

# The Plymouth Mail.

VOLUME VIII, NO. 10.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., NOVEMBER 9, 1894.

WHOLE NO. 374.

## WILL WE LOSE IT?

OR STAND BY THE FIRM AND HELP THEM OUT.

The Subscription Being Carried to Completion Very Slowly.—Will it be Raised?

The subscription paper started in behalf of the Plymouth Air Rifle and Manufacturing Co. has not met with a healthy response so far, and it is probable not more than one-half of the sum asked for will be subscribed.

J. O. Eddy, who has had the paper in charge, has been very busy of late and has not been able to give the matter the attention he would like to, but will, in the next day or so, probably wind up the canvas.

Just what effect the result of the subscription paper will have in determining the course the company will take, cannot at present be stated, but one thing is certain, if they cannot get the approval of the people that will reap the benefit, they cannot be asked to throw over a good offer.

That they have been asked to consider a proposition from Wayne is a fact. By invitation a member interested in the firm was shown a two acre piece of land near the junction at Wayne, and was asked what the company would take in addition to a clear title to the two acres to move to Wayne. On being pressed he gave a figure which has been seriously considered by the people of Wayne. The council will probably decide to offer them what they ask to move there. But that does not settle the question as to their moving.

We learn that the consideration under advisement by the Wayne people is twice what Plymouth people are asked to donate when figured as a whole. This is necessary because it would require more to commence in Wayne than it would to rebuild here.

Wayne is on the lookout for just such manufacturers as the Plymouth Air Rifle Co., and if Plymouth is slow to act, it can be safely stated that such actions will lose the "golden egg." That this company has every appearance of developing into a good, sound and steady running manufacturing institution is very clear, as the specialties they manufacture are in demand the year round, and at the time the disastrous fire caught them, they were far in arrears on their orders, and they were seriously considering the doubling up of their force. If the trade continued to improve as it did during the two months previous to the fire, daily castings would have been necessary in the moulding rooms instead of weekly, and six moulders at least would have been employed instead of two; and where it required a dozen men to finish up the output of two moulders at least 50 men would have been necessary to keep up with six moulders.

That the company will make every effort to remain here we are confident, and it only remains for the people to say whether they will stand by them in these most trying hours.

Rally, citizens, and give as sweeping a vote as the republicans got on Tuesday.

### A PLYMOUTH BOY.

FREMONT, Michigan, Oct. 31, 1894.

To the Plymouth Mail: \* \* \* Send my paper here. I am here now after apples and potatoes and will be for two weeks longer, then I take my family and go south for the winter. Deland is my headquarters in Florida and I want the paper sent there until the 18th of March, 1895.

Reports from Florida show a large crop of oranges, at least 5,000,000 boxes. The dealers are holding back for cheap oranges and we will get them on account of the heavy apple crop which comes in competition with oranges. Everybody can eat oranges this winter as they will be very cheap, but where is the money to buy the oranges, asks the American people; yes, and this is what the produce man is asking, "Where is the revenue?" No matter how cheap one can buy, there is very little to be made. I am buying potatoes now for 30 cents a bushel and make less money than I did when I was paying 50 cents a bushel. I will notify you about the time I want you to send the paper to Florida. Yours very truly, W. M. SELLECK

P. S.—The apple crop and potato crop is heavy up here.

Last Excursion to Detroit this year will be run by the D. L. & N. on Sunday, Nov. 11th. Rates are very low and you ought to go, as it will be your last chance this year. Special train will leave Plymouth at 10:10 a. m. arriving at Detroit at 11:00 a. m. Returning, leaves at 7 p. m. Round trip rate 50c.

FOR SALE—Large size Garland coal stove in good repair, cheap. Call at HENRY BAKERS.

### Mrs. Taylor Geer.

It is with widespread sympathy and sorrow that the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Tillotson have learned of the death of their only child, Nellie M., the wife of Taylor Geer, and for the husband in his loneliness and loss. Mr. and Mrs. Geer had gone to Delta, Colorado, only a few months ago, largely on account of their health, which had been very poor for some time. While there Mrs. Geer contracted malarial fever, and being unable to rally from it, died on Wednesday evening, Oct. 31st. The body was brought back to her parents home, in Canton, arriving here on Sunday night, and the funeral was from the Presbyterian church on Monday afternoon. The church was crowded with the friends of the deceased and of the families bereaved, thus testifying to their sympathy and regard.

Mrs. Geer was only twenty-two years old last August, and was married shortly after she left the high school here, about four years ago. Very many of her former companions and school associates were present grieving for her whom they loved and now had lost.

Her death is indeed a sad loss to husband and family, but he who makes no mistakes will doubtless fulfill in them his own comforting promise "that all things work together for good to those that love God, and live in obedience to him." The burial was in Riverside cemetery.

### W. C. T. U.

The Plymouth delegates to the district convention of the W. C. T. U., lately held in Detroit, report a most pleasant and profitable time. On account of the removal of the efficient president, Mrs. Jennie Voorbles, to another district, Mrs. Annie E. Andrews, of Detroit, was elected to succeed her. It is believed that Mrs. Andrews will be capable of performing well the duties of her office and that she will receive the hearty co-operation of all unions in the district. The other officers were Mrs. Belle Rowley, of Wyandotte, corresponding secretary, Mrs. Affah Morrison, of Detroit, recording secretary, and Mrs. E. L. Beals, of Plymouth, treasurer. Mrs. Beals has proven herself most competent as treasurer, holding the office for a number of years, and has never missed a convention in this district since the organization of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Henry Root, superintendent of Lumbermen's Work, has received a call from the Upper Peninsula for literature and clothing. All contributions should be brought to the W. C. T. U. rooms over E. L. Riggs store, Thursday afternoons. The box will probably be sent in two or three weeks, so please be as speedy as possible about bringing your contributions and don't forget that the room will only be open Thursday's between 2:30 and 4 p. m. As the days are so short, the weekly meetings will now be held at half past two instead of three. Further notice will be given when another change is made.

