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PYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1889.

WHOLE NO 82

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 them! 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.

—Village election next Monday.
Fine stock stationery at Boylan's.
Choice teas and coffees at Rauch's.
Tub colors and brushes, Boylan's.
New spring hats and caps at A. A. Taff's.
Go to Rauch's before selling your butter and eggs.

—The grass on the parks is beginning to show life.
The cheapest place to buy cow feed is at Phoenix Mills.
—The registration board for the village meets to-morrow.

For best bran and lowest prices go to F & P. M. elevator.
—Mrs. Parsons, of Detroit, was elected a school inspector Monday.

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

Robertson, the nobby tailor, is rushed with work, at Dohmstreich Bros.
For sale—a jersey cow and twenty swarms of bees. Lafayette Dean.

—H. B. Ledyard and wife, of Grand Rapids, are guests at H. W. Baker's.

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

—John Schulz, Nankin, and Stella Parmenter, Northville, have taken out a license to marry.

—A large number of our citizens took in the great flower show at Detroit, yesterday and day before.

—A "Citizens" caucus to nominate candidates for a village ticket will be held at the council room this afternoon.

—A "Union" caucus to nominate a village ticket was held yesterday afternoon, too late for us to give particulars.

—Miss Bryant, a teacher in the Wayne school has been spending her vacation here with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Adams.

—Will Armstrong, of Pontiac, was in town Tuesday and Wednesday in the interest of the Slinger sewing machine company.

—The Ladies' Aid Society and Missionary Circle of the Baptist church met at the residence of Mrs. Beals, on Wednesday afternoon.

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

Mrs. Hattie Shattuck, successor to Mrs. E. Merriman, has put in a full line of spring millinery, and will be glad to see her friends and patrons, at her place of business, over R. G. Hill's, on and after April 8.

—The Superior grange cornet band gives their closing party, a masquerade, at Cherry Hill hall, next Friday evening. A costumer from Detroit will be present all day with costumes. Bill, fifty cents; spectators, twenty-five cents.

Reduced prices.—For the next thirty days I will laundry goods at the following prices: Shirts, ten cents; plaited shirts, thirteen 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. F. A. Shafer, Agent West Park Steam Laundry. \$11

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 childrens' 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 the coffee, the best of teas and purest spices at Starkweather & Co.'s.

Buy the best Phoenix mills flour.
Decorative paints, all shades, Boylan's.
—Get auction bills printed at this office.
A fine line of spring hosiery at A. A. Taff's.
Go to Dohmstreich Bros. for the white loaf flour.
Boylan sells "Double Cousins" cigars. Try them.
Fresh bread, fried cakes and tea cakes at Rauch's.
Cheapest place to buy bran is at the Phoenix mills.
Ladies leave your order at Rauch's for Saratoga chips.
—Several inches of snow fell on Sunday and Monday.
—We have been enjoying a few days of "March" weather this month.
—Heavy winds Wednesday started one of the hotel chimneys on its usual burn-out.
—Prof. G. N. Ellis, of Olivet college, brother of Mrs. J. C. Weller, Sundayed here.
—Allen Tillotson and Charles Farrand spent Sunday with Elder Burns and wife at Dexter.
—Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Dobbins desires to thank their neighbors for kindness in assisting them to move.
—Rev. Herman Burns of Dexter has a very flattering offer from Hillsdale Baptist church under consideration.
—The second social dancing party by the F. E. B. society will be given next Thursday evening, at Amity hall. Bill, fifty cents.
—Charles Brems started three teams on the road this week selling his iron harrows of which he is getting out about one hundred and fifty.
—The village council at its meeting last Monday evening appointed M. R. Weeks, marshal; Dr. J. M. Collier, health officer; J. F. Brown, attorney.
—In advance of the times. An Ann Arbor dry goods firm advertises twenty-five dozen five-hook Foster kid gloves, one dollar quality at seventy-five cents per yard. Selling kid gloves by the yard is something new to us; but, Ann Arbor is an educational town and possibly it can teach dealers in other towns to do the same.
—Prof. Hartsough has just returned to his home after an absence of four years. He gave a free musical entertainment at the Baptist church, Saturday evening, which proved to be very instructive as well as entertaining. He then organized a class of twenty-one to which he will give instructions in music and voice culture, thirty lessons comprises a term, commencing Monday evening.
—F. S. Adams, of Petrolia, Ont., was in town Tuesday, accompanied by W. K. Gunzulus. Mr. Adams, while here rented the Wherry building, near the postoffice, where he intends starting a hardware shop soon. He expects to move his family and make this place his home. Mr. Adams is an American and was in Plymouth at the time they were surveying the railroads through here, upwards of twenty years ago, and being pleased with the town proposes to return.

Canned ham, at Gale's.
Canned apples at Gale's.
Canned clams, at Gale's.
Canned chicken, at Gale's.
Canned lobsters, at Gale's.
Canned pumpkin at Gale's.
Canned corn beef, at Gale's.
Canned succotash, at Gale's.
Canned sardines, at Gale's.
Canned raspberries, at Gale's.
Canned pine apple, at Gale's.
Canned blackberries, at Gale's.
Boiled English pickles, at Gale's.
Canned Hubbard squash, at Gale's.
Canned California plums at Gale's.
Canned California peaches at Gale's.
Canned salmon, one pound, at Gale's.
Canned California apricots at Gale's.
Canned Boston baked beans at Gale's.
Canned salmon, two pounds, at Gale's.

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., Prop., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe he is perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
E. H. VANHOESER,
Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, seventy-five cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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



—STYLES.—
Plain.
London Toe.
French Opera Tip
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Paris Lasts.
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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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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.

SONGS.

THOMAS DEEMODY.

O tender songs!
Heart-beatings of the breast that long
Its best-beloved to meet;
You tell of love's delightful hours,
Of meetings amid jasmine bowers,
And yows, like perfume of young flowers
As fleeting—but more sweet.

O glorious songs!
That rouse the brave against tyrant wrongs,
Resounding near and far,
Mingled with trumpet and with drum,
Your spirit-stirring summons come,
To urge the hero from his home,
And arm him for the war.

O mournful songs!
When sorrow's hosts, in gloom, throng,
Assail the widowed heart;
You speak in softly soothing strain,
The praise of those whom death has ta'en,
And tell that we shall meet again,
And meet no more to part.

O lovely songs—
Breathings of heaven! to you belongs
The empire of the heart.
Enthroned in memory, still reign
O'er minds of prince and peer and swain,
With gentle power that knows not wane
Till thought and life depart.

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER VII (CONTINUED).

Fifteen minutes later, and the deadly bullet lay in Nell Thane's slight hand, which then, and not till then, showed signs of tremor.

Sir William eyed her keenly. Her eye sank beneath his searching look; she turned hastily away and applied herself to the dressing of the patient's wound; but she was not as deft as usual; somehow her sight seemed at fault, and some large tears fell. Sir William quickly took the appliances from her hand.

"Let me finish," he said. "You have done enough for one day—you have made yourself a name. And now," he continued, bending over the Colonel, "all you have to do is to get well. You have plenty of strength for that, thanks to Dr. Thane."

"Doctor who?" asked the sick man quickly.

"Thane," answered Sir William.

"Doctor Thane?"

"Oh, why did you?" cried Nell suddenly.

"He has fainted."
She spoke in her natural voice, not in the rougher tone she had assumed. Only Sir William noted the change; but he made no remark. He administered a stimulant, and in a little while Lyon Leslie returned to consciousness. He looked eagerly round; but Nell had drawn back, only Sir William's great form was visible.

"Your life depends on absolute quiet," he said. "Take this, and sleep."

Sir William was not a man to be disobeyed; the Colonel was fain to do his bidding, and, in a few minutes, as from very weariness, his eyes closed, and he slept.

Nell then left some directions with Mrs. Mellan, and followed Sir William into another room. Mr. Parr was in haste to be gone, to carry the glad tidings to Lady Masters.

"You are an ornament, sir, to the profession," he said, shaking Nell's hand warmly. "You'll be a great man some day."

Nell's heart sank within her as the door closed, and she was alone with Sir William. She was afraid, she scarcely knew why. He did not leave her long in suspense. He came up to her, took her passive hands in his firm grasp.

"Young lady," he said kindly, "I have penetrated your secret. You know I am an unapproachable anatomist"—smiling. "You are safe with me, and I wish you all success. Greater skill I never witnessed than I witnessed to-day; and I have had much experience. Tell me one thing—I do not ask from idle curiosity—did you know Colonel Gordon before?"

"Yes," she answered, trembling; "but I did not know it was he at first. I begged my brother to let me see the case, as I had made surgery a more particular study than he had, and so I was led on. He does not recognize me, and did not know my name—I was only 'the doctor' to him till you told him. Sir William, you will not betray me? Randall can do all that is necessary now."

"Doctor Helen Thane," he said, "you see I know all about you—I've heard a good deal. Your secret, whatever it is, is safe with me; but I refuse to give Dr. Randall Thane the credit of what you have done. No one need know how you managed it; but the case and your name must be in the medical journals. And, take my advice, my dear young lady and fellow-worker—take your brother's name off your door. You can only injure each other. This is not a sort of thing you can do again with impunity. I've been told quite lately a good deal about your brother; he is young enough to choose another career. I speak to you as I would to my own daughter. I only wish I had such a one.

Then he raised Nell's hand to his lips and took his departure.

The advice given by Sir William Cheque was followed. Randall's name disappeared from his door; only his

sister's remained. He had retired from the medical profession to follow that of literature, that was the simple announcement made—he preferred books.

