Cabbages for Spring Use.

Cabbages can be kept through the winter out of doors better than they can in the cellar if the work is properly done. Select a position in the lee of a tight board fence or a building and dig down about two feet. From the bottom of this pit lay a drain that will carry off any water that may come into it. Then lay down some old boards or rails as a floor and put on that a covering of straw or poor hay. Trim off nearly all the loose outer leaves of the cabbage, just leaving two or three of the innermost ones. Pack them carefully upon the straw, stem end uppermost. The roots may be left on or cut off as may seem most convenient. They seem to keep quite as well when the root is taken off, and they make much better stowage. They cannot be packed too closely, but it is not well to put them more than three or four tiers deep. Cover them now with straw, and upon that put an inch or two of earth. The pile should be the highest in the center, and some of the straw should be allowed to come above the soil at the highest point, that it may act as a ventilator to allow the escape of the warm air in the pit. As the weather grows colder, cover with more earth until it is from one to two feet deep. The object of the covering is not to prevent freezing, but to make the freezing and thawing process as gradual as it can be made. If the heap is a large one there should be a ventilator of projecting straws to every ten feet square, and these should be so arranged that but little water will go down them. A little will not do any harm. Packed in this way they can be kept until spring, or they can be taken out for market at any time during the winter. If there comes a long thaw in January or February it will be well to open the heap enough to examine the cabbages to see how they are keeping; but usually if, from the work not having been well done, or from any cause, they begin to decay, it can be detected by the odor which will come from the ventilators at evening after a warm day.—*American Cultivator.*

### The Orchard.

According to my observation, apple trees like best a hilly country and a rocky soil. Apples are of the best quality when grown in a cold climate. I am basing these statements on my own observation mostly, though I have heard people say these things were true. As regards the rocks about apple trees I have this to say: They seem to be favorable to the trees, or at least not injurious if underground, but are very unfavorable to the crop if on the surface.

Years ago the old fashioned farmer, who by the way was more than half right in many of his notions, would plant his apple trees close up to the stone wall, and nearly every apple that left the trees without the aid of human hands, and some that had such aid, would show marks of rugged rocks beneath. Rows of these old trees yet remain, many of them in a thrifty and profitable condition, and may be seen in almost any apple growing region in New England, and although in many instances vigorous, yet marketable apples from those trees are much less in quality and quantity than those from the same number of trees out in the open field, and this for obvious reasons. It is more work to start an orchard in a rocky place if you do it well, but if you pick up the rocks on the surface and isolate your trees from the stone walls, it is one of the best uses you can put your rocky land to, other things being equal. Here in Maine some of the finest apples in the world are produced; the finest not only in flavor, but in looks, etc., as attested by the statement of commission men in Boston and other cities. And I know that in many instances these apples come right off from rocky hills and ravines, the apple belts in Maine being made up of such a configuration.

To stem up I would say plant the orchard where it will be handy for all the rocks; no matter about them if they are not left on the surface. But don't plant any kind of fruit trees in the pasture, for there are four things a man cannot have in common, viz: Hens and a good garden, and cattle and a good orchard. Cattle have no business with fruit trees.—*New England Farmer.*

### Planting Forest Trees.

The mode of setting out young forest trees on the prairies in the best and most economical manner is described by Robert Douglas, who has had experience with millions. The following has been condensed from his description in the *Garden and Forest*: The ground is first marked both ways as for corn planting; at each intersection a man strikes his spade down vertically and pushes the handle backward

and forward, making a slit in the ground, into which a boy inserts a tree. The earth is then pushed against it with the foot and the tree is planted. But this is not the method recommended by Mr. Douglas, as the roots are thus cramped and many of the trees die. The true way is to put the ground in clean and perfect condition the previous year and harrow it in spring. The workmen are divided into companies of three each, or with two men and an active boy. The ground is marked both ways. The trees have been tied in bundles of 100 each, of equal length, and these are alternately supplied by the boy to the two men with their spades in contiguous rows on each side. Each man strikes his spade close to the cross-mark, raises the earth, the boy inserts the tree, the earth is replaced, and the planter presses his foot firmly on it, as he passes to the next mark. The three plant two and a half trees each a minute, or 4,500 in a ten-hour day.