Supt. of Press Work.

### McIntosh—Cramer.

Wednesday seems to be the favorite day for weddings this fall. For three consecutive Wednesdays, the Rev. George H. Wallace has officiated at those joyous family gatherings. This time it is Mr. Daniel D. McIntosh and Miss Francis Cramer, daughter of the late Jeremiah Cramer, who have promised to jog along life's pathway together. The wedding was a family affair only, and ended with a delightful little supper. Mr. McIntosh has just returned from a three year's sojourn in northwest Montana, where he saw something of western pioneer life, but eastern attractions brought him hither again. May happiness and prosperity attend them.

### Meads Mills.

Mr. G. H. Wallace delivered a prohibition lecture at the school house here on the evening of the 2nd inst. No mud-slinging was indulged in and the lecture was to the point from first to last.

Mrs. R. G. Patterson, of Plymouth, visited friends in this place last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Martin, of Northville, have been spending a few days under the parental roof in our village.

The L. T. L. will give a social at Mrs. H. Greene's next Wednesday evening. Coffee and doughnuts will be served.

Two of the male persuasion, who attended the lecture last Thursday evening, thought it would be in order to have a jollification, so the next day a jug of cider was obtained and with the assistance of the cider they discussed the lecture and the party during the day and evening.

We had a snow storm Monday night.

### The Average Man

who suffers from headaches and biliousness needs a medicine to keep his stomach and liver in good working order. For such people Ripans Tabules fill the bill. One tabule gives relief.

### Pauperism.

From the foundation of our government down to a few years ago, all of our statesmen, orators and newspapers constantly reiterated, as the voice of public sentiment, the invitation for the poor and oppressed of all countries to come and participate in our freedom and prosperity and aid us in building up the grandest of all nations.

The heart of many an American has distended with patriotic pride when the old song was sung, "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm," and as one ship load after another of immigrants who had renounced their allegiance to the "effete monarchies of the old world" landed upon our shores to find protection and liberty under the glorious stars and stripes, our emblematic eagle was supposed to screech a note of triumph in the shrillest of high soprano. Although we have not one-tenth of the population our country is capable of maintaining. Yankee pride and enterprise would not long allow us to import any article which we could as well produce ourselves, and as a consequence we now not only have no use for the foreign born pauper, but our "home market" is overstocked and we are prepared to compete successfully on equal terms with other nations with the very best of machine made paupers. In the light of recent experiences we would gladly place the business of making paupers in the hands of a receiver and wind it up, but conditions are such that we cannot. In the language of Hamlet's uncle "Our stronger guilt defeats our strong intent," and the very means we boast of as an indication of our progress—our inventive talent, goes on in the making of pauperism with ever increasing facility.

The honest laborer says to the capitalist: "Give me work, and the wages I receive will enable me to purchase a part of your product." The capitalist replies: "The market is overstocked with my product now and I cannot afford to produce more until the market is sufficiently depleted to allow me a profit on my production; besides that, in order to remain in the field and successfully meet my competitors, I have been compelled to purchase a fine machine which does the work, so in any event you must find employment elsewhere." The laborer goes from capitalist to capitalist with the same result. Everywhere automatic machines shut the door in his face together with millions like himself. Each improvement in these machines adds to the number of unemployed, the work of making paupers goes bravely on while capital cripples itself by reducing the number of consumers of its products, and the poor laborer is left the choice of the overcrowded poorhouse, the overflowing prison or the grave.

This double action method of making paupers, is the direct result of the individual capitalistic ownership of the means of production and the consequent competition for profit, and will go on until the forces at work on both ends of the line meet in a general collapse, when society will resolve into a complete re-organization with the collective ownership of the means of production and co-operative production for use.

The forces are nearing the meeting point, then let us say with Macbeth "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." Under the co-operative commonwealth, improved labor saving machinery will find its true office as the emancipator of humanity from physical bondage and in the place of pauperism, we will have peace and plenty, while we can again invite the poor and oppressed of the world to share with us "go and do likewise."

### Our Thanksgiving Gift to Every One of Our Readers.

"WHICH IS THE SWEETER?" By special arrangement with the publishers, we are enabled to make every one of our readers a present of an exquisite water-color picture, 12 1/2 x 17 1/2 inches entitled "Which is the Sweeter?" which has been admired by all who have seen it. This is without doubt the handsomest work of art ever given as a premium with any publication. The reproductions cannot be distinguished from the original painting by one of the most successful artists in water-colors—water-colors, by the way, are the present fad in pictures. It is a superb Thanksgiving gift. Send your name and address to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14 Street, New York, with four cents, (either in stamps or pennies) to pay for the packing, mailing, etc., and mention that you are a reader of the MAIL, and you will receive by return mail one of these valuable works of art.

Mrs. Wm. Williams, Vicksburg, Mich., says: "I verily believe Adironda, Wheeler's heart and Nerve Cure, to be the most reliable remedy for heart irregularities that has ever been given to the public." Sold by J. L. Gale.

Get your stationery at the Mail office.

### CHEAPER

THAN STAYING

AT HOME.

That's what it will be

if you go on the

EXCURSION

TO

DETROIT

via the

D. L. & N. R. R.

SUNDAY, NOV. 11.