But a great care was taken off Nell's apprehensive heart, and an intolerable load of Randall's. He could be himself now, live his own life, and feel to his fellow-man.

It was of necessity, a bitter disappointment to his father, who was at first disposed to resent it on Nell, and inclined to regard her success as an actual injustice to her brother. It took time to force the conviction on him of, in this instance, at any rate, female supremacy; and, when at last he grudgingly admitted that his daughter had won what his son had lost, and that by superior acquirements, he qualified the acknowledgment by asserting that the latter had failed, not from lack of capacity, but because he had obstinately elected to become that "devious and indefinable thing a *literateur*."

Prudent Mrs. Thane never once said, "I told you so!" She was more than satisfied that for her boy the strain of a distasteful calling was at an end, and she wrote some words of approval and cheer, urging him to justify the step he had taken by doing what she was sure he would do, making the same mark in his new profession his sister had in the one of which she was such an ornament. And in time, in very despite of himself, her husband took an increasing interest in his daughter's career and pride in her triumphs; but, by a strange contradiction, as it seemed, but in reality only in simple conformity to a nature given to fixed ideas, when the son, who had disappointed him so keenly did make the mark his mother predicted he would in the world of letters, he felt neither pride nor satisfaction, and acknowledged no merit.

A great eagerness seemed to have come on Doctor Randall Thane's patient, in eagerness to recover. He was no longer quiet and enduring, he was restless and unsatisfied.

"I did not know that you were my old acquaintance Randall Thane," he said to the latter, the evening of the operation. "You have pleased me under a life-long obligation."

Randall chafed at the undesired acknowledgment.

"I only discovered your identity," he said hastily, "by accident; but you take a wrong view of the matter; it is my profession that is under obligation to you. You have afforded it one of the most interesting cases of the day; to me personally you owe nothing, absolutely nothing on the score of skill."

"Nurse," said the colonel, a few days later. "Doctor Thane has never been the same since the operation—I mean at night. I used to watch for his night-visits—he seemed to bring an atmosphere of soothing calm with him—he never now arranges my pillow—I asked him once; but he was so awkward—and then his voice seemed to be so soft. It is such a strange metamorphosis. I can't account for it."

Mrs. Mellan thought how easily she could; but she only smiled, and said the Colonel was getting well and seeing things as they were, and not as he fancied. But the Colonel was not satisfied.

At last the day came when it was pronounced safe for Colonel Leslie-Gordon to be moved to the country. He was to go to his sister's country-seat. Randall came to bid him goodbye, and to see him safely conveyed to the station. He did not seem to require much care and he said so. Wasted still, and worn-looking, there were evidences of quickly returning strength. He had that morning dressed himself without assistance—he told Randall so with satisfaction—and the day before had taken a half-hour's walk in the Green Park without much fatigue.

"I'm naturally strong," he said. "A week of country air will set me on my legs. You'll see that I'll be at the opening of Parliament." Then he paused, and added hesitatingly—"How is your sister, Randall? I can't forget you were only a lad when I was at—Thorpe."

"My sister is well," Randall replied, a little stiffly. "She lives with me"—he did not add she practised.

"She—she went in for medicine, didn't she?—to be a—a nurse, I suppose?"

"My sister, Colonel Gordon, is one of the most rising physicians of the day. I hear the carriage—you mustn't be late for the train!" and, with an air of hauteur, Randall lifted the Colonel's wraps and led the way to the door.

It had been on Lyon Leslie's tongue to ask if his old acquaintance, the pretty Nell, still held him in remembrance; but the flush on her brother's cheek warned him that he was on dangerous ground. With a heavy sigh, a feeling of intolerable smallness, a sudden swelling up of a yearning regret, a dissatisfaction with himself and with Randall, he followed the latter to the carriage.

"I will come and see you," he said, as he took Randall's reluctant hand.

"Will you remember me to your sister?"

Randall bowed gravely, but said nothing.

CHAPTER VIII.

Colonel Gordon, in his anxiety to get

well, had kept early hours at his sister's luxurious mansion. To-night the chimes clock in the great hall had tolled the third hour of the morning before he sought his pillow. For hours, whose flight he hardly noted, he had sat in a great arm chair before the fire, in his hand a lock of dark hair, and on a tiny table at his side a massive gold locket and chain; close to this lay an open journal—the *Lancet*. The page at which it was open bore a mark from a blue pencil. He had read the article so marked until he could have repeated the article without hesitation. It was his own case. He knew now to whom he owed his life.

Late on the following day, five by his watch, he stood in a little room where Doctor Helen Thane received her patients in the forenoon, waiting her return from her rounds. She was not as punctual as usual. A difficult case, the servants supposed.

Randall was opportunely absent. He was not expected to return until the morning.

She came at last, her light ulster on her arm, and her close plain hat in her hand—glad that the day's work was over, just a little tired and anxious.

"A gentleman, ma'am, who would not be denied," the servant said: "he has come with a message for you. He is not a patient"—for Nell saw no patients in her own house after a certain hour.

And thus these two were once more face to face. The servant had gently closed the door as he retired from showing his mistress in.

For the moment Nell forgot the prostrate man, the fateful illness, the watching, and the anguish of the month that had passed; she did not hear the faint moan, or see the fever-lighted eyes and the hollow cheeks. Memory rushed back on her—a winter's day, now eight years a thing of the past. It filled her ears with the rush and bustle of a departing train and the imperative ring of a bell; it sounded like a knell now. It showed her, in dim gas-light, an eager, half-ashamed, but bending towards hers. A warm, tremulous hand grasped hers. The words—"Dinna forget!" came back to her like a long-lost melody. Her lips moved as at a magnetic touch; she shivered—the vain phantasy had passed, and she was herself once more—herself—calm, cool, but gentle withal.

"I am glad to see you so much better, Colonel Gordon," were the quiet, conventional words she spoke. She did not hold out her hand in greeting.

"Will you not sit down? You must not try your strength yet," and she brought a chair forward.

He pushed it aside. With a sudden action, against which she was powerless, he seized her hand, and drew her to the fading light. He was still weak, even then she could see that, and he was pale and haggard; but his eyes were eager; they looked a victor's.

"Nell, Nell," he cried, "you haven't forgotten—I know you haven't! I owe you one life; will you not give me back another? I have never loved another woman, though I have tried. I am rich now. I have a name. I lay all at your feet, Nell, my darling. Look at me with your sweet true eyes, as you did by the lake that summer day, and tell me you love me still, and—and—forgive me."

She stood calmly still, as she answered—

"You say you have tried to love another. I never did, Lyon Leslie; you had my first, and you will have my last. I can never forget; but I will never marry you—never marry any one. Let my hand go free"—he had drawn her nearer. "There is a gulf between us that can never be bridged. Leave me in peace. I am not unhappy now."

She had struggled free, but did not turn aside. In the strength of betrayed trust, of conquered self, she stood erect and cold. All suddenly she seemed to him unapproachable as an accusing spirit, and invested with a dignity that raised her, even in person, above his height; and yet she was but a slender girl, of no commanding presence, so to speak, and with no striking beauty to catch the eye.

"Nell, I did you wrong," he pleaded; "but what could I do? I was poor in those days, and you were not all serious either, or you would not be given a *gage d'amour* to that man who calls himself the Baron von Melkenburg. I saw it—it was a link of the chain I sent you, and it had inside the words 'dinna forget.'" Then, as if suddenly inspired he continued, "I did love you, Nell, but when I found your love was not so very deep as I had believed, I thought myself free; but I was not. Your spell has been on me always—I never could forget."

She looked at him with a strange wondering sorrow in her eyes.

"Lyon," she said very gently, "you are even less true than I thought you. You know in your heart that I never gave that man the link he showed you. You knew it when he made the boast; but you accepted the lie—it justified your falseness. You were present when he repeated that lie, and you saw the punishment he got; but you said not a word. You are not a true man, Colonel Leslie-Gordon; the Lyon Leslie I loved was a creature of my

own creation, and, like the baseless fabric of all such visions, he has vanished. Do not mistake me; what I thought he was I shall always love, and I shall dream no more dreams."

Then she turned quickly and opened a secret drawer in a cabinet, and laid in his hand the tiny link that had been returned to her so many years ago.

"Andrew Kenneth sent it back to me," she said; "it was stolen from my room. Read that."

He obeyed her, taking from her a slip of paper and opening it. It ran thus—

"I do confess I did take a link out of Miss Thane's chain. I did find the chain on her table one morning; her room was open, and I did do it for a bit of fun."

That was all. The document was signed in due form by the Baron.

"Then why," he asked trembling, ashamed—"why did you return me the chain?"

"Because," she replied simply—"because, Colonel Gordon, I read your note to my mother, and I thought it better to take no love-gift until I was old enough to understand the tender passion."

She looked at him, with no scorn in her sweet eyes, only very sorrowful, as if for both.

A moment's silence, and then a great wave of passion rose in the man's heart. He dashed the link into the fire, the chain and locket, too; only the soft curl he held safe and close. He knelt to her, he pleaded his rescue from death at her hands—instinct told him we love the thing we serve—her own love, which he defied her to deny or to live down; he swore he would only live at her bidding, that body, soul and spirit were hers and her's only for all time, and to all hereafter. He challenged her to take on her blood-guiltiness, that more than real life lay at her word—a human soul.

"I will be what you make me, Nell; you will raise me step by step till I come to your ideal once more, the Lyon Leslie, dear, who stood by your side, your hand in his, watching the forget-me-nots drift down the little stream. If no one had come between us with worldly wisdom and cold caution these words would never have been spoken—other words would have been spoken that never could have been said, and I would have been bound to you. We Leslies are men of honor, Nell."