### Scotch Collies.

From experience with my own and neighbors' Scotch collies, I would say that nearly always they are very amiable, but must not be "fooled with," and I have known of two that were almost vicious. I know of Scotch collies so trained that they will not allow strangers to drive the farm animals unless the owner is along or the dog is told to go with the stranger. My brother had until about a year ago (when some mean villain poisoned the dog) a collie trained to stay in the pasture with the animals during the day. Now, any person not known to the dog, especially if he were accompanied by a cur, who attempted to disturb the animals, would, if he persisted, conclude the dog was vicious. The dog would try to lead him away, but if that did not succeed, would use severe measures. My brother has a piece of timber land two miles from his house. The dog would take the cattle and hogs to this pasture in the morning, stay with them all day, and bring them up at night. The school children learned not to tease the dog or the animals; but a person who attended to his business will not have reason to think the dog vicious. Much depends on the early training of the collie, so far as his disposition is concerned. Be careful to get a pure bred collie. Collie blood does not mix well with other bloods. Half collie and half cur makes the worst sheep dog in existence. Alloyed collie is apt to be worthless or vicious. But the intelligence, amiability and fidelity of the pure Scotch collie, rightly trained, are truly remarkable. Such a dog will know every animal that belongs on the premises. It will observe if an animal is out of place. It is a watchful guardian at night. It loves children, and will enjoy any amount of decent play with children it knows, and will protect them or its owner at the cost of its life. One instance comes to mind: A few years ago a neighbor's young daughter, alone in a rather isolated farm house, was attacked by a burley tramp. Her cries reached only the Scotch collie, in a field near by, and but for the dog she would have suffered a fate worse than death. He attacked the tramp so savagely that the scoundrel was compelled to give his attentions to the dog. He tried to kill the dog and almost succeeded, but the faithful animal kept up the fight and finally the tramp fled. That dog certainly deserved good grub, a blanket and a monument.—*Country Gentleman.*

### Farm Notes.

The tools and implements of the farm that are now out of use till spring should be inspected, the worn and faded woodwork repainted, and the iron work which is expected to remain bright should be well oiled.

The prevailing sentiment in the trade at Minneapolis is that the wheat production of Minnesota and Dakota is fully one-third short of last year, when the government estimate was about eighty-seven million bushels.

The value of the grain crop is greatly increased by sowing extra clean seed on well-prepared soil, yet that increase of value is all lost when grain is carelessly harvested and allowed to soak and sprout in stormy weather.

The farmer should do his own selecting, even if he has to dispose of what he does not want at less than it is really worth. This is the only way in which to keep the stock improving, and that should always be the object in view.

The farmers of Crawford county, Ill., have resolved not to raise any wheat, barley or rye for the next three years, in an effort to exterminate the chinch bug. These farmers will exert their influence to this end with the farmers of adjoining counties.

Do not plant asparagus roots too close together. If given plenty of room the roots will soon fill up the vacant spaces, have greater feeding ca-

pacily and produce larger stalks. A liberal application of manure should be used both in the fall and early spring on the beds.

A cattle company, controlling new improved palace cars, proposes to bring live cattle direct from Idaho to New York. They expect to make the run of 2,500 miles in 120 hours. The first shipment, made Sept. 20, consisted of 360 head of steers averaging 1,350 pounds each.

The American people are generally too impatient. Accurate knowledge comes slowly, by patient observation and labor. The results from experimental stations are coming and are valuable, and the rivalry between the stations will make their work more interesting and important every year.

The objection to orchard grass, that it grows in bunches, can only be obviated by very thick seeding and careful preparation of the soil. Sowing a bushel, or more seed per acre is expensive. It is better to begin with a small patch and grow the seed until as large an area as is desired can be seeded.

### Household Hints.

**Egg sauce**—One cup of sugar beaten with one egg, pour over this till foamy, one-half cup of boiling milk, stirring rapidly.

**Coffee cake**—One cup each of sugar, butter, molasses and coffee, one egg, five cups of flour, one pound of raisins, one spoonful of soda and spice to suit taste.

Lamp wicks should be changed often enough to insure having a good light. If they seem clogged they may be washed in strong suds and put into the lamps again.