Special train will leave

Plymouth at 10:10 a. m. and arrive

at Detroit at 11 a. m. Returning

leave at 7 p. m. Round trip rate

50c.

GEO. DEHAVEN, G. P. A.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by John L. Gale, Druggist.

## ONLY 15 CTS.

### The Mail for the Balance of 1894.

Now is the time for a snap. You can get the Mail for the balance of 1894 for only 15 cents. Or you can get it till Jan. 1st, 1896, for \$1.00.

Magazines and all publications bound at the Mail office.

## MAUD VROOMAN, MILLINERY.

For Style and Artistic work we call your attention to this season's display of

### Pattern Hats and Bonnets.

A Fine Line of Caps, Hats and Hoods for Children

### Feathers, Ribbons,

### Millinery Novelties

All new and handsome trimmings.

### Maud Vrooman.

Main Street, Plymouth.

of Moffat Bldg.

Phone 1548

### John E. McGill,

Attorney-at-Law,

DETROIT, MICH.

## GALE'S DRUG AND GROCERY STORE.

As the month of November is a very dull month in the mercantile line, I am going to try and boom trade in the Crockery line for the next 15 days, and sell everything so cheap that you will have to buy. These are not old and stale out of fashion goods but everything is bright and new. The following is a partial list of the best bargains:

1 Chrysanthemum Dinner and Tea Set, 100 pieces, regular price \$20, cut price \$16.

1 Fancy Dinner and Tea Set, 105 pieces, regular price \$12.50, cut price \$10.

1 Blue Dinner and Tea Set, 110 pieces, regular price \$10.00, cut prices \$7.50.

1 Tea Set, 56 pieces, regular price \$4.98, cut price \$3.75.

Metal Rochester Lamps very cheap at \$2, cut price \$1.75.

1 Banquet Lamp, regular price \$3, cut price \$2.25.

1 Handsome Parlor Lamp, B & H make, regular price, \$4, cut price \$3.00.

Remember all the new goods that have just come in will be sold at cut prices until NOV. 15. Everybody invited to come and look the stock over.

## IF YOU WANT WALL PAPER GO TO HASSENGER'S Best for Your Money. Plymouth, Mich. Main St.

## Sterling Silver Novelties

Such as Belts, Stick Pins, Hair Pins, Hat Pins, Satchel Tags, Umbrella Tags, Souvenir Spoons. Also a fine line of Silver Plated Novelties.

## F. H. BARNUM & CO., 129 Congress St., Ypsilanti.

## FLOUR!

### Let No One Go Hungry.

**SATURDAY** We place on sale 100 barrels of the justly famous "PEARL DUST" Flour at

\$2.69 PER BARREL, 34 CENTS PER SACK.

This sale for CASH ONLY and will last but a short time. This is the lowest price on Flour EVER KNOWN. Lay in your supply for winter. This is the best Flour on the market and we guarantee every sack.

Bran..... \$14.60 per ton, 75 cents per cwt.  
Middlings..... 16.60 per ton, 85 cents per cwt.  
L. G. Flour..... 18.60 per ton, 95 cents per cwt.  
Linseed Meal... 1.50 per cwt.  
Buckwheat Flour .25 and 30c per sack.

## GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY. L. C. HOUGH & SON, F. & P. M. ELEVATOR

# PIRATES IN CHINA.

THEY ARE NOT SO BOLD AS THEY USED TO BE.

The Best Fighters in the Empire—How They Once Treated a General Who Attacked Them With an Army to Collect Taxes.

If you want to see pirates pure and simple you must go to the Far East and live there for a season. Don't go to Japan, because the people of that lovely country are extraordinarily honest and polite. They wouldn't rob a man under any consideration, and as for making a poor devil walk a plank, or sitting the windpipe of a luckless captive, they would much rather perform harikari and pass to another and better world.

But right across the way from the



Pirate Priest.

Land of the Rising Sun, is China, which was a mother of pirates before the first pyramid was built, and still produces them in regular harvests year by year. I have studied the Chinese pirates in his home and native lair and have heard weird tales of piracy from the lips of pirates themselves. At least that is what they made when the translator had done with them, says a writer in the New York Herald. For instance:

In the good old days, when a pirate had achieved a certain amount of success he could come back to his own country and after a little negotiation could be welcomed by the officials and nobles who before had set a price upon his head. Nor has the practice died out. In 1860 a young man in South China by the name of Li Yu, who was noted for his gigantic strength and ferocious courage, started out on the career of crime. He was a thief, burglar, highwayman, murderer and pirate, same and fame spread far and wide until the Chinese government offered a princely ransom for his capture, living or dead.

He defied the officers of the law and organized a band of men of the same type and nature as himself. They adopted the old pirate banner of the "black flag" and under the name of "Black Flag" became famous or infamous throughout the Mongolian Empire.

More than one hundred families of high distinction in China derive their title and their social and political position from some pirate ancestor. Such examples as these form the staple subject of conversation throughout the empire. They exert a profound influence and lead them to believe that crime, however reprehensible in a single transaction becomes respectable and meritorious when committed wholesale, and that piracy is one of the best callings in which to attain fame, fortune, and imperial favor.