"Are you?" she said. "Then I do not rightly know what honor means. Do you know I am glad you did not speak those words, for then perhaps my eyes might have been opened too late; now I remember one that perished." Her voice was soft and low, then it changed and she went on almost passionately, yet with a strong restraint that told how well self was governed. "I would not do you the injustice to marry you, Colonel Gordon, because I could never forget how lightly you held the love that was all the world to me, and I could never trust you wholly. Can you realize now—perhaps you can, for I see you do suffer—that you blighted my woman's life, that you nearly broke my heart, Lyon Leslie? Hush!" she added, as he would have interrupted her.

"Listen a brief moment! My art has taught me much, it has taught me of diseases so inherent in the body as to be beyond the skill of medicine to cure; the taint can only be covered, but to break out again and again; and as the body is, so is the mind. A taint will break out again and again. Your heart is not sound, Lyon Leslie; it would play me false again. It played you false this very hour, when you tried to lay the blame of your old cold caution on another, tried even to make me believe that you had thought me fickle; you knew it was not truth you spoke. Untruth is inherent in your nature, and the taint will break out again and again. I will not link my fate with yours."

At these strong words his mood changed; he was stung to the quick; so stung, anger mastered shame.

"So be it!" he cried. "I will not ask again; your unnatural calling has made you cruel. You are a pedant, you are self-righteous. It is human to err, it is divine to forgive; you would not be divine if you could—"

He turned from her with a bitter pang; she stood so meekly still, her spiritual face pale with anguish; but there was no wavering there. She looked at him with a dumb reproach, and then, noting his changing color, she remembered how weak he must necessarily be still, as indeed he was—things began to seem indistinct before him, and he caught at the table as he made for the door.

"Say," she cried; "drink this"—holding to his lips a cordial hastily poured out.

It was the old tone of authority strangely familiar to him; it seemed natural to him to obey. In his weakness he was conscious of the soothing sensation her presence had before produced, when she smoothed his sick pillow at night.

"Nell," he said, pleading once more—"Nell, my very pride is dead. I will be subject to you. Will you not forgive?"

"Forgive you, Lyon? Yes, I forgive you; but we meet no more." Her tears fell fast, but her voice was steady. She went on, taking his hand

in her's and holding it as in farewell—"And do me no further injustice; for the man I loved I shall love always, the Lyon Leslie I knew before that Valentine's Day eight years ago. No other siffil ever take his place; for the years that may still be mine, I live for my art alone; but"—she caught his hand and held it to her heart, looking up to him with eyes full of pain and resolve, pouring out her words with sob—

"Perchance and so thou purify thy soul, And so thou lean on our fair father Christ, Hereafter, in that world where all are pure, We two may meet before High God, and thou wilt spring to me and claim me thine!" She ceased. He stood, as if stunned, in his dumb agony. Then she leant forward, raised her face to his, which had sunk on his breast, laid a light kiss on his quivering eyes, and left him there.

A few weeks later, the departure of Colonel Leslie-Gordon for the Continent was announced. He had gone, so said the papers, to recruit his strength before assuming the command of his regiment, ordered to Africa on active service. Lady Masters accompanied him.

The Baron von Melkenburg did not make the noble alliance the society journals had announced. At Nell's request Randall sought an interview with the Earl of Wratelm, and laid before him a short document containing certain revelations made by the late William Stubbs, once stud-groom to Squire Nettlethorpe of Nettlethorpe Hall. That part of the revelations touching sundry turf transactions was pooh-poohed by the noble Earl, but, when they extended to particulars of the Baron's parentage and true patronymic, which was—as set forth in the said revelations—Bill Batts, his righteous wrath broke out, and his sense of honor experienced a sudden quickening. He was able to make very good terms with the illustrious foreigner, and Lady Wester Wedger has entered once more in the homerunning for the matrimonial stakes.

Nell knows no hours of vain regret. Her art fills her life; but yet she sometimes questions, when for a brief moment that dull aching tells how deep her wound has been, if it is indeed

"Better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all."

THE END.

Arid Lands.

Major Powell of the geological survey has been explaining to the house committee on public lands his plan for the reclamation of the arid lands throughout the great Western belt. The plan, which is but imperfectly understood, has many points of interest. Major Powell is very careful to make it clear that the plan does not contemplate the improvement of private property, and that it has no resemblance to the Mississippi levee scheme. The plan does not contemplate the irrigation of public lands at the government expense nor for the improvement of private property at public cost. The geological survey proposes to collect the necessary information at present to determine whether these great storage reservoirs can be successfully established. The work was begun in the last congress with a comparatively small appropriation. Major Powell, who has made this project the study of many years, is so confident of success that he believes that it will result in adding at least 100,000,000 acres to the arable lands of the country. Some ten years ago Mr. Powell made his first report on the arid lands west of 100th meridian. That report has been the standard for all discussions of the subject since that time. It contained the first extended statement of scientific methods of irrigation in this country, and was used for a guide for a great many experiments, most of which have proved successful, by settlers on the frontier. The results of this work are being daily received at the Geographical survey in the form of topographical maps, field notes and written reports as to certain great regions in California, Colorado, New Mexico and Montana. It is maintained that when this work shall have been done for the whole arid region the task of reclaiming by private enterprise will be comparatively easy. These maps and reports will indicate the irrigable lands, and the conditions to be complied with to make them fertile. The water supply to be depended upon will be made known, and the condition necessary to procure and distribute it.

His Annual Report.

An old chap who had been conducting a private bank in a Wisconsin town for the last five or six years, was told by several of his depositors in December that he ought to come out on the first of the year with an annual report.

"What for?" he asked in great surprise.

"Why, to let people know how you stand financially."

Soon after New Year's day the old man tacked up a paper on the bank door, reading:

Notice.—This 'ere bank has got \$35,000 behind her. She don't owe nobody a cussed cent. Good paper discounted as heretofore, and nobody proposes to cut sticks for Mexico or Canada.—Wall Street News.

Churches.

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

Societies.

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

—Orrio Peck is clerking at Gale's. —Miss Lizzie Bow, of Northville, is very sick. —Farmers get your grinding done at the Phoenix mills.

The Name Don't Suit.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PLYMOUTH MAIL: In a weekly paper published in Detroit and circulated to some extent in the township of Plymouth and by many of the residents of the south-western portion of the village invariably use the term "lower town" in speaking of that portion of the village contiguous to the L. & N. railroad station.

Auction Sales.

The Polly, Wherry & Co.'s stock of agricultural implements will be sold by the receiver in Plymouth, Saturday, April 6, at two o'clock.

The Presbyterian Parsonage.

Last Sabbath morning, the pastor of the Presbyterian church made the pleasing announcement to the congregation, that the Ladies' society had paid their entire indebtedness on the parsonage. This is indeed a matter for congratulation, and the parsonage is indeed something of which the society can be proud.

A little over a year ago the ladies single handed and alone, resolved upon supplying this great lack to the pastor's comfort and made their plans accordingly, not expecting to raise the fund in less than five years at the least.

It simply shows what can be done by energy and will, and the building will be a standing tribute to the ladies' grace and grit. Aided and encouraged by many friends both in and out of the church, by entertainments of various sorts, by socials, by liberal donations among themselves, by an art loan, and by serving meals on the fair ground, and various other methods, they have erected a large and substantial structure, which could not be built by the ordinary individual for less than twenty-five hundred or three thousand dollars.

A description of it and of the names of many of the donors, was published in this paper shortly after the pastor began his dwelling therein, so that it is not necessary here to repeat.

As an evidence of their thankfulness and gratitude, the ladies of the society will give a reception and supper to the congregation, and to all who so kindly assisted them in any way and they are herein cordially invited to attend.

The time will be Thursday afternoon and evening, April 11, and on that occasion reports covering the whole enterprise will be given.

There are several small improvements yet to be made on the outside of the building, and those will gradually be done. The society needs badly a chapel and a well, neither of which are very costly, and unless some generous friend donates them as memorials, we presume they will be the next objects for which the congregation shall lovingly "learn to labor and to wait."

Election.

Township election passed off very quietly here last Monday. There were three tickets in the field; the Democratic, Republican and the Prohibition. The Republican ticket was elected entire, by majorities ranging from six to two hundred and fifty-three. Following are the candidates, the vote, and the majorities:

Table with columns for candidates and votes. Includes sections for STATE TICKET, GOVERNOR'S SALARY AMENDMENT, CORPORATION AMENDMENT, JUDICIAL AMENDMENT, TOWNSHIP TICKET, FOR SUPERVISOR, FOR TOWNSHIP CLERK, FOR TOWNSHIP TREASURER, FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, FOR HIGHWAY COMMISSIONER, FOR SCHOOL INSPECTOR, FOR CONSTABLES.

W. C. T. U.

Towns and communities where prohibition prevails are fast becoming famous for both spiritual and financial prosperity. Churches whose members and pastors take a no-license stand are conspicuous for constant revival spirit. The Methodist church at Canton, Ill. is a fine example. "No-license" has been the policy of the town for eleven years. The church is a unit for prohibition, and the remarkable fact is noted that more young men than women are members, there being sixty-five young men and sixty-four young women. Ninety members are heads of families and three hundred conversions are reported for the last three years.

A corresponding increase is noted in the membership of other churches.

Wayne.