To take spots of paint from wood, lay a thick coating of lime and soda mixed over it, letting it stay twenty-four hours, then wash off with warm water and the spots will disappear.

Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick room are excellent deodorizers.

**Carrot sweetmeats**—Boil some fine-grated carrots in water until tender; peel and grate, add sugar, slices of citron, spices if preferred, and the juice from canned fruit; simmer slowly together and put away in jars.

In beating cake beat from the bottom of the mixing bowl with a wooden spoon, bringing it up full and high with each stroke, and as soon as the ingredients are fairly and smoothly mixed stop beating or your cake will be tough.

**Poly-poly**—Roll out about two pounds of paste, cover it with any jam or marmalade you like, roll it over and tie loosely in a cloth, well tying each end; boil one hour and serve, or cut in slices and serve with sauce over it.

**Ham croquettes**—Chop some cold cooked ham very fine and season with pepper or mustard; with a little flour in hand make into small balls, dip in beaten eggs, roll in cracker or bread crumbs, and fry brown in hot butter or lard.

A dark carpet often looks dusty so soon after it has been swept that you know it does not need sweeping again; so wet a cloth or sponge, wring it almost dry, and wipe off the dust. A few drops of ammonia in the water will brighten the colors.

**Nut cake**—One cup of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and milk, one and one-half cups of flour, two eggs, one cup of English walnuts, chopped, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda and one cup of chopped raisins.

### The Fall.

No longer on the garden gate

Fond lovers swing;

November breezes regulate

That sort of thing.

Within the cosy parlor now,

Before the grate

They sit, and never notice how

It's growing late.

The blazing coals illuminate

With ruddy glow

The cosy room, and, though 'tis late

He does not go.

Next day she has a sleepy air,

Her pe's enraged;

But, after all, what does she care!

She is engaged.

—*Somerville Journal.*

### Business Honesty.

Smjith: "Partner, that was a mighty powerful sermon that minister gave us yesterday on business honesty. I can name some people in this town who ought to have heard it. By the way, how much glucose are you mixing with the sugar now?" BJones: "About two pounds to one." Smjith: "Well, perhaps you'd better make it half and half." BJones: "Deacon Barl told me that minister was a rank new-departure man." Smjith: "Is that so?" Well, well, I don't take any stock in that sort of heresy. Say, BJones, I guess we won't make any change in the sugar at present."—*Springfield Union.*

## MAKING THE ENDS MEET.

What It Costs the Colliers of England to Live.

As I was walking from Burslem to Tunstall, with my mind intent on potteries, I overtook a smoke-blackened young man, a collier, traveling in the same direction; and slowed my pace for a talk with him. He had acquaintances who were or had been "in the states," and was interesting and talkative. He told me that the times were bad, men out of work, and children crying for bread.

This is more true of the colliers than of the potters at present, however. In the pottery towns I have seen very little outward evidence of extreme poverty, and next to that gaunt and abject wretchedness which so smites upon the eye in London, Liverpool and Birmingham. The grocers whom I have questioned say that the potters are good cash customers except when work is slack.

How do they manage this? This question brings us, last of all, face to face with the big subject of ways and means.

The United States consul at Tunstall—for the benefit of future visitors I will state that this consulate at Tunstall is at Burslem, in the market building—is Mr. Schenck, a careful student of economic questions, and the author of a valuable book on the wages question.

Mr. Schenck makes no secret of a leaning toward the free trade theory of economics, and this fact will probably convince those, if any there are, to whom his reputation as a writer upon economic subjects is not sufficient guarantee, that he would not at least understate the earnings of the workmen of his district.

When, in 1885 the United States State Department collected through our consular system, a valuable series of reports upon the wages of European workmen, Mr. Schenck was complimented highly upon the completeness and value of his returns. It was my purpose, therefore, to use his figures, asking him if there were much change in the wages since 1885.

This question I was unable to ask Mr. Schenck, as he is absent in Scotland. But Vice Consul Copestake, to whose courtesy I am indebted for this and other information, tells me that the figures of 1885 are practically correct for the present.

I will not give the wage table in full, as the names of the different subdivisions of the work are so much Greek, but merely state that Mr. Schenck gives the nominal wages of adult males at \$6.25 to \$11.65 per week.