### Methods of Buccaneers.

The two great methods of buccaneers in the East are the same to-day as they have been for centuries—Amboy and Canton. In each case the name is not strictly accurate. The Amboy people proper, who speak the Amboy language and live in the walled city, are very quiet, peaceable and orderly, and have a pronounced antipathy for fighting, whether on sea or shore. But back of Amboy is the mountainous district of Tong-an. It is connected with the ocean by many arms of the sea. Its soil is sterile and its resources are very few; its people, like all mountaineers, are thin, muscular, brave and resolute. Even to-day they



An Amboy Pirate.

preserve a semi-independence of a military nature. They are admired and feared by all their more pacific neighbors. Once aroused they are perfect demons in the fray. In 1891 a new local tax was assessed by a government official, of which a large portion was levied upon this district. Although the taxation was unjust and uncalled for, all the other districts paid their share uncomplainingly and without protest. The elders of Tong-an, however, sent word that they would not pay one

farthing. The mandarins replied that they would go up and collect it there themselves. The response was prompt and significant: "Come and collect, but bring your army with you." A general was accordingly dispatched with a regiment, with instructions to collect the impost and to behead all the elders who had taken part in the refusal. He marched into the district and met with no opposition until he reached the leading town. He found it deserted and every house empty. This so enraged him that he burned and destroyed a number of houses and killed or captured many buffaloes and horned cattle.

### Made Short Work of Him.

It was evening when he got through his work of destruction, and, desirous of getting out of the country as quickly as possible, he started on his return march. At nightfall, when moving through a narrow pass, his command was surprised and ambushed by the natives, who killed two-thirds of his soldiers and took him prisoner. They wasted no time, but buried him in a hole up to his neck in quicklime and then put molasses upon his head to attract the insects. He was, of course, dead the next morning, when they cut off his swollen and disfigured head and sent it with their compliments to the local government.

The tax was never collected.

### Exercise Caution.

The pirates in the far East have learned wisdom by experience. They no longer cruise the wide seas, attacking whatever craft may come along. There are too many gunboats patrolling the coast, too many rifle guns and too many yardarms. Law and order in the past eighty years have shot, hanged, drowned, blown up or burned at least one hundred thousand followers of the "black flag." The survivors are painfully aware of the fact, as is also the younger generation, which has filled the vacancies made by death. To-day their work is done upon a smaller, but a far shrewder and safer basis. They keep spies at various places in their neighborhood, who report to headquarters whenever some junk is about to leave that has a rich cargo or that has a large amount of money.

The pirates then plan to intercept the craft in some river or arm of the sea, or else in some shoal water near the coast, where there is no chance of meeting a gunboat, and where, after the robbery, they will have a safe means of escape. Their calculations are carefully made, but come out right only once in four or five times. The reason of the failures are various. It may be that a foreign or Chinese gunboat suddenly appears upon the scene. It may be that the junk they are after goes past their rendezvous with a European steamer or river launch, or mayhap that the prospective victim is deluged by adverse winds and tides, and so does not appear at the time and place figured upon.

When they do make a capture they are not so brutal and cruel as in the



The School Girl for Sale in Tientsin.

old years. They only kill those who resist or take arms against them. They confiscate everything on board and carry it to their own strongholds or else to some receiver's shop or pawnbroker's in any convenient town.

### Grades of Piracy.

There are different grades of piracy, as of every other crime. As in robbery you have at one extreme the highwayman and the bank burglar, and at the other the miserable sneak thief, so in piracy you have two widely separate types in the freebooter who takes his own life in his hand to win the prize and the prowling night boat pirate who steals children from the river bank and the sea coast.

Slavery exists in China to-day as it has done from the beginning of history. Children have their regular market price, which varies according to the prosperity or adversity of the times. In general, a small boy, below the age of ten will bring from \$5 to \$75, while a little girl of the same age will command from \$10 to \$100. In warm climates little folks do much of their playing after the sun has gone down and the intense heat of the day is over. Then is the time for the pirate child stealer. The trade flourishes chiefly on the larger streams and rivers where the children are stolen, and in the great cities, where they are sold.

The fate of these poor little captives is not so bad as might be supposed. Most of the boys are bought for adoption by Chinese families who have no son, and who, in adopting them, give them all the rights which a natural son would have. Others are sold as man servants, who, in the main, are very well treated.

The female children do not have as happy a lot. One-third are sold to become ladies' maids and house slaves, one-third to be brought up as concubines, and one-third for the most immoral purposes. There is hardly an abandoned woman in all of China but what owns one or more of these so-called "pocket daughters."

### Justice Bribe.

The penalty for child-stealing is de-capitalation, but it is very seldom inflicted. The pirates who are arrested generally get out upon the plea that the child was lost or sold to them by some impoverished parent. This, with the

addition of a handsome sum paid to the magistrate, together with the lack of positive proof on the part of the prosecution, usually insures their acquittal and honorable discharge.

The Oriental pirate when he goes into the naval service of his country or of foreign nations is well disciplined, obedient and sober, and also fights with the same ferocity as in his own calling.

If new China ever comes to the fore he will constitute the material of its future navy, and will make a name and fame as great in the annals of ocean warfare as he has done in the history of crime.

### WIELDS A SLEDGE HAMMER

Ohio Woman Making Herself Useful in Her Husband's Blacksmith Shop.

Until within a few months John Brosey, a blacksmith of Hamilton, Ohio, was an employe. Lately he established a place of his own at some little distance from his home. Work was not very plentiful at first, and



Mrs. Brosey at the Anvil.

Mrs. Brosey brought her husband's dinner every day at noon, thus enabling him to stay in the shop all day and attend at once to any orders that might come in. One day not long ago John was in sore need of the helper he could not afford to hire, and his wife who had just arrived with his dinner, offered to handle the sledge hammer. John laughed, but Mrs. Brosey picked up the sledge and surprised her husband by the ease and accuracy with which she handled it. Since then she comes to the shop regularly when her husband needs her help, and now boasts of being able to turn a horseshoe alone. She is a well developed woman, strong healthy and of attractive appearance, and is fond of working in the shop. Her husband, however, has about reached the stage when he can afford to hire a man to help him, and hopes ere long to call on his wife's aid in this way for the last time.

