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PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1889.

WHOLE NO 81

PLYMOUTH MAIL.
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Published Every Friday Evening.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

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

WHAT THEY SAY.

See Hank! 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.

Fine stock stationery at Boylan's.
—Miss Jessie Steers Sundayed at Northville.

Buy the best Phoenix mills flour.
—Mark Ladd, of Howell, was in town over Sunday.

Choice teas and coffees at Rauch's.
—A. M. Potter has beautified his place by a fresh coat of paint.

Leave your watch, clock and jewelry repairing with Turk, the jeweler, at the MAIL office.

—Henry Armstrong has moved from the Lafayette Dean farm to his father's place and will run it.

—We would like our correspondents to mail us the result of the elections in their localities, the next day after election if possible.

—The friends and relatives here of Paddock, the Howell photographer, will be pleased to read the following clipping from the Howell Herald: "The fact that Paddock's gallery with a working force of four, is now over 1,200 dozen behind in finishing, speaks for itself."

Farmers! get your grinding done at the Phoenix mills.

—There was a very pleasant gathering on Wednesday, of last week, at the residence of H. A. Spicer, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, of Denton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Riggs, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barker and son Willie and Mr. and Mrs. Lester Clark and daughter Minnie, of Canton.

Fresh bread, fried cakes and tea cakes at Rauch's.

—Daniel B. Newkirk, of Wayne, charged two years ago, with obtaining money under false pretenses by selling demethylized peppermint oil, was discharged without a trial by Judge Brevoort to-day on the suggestion of Prosecuting Attorney Wilcox, who said that there was no case against Newkirk.—Detroit Journal.

Robertson, the nobby tailor, is rushed with work, at Dohmstreich Bros.

Reduced prices.—For the next thirty days I will laundry goods at the following prices: Shirts, ten cents; plaited shirts, fifteen cents; collars, two cents; cuffs, four cents; ladies' cape collars, three cents. Reduced prices on pillow slips, curtains, shams, etc. Leave parcels at Dohmstreich Bros., by Tuesday noon's. F. A. Shafer, Agent West Park Steam Laundry. 811f

Go to Rauch's before selling your butter and eggs.

—Those who are thinking of giving up comfortable homes in Michigan to go west should read the following from the Tecumseh Herald: "The pathway of the new settlers in Kansas is not entirely strewn with flowers. A private letter which we received a few days ago contained this passage: "Times are just terrible here. We have been here three years and have not sold \$200 worth of anything in all that time. People who leave a good home in Lenawee county to start a new farm in Kansas make a blunder."

Lowest prices on ground feed ever known at F. & P. M. elevator.

—The Plymouth air rifle works came near being destroyed by fire last Friday. The men had quit for noon and were on their way home. Mr. Pinckney and Ed. L. Crosby, who had been delayed in leaving on account of finishing up some correspondence, started to drive away from the building. Mr. Pinckney chanced to glance around and saw the roof of the building on fire. They called to the men who were some distance away, but who hurriedly returned and by some vigorous work the flames were extinguished. The destruction of the works would have been a serious loss, not alone to Mr. Pinckney, but to the place.

WHAT THEY SAY.

—Get registered to-morrow.
—School vacation for a few days.
—Township election next Monday.
Canned goods cheap at Boylan's.
—Don't forget the dance at Amity hall, this evening.

Buy hour machine oil at Rauch's.
—Mrs. Henry Smitherman has been very sick for several days.

—Get auction bills printed at this office.
—George Wills' little child has been very sick for several days.

Decorative paints, all shades, Boylan's.
—Maro Wheeler, of Toledo, father of A. K. Wheeler, Sundayed here.

Go to Dohmstreich Bros. for the white loaf flour.

—Miss Jessie Steers has been visiting at Northville for several days.

Cheapest place to buy bran is at the Phoenix mills.

—Democratic caucus was held yesterday too late for us to get the result.

—A. W. Chaffee has moved into Mrs. Bennett's house, lately vacated by J. L. Gale.

Ladies leave your order at Rauch's for Saratoga chips.

—Philip Hall and daughter and Chas. Gunn and daughter were guests at D. Gilson's two or three days last week.

For best bran and lowest prices go to F. & P. M. elevator.

—The Polly & Wherry agricultural implements will be sold at auction by the receiver, M. Conner, next Saturday.

—Geo. Burnett will occupy the Bennett house, corner of Sutton and Union street, as soon as repairs on same are completed.

Boylan sells "Double Cousins" cigars. Try them.