These apparent wages are, however, so reduced by loss of time and other causes that the average actual earnings for the year are, for all classes of adult male labor, but \$5.92 per week. Even these are good wages for England. How does the pottery workman manage to spend them all? Here I will quote Mr. Schenck's table, giving the average weekly expenses of a Tunstall laborer:

Rent.....	72	Fresh meat.....	31
Club.....	16	Tea.....	76
Taxes.....	09	Sugar.....	28
Coal.....	48	Soup.....	12
Bread.....	100	Flour.....	12
Bacon.....	32	Milk.....	06
Cheese.....	32	Tobacco.....	12
Butter.....	32	Beer.....	12
Potatoes.....	16	Clothes.....	45

Total.....\$5.92

It must mean much toil and privation for workmen getting such wages to save up enough money to begin manufacturing even on a very small scale, but the great potteries of to-day were the small ones of not so many years ago, and even now adventurous workmen begin for themselves small potteries in competition with the larger ones.

These small potteries, Mr. Copestake tells me, are especially numerous at Longton. A workman, or perhaps a pair of them working in partnership, will knock out the partition between a couple of houses and start a pottery, which will, if successful, grow bigger by degrees, and eventually may turn out an establishment of some size.

There are not many industries which can be profitably conducted on so small a scale, and even in the potteries I should fancy it is only the exceptional workman earning the highest wages who is able to set up for himself.

There is an almost total absence of articles of luxury and æsthetic adornment in the potter's homes. Taken in connection with this, the shop windows tell a significant story. After the universal blackness there is nothing which so forcibly impresses an American as the dearth along the shopping streets of luxuries and things merely pretty or meant to be displayed for sale.

An American village a size larger than the cross-road type would make

a braver showing of silks and laces, furs, pretty leather goods, albums, pictures, art furniture, musical instruments, toys and games, baby carriages, confectionary and the like, than this straggling city of 200,000 people.

It is a sad, dour and unsmiling region. The smoke belches from the tall chimneys, shuts out the sky, and clouds the rare shining of the English sun. Under foot the refuse of the potteries everywhere covers what were once the wheat fields of as fair a region as England boasted. I shall not be sorry to leave the smoke-begrimed potteries for fresh fields and pastures—green. I hope, not grav.—*John A. Heaton in Philadelphia Press.*

### How Shop Girls Live.

A recent article in the *New York Herald* gives a good description. It tells the pathetic story of a thousand struggles to make both ends meet, the difficulties in the way, together with a hint at some of the consequences of failure.

What do you say of a fight with fate by a girl who gets \$2, \$3, \$4, or even \$5 a week? Doesn't it seem as though the odds were heavily against her? Isn't that miserable pittance a premium on crime, and do you wonder that if a great, brilliant, rich city like New York there are lapses from the rugged path of virtue?

There is no class of people who deserve more sympathy or who have a right to a larger degree of admiration than these shop girls. God knows how they live, for very few ministers even have ever found out. They brave poverty, defy the heat of summer and the winter, climb the rickety stairs of a tenement house, make their one room look like a snuggery with a flower or so, a few cheap pictures and that neatness which is their characteristic.

They are slaves? Yes and no. Yes, if you mean that they must work, and right hard, too, or starve. No, if you mean that they are cringing, servile and without self-respect. They are as blithesome and gay as their circumstances allow, and find more in life and get more out of it than many another who has plenty and to spare.

There is no higher moral courage than that which some of these girls exhibit in their daily lives. Their lot is decidedly burdensome. Their lives have not fallen in pleasant places. They have none of this world's goods. They are doomed to drudgery in order to pay the rent, get food, fuel and decent cloths, and yet they frequently do what no man can do—maintain their independence, laugh at ill fortune, pay their debts, keep their faith in the eternal verities, and live unspotted lives.

Most men in like surroundings would become tramps, criminals or anarchists.