### A Word to Better-Writers.

Always save your correspondents' letters, says a letter writer of long experience—at least till you have answered them. Look them over before responding, and reply to any questions that may have been asked, for that is only another form of being personal, and personalities always please. You see, in writing a successful letter, instead of saying what you want to say, you must say what your correspondent wants you to say, though, of course, after you have been personal as long as need be, you may add variety by talking about yourself; but don't be dull or stilted about it—don't describe a sunset to a person who never looks at the sun, or go into a long criticism of some book to an individual who never reads. Be gossipy, be light, and above all, be natural. Why, I know a pair of painfully discreet sisters, who, when they are together, exchange opinions of all sorts as freely as any two of like relationship, but whose stiff, cold conversations are emanating from the same persons, so fearful are they that something will get down in black and white that they might regret if the world got hold of it. For my part, I would prefer to run the risk of the world getting hold of it to sacrificing all that pleasant chatty companionship. To be separated from your friends is bad enough without having the additional woe put upon you of an unnatural manner growing up between you and them.

### SIDE LACED GAITERS

A Fashion of Twenty Years Ago Likely to Be Revived Soon.

Although everybody wore side-laced shoes twenty years ago, the style was generally regarded as a nuisance because of the tedious process of lacing. The shoes were neat fitting and always looked well on the feet, but because of the objection named the button gaiters leaped into favor the moment it ap-



Latest Thing in Shoes.

peared on account of its easy adjustment. According to a high authority on footwear an improved side-laced shoe is likely soon to be introduced, some of the more fashionable makers already showing samples. One lace is used, the lower part being carried over and over as in men's shoes, the upper zig-zagging over small studs and being caught at the top by a clasp. In this way the wearer can fasten her shoes as easily as she can her gloves. An imitation button lace is one of the favorite features of this new shoe.

### EVEN MOSES.

Was Up in Electricity and Had a Storage Battery.

Since the startling discovery that Joseph in Egypt was the original single taxer, excessive astonishment need not greet the revelation that the ancient prophet Moses was the father of electricians. As King Solomon declared, there is nothing new under the sun. The theory that electricity, which this age prides itself upon as its own particular glory, is as old as the ten commandments, and was well known to the Israelites, if not to the Phoenicians, has been advanced by a shrewd biblical student, C. B. Warrant. As Piazzi Smyth has sought to establish the wonderful astronomical genius of the old Egyptians by a thorough investigation of the great pyramid, so Mr. Warrant has brought modern science to bear upon the ark of the covenant and the temple of the ancient Israelites.

When Moses built his box for the commandment tables, he rejected the common cedar and other native woods and chose fir wood, which had to be imported by the Phoenician merchants from the southern part of Europe. Now, fir happens to be the best-known nonconductor among all the great number of various timbers. Furthermore Moses had this fir box lined inside and outside with clean beaten gold, thus converting the ark of the covenant into a very expensive, but very perfect, Leyden jar, or storage battery for electricity. Gold is one of the best conductors of electricity. "Edison or Tesla," declares Mr. Warrant, could not have improved on Moses' fir and gold box." The carbon in the fir of the ark of the covenant charged the strange battery. Aaron improved on this by the building of poles fifty ells (150 feet) high. These poles were covered with beaten gold, and gold chains were hung from the poles to the ark—a method by which the prophet effected a complete and powerful electrical connection. His sons were killed, without wounds or bruises, by fire breaking out of the ark.

Investigator Warrant has asserted that in order to deal death by the apparatus Aaron had only to remove the costly enamel's hair carpets, which were almost perfect non-conductors of electricity, and make the culprit stand on terra firma. That several members of revolting tribes of Israelites were electrocuted is also a matter of record in the bible. In building the temple Solomon found that copper would do as well as gold. He had the temple covered with copper, and copper wapples led into the cisterns inside the temple. On the temple, or rather on its roof, a number of gilt spears were placed in vertical positions, from sixteen to twenty-four feet high. All these curious facts may not be convincing, but they certainly compel us to wonder if, after all, some of the laurels of Franklin may not yet be awarded to Moses.

### HARD COAL.

It Was Practically Unknown as Fuel Until 1820.

The anthracite coal trade really had no existence worthy of the name until as late as 1820. Its actual beginning, however, was in 1807, when one Abigail Smith ran an ark loaded with coal to Columbia from Wilkesbarre, and he continued to run several arks yearly until 1826. In 1811 and 1812 some of this coal found its way to New York by the way of Havre de Grace. Until 1820 the entire shipment from the Wyoming valley, the largest anthracite coal basin in the world, in any year never exceeded 1,000 tons. Then there was a great jump, and the trade grew as by magic until now, in 1820, 2,500 tons; in 1860, 2,914,817; in 1870, 7,975,666; in 1880, 11,419,270; in 1890, 18,650,694. In its present magnificent proportions the mining of anthracite requires the services of 50,000 men and boys, and the number is increasing every year.

One more fact in this romance of fact. That the man who discovered anthracite coal was a public benefactor goes without saying; but who was he? In 1891, I remember the Pennsylvania legislature tried to appropriate \$2,000 to build a monument to Philip Ginter of Carbon county as the discoverer. His right to the title and honor being disputed, a sage legislator said: "We ought to have a discoverer of coal and might as well have him; so whether it was Ginter or not it makes no difference. We are willing to concede to his claim."