—On Wednesday of last week the Sunday school class of Miss Hall, with several others, numbering about twenty little folks spent a very pleasant evening at D. Gilson's.

Call and examine our new samples of spring and summer suitings, before placing your order elsewhere. Fit guaranteed. Dohmstreich Bros.

—The following are the nominations for township officers for Plymouth, on the Republican ticket: Supervisor, W. H. Ambler; Clerk, George Hunter; Treasurer Augustus Pomeroy; Justice, Isaac N. Blackwood; Highway Commissioner, John V. Harmon; School Inspector, Thos. S. Clark; Constables, Charles Micol, John E. Wood, Milo W. Reed, Horace F. Jackson.

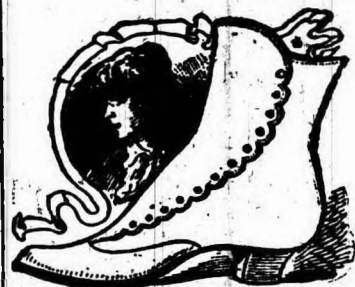
—Mrs. E. N. Law, State Organizer, of the Y. W. C. T. U., gave a little entertainment of song and declamation at the Presbyterian church, last Saturday evening. Unfortunately none had thought of notifying the sex'on, so that when the time came there were no open doors, lights or heat. These disagreeable things were soon remedied, and Mrs. Law proceeded with her programme. On Monday evening following Mrs. Law lectured in the interest of the "Y's" in the Baptist church. While the audience was not large, yet it was appreciative, and her address was highly praised.

Fine New Orleans molasses and sugar syrup at Rauch's.

If you are in the need or expect to be of anything in the line of dry goods, notions, ladies' furnishings, millinery, gents' furnishings, hats and caps, carpets, rugs, wall paper, ladies', gents', misses', youths', or children's' foot wear, English decorated, lustre band or white table ware, glass ware, fancy ware, jewelry, table or pocket cutlery, shears and scissors, we are in fine shape to supply you and at bottom prices. Besides the above you will always find fine coffees, the best of teas and purest spices at Starkweather & Co.'s.

—The crazy social, at Amity hall, on last Friday night called out quite an audience, though not as many as had been justly expected. The people were all in good humor and curious to see where the 'crazy' came in. After a short programme of music and readings, by "The Boys," Eva Leach, Mrs. J. C. Weller and Rev. Wallace, the crazy crew made themselves numerous and useful. Dressed in all sorts of fantastic garb, the young people passed around "brullers on a stick and on pitchforks, sandwiches in coal hod's and on shoy's, coffee in pails and sugar in papers, while those who wanted pickles had to speak for them." There was to have been a longer programme, and a much larger number of the crazy element, but at the last moment their courage failed them and they dropped out.

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LADIES',
GENTS',
YOUTHS',
MISSES'
AND
CHILDRENS'
SHOES

GENTS'
Genuine Kangaroo
SHOES.



STYLES.

Plain.
London Toe.
French Opera Tip
Opera Box Toe.
Paris Lasts.
Waukenphast.



—IN—

Great - Variety!

GEO. A. STARKWEATHER & CO.

Are You Going to Paint?

REMEMBER!

We have the

MOST COMPLETE LINE OF PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

Comprising the

Best Grades of Ready Mixed and Paste Paints on the Market.

Strictly Pure White Lead, Green Seal Zinc, Pure Linseed Oil, Japan Dryer, Turpentine,

All First-Class and Fresh this season. Prices as Low as the Lowest. Call and be convinced. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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Plymouth National Bank

L. D. SHEARER, President. E. C. LEACH, Vice President.
L. C. SHERWOOD, Cashier.
L. D. Shearer, E. C. Leach, L. H. Bennett,
J. R. Hoie, E. F. St. John, L. C. Hough,
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Three per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.

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Lumber, Lath, :
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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

IT MAY NOT BE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eaves
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER VI (CONTINUED).

"I think," his sister continued;
"that a man's nature is essentially different
from a woman's, grander in some things,
infinitely smaller in others. His own love seems to fill his life,
satisfying him by the measure it gives more than by that it receives,
and so, by a paradox, it is selfish. True love is not entirely in itself, it is dual;
a woman's heart would wither if love did not come in as freely as it went out.
Andrew, as well marry an abstraction. It seems to me you would cage a wild bird for its plumage,
and turn a careless ear to its song. What is it you love in Nell? Is it her beauty,
her gracious womanhood, or what?"