### How He Got His Name.

"Long John" Wentworth once related that he got his nickname in the following manner: "When," he said, "I was going to school down in Connecticut, I was the longest, skinniest boy you ever saw. I was fourteen years old. I used to have a habit in those days of getting my heels up on the seat, so that my knees towered above my head. I was sitting that way one day in school, when one of the examiners came around. He said to the teacher, 'What's that boy doing standing up on the bench? Why don't you make him sit down?' The teacher said I was sitting down. 'That's the way he sits,' said the teacher. 'Who is he?' asked the examiner. 'John Wentworth,' said the teacher. 'He's a pretty long John,' said the examiner, and ever since then it's stuck to me."

### French Fun.

A man very much excited burst into M. Pasteur's laboratory the other day.

"Oh, doctor," he cried, "I have been bitten!"

"By a dog?" asked Pasteur.

"No; worse than that."

"By a cat?"

"A kind of cat. But oh, doctor, can you cure me?"

"It was a wolf, then."

"Not a wolf, but much worse. It was my mother-in-law!"

"In that case," said Pasteur, turning to his work, "nothing can be done."—*Texas Siblings.*

### One of the Penalties of Curiosity.

Curiosity has its penalties. The other day, out west, a bright, handsome auburn-haired youth saw a tin can in the path. He kicked it, not knowing that it contained nitro-glycerine. That handsome youth satisfied his curiosity entirely, completely; too much so. He left suddenly; indeed, he left in several directions at the same time, and it is rather doubtful if he will ever be able to "pull himself together" again.—*New York Herald.*

**A Great Law Case.**

The celebrated Jones county case is before Judge Linehan this week in Waterloo, Ia. It is a case with a history. It had its origin fourteen years ago, has been tried in several district courts, been heard in the supreme court two or three times, and now comes up for adjudication once more.

In 1874 the case was started in Jones county by a farmer's society. A man by the name of Potter, of Greene county, traveled through that section buying young stock. Among the rest, five calves were bought of Johnson, who has been the prominent figure in the litigation, which were sold and afterwards identified as belonging to farmers in the vicinity.

At a meeting of the Jones county anti-horse thief society, held shortly after, it was determined to charge Johnson with the theft of the animals, and suit was accordingly entered. In December, 1874, he was indicted by the grand jury in session in Jones county, but the court set the indictment ahead in February of the following year. He was again indicted by the grand jury, and on this indictment he was twice tried, taking change of venue to adjoining counties. In the first trial the jury disagreed, one man remaining firm in favor of conviction, but in the second trial, which occurred in 1876, he was acquitted. Soon after his acquittal he began suits against farmers by the names of Miller and Foreman and six others, prominent members of the society, claiming \$10,000 damages for malicious prosecution. This case was taken up on a change of venue from Jones county to Clinton. There it was twice tried and removed to Benton county on a change of venue, where it was once more before the courts. In each of these trials the jury returned verdicts in favor of Johnson for amounts ranging from \$3,000 to \$7,000, and each time the judge set the verdict aside on account of alleged errors.

The case was next taken up to Blackhawk county in 1883 on another change of venue, and there tried. A verdict of \$5,000 was rendered by the jury and judgment entered. From this, however, an appeal was taken to the supreme court, the decision reversed and the case was remanded back for trial in 1884.

In 1886 the case was once more tried in Blackhawk county and again decision was rendered in favor of Johnson for \$7,000. This was again appealed to the supreme court, and once more the verdict was set aside and the case sent back for trial in 1887, and now the sixth trial of the case will take place after fourteen years of litigation.

This litigation has been under the consideration of thirty grand jurors and eighty-four petit jurors. It has been presented to nine different trial judges sitting upon the bench each time. The court costs alone amount to more than \$5,000, and the attorneys' fees are much more than that amount.

All of the eight-four jurors have decided in favor of Johnson, but the courts have uniformly set the verdicts aside on legal grounds because of the close question as to whether there was probable cause on the part of the members of the society for starting the prosecution. The larger part of a lifetime has been spent in useless litigation over a few animals; the entire value of which was about forty-five dollars. A number of farmers engaged in the suits have been hopelessly ruined, but still Johnson comes smiling before the courts, begins his suits and readily pays for them.