The earliest users of anthracite in Pennsylvania antedate Ginter twenty-three years. They were Obadiah and Daniel Gore, blacksmiths from Connecticut, who lived near Wilkesbarre. Jesse Fell was the first to burn it in a grate as house fuel, and it was not until 1835 that a boatowner in New York could be induced to try it for making steam.

### He Knew His Business.

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Applicant—Yes, sir.

"Do you understand the requirements of that responsible position?"

"Perfectly, sir. Whenever you make any mistake in the paper just blame 'em on me and I'll never say a word."—London, July.

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Mrs. Parke Lane—Your husband has improved so much since his marriage.

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Mrs. Parke Lane—Yes, indeed. He is getting so now he can tell a pretty woman when he sees one.

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Sunday-School Teacher—Tommy, what did Cain do to his brother?

First Boy—He betrayed him.

Teacher—That was wrong.

Second Boy—He killed him.

Teacher—That was right.—Truth.



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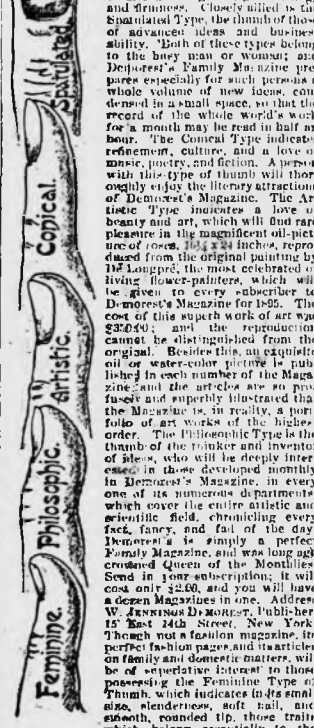
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A VERY BUSY WOMAN.

She pronounced in counting platitudes Her of flimsy certitudes, For men of every latitude, From the tropics to the poles; She felt a consanguinity, A sister affinity, A kind of kin and kinship, For all these foreign soils.

MY JO, JOHN.

BY HELEN R. MATHERS.

CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED. "I am going by that train," said John, pointing to the train, which wanted only one minute of departure.

"For a moment Tom's heart failed him; so disordered, so old so shabby did his father look, that a sickening doubt of his sanity crossed the poor fellow's brain.

Mechanically, Tom stepped along beside it, and was rewarded by seeing his father's head thrust out of the window, and hearing his anxious voice say: "Tom, keep an eye on that fellow!

CHAPTER XII. Fletcher was clauding silver like a lemon in a pantry whose open latticed window looked out on a garden from which all the flowers had vanished.

"Of all the God-forsaken places on earth," said Fletcher, in a voice of the intensest exasperation, "give me a cottage in the country, five miles from a market town, in November.

"Here, I say," said Tom, "there's something wrong with the poor government, and we've got to find out what it is."

"Did you know the house in Harley street was let—has been let for months?" said Tom sharply.

"Not I," said Martha, comfortably, "once bit, twice shy. Independence for me, if I'm left a widow. If I were a man," continued Martha, meditatively, "you wouldn't catch me marrying—not much!"

"No more would I, if I had my time over again," said Fletcher. "Lord! to think how one act of folly can undo a lifetime!"

"It oughtn't to," said Martha, equably. "What a pity one can't divorce a man for—what's she word—incapacity!"

"Some people have such luck!" said Martha, thoughtfully. "now she must have been a judge of husbands, and likely to know when she got a good one. How can a poor woman be a judge, that's never had but one?"

"What has she done, I should like to know, to be sent here, for all the world like as if she had been put in the corner for disgrace, and left alone week after week, month after month, till everybody stares at her, and thinks she must be as bad as can be?"

"Very likely," said Fletcher, with a shrug. "I suppose I must," he said savagely, "but she is not likely to trouble herself much about him now he is ruined. For he is ruined, Fletcher, I feel sure of it, and I believe it was because of that, and because he had not the courage to tell her, that he consented to be—"

"I don't think you're so far out, Martha," he said in a tone of wondrous mildness, "that's her character—to get the last shilling she can out of a man, and then chuck him. And it's my belief she's chucked master."

fills his hands, and prevents him from getting into mischief himself—but missus was always miles too good for that, so what does master do, but go gallivanting himself."

"It's false," cried Fletcher at the top of his voice, "as false a word as woman ever spoke! Master was druv out of his own house by aggrawation, and ain't he to speak to another human bein' for the rest of his life?"

"Human beings, by all means," said Martha in her cool voice, "but not females—not Lady Blancches. A locust, I call her, for it's my belief she's been eating up master's substance till he's as bare as a gleamed field."

"I don't think you're so far out, Martha," he said in a tone of wondrous mildness, "that's her character—to get the last shilling she can out of a man, and then chuck him. And it's my belief she's chucked master."

"What have you heard?" said Martha quickly. But Fletcher was already repenting him of his burst of confidence, and had withdrawn into the silence in which he was able to sit as in a tower, out of reach of Martha's tongue.

"Missus has fretted worse than ever since that night in August when she saw him," went on Martha, showing no sign of rebuff, "his collar all open."—Fletcher writhed as if undergoing the most exquisite torture—"his trousers looking as if he had slept in 'em."—Fletcher's long body doubled itself up in agony—"his hat not brushed"—Fletcher groaned—for what does it matter about the inside of your head, that nobody sees, so long as the outside covering shines in the eyes of all beholders?

"Just getting into the clutches of one, you mean," said Fletcher. "I wonder if he's there now?" "He might have took me," added Fletcher in an aggrieved voice, "I'm partial to Scotland, it's a beautiful place. Some parts of it is more mountainous than others."