Mrs. Jewett Downer is very sick at this writing. T. E. Deming was elected Justice of the Peace here. Wm. Ditsch is working in the furniture factory at Northville. Chas. O'Connor, of Dearborn, gave his parents a call Tuesday. Steven Butler's somewhat familiar face was seen on our streets. Baker and Corlett took in the dance at Plymouth, Friday night. Ed. Cook and Fred Dunn, of Plymouth, were in town Saturday night. Jerome Hancock had the misfortune to break his buggy in a good many places. Mrs. Warner Harrison died early Monday morning. Funeral at Inkster, Tuesday. James Wilsey has removed his barber shop to the place formerly occupied by Dr. Truscott. Billy Hall is news agent on the F. & P. M. R. R. running between Saginaw and Detroit now. A couple of sports took in Wayne last Tuesday night and was well received by the same here. Wes. Vaness and Fred Porter were holders of the lucky number that drew the prize buggy at Varney's Saturday night.

Livonia Redeemed!

"Old settlers" remembered when Livonia stood solidly Republican for years, but changes in people brought changes in the political complexion of the township, and for several years past, previous to last year, it has gone Democratic by anywhere from 50 to 70 majority, but the tidal wave of reformation which is spreading over the land showed its first ripples there last year and this year swept the town back to her original position as a solid Republican township by round majorities. All honor to the five young Republicans of Livonia!

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a trial. It is guaranteed every time or money refunded. Trial bottles free at Chaffee & Hunter's drug store.

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 spot 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.

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge Munday, Esq., County Attorney, Clay county, Texas, says: "Have used Electric Bitters, with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and jaundice, but was cured by timely use of the medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life." Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: "He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters. This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malarial Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and stomach Disorders stands unequalled. Price fifty cents and \$1, at Chaffee & Hunter's Drug Store. 6

Booklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positive 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

Advertisement for Dead Shot on Moles! DESTROYED BY MOLES, SEND \$2.00 TO W. N. WHERRY, Plymouth, Mich. Includes an illustration of a mole trap.

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.

MILLIKEN'S Parlor Pride Stove Enamel!

FOR SALE AT THE Star Grocery. E. J. BRADNER, Plymouth.

Here is an Ad. from the Ypsilanti Furniture Emporium

WALLACE & CLARKE LOW PRICES! BIG STOCK! 7 FLOORS! 7

COVERED WITH Bedroom Sets, Parlor Suits, Curtains, Draperies, Baby Carriages and Everything in the Furniture Line.

It will pay you to GET OUR PRICES before buying, and we invite you to compare OUR PRICES with Detroit prices. Do not forget that we deliver goods FREE. 82

LIVERY, Old Stoves Made New. Have your Stove Fittings Newly Nickel Plated. All kinds of Nickel Plating done in the best manner and at reasonable prices. Plymouth Air Rifle Co. FOR SALE! Burnet & Robinson, PLYMOUTH, MICH. Sewing machines repaired and new parts furnished when required. Needle and oil for sale. J. H. Steers, Plymouth.

New Advertisements.

The attention of our readers is directed to the following new and changes in advertisements: W. N. Wherry, patent mole trap, fifth page. Wallace & Clarke, Ypsilanti, fruit and vegetable emporium, fifth page.

The Gospel of St. Gossip as Heard by the Scribe.

1. And it came to pass in those days that the Philistines began to increase in the land, and of these Plymouth had her share. 2. And certain of these Philistines began to gather themselves into bands, for the purpose of reform and progress specially that kind called "eure," "seven up" and "pool." 3. Unto these same did here unite themselves certain of the sons of the householders, which by interpretation meaneth "the children of those who pay eth taxes. 4. So these two tribes gathered themselves together, to make common cause for one common end. 5. And they said one to another, "Come off," and "go to," let us arise and build an opera house, for the use of the "city fathers," and all the citizens of the commonwealth in general. And the saying pleased them much. 6. Therefore they said, Resolved, That an opera house shall be our idol, and it shall be a building of good proportions, of fine acoustic properties, and of an elegant front, so that ye citizens of ye town shall say, "It is a beauty, and a glory," and thus we shall cover ourselves with honor. 7. Then one arose and said, "where-with shall we get the needful, and who shall furnish the shekels for the enterprise, for we are a little short ourselves and have little or naught even for beautiful assembly houses." 8. At this saying there was a falling of countenance and a deep silence and gloom spread over the assembly. 9. Then there was a deep thought, and many "oh's" and "ah's" therety. 10. At the last said one, wiser than the rest, and he was warmly praised by those of the hyacinthine locks and downy mustaches, for his wonderful profundity—"go to, I have it, we will bond the town, and it shall arise and build." 11. And the speech pleased the unregenerate, and they shouted, "go to, thus shall it be done and no farther." 12. "We will not care what the fogies, the stay at homes, the shekel lenders, and the holders of large chunks of dirty soil do say, we shall have the house called opera and that too, very soon. 13. So the election was held and the Philistines and the sons of the householders triumphed by a large majority, much to the dismay of the aforesaid righteous scribes and Pharisees. 14. But ye same scribes and Pharisees declared the election illegal, and as law was supreme in that land, the righteous triumphed, and the Philistines "got left." 15. Now the Philistines had learned wisdom by experience, and they said, "hush now, keep quiet and we will get there all the same." 16. Now the children desirous of opera houses are much wiser than the children of no opera houses, and they said, "we will frame an extra bill to vote for, and we will not say opera house any more, but we will say, "a public hall, a council chamber, and a lock up." 17. And there they struck it. 18. For the citizens had clamored for such a building, and for as much as no citizen or citizens was or were public spirited enough to furnish funds for such an institution, and willing to take their pay in praise, good-wishes and such silver and gold as might be forth-coming therefrom, therefore, that the spirit of enterprise do not die out, and the town be lost, never more to be found, it was loudly resolved that the town was able, and should do its duty, in spite of the Scribes and Pharisees, aforesaid, who would surely vote nay. 19. And it came to pass that when the election drew nigh, two tickets were in the field, and votes for a time came high, even so much as a dollar, a drink or a promise of remembrance by and by. 20. Now of these two tickets, one of them was sure to be taken, and the other just as "sure to set left." 21. And the voice of the prophet was sought, inquiring which of the two should come out ahead, and the prophet wisely replied. 22. "That ticket that is the most perseveringly, and without blushing pushed, and that ticket that surely has the most of the votes, shall certainly be elected." 23. And it was so, for when the returns came in, "one of them did win." Thus endeth the first lesson.

Bradfield's Female Regulator. Should be used by the young woman, she who suffers from any disorder peculiar to her sex, and at changes of life is a powerful tonic; benefits all who use it. Write the Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Canton.

In Canton the Democratic ticket was elected with the exception of supervisor, O. R. Pattengell, Republican, being elected over John W. Cady by eleven majority. Following is the ticket. Supervisor, O. R. Pattengell; Clerk, J. H. Hanford; Justice, full term, John Huson, (2); Justice, to fill vacancy, Samuel Barber; Treasurer, Albert Smith; Highway Commissioner, Theo. L. Harmon; School Inspector, Alfred G. Huston; Constables, James Gunn, James Savage, Taylor Geer, Jefferson Gordon.

Cherry Hill—Canton Township.

Again will ye scribe enjoy a new hat—now on town-meeting. E. E. Newton has secured a situation with C. M. Joslin & Co., Northville. A. E. Homes returned last Saturday from a week's visit at his brother's, Dr. Holmes, of East Saginaw. Once more the Republicans were victorious in electing the head of the ticket. O. R. Pattengell received eleven majority over John W. Cady. Mr. Pattengell is a thorough business man well qualified in every respect and the town, although heavily Democratic does not care to make a change.

Livonia.

A young winter last Sunday. John Bentley has a young son on the sick list. John Duffer returned to his home in Clinton county last Monday. The following named persons were elected last Monday at our town meeting: Supervisor, R. L. Alexander, R.; Clerk, John Joslin, D.; Treasurer, James A. LeVan, R.; Justice of the Peace, C. Robde, R.; Justice of the Peace, to fill vacancy, Charles Rider, R.; Highway Commissioner, Fred Gorse, R.; Drain Commissioner, William R. Robinson, D.; School Inspector, Abram Stringer, D.; Constables, Levi Joslin, D.; the Republicans elected the other three.

Stark.

Miss Maggie Rattenbury has been very sick. Miss Kettie Rathbone opened school last Monday at Wallaceville. Miss Meta Horsington is teaching in the Hough district, in Canton. Our school has closed this week on account of the illness of the teacher. Mrs. Herbert Smith is spending a few days with his mother near Ypsilanti. Charles Minning has moved on the H. J. Smith farm recently purchased by him. Mr. William Johnson is quite sick, having been confined to the house for several days. James Stonburner and wife spent last week with his brother, Sela Stoneburner, of Lansing. A very pleasant party and dancing party assembled at Chauncy Brown's, Tuesday evening last. Miss Mides Jenner, of Highland; also, Miss Allie are home talking care of their father and sister Fannie, who have been very sick. Two Germans from Detroit have purchased that portion of the old Swartz estate lying opposite of G. N. Dean's are building two dwellings thereon. Many of the neighbors and friends of Mrs. Lucy Stonburner spent the afternoon and evening of April 1 with her, reminding her of her sixty-seven birthday.

Mead's Mills.