A glance assured Nell that her old acquaintance Stubbs was beyond human aid.
He did not seem to have many hours to live. With much tenderness,
she told him she could do nothing for him—that no one could.
He replied that he had an inner conviction that his case was hopeless;
but that he had had an idea a woman doctor, being "out of the common like,"
might know something out of the common—it was a chance, he said;
and then he smiled a wan smile, adding—

"And I'm one of a chancy lot, you know well." After a pause, he added—
"But I always minded how you got 'Dick' the Squire's red terrier, through that bad turn he took of a sudden, and which we thought was poison;
but as you said as was nothing but a spell of indigestion along of eating the pig's liver he stole. I said at the time to my misses that you'd make a rare vet.
An' I was right, only you practices on two-legged animals."

"Never mind the good you have done, Stubbs," said Nell, gently.
"Only be sorry for the ill; that is all that is wanted."

to me since I've been laid by. You'll tell the Squire, won't you, when I'm gone?
He's a grand gentleman, an' maybe he'll look at the bit of rod as'll cover me soon and say—"Stubbs, I forgive you."

When she got back to the Hall, Nell told the Squire the groom's story, drawing his penitence with a tender touch;
and the same afternoon, the great-hearted gentleman rode Nettle over to the Duke's stables, and took his old servant by the hand.

In a moment the noble animal propped up its ears, pawed the ground impatiently and whinnied.
"His forgiv' me too," said the groom. "He knows I wouldn't 'ave armed a hair of his body. Just listen to him!"
—as the horse whinnied loud and long. "An' they call 'em dumb animals! Seems to me as they knows 'ow to speak their thoughts better nor most folks."

CHAPTER VII.

Nell returned to her duties in London with eager spirits, for she was sure at heart.
She had refused her cousin Andrew. His very faithfulness reproached her, and yet seemed to alienate her from him, for she had nothing, not even hope to give in return.

The conviction that Randall was not suited to his profession became each day stronger in his sister. She felt that he had undertaken a grave responsibility for which he was constitutionally unfitted.
The same conviction had lately forced itself upon Randall, and he chafed at the chains that bound him to his post. Hitherto he had had no very intricate case, none to which his knowledge had not been equal, supplemented by his sister's advice, and actual assistance in some instances.

It was New Year's Eve. The twins had had a busy day, for the snow was deep on the ground, the town was full and there was much sickness abroad.
They had dined, and were sitting over a blazing fire comparing notes of their separate-day's work.

"I think," said Randall, hesitatingly, "I might do something in literature;
but that demands concentration. Nell, I should like to shelve it all. But for the disappointment of my father, I would; he thinks me far cleverer than you."

"Dear father!" returned Nell. "He's not so far wrong; only he's made the mistake of putting a round stick in a square hole. I believe you could make a mark in literature, you have a creative brain;
science deals only with facts. Let us see, when our accounts are made up for the year, how we stand; and, if my score is enough, what take your name off the door—a few days wonder—that is all."

Immediate aid. With a heavy sigh, Randall obeyed the call.
"Some intricate liver case, you may be sure, or chronic Indian fever, about which I know as much as of dentistry," he said, as Nell helped him on with his comfortable ulster.

"What have you done?" she asked, after he had named the symptoms and described the state of the patient.
He told her. "Have you sent for a nurse?" she asked.

"No, poor fellow; he scarcely opened his eyes. He only knew I was a doctor, and never asked my name. He is a fine man, but terribly wasted. I dare say his sister will call in her own doctor; if she doesn't, I shall suggest it. It will be a long case, if indeed it doesn't end badly."

Nell spoke as one who would not be gainsaid; but, if the truth were told, Randall had no will to gainsay her;
he was, in fact, relieved of a weight.

The patient lay on a half-tester bed, in a large comfortable room, where was a cheerful fire, near which, in an arm chair, sat the attendant, half-asleep.
A shaded lamp stood on a distant table, on which was arranged various cooling drinks.

The flickering light of the fire's uncertain blaze, and the dim reflection of the lamp revealed a man in the prime of life, but attenuated and worn.
One thin hand lay on the coverlet—the bed-clothes had been pushed off the upper part of the body, as if in petulance of fever, and the broad chest showed shrunken and hollow—the face was averted. Nell quietly stooped over and laid her fingers on the pulse of the extended hand.

With an almost superhuman effort, she retained her consciousness; the very shock roused her to action and to repression.