Martha began to laugh, went on laughing, and finally ran out of the room with whole fountains of laughter bubbling up in her still. She must tell her mistress this, and it would make her laugh too, but the sudden appearance of Tom, hatted and coated, in the hall, looking pale and worried, sobered her completely.

"Where is Fletcher?" he said. "In the pantry, Mr. Tom." And Tom, saying "Don't tell my mother I am here!" strode off at express speed.

Fletcher had his back turned to the door, and his squashed attitude betrayed to Tom's experienced eye that a matrimonial duel had just taken place, and Fletcher, thinking the enemy had returned, did not look round.

"Here, I say," said Tom, "there's something wrong with the poor government, and we've got to find out what it is."

"Did you know the house in Harley street was let—has been let for months?" said Tom sharply.

"No, Mister Tom. Master forbid me to go nigh the place, and cook never wrote once—never answered my wife nor me either, when we wrote to her, and we thought she was forbidden. But is that all—only the house let?" he added anxiously, "it was a big house for master to live in all alone."

"It's not all," said Tom, lowering his voice. "You know I called more than once and never got any farther than the doorstep, but to-day I was determined to go in, and I pushed past the servant, a stranger, and walked straight into the dining-room. There was not a stick nor stone of our things in it! I expected to find my father here, I said—'Colonel Anderson—has he been gone long?'"

"The girl said the family came in in September, but the house had been empty and unfurnished for months before that, as her mistress had looked over it as early as June. June! what has become of everything—and what has become of your master since June?"

"Missus saw him in August, so did you," said Fletcher trembling. "How has he been living all this time, poor, poor soul, with nobody to vally him, or do nothing?"

"I have been to his club," said Tom knitting his brows; "he has not been there since May. I have seen Mr. Goldsworthy, but he was very reticent; said my father might have lost money, but not through him; and that I had his warm congratulations up on my mother's money being tied up on herself and me, and therefore safe. And now," added Tom, "how are we to find him? He seems to have disappeared and left no trace, or he is wilfully hiding from us."

"Ask Lady Blancche," suggested Fletcher who had a large smudge of plate powder across his nose, to save his countenance from unadulterated tragedy.

"I suppose I must," he said savagely, "but she is not likely to trouble herself much about him now he is ruined. For he is ruined, Fletcher, I feel sure of it, and I believe it was because of that, and because he had not the courage to tell her, that he consented to be—"

tears in his eyes, "his was always the sweetest and most unselfish nature in the world, and he'd prefer to be blamed for things he hadn't done, rather than say anything unkind to anybody, or stand up for himself. And now Master Tom, what are you going to do?"

"I am going," said Tom, "his flexible young lips straightening into a hard line, "back to town to find Lady Blancche."

"She's sure to be in Scotland at this time of the year," interpolated Fletcher.

"—if she is not in town I shall go over to Scotland," said Tom, "and if she can't or won't tell me anything, I shall go to Scotland yard."

"Take me with you, Master Tom," said Fletcher imploringly. "No, I may want you later. Mind not a word to my mother about my being here. I thought I heard that best lewlar's voice in the drawing-room?"

"Yes, Master Tom, you did." "Ugh! Well, I'm off. I'll let you know how things turn out."

"You'll write or wire me the moment you know anything?" said Fletcher, as imploringly as a distracted mother asking news of her child.

"I'll write. Keep up your courage, Fletcher. If it's nothing worse than losing money we'll have him safe at home yet."

And ramming his hat on his head, Tom vanished by the back door. "Martha," said Mary that evening as her woman brushed her hair, "you have been crying. What is the matter?" she asked, with some surprise, as she knew that never had that doughty and independent person been known to shed tears either before or after a matrimonial row.

But Martha went on crying, contorting her face hideously, and would neither explain nor be comforted.

"Is it anything to do with your master?" said Mary indifferently. "Yes, she could speak and feel quite indifferently now, for the fires of suffering had burned themselves out, and in their grey ashes lay buried the love that John Anderson had so openly betrayed and shamed."

"Oh no, ma'am. But he's been more cross and snappish than usual for days, hardly touching his food, and railing at the country and the litter of leaves as if they were poison. He said yesterday he'd give half he was possessed of to hear a mullin bell again, or the milkman calling 'Mok! Mok!' down the area at Harley street. But—but I never thought he'd run away like a housemaid that's forged her own character; but, O, ma'am he's done it!"

"Run away?" said Mary, standing up in her astonishment. "Yes," cried Martha, wringing her hands, "run away from me, ma'am. To think that after all these years I should be disgraced by having a man run away from me."

Mary's lips curved between scorn and pity as she said: "What makes you think he ran away?" "He went out directly he'd cleared away dinner, and at supper cook gave me this," said Martha, producing a scrap of paper with one hand, and drying her eyes with the other.

Mary read it gravely. Perhaps she was thinking of another letter that had been addressed to herself.

"Martha," she said, "I am awfully sorry. Don't you trouble to follow, because you want find me. Make my respects to missus, and I hope as how she'll forgive me, but I'm following the path of duty. TIMOTHY PLUMBER."

"And now, please, ma'am, could you manage with Polly and the cook for a few days, while I go and look for him?"

[TO BE CONTINUED] Dawn Upon the Plains. While there are no night mirages in the far West like one of an inverted shore, lighthouses and vessels, recently seen off the North Carolina coast, the twilight or dawn upon plains or mountains sometimes brings a strange magnifying of celestial bodies near the horizon.

The Modern Style. "I wonder," said the old theatergoer, "if the old stock company methods will ever be revived?" "Stock company," responded Mr. Patience Turner, "why, we are going out on the road next season with a company composed almost entirely of stock—three horses, a dozen chickens, two goats, a calf and two pigs."—Indianapolis Journal.