The much needed rain has come in copious quantities and the farmers are truly thankful. Charley Barber fell on a barb wire fence last Friday and cut his face so badly that the wound required the attention of a doctor. The correspondent to the Courier from this place says, "the winter has been such as to cause the colored citizens to hie to a more sunny climate." Will he or she please inform us who has gone, as all who were here in the fall are here now for aught we know? Also, that there is talk of a postoffice being re-established here. One might talk of visiting the moon, but that would be as near the realization as they would ever arrive, and that is all the talk of the re-establishing of office will ever amount to I think. And, I believe the entertainments which are being held at the school house, are for the benefit of the Sunday school, more especially than for the day school. Report of the school for the fall and winter term: Whole number of days taught, 136 Ella Atchison, attended, 126 Nancy Benton, 119 1/2 Hayes Benton, 118 Clara Benton, 118 John Barber, 100 Charles Barber, 125 George Barber, 60 1/2 William Barber, 55 1/2 Bella Downey, 109 Clarence Eckels, 104 Arthur Ackels, 99 Anna Eckels, 81 George Gibson, 128 Arthur Gibson, 127 Anis Greene, 117 Matt Greene, 131 Lute Greene, 65 1/2 Larinda Greene, 120 Gertrude Hughes, 134 1/2 Hattie Hughes, 133 1/2 Hulda Hughes, 50 1/2 Arthur Johnson, 79 Otto Johnson, 90 1/2 Madge Ramsdell, 103 1/2 Jesse Thomas, 120 1/2 Ira Thomas, 123 Arthur McRoberts, 84 Edith Clark, 5 Guy Clark, 18

TEDDY.

BY EMMA MORTIMER WHITE.

MOTHER'S WAY.

"Teddy not home from school, and it's past five o'clock! Is it possible that child has dared disobey me, and go down to the river again? If he has, Bridget, I will punish him severely! Make no excuses for him: I know he is only seven years old, but he is old enough to mind. That river is deep; run down the road a little way and see if you can see him coming, while I go to the attic window. Can't see him? neither can I. Whip him? I guess I will, for making me so miserable. It isn't a week since I told him never to go there again. I was always frightened to death about that river since little Tommy Brown was taken out—Bridget, who is that coming? No it isn't Teddy. It's half-past five, an hour and a half since school closed. Oh, where can he be? He is usually so good about coming home straight from school, my dear little boy! Could anything else have happened to him? No, it's that dreadful river; boys are always bewitched to learn to swim. I wish we had never come here to live! Most six, and nearly dark! Bridget, put on your bonnet and come with me; I must go down there. Never mind the biscuit, I don't care if they do burn! Coming, is he? O, Teddy, you darling! Mother has been so worried! Went down to the river just a minute to see Joe Jenkins swim backwards? Mother is so glad to have you home again! Promise that you won't go there and worry her so again. No, I know you won't; that's a good child!"

FATHER'S WAY.

"Teddy been down to the river again. Wasn't he forbidden? Don't prevaricate; he was forbidden to go, wasn't he? I thought so. Teddy, come here, sir. You've been down to the river again haven't you? Exactly. Take off your jacket." (Teddy's voice is heard in the land.) "There, sir, that will do for this time. Now, stop that howling, go wash your face, and eat your supper."—Yankee Blade.

Some Truth in This.

"I don't ask any odds of anybody, I don't. I've got money in bank, and the wind may blow and the snow may snow, I'm all right."

"Mighty glad to know it, John, old fellow. You know I've been your friend, and nobody is gladder'n I am to know that you are above the pinching of poverty."

"I know it, Jimmy, my boy. You and I have stood many a storm together, and I owe my prosperity to your faithful work and careful attention to business. There's no better book-keeper in this city than you, and you know I appreciate it. You'll never suffer while my business prospers. You can bet on that."

"I know it. We were school-boys together, and went into business together. You kept sober and I drank. You kept single and I married. But, John, I haven't felt so much like drinking since I was married as I do to-day. I feel just like doing something desperate, and am distressed to death."

"Why, what ails you, steady Jim? I thought that you had conquered that appetite forever when you married Allie Knowles?"

"Yes, John; but my baby is sick, and I fear she is dying. My salary is draw up to date, and I can't send the little one south, as the doctor recommends. It is hard to be poor."

"Yes, Jimmy, it is, and I'm truly sorry for you. Good-morning and good luck to you. I hope the baby will be better when you go home to-night."

And that night Jimmy placed a thousand dollars in his wife's hands, placed two thousand dollars in bank to her credit and the next morning Jimmy was in Canada. John went down to his office and found a note which read: "Thank you, John, for your sympathy. I know I am welcome to a few thousands, for you appreciate my services," and are prosperous."

Many a poor fellow goes to Canada under just such circumstances.

They Were Both Satisfied.

The elevated railroad cars were crowded as usual at eight o'clock this morning.

A down-town train came whizzing into the Forty-second street station.

A crowd squeezed itself into the already filled cars.

In that crowd was a plump and pretty blonde of perhaps seventeen summers.

There was no seat for her. She looked inquiringly around, apparently to catch the eye of some susceptible male passenger who might relinquish his seat in her favor.

But not a man's face was visible. They were all carefully concealed behind the morning newspapers, Mark Twain style.

They had been there before. The petite blonde made up her mind in a jiffy.

And without further ceremony she sat herself down in the lap of a good-natured citizen.

He said never a word. Neither did she.

The other passengers giggled. When the train reached Park place the resolute young woman arose from her seat and addressed the citizen:

"I hope, sir, I have not inconvenienced you?"

"Not at all," he replied. "I sit in this seat every morning at eight o'clock. Good-by. Come again."—New York Telegram.

Close Bargaining.

Men and women who drive sharp bargains frequently over-reach themselves. The habit of "beating down," which is practiced so constantly in country stores is a vicious one, for it leads the purchasing public to suppose that dealers put an extravagant price upon their goods, and hence can afford a good reduction. It frequently, too, leads the shop keeper to just this method of dealing. The following is an illustration of how a person educated to this kind of trading proceeds: It is bargains that the country shopper comes to town to seek. One of these women went into a large shop the other day to buy material for a gown. She selected, after a good deal of fussing, a material, costing twelve cents a yard.

"How many yards are there in this piece?" she asked.

"There are eleven," he answered, after measuring.

"I will take ten," she said. He suggested that she should take the whole piece, but she insisted that he should cut off ten yards, and this was accordingly done.

"That is a remnant, I suppose," she said, interrogatively, taking up the odd yard, as he folded the goods.

"Yes, ma'am."

"You sell remnants cheaper, don't you?"

"Sometimes," the shopman said, laconically.

"What will you take for this?"

"Twelve cents."

"But that is just what I paid for the piece."

"I haven't any authority to mark goods down."

"Couldn't you send to find the man who does mark them down, so as to see what he would take?" the customer inquired, anxiously.

"Just now," the shopman replied, with a wicked wink to a brother assistant, "he is at his dinner, and I don't think he'll be in to-day."

"And you couldn't mark it down yourself, and tell him about it?"

"No," the shopman said, smiling, aggravatingly. "I couldn't really."

"Well the woman said, with a sigh, "then I'm dreadfully sorry I had it cut, for I shall have to have that yard, anyway, even if I do have to pay twelve cents for it. Ten yards wouldn't possibly do. But I am not used to paying full price for remnants."—Yankee Blade.

A Close Thrust.

A certain charitable mission enterprise, connected with an important church, says the Boston Transcript, is presided over by the young assistant minister of the church, who is much admired for his personal graces as well as for his piety and zeal in good work. He has been assisted in the work of instructing, elevating and amusing the boys who resort to the mission by some good ladies of the parish, and particularly by a young woman whose benevolent interest in the mission work has been supposed to include the clergyman at its head. She had been indefatigable in her endeavors to teach and entertain the boys, and often addresses them in little speeches.

The other Sunday this young lady was speaking to the boys in the presence of the clergyman. She had exhorted them to be good and studious, to avoid bad company, profanity and other demoralizing things, and closed her little exhortation with these words:

"I want you to be good boys, and do all these things that I have asked you to, because I love you all."

"I know who you love most!" a small-boy in the front row called out.

"Well, who is it, Johnny?" asked the lady. No doubt she expected some accusation of partiality among the boys, which she would have been glad of an opportunity to deny.

The boy pointed his small, grimy finger at the young clergyman.

"Him!" he shouted.

The young lady's interest in charitable work is said to have declined visibly for some little time.

His Time Was Precious.

"Judge, I confess my crime and throw myself upon the mercy of the Court," said a wild-eyed looking stranger in the Police Court. "I violated the law, but necessity compelled me."

"What's the charge?" asked his Honor.

"I failed to register, Judge. I couldn't take the time. Remember my helpless wife and children, and go light with me."

"Why, fool, you haven't broken any law. Get out!"

"Look here, Judge, haven't I assaulted the purity of the ballot box?"

"No."

"Ain't I amendable to the law?"

"No! You get right out of here. Time's too precious to be wasting it upon a full-fledged fool."

"Thanks, Judge, I'm going," said the overwrought man, and he left the court.

A moment later a policeman entered and looked around in dismay. Asked the cause of his perturbation, he explained that he was searching for a chicken thief, and his description showed that the court had actually driven from its presence one of the meanest depredators in the city.

wasn't so much of a fool after all.—Detroit Journal.

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, as the boy said, when he threw the one that had been hurled at him by a teacher.—Puck.

Notice.

All parties selling or using road carts containing my improvements are hereby warned that if such carts do not bear my name as manufacturer I shall hold them to account for damages for infringement. It is safe to buy the Beam cart only of the undersigned or his authorized agents. It is fully patented. E. W. BEAM. I have twenty-five more carts in process of construction. 75*

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.