Children of various ages who testified when the litigation first began now lead into court their own children, who are nearly as old as were their parents at the time they made their first bows to the courts. The farmers are growing old, their money has leaked away through the various legal crevices and found its way into other hands. Homes have been broken up, a community made poorer in every way, and still the case is dragged through the tedious currents of the law with but little more chance of settlement than there was fourteen years ago. Testimony will be all in and a decision filed by the middle of the week.—*New York Graphic.*

**Blaming The Telephone Operator.**

One of the Buffalo subscribers informed the central office that regularly every morning he was awakened out of his sweet and soothing last nap by the ringing of his telephone at 5 o'clock, and if it wasn't stopped he would order his telephone out. Now, no exchange likes to lose a subscriber on such grounds, and a most careful and zealous search for the cause was made. The morning operators declared that they did not ring the telephone, the linemen were willing make oath that no other lines were crossed with the line in question, and it did seem as if the telephone was rung by unseen and very mean spirits from some other and wicked land.

The matter finally became so serious a mystery that it was laid before the president. Then, upon a quiet hint, an investigation was made of the methods of awakening the servants. And lo! and behold, the mystery was clear.

It was an alarm clock, set to go off at 5 A. M., and the loud ring had awakened the lord and master, and with that peculiar perversity of the human mind to which we have before alluded, he had at once, without any investigation on his own part, blamed the telephone.—*Electrical Review.*

**Cherry Hill.**

[TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK]

The school exhibition has been postponed till after New Years. It will be given at the hall two evenings, January 4 and 5.

Special services were begun at the church, Thursday evening, last week, but were discontinued after a few meetings, till after the holidays.

D. I. Cobb, of Marion, Ocoola county, made a trip here last Saturday, to take possession of a span of horses that he had disposed of previous to his moving north. The parties who bought them failed to pay for them. He shipped them from Plymouth last Tuesday.

**Belleville.**

[TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK]

Lu Meldrum is improving on the guitar.

R. C. Fanchett visited friends here last week.

A social dance party at D. F. Norton's, last Friday evening.

V. Coats is preparing to build an addition to his house.

H. V. Jesse, of Stockbridge, was visiting friends here last week.

Ernest and Lena Brown have just recovered from a severe attack of diphtheria.

Great pains are being taken here for a Christmas tree by Mrs. Robinson and others.

**Mead's Mills.**

N. Taylor, of Novi, took in the Christmas tree at this place.

The Sunday school, of this place, had a Christmas tree, on Christmas eve, much to the delight of the children.

Emmerson Nash, formerly of this place, but now of Caro, was around calling on old acquaintances Christmas day.

School was resumed again on Wednesday, in order to make up for lost time, thereby bringing the school to a close earlier at the end of the year.

Married, at the residence of James Downey, on December 25, by the Rev. G. H. Wallace, James Downer, Jr. and Miss Zara Allen. They have our best wishes.

[TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK]

Eva Bryant still continues to be quite out of health.

No vacation in our schools except the legal holidays.

Report says there is sickness in the family of Charles Kingsley.

Mrs. Burdick spent a few days of last week at her father's, Thomas Gun, of Novi.

Winter seems to have come in dead earnest, judging from the temperature of Tuesday.

James Burlingame, of Rochester, N. Y., was a guest at George Bryant's a part of last week.

George Bryant has been devoting a fair share of his time this week to doing for a very lame horse.

H. S. Burdick had the teeth of his highly prized trotter treated last week by Veterinary Surgeon Cole.

Preparations are going on for quite a time on Christmas eve, the children are all on tip-toe over the affair.

The citizens of this place must be on their guard and not mistake the tinkling of wedding bells for those of Christmas ones, as parties about here have a marriage license out.

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The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, lacerations, teeter, 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 Chaffee & Hunter, druggists 116

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.

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**Plymouth in Brief.**

Plymouth is a village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, twenty-two miles from Detroit—with two railroads, Detroit, Lansing & Northern and Flint & Pere Marquette—beautiful for situation—healthy in location—good schools and churches—land plenty and cheap for residences or for manufactories—a prime newspaper—and a fine farming country on all sides. Persons seeking for homes or manufacturing advantages cannot do better than look this ground over. For particulars, write editor of this paper or any prominent citizen of the place. Subscribers will please send marked copies of this notice to their friends.

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For one of the above traps. They are sure to catch them! J. C. Stallwag, merchant at Wayne, Mich., caught twenty-nine in less than one yard space. We can name many others who have had equally good success.

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