She went to the table and mixed a cooling draught. As she did so her eyes fell on an envelope addressed, "Colonel Leslie Gordon, V. C."—a hero's name to the world.
Well Nell Thanet knew it! She had read of its owner's gallant deeds, and her heart had felt pride in her mother's countryman. Little had she guessed that the Lyon Leslie, who had to her played such a craven part, was the brave soldier of the world's and her admiration. Then she remembered that he had spoken to her of a bachelor uncle named Gordon, from whom he had expectations. Everything was plain to her now; and very strange it seemed to her that she had not guessed her lover's identity before.

"Oh, so soothing!" he whispered, looking gratefully into her face.
She met his eyes daringly; again he shivered, then, unrecognizing, closed them in fitful slumber.
When the girl returned, Nell examined the wound. It presented an ugly exterior; but she knew that the real mischief lay in the location of the bullet; the exact spot of which had, Randall had said, not been discovered. It

would be a case of the utmost difficulty and far beyond her brother's skill; but strange to say she felt no apprehension of her own.
Standing over the prostrate form of the man who had so heartlessly blasted her young life, she vowed that to her hand, and hers alone, he should owe his.

No bitterness, no reproach entered her heart, only a great pitifulness, and a sorrow for him apart from herself.
She was standing by a grave—though she knew it not, from which their could be no resurrection, the grave of her love; but the ashes were there—and, ah, how tenderly the foot treads over the sepulchre of the dead; how holy seems their memory!

"No, poor fellow; he scarcely opened his eyes. He only knew I was a doctor, and never asked my name. He is a fine man, but terribly wasted. I dare say his sister will call in her own doctor; if she doesn't, I shall suggest it. It will be a long case, if indeed it doesn't end badly."

Nell desired the girl to fetch a candle, for which she had to leave the room. As the door closed a little noisily, the sick man moved and moaned.
Nell approached the bed, gently drawing the curtain aside.

The flickering light of the fire's uncertain blaze, and the dim reflection of the lamp revealed a man in the prime of life, but attenuated and worn.
One thin hand lay on the coverlet—the bed-clothes had been pushed off the upper part of the body, as if in petulance of fever, and the broad chest showed shrunken and hollow—the face was averted. Nell quietly stooped over and laid her fingers on the pulse of the extended hand.

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actually asleep, at the late hour of her visit; but, if awake, he would ask her to arrange his pillows, as, somehow, he found she had a knack "nurse" had not.
He liked too the doctor's mixing of the effervescing drink at night, and always insisted on her giving it to him herself.

"You manage me better at night somehow, doctor," he said one day; "you always soothe me, and your voice is softer than in the day. It puts me in mind of someone; but I can't tell who."

Nell was very guarded after that speech, and spoke little; and then in as deep a voice as she could command.
And day by day the girl grew more fragile, and her sweet earnest face more spiritual.

"Yes," she answered; "I wish it. I shall use the probe myself. Lady Masters"—Colonel Gordon's sister—"wishes her own doctor to be present—he is an old man, I believe."

"Nurse," said Colonel Gordon, on the morning arranged for the consultation. "what is the doctor's name? I never heard it. He has only been 'the doctor,' to me."

These words had passed out of range of their subject's hearing.
Then Nell, standing well in the shade, made a short concise statement, which riveted Sir William's attention.
He was a liberal-minded man, and free from all professional jealousy. He saw the young man before him had thoroughly mastered the case, and his interest was roused to see how he would follow it out to the end he indicated.
He was a man, though, of few words; so he contented himself with an approving nod, and then approached the bed.

"You have been in very skillful hands, Colonel Gordon," he said. "You may owe your life to my young friend here. I am happy to tell you he has every reason to suppose that he has traced the enemy. A little courage and we'll get him out. We will give you an anesthetic and you'll know nothing about it."

An Ostrich Mother.
At Dr. Skitchley's ostrich ranch, near Red Bluff, Cal., is a pen in which a hen ostrich is sitting on 19 eggs.
She covers the eggs nicely, and as she sits there with her long neck and head laid at full length on the ground, looks like a moss-covered rock.
Her husband keeps guard over her in very picturesque fashion, walking up and down the fence with stately tread, his rich, glossy plumage glistening in the sunlight, and his eyes flashing defiance.
He looks ready to tackle anything, man or beast, that should disturb the privacy of his home.

High-Priced Property.
Citizen (to darky): "Do you know the agent who has control of this corner lot, Sam?"
Sam: "Yes, sah, the agent will be head d'rectly. I has ch'arge of the property." (To small boy): "Hi there, yo' young white trash, stop frowin' mud balls off'n dat corner lot. Dat real estate is sold by the inch."