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

The Board of Registration, of the Village of Plymouth, will meet at the store of CHEAFFE & HUNTER, on SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 8 P. M., for the purpose of reviewing and correcting the registration of the electors of said village and adding to the names of all unregistered voters of the said village. GEORGE HUNTER, Village Clerk. Dated—Plymouth, Mich., March 29, 1889.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The Annual Charter Election of the Village of Plymouth, Michigan, for the purpose of electing one President; one Clerk; one Treasurer; one Assessor; one Street Commissioner; three Trustees, full term; and one Constable, will be held in the COUNCIL ROOMS, of said village, on MONDAY, APRIL 8, 1889. Polls will be opened at 8 A. M. and close at 5 P. M., local time. Signed, GEORGE HUNTER, Clerk. Dated—Plymouth, Mich., March 29, 1889.

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE COMMON COUNCIL.

That the proposition that said Village of Plymouth borrow the sum of two thousand dollars and add the same to the building fund of said village now on hand for the purpose of erecting a suitable building within the corporate limits of said village to be used for a village hall, council chamber and lock-up, be submitted to a vote of the electors of said Village of Plymouth, on the 8th day of April, 1889, and that this resolution be published in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper published in said Village of Plymouth at least two weeks before the election at which said vote is to be taken and copies of this resolution be posted in six of the most public places in said village two weeks before said election. Such vote shall be by ballot and said ballots shall contain the words "for the loan" and "against the loan" respectively. GEORGE HUNTER, Clerk. Dated—March 14, 1889. BY ORDER OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the fourteenth day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine:

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. And the matter of the estate of THOMAS BRANTON GORTON, deceased. An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate: It is ordered, that Tuesday, the sixteenth day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for proving said instrument. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne. EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. HOMER A. FLINT, Register. 90-82

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, 30 cents. Five lines, one time, 15 cents; two times, 20 cents; three times, 28 cents; four times, 35 cents.

LEGAL BLANKS OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE.

at the MAIL office, Plymouth. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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

SEVERAL PIECES OF GOOD PROPERTY in Wayne for sale or exchange.

New Harness hop!

S. COLLINGE

Has just opened a new harness store in the Lumber 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. S. COLLINGE

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE PARTICULAR NEVER

Plymouth Mail.

J. H. STEVENS, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

There comes a rumor that Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, contemplates matrimony. He will have no difficulty in finding a much better half.

MRS. SNIDER, daughter of ex-Gov. Ogelsby, of Illinois, has been robbed of \$12,000 worth of jewelry at San Diego, Cal. Theatrical managers are offering her strong inducements to go on the stage.

OAK VIEW is for sale. The president paid about \$650 an acre for its twenty-five acres. He is now warranted by the raise in price in surrounding real estate which his purchase created in asking \$3,000 for an acre.

M. MEYER, of Paris, claims to have invented a paper indestructible by fire. Specimens have been exhibited which had been for four hours in a pottery furnace. He has also invented incombustible colors and inks.

The Thomson Electric Welding company has perfected a machine for welding cut bale-ties. By its means cut ties can be easily united, and the pieces that accumulate at the compresses, which are so well known in the south, can be very quickly made up into proper lengths for use. At the present time the cut bale-ties, though in large quantities, are worthless except as scrap-iron.

MANY entomologists are of the opinion that the antennae of insects are organs of hearing, though it is probable that the auditory apparatus in many insects is not confined to the antennae. Thus grasshoppers and crickets appear to have ears in their legs, and the crustacean genus Mysid is provided with auditory organs in its tail. Equally curious arrangements have been observed in other insects.

A PROCESS of engraving on glass and crystal by electricity has been communicated to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Plante. The plate to be engraved is covered with a concentrated solution of nitrate of potash and put in connection with one of the poles in the battery, and the design is traced out with a fine platinum point connected to the other pole. The results are said to be of marvelous delicacy.

Mrs. Mutsu, wife of the Japanese Minister at Washington, is a brilliant woman who has gained full command of our language in a year. She devotes a great deal of time to social matters, but spends two hours every morning in translating a Japanese novel into English. Her translation will be the first of the kind ever made. Japanese fiction is said to be very readable, and Mrs. Mutsu has chosen one of the best novels in the language for rendition into English.

Among other curiosities at present on exhibition at the public room of the Figaro office, writes the Paris correspondent of the Irish Textile Journal, is a piece of the stuff presented to President Carnot by the Elbeuf weaver, and which is entirely woven out of dog's hair. The stuff is brown in color, with a tricolor stripe on the margin, looks like rough tweed, but feels like good silk tissue, and must be very strong. A portrait of Marco, the Griffon dog, who supplied the textile, is also given, and enjoys popularity. I hear that the idea of the Elbeuf weaver has pleased the whimsical taste of Paris, and that a demand for dogs' hair tissues has sprung up here both for ladies' dresses and waistcoats for foppish young men.

As a substitute for granite blocks steel paving is attracting considerable attention, its durability being quite a point in its favor, and its cost being somewhat less. It consists of steel strips about two and a half inches wide and one inch thick, rolled with a channel on one side exposed to traffic, and with notches about six inches apart. These strips weigh eleven pounds to the yard, are laid across the street a distance of about five inches between centers, and their length is only sufficient to extend to the middle of the street, so that the proper slope from the center to the gutters can be secured. They are bolted together so as to secure them against lateral slipping, and are fastened to wooden sills. A firmly constructed bed of gravel composes the support for this pavement, while between the steel strips a mixture of sand and cement is poured, filling the notches to a level with the top of the strips.

EULOGY BY INGERSOLL.

At the Bier of Mary Fiske.

A dispatch from New York says: The funeral service over the remains of Mary Fiske was held in the Scottish Rite Hall. Eight hundred tickets of admission had been distributed, but at least 1000 persons were present. The choir gallery was occupied by a quartet from Dockstadter's Minstrels, Mr. Williams, the organist; Mme. Julie de Ryther and Sig. Perugini. The altar was buried under an avalanche of flowers, arranged in the form of harps, crescents, pillows and other beautiful designs. The services began with the singing of "The Lost Chord" by Mr. John McQuade and a quartet. Then Mr. Harry Edwards made an address, from which the following was taken: "To those who are familiar with the writings of our friends there will arise the recollections of many of her musings upon the strange condition to which we have given the name of 'Death,' and to which in her terse and epigrammatic manner she says: 'I do not believe much, but I hope for a great deal.' She has also in a beautiful passage foreshadowed what he would all apply to her now: 'If beyond this headache and headache we call life there is any reward for the dwellers on earth the crown must rest upon the golden head that never conceived an evil thing—the palm must reach that gentle, generous hand that was helpful and open to all.'"

Then came a solo by Mme. Dr. Ryther, entitled "Never Forget," followed by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's address. The colonel was visibly affected and the auditors listened intently to his words, which were as follows:

"Friends: In the presence of the two great mysteries, life and death, we are met to say above this still unconscious house of clay, a few words of kindness, of regret, of love, of hope. In this presence let us speak of the goodness, the charity, the generosity and the genius of the dead. Only flowers should be laid upon the tomb. In life's last pillow there should be no thorns. Mary Fiske was like herself. She patterned after none. She was a genius and put her soul in all she did and wrote. She cared nothing for roads, nothing for beaten paths, nothing for the footsteps of others—she went across the fields and through the woods and by winding streams and down the vales and over the crags wherever fancy led. She wrote lines that leap with laughter and words that were wet with tears. She gave us quaint thoughts and sayings, filled with the pert and nimble spirit of mirth. Her pages were flecked with sunshine and shadow and in every word were the pulse and breath of life. Her heart went out to all the wretched in this weary world, and yet she seemed as though grief and death were nought but words. She wept where others wept, but in her own misfortunes found the food of hope. She cared for the common of others, but not for her own. She lived for to-day. Some hearts are like waveless pools, satisfied to hold the image of a star, but hers was full of motion, life and storm. She longed for freedom. Every limitation was a prisoner's wall. Rules were shackles and forms were made for serfs and slaves. She gave her utmost thought. She praised all generous deeds, applauded the struggling, and even those who failed. She pitied the poor, the forsaken and the friendless. No one could fall below her pity, no one could wander beyond the circumference of her sympathy. To her there were no outcasts—they were victims. She knew that the inhabitants of palaces and penitentiaries might change places without adding to the injustice of the world. She knew that circumstances and conditions determined character; that the lowest and worst of our race were children once, as pure as light, whose cheeks dimpled with smiles beneath the heaven of a mother's eyes. She thought of the road they had traveled, of the thorns that pierced their feet, of the deserts they had crossed, and so instead of scorn she gave the eager hand of help. No one appealed to her in vain. She listened to the story of the poor, and all she had she gave. A god could do no more. The destitute and struggling turned naturally to her. The maimed and hurt sought her door, and the helpless put their hands in hers. She shielded the weak and attacked the strong. Her heart was open as the gates of day. She shed kindness as the sun shed light. If all her deeds were flowers the air would be faint with perfume. If all her charities could change to melodies a symphony would fill the sky. Mary Fiske was within her brain the divine fire of genius, and her heart the 'touch' that makes the whole world vibrate. She wrote as a stream runs, winds and bubbles through the shadowy woods that falls in the foam of flight and

haste, and laughing joins the sea. A little while ago a babe was found, one that had been abandoned by the mother, left as a legacy to chance or fate. The warm heart of Mary Fiske, now cold in death, was touched. She took the wail, held it lovingly to her breast and made the child her own. We pray thee, Mother Nature, that thou wilt take this woman and hold her as tenderly in thy arms as she held and pressed against her generous, throbbing heart the abandoned babe. We seek no more. In this presence let us remember our faults, our frailties, and the generous, helpful, self-denying, loving deeds of Mary Fiske."

The Latest Female Vice.

The latest female vice is intoxication by naphtha, says a Boston letter to the Albany Argus. It is not drunk. The fumes of it are simply inhaled—inducing, so the inebriates say, a particularly agreeable exhilaration. Not even hashish, it is understood, begets more fascinating dreams or more gorgeous visions of splendor. The girls in the rubber factories, of which there is a great number in Boston and its neighborhood, are greatly addicted to this novel form of drunkenness. In such establishments naphtha is used in enormous quantities to cleanse the rubber, being kept in big boilers closed against the air. To the valves of these boilers the young women employes readily obtain access and breathe the exhalations therefrom, some unlucky accident having betrayed to a chance experimenter the abominable secret. The notion is said to have been brought originally from Germany by immigrant laborers in petticoats. Now the manufacturers propose to put a stop to the evil by keeping the valves carefully locked.

An overdose of naphtha fumes brings on hysterical convulsions and other unpleasant symptoms. The habit, long continued, causes a swelling of the face and other parts of the body, with dropsy to follow and sometimes epilepsy. On the whole it is difficult to know which of these new-fangled vices for women to recommend. There is either drinking, laughing gas, and tea-eating, besides the naphtha. The conscientious pursuit of any of them will surely lead to the lunatic asylum. You pay your money—as one might remark—and takes your choice.

Round Shoulders.

I have seen a stooping figure and a 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 one's self upon the toes leisurely in a 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 forty-five 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 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, then on the other. It is wonderful what a 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.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Nipped in the Bud.

Would-be Contributor—"What's that curious pair of pincers on the hook over your desk?"
Humorous Editor—"Chestnut tongs."
Would-be C.—"Chestnut tongs! What are they for?"
H. E.—"Why some of the jokes sent in by the contributors are so moldy we don't like to handle 'em without gloves, you know; so we heave 'em into the waste basket with those."
Would-be C. (timidly)—"Use 'em often?"
H. E. (emphatically)—"Very."—Detroit Free Press.

Bad for the Army.

A small boy of our acquaintance, who is, like most boys, much given to playing soldier, and who has unfortunately heard a good deal of doctor's talk lately, got things badly mixed a day or two ago. He was making a great noise at the head of his imaginary army, astride what he called his "gastriek-fever horse"—probably the result of much looking at the pictures of trick horses and dogs in a circus book—calling to his soldiers, "Come on, and we will kill the enemy," when his aunt called from the next room to know if anything unusual was happening. "Oh, replied the boy, "nothing only the soldiers are having a bilious attack!"

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

How His Consort Was Selected—

At last, after many delays, a consort has been selected for the ruler of China. The choice was left to the dowager empress, who has found a helpmate for the boy emperor in her own niece. The first detachment of fair competitors numbered several hundreds, all daughters of Manchu mandarins of not less than the third rank. After several inspections, in which the beauty, family influence and intellectual attainments of the young ladies were taken into grave consideration, the list of fair aspirants was reduced to thirty. The discarded ones were consoled with a present to each of a yellow silken purse, with a tael (one and a half ounces) of pure silver. The thirty were again sent back to their homes to await the final choice, and the eagerness with which they looked forward to their next appearance in the palace, on which depended their chance of winning a seat on the throne, is best left to the imagination. At length, after many weeks of waiting, the imperial messenger summoned the thirty candidates to the palace again on the 27th of last month. The rites prescribe that upon such great occasions each of the ladies should be dressed in silken robes of great richness, and that each should carry an embroidered tablet showing her clan, the name and rank of her father and the date of her birth. When we are told that the ages of the candidates varied from 11 to 15, we can readily understand that there could be none of the wonted difficulty of the west on the latter tender score. More than a week elapsed before the final examination took place. An imperial decree, dated the 2nd of November, announced that the empress dowager had selected a young lady of great beauty, the daughter of her youngest brother, General Kuhlstantang, as the future empress. This fortunate lady is about 13 years of age, and her name is Yehohuada. After her marriage with the young emperor, which is fixed for the 23rd of February next, she will, of course, take another title. From the remaining fourteen, two sisters, the daughters of a high civil official, aged 15 and 13 respectively, were chosen for the imperial harem. The legal number of ladies in this latter establishment is seven, but the emperor is not tied down by any arithmetical limit. Whether the choice of the empress dowager is a wise one remains to be seen. That she was guided by natural leanings to her own clan is obvious enough. But if the young empress proves to have the family tact, wisdom and legislative ability of her royal aunt the nation will have no reason to regret the selection.

The young emperor, of whose life a few little incidents have of late crept through the high walls of the sacred city to the outside world, is described as of juvenile and simple appearance, very fragile, and unlike his early warlike ancestors, who wrested the throne from the Mings. The lakes inside the palace grounds have lately been disturbed by numerous steam launches and a miniature flotilla of steamers, which was presented to his majesty, through Li Hung Chang, by enterprising seekers after contracts. The boy emperor has taken the greatest interest in the strange little vessels, and great alarm was caused the other day by his insisting on jumping, like any other boy of 17 or 18, on board without waiting for the gang plank to be laid down, and insisting on remaining till steam was got up. Unfortunately, there was no one among the crowd of high officials who knew anything about working such a craft, and his majesty had accordingly to forego his excursion, much to his chagrin. So infatuated had he been with the toy railway sent to him from France, that he has, it is reported, ordered a larger one to be laid down inside the palace, and he spends much time in riding in the miniature but beautifully furnished little French carriages.—London Standard.

The Divine Example.

When God gave man his heritage
Of tree and plant and vine,
The healthful fruit and beautiful flower
Should for his joy combine—
'Twas not that he each blessing fair
Might to a curse transmit,
And to a poison-goblet turn
The juices of the fruit.
Upon the thousand verdant plains
Where May her seed-hymn sings,
For quenching thirst of man and beast
There gush health-giving springs;
No poisoned chalice Nature holds
To thirsting mortal's lips—
No maddening potion to destroy
Or Reason's powers eclipse.
—Dexter Smith.

Pago or Pango?

Perhaps Bismarck is sending hat fleet of four iron-clads to Samoa to find out whether our coal station is called Pago-Pago or Pango-Pango. No smaller expedition is likely to make that discovery.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Every drop of blood in the system passes through both the kidneys and lungs many thousand times in each twenty-four hours. This explains why 32 per cent of the patients of Brompton Hospital for consumptive London, England, have an unhealed kidney disorder. If the kidneys were in a healthy condition they would expel the waste matter or poisonous acid and prevent the irritation of the lungs. But if diseased they are unable to perform their functions. This explains why Warner's Safe Cure has proved so valuable in cases of lung trouble. It removes the cause.

The medical editor of a certain London paper, who advocates a vegetarian diet, has undertaken to live for an entire month on nothing but whole meal and distilled water. This meal he grinds himself, mixes it with cold distilled water into a batter, and bakes it for an hour and a half. He allows himself one pound of meal and two pints of water daily.

Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorated the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." J. T. COLLINS, Pittsburg, S. C.

Paine's Celery Compound

A unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that rugged health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it, and you will recommend it after you have used it. Price, Six for \$3.00. Druggists.

Builds Up the System.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine."
—Mrs. H. A. DILL, Burlington, Vt.

LACTATED FOOD

The Physicians' Favorite. Mothers cry for it. 25 cts.

DIAMOND DYES

Can't be equalled. Never Croak. Beware of imitative imitations.

SICK HEADACHE

Relieved by three Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Complaints. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Jaundice, Biliousness, and all the Disorders of the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Scott's Emulsion

OF PURE God-Liver OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES. ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it. Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it. IS ACKNOWLEDGED BY PHYSICIANS to be the Finest and Best Preparation for the relief of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GRAVE KIDNEY DISEASES, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS. ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The most certain and safe Pain REMEDY in the world that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It is truly the GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN, and has done more good than any known remedy. For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other External Pain, a few applications rubbed on by the hand act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop. For Congestions, Inflammations, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Cold in the Chest, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pains in the Small of the Back, etc., more extended, longer continued and repeated applications are necessary to effect a cure. Sold By Druggists. 50 Cents a Bottle.

1 prescribe and fully endorse this as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGERSOLL, M. D., Amherst, Mass., U. S. A. We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. R. E. DYCKE & CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists.

Plymouth Mills,

We have just remodeled our mill, and are now prepared to furnish

FULL ROLLER PROCESS FLOUR,

—That is—

Superior to Most and Second to None.

Every Pound Warranted.

To be found at the stores of

John L. Gale, Red Front Drug and Grocery Store,
G. A. Starkweather & Co., Dry Goods and Groceries,
A. A. Tafft, Dry Goods and Groceries,
Peter Gayde, Groceries and Crockery,
J. R. Rauch, Postoffice Grocery,
E. J. Bradner, Star Grocery,

C. L. WILCOX.

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.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY.
SHORTENS LABOR LESSENS PAIN
DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER & CHILD.
BOOK TO MOTHERS
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,
The Sole and Proprietors, ATLANTA, GA.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R. Time Table, Taking Effect Jan. 27, 1893.

WEST.	STATIONS.	EAST.
10 05	10 00	1 25
7 53	10 07	4 45
8 42	12 04	2 27
9 48	1 10	7 40
10 55	1 15	7 45
11 25	1 25	8 30
12 25	2 03	4 18
11 10	4 50	9 10
12 10	5 10	10 10
10 48	2 27	8 51
11 18	3 00	9 20
11 20	3 10	9 25
12 10	4 02	10 20
12 55	4 45	11 05
11 15	3 15	9 15
8 55	4 02	10 12
9 10	4 18	10 28
9 45	4 48	11 05
10 05	5 04	11 25

CONNECTIONS.
Detroit with railroads diverging.
Plymouth with Flint & Pere Marquette R'y.
South Lyon, with Toledo, An Arbor and Grand Trunk Railway.
Chicago June, with Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway.
Lansing, with Michigan Central R. R.
Ionia, with Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R. R., and Stanton Branch.
Howard City, with Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R.
Kalamazoo, with Chicago, Saginaw & Canada R'y.
Big Rapids, with Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. R.
Grand Rapids, with Chicago & West Michigan.
Grand Rapids Div. Michigan Central; Kalamazoo Div. Lake Shore & Michigan Southern.
J. B. MULLIKEN, W. A. CARPENTER,
Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
Detroit.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.
Notice is hereby given that on the fourteenth day of May, 1893, at two o'clock in the afternoon it is my intention to make application to the Probate Court for said county of Wayne for an order changing my name from Alfred T. Moran to Fred T. Moran.
Dated March 7, 1893.
ALFRED T. MORAN.

Bargains in Real Estate.

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

TWO GOOD HOUSES IN PLYMOUTH, ONE OF them with two lots and another with six lots; for sale cheap.

TO EXCHANGE FOR A GOOD FARM, A NICE brick house, almost new, on Lafayette avenue, Detroit.

BARGAIN NO. 1. Farm for sale; 30 acres, 3 1/2 miles from Plymouth; house, barn, orchard, good well; excellent location, short distance from school house. Unable to work it is the reason for wishing to sell. Price \$1,400, part-down.

BARGAIN NO. 2. Six acres land, 40 rods on the D road and 24 rods deep, 1 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 3 1/2 miles from Plymouth on best road; 3 1/2 acres fine garden land; 58 trees choicest apples and cherries. House has 10 rooms and splendid large cellar; rooms newly papered; walls and ceilings, and well painted throughout; everything convenient and in perfect repair; double floors; weights and pulleys in windows etc.; 30 rods from good school; 10 rods from post office, church public hall and etc. 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.

The reason why Acker's Blood Elixir is warranted, is because it is the best Blood Preparation known. It will positively cure all Blood Diseases, purifies the whole system, and thoroughly builds up the constitution. Remember, we guarantee it.

SUBSCRIBE FOR
Plymouth Mail.
ALL THE NEWS FOR
\$1 PER YEAR.

SEWING MACHINES cleaned and repaired. New parts furnished when required. J. H. STEERS

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people of intelligent and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense

A National Newspaper.

most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from the corrupting, sensational and demoralizing trash, miscolored news, which defiles the pages of too many city papers.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our might; but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

AGAINST THE SALOON.

The MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized National organ of the great Anti-Saloon Republican movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and, with its avowed purpose of seeking to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

Send for Sample Copy

They are sent free to all who apply.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES—WEEKLY, per year, \$1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. DAILY, per year, \$4.00; six months, \$2.00; three months, \$1.50; one month, 50 cents.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS are given to all subscribers and agents. We want a good agent in every town and village where we have not one now at work. Send for our Special Circular to Agents and see our liberal offers.

You Can Make Money

by accepting our Cash Commission offers and working for our valuable and popular newspaper. Address the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.

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...is testimony enough. This re-
...one of the Scotchman who
...open to conviction, but would
...e to see the man who could con-
...nce him.

When Admiral Parker gave signal
No. 39, to discontinue the engagement,
Nelson turned to the captain with the
words: "You know, Foley, I have
only one eye. I can't see it," putting
his glass to his blind eye.

The Scotchman and the Englishman
have many followers. Elsmere rejects
testimony because, according to his
theory, it can prove nothing. He re-
jects testimony because he believes in
"the unbroken sequences of nature."
His own life isn't long enough to set-
tle "the unbroken sequences of nature,"
for a very long time, so he calls in the
experience of others. The experience
of others is to be believed when it con-
firms his experience; rejected, when it
contradicts it. Elsmere had a Scotch
head and a blind eye.

Second, he assumes that the se-
quences of nature have been unbro-
ken. A false assumption, in capable
of proof, capable of contradiction.

The first steamer that crossed the
Atlantic contained a paper proving that
a steamer could not cross the Atlantic.
To do so would be to contradict human
experience.

Fresh water, salt water and fire can't
come out of the same hole, yet a man in
Pennsylvania bored a well one hundred
feet deep and found fresh water and
gas. To-day, fresh water, salt water
and gas come out of the same hole,
through different pipes; the gas is
lighted and becomes a fountain of fire,
by which one can drink fresh water,
and bathe in salt water, all from the
same hole.

A Frenchman, by name Tissenet, was
captured in old colonial days by some
Illinois Indians. He understood their
language, and, hearing them decide to
scalp and burn him, threw his wig at
their feet, set fire to a chip and some
brandy with a sun glass, and showed
each brave his own face in a small mir-
ror; they worshipped their master.

To them, a movable scalp, fire in a
bit of glass and faces in a mirror were
wonderful; contrary to experience, dis-
turb the unbroken sequences of na-
ture. From his point of view, they
were natural.

Christ's miracles are called by such
men who saw them; to Him they seem-
ed perfectly natural.

"Unbroken sequences of nature" are
constantly interfered with by human
wills.—Yankee Blade.

Lies of the Poets.
Love is immortal! poets sing.
Believe it not—'tis no such thing.
It is as fleeting as this breath;
It sooner sinketh into death.
The poets oft, for sake of rhyme,
Confound eternity with time.

Love changeth never! 'Tis a fiction,
Told to grace poetic diction.
Then trust ye not that false-faced fable.
This the truth: Love is unstable.
The poets, for the sake of style,
Indulge in lies once in awhile.

'E'en unrequited love is sweet!
(To ask 'twere bitter spoiled the feet).
But ask the heart that love hath failed;
This pleasing lie will fast be nall'd—
The poets, for the sake of measure,
Oft turn disaster into pleasure.
—Susie M. Best.

Horses on Snow-Shoes.

The stage men are getting the snow-
shoes for their horses in condition for
use, as they may be needed most any
time within the next few weeks. They
are used every winter on the Granite-
ville ridge, and also on the Mountain
House section of the Downville and
Nevada City road. It would be impos-
sible for the horses to travel over the
deep snow without their aid. One
that is accustomed to wearing them
will travel four or five miles an hour,
where it would be impossible to go
that distance in a week without them.
The shoes are made of thin steel plate,
about nine by eleven inches; fastened
on the hoofs with clamps. The horses
are shod with long heel calks which go
through the snow-shoes, and prevent
their slipping golly-up and down hill.
—Nevada Transcript.

Treasures of the Sand.

Mr. Whittier, in Margaret Smith's
Journal," which has just been repub-
lished by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in
an edition of his prose works, has the
following story of Mr. Phillips, a min-
ister at Rowley two hundred years
ago:

"Mr. Ward said he was once travel-
ling in company with Mr. Phillips of
Rowley and Mr. Parker of Newbury,
and stopping all night at a poor
house near the seashore, the woman,
thereof, brought into the room for
their supper a great wooden tray, full
of something nicely covered up with a
clean linen cloth. It proved to be a
dish of boiled clams in their shells; and,
as Mr. Phillips was remarkable in his
thanks for aptly citing passages of
Scriptures with regard to whatsoever
food was upon the table before him,
Mr. Parker and himself did greatly
wonder what he could say of this dish.
But he, nothing put to it, offered thanks
that now, as formerly, the Lord's peo-
ple were enabled to partake of the
abundance of the seas and treasures
hid in the sand. 'Whereas,' said Mr.
Ward, 'we did find it so hard to keep
grave countenances that our poor host-
ess was not a little disturbed, thinking
we were mocking her poor fare; and
we were fain to tell her the cause of
our mirth, which was indeed, ill-
timed.'—Yankee Blade.

Majolica and Faience Ware.

Majolica was the name at first given
by the Italians to a certain kind of
earthenware, because the first speci-
mens that they saw came from Majorca.
But as subsequently a large manufac-
ture of the same kind of earthenware
was carried on at Faience, Italy, the
name "Majolica" was dropped and
"Faience" substituted. The term Ma-
jolica is now used to designate vessels
made of colored clay, and coated with
white opaque varnish, so as to resem-
ble "faience," but it is of much less
value than the latter.

Edison's Industry.

In the laboratory office of Thomas
A. Edison's phonographic factory in
West Orange is a very unbusiness-like
piece of furniture. Casually looked at,
one thinks it a secretary. Its presence
there is the only indication to the
stranger, who meets the wizard for the
first time, that he is not personally
the easy-going fellow he appears in
conversation.

Mr. Edison's indefatigability is no
less a source of constant astonishment
to the workers in his factory than his
wonderful inventions are to the public
at large. He is always on hand early
in the day. He works harder than any
man around him, and is capable of
working up to two and three o'clock
the next morning. Then he often pre-
fers to unwind the folding bed in his
office, and take a few hours' sleep
there, than add to his weariness by
climbing the quarter-mile hill to his
house in Llewellen Park.

"Talk about your phonograph," said
an employe, "it cannot compare, as an
object of wonder, to the man who in-
vented it. But you have to work
alongside of him, in the same class of
work, to fully realize that."

A visitor found the wizard, on Sun-
day, with one of his phonographic dolls
in pieces before him, and a piece of
paper on the table covered with rough
pencilings.

"An idea suddenly hit me at break-
fast this morning," said Mr. Edison,
"for cheapening this doll, and I
couldn't get it till to-morrow to put it on
paper. I made the framework
that holds the phonograph cheap-
er by using metal. Thus saving
metal, I saved paper. I'll per-
mit me to show you the screw
for this. It saves several
cents."