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# THE BEAUTY PATCH.



**SIGNORINA** Solange d'Estournel had reached her sixteenth birthday. The cavalier Silvano di Rossombrera counted eighteen years. She had bright eyes, a coquettish air, flesh-tints of lily and rose, and blonde curls upon her forehead that played like wandering butterflies.

His eyes were dark and deeply set, and his face expressed the solitary, the misanthropic; but his downy cheek would flush at any innocent jest, revealing in his smile small white teeth.

He had been destined for the priesthood, and had lately come from the college of the Jesuits with his head filled with scholastic and theological teachings. He was awkward, timid, embarrassed, inept in music and dancing, unable to make a bow, but with a fresh voice and the face of a cherub. He sang only in choros, never looked at himself in a large mirror, and his sole suit was one of black cloth. Nightly vigils had given him a resemblance to a half-open rosebud ready to bloom.

Their parents, in their wisdom, had decided to unite these two young persons, and at the moment this narrative opens the old marquis was giving a severe reproof to his son because he displayed so little eagerness in carrying out his desires.

"Think, young sir, that upon you rests the continuance of our race. Put away this melancholy air. Remember you are a man who, as equal to the king, should not tremble before a sword, a drinking bout, or a petticoat."

"Oh, signor!" cried the youth.

"What is it? You blush like a cherry! By Bacchus! You learned little in your seminary! Can you handle a sword?"

"No, no, signor."

"Why so much praying there?"

"Because my confessor bade me repeat them 1,000 times. The chariot of the devil would carry me to perdition, and I wish to be saved and not go to that unpleasant place."

"Tut, tut, tut! First of all, please me by doing what I wish. To you I give a betrothed worthy of you by her birth, by her youth, by her intelligence and her beauty. What more do you want?"

"My wants are much less, signor, if you will pardon my saying so."

"Imbecile! My word and honor are at stake. Think of the dignity conferred. The presentation will take place soon at the ball where Signorina d'Estournel will appear in her splendor. Strive to please her."

"But, signor—"

"I have spoken. You will find in your chamber attire much more suitable than this funeral garb. Jasmin will aid you in making your toilet. Be quick, my son."

Jasmin combed and curled his young master's hair, substituted for the heavy shoes he had worn a pair of tight slippers with silver buckles and put upon him the usual white lawn shirt adorned with lace.

Silvano endured this change with a sufficiently good grace, but the idea



PLEASE DO NOT LAUGH AT ME. of exposing himself to view as the suitor of a girl he had never seen caused him to feel indignant.

When alone, he cast his eyes over his person, replete with well-fitting knee breeches and garments that sparkled with silvery luster. His aspect was greatly improved. But he would not be overcome by vanity and, resisting the influence of the evil one, which made to glitter in his eyes this silk and velvet, reflecting the soft shades of his hair, he flattened out his curling locks, scorning the joy which his fine appearance aroused in him.

"This maiden whom they wish to marry to me must have some Christian sentiments, since she has but lately come from a convent. I may be able to turn her thoughts to spiritual things, and, pleading for myself, recover my independence, and follow my own way of life."

What if she should laugh at his sermon and sermonizing? No; for a grave discourse a decent and severe habit was necessary. There was in his wardrobe an elegant black cloth suit. This he now donned after a slight debate. Would he have a too forbidding appearance? There was no necessity of frightening the young lady.

He cast a furtive glance into the mirror. No; there was nothing to frighten one in the image he saw reflected there. Nevertheless, he pro-

voked a movement of surprise when he made his entrance into the hall.

"That cannot be my betrothed; it is a priest!" Signorina d'Estournel whispered to the marquis.

"You are right; he is very unsuitably attired." And the old gentleman shot a lightning flash of his eyes at his son.

To hesitate is to be lost. The cavalier, his heart encased in triple bronze, passed on, apparently insensible to the furious glances of his parent, to the repressed mirth of Solange and jest of his cousins. Coming before the signorina, who, with eyes archly cast to one side, regarded him coyly from beneath her long lashes, he bowed, and with a voice full of entreaty begged of her the favor of a minute.

"At last he is aroused!" grumbled the marquis. "But what a gawk! Who ever saw such a dancer?"

Silvano retained all the dignity of a prophet king dancing before a tomb. He accomplished the "figure" with imperturbable sang froid and dropped his casock upon the floor. At heart, despite of his seeming impassiveness, he began to feel confused, and a sort of giddiness assailed him. Under the fiery cross he intended to bear would be lost a superb dancer. Without lifting his eyes he divined the ironical smile that went round, the biting epigrams.

An officer of the Royal Dauphins, in a lieutenant's uniform, mustached, and having the air of a lady-killer, gazed particularly upon his nerves. He suspected the significance of the glances that passed between him and Solange. Oh, if he could keep her from him forever!

Brought face to face with the young lady, he had wished to begin his discourse. But moved by the influence of the ball, the sounds of the orchestra, or other causes, he could not find the proper words.

"Barbarous parents, to disdain our saintly vocation—"

Speaking in the plural was all very fine.

"Only an angel himself were worthy of such angelic spouse—of whom—to whom—"

"Groping for words he lost the thread of his discourse, and became more and more involved, hypnotized by the gloss of a velvet beauty patch, and a delicious dizziness which came with the coquettish glance above the vermilion cheek of Solange.

"Beside, one may have a call. May there not be a new Paracelsus, growing in grace, in virtue, in sanctity."

She looked at him in astonishment, trembling from head to foot and biting her lips. And then came the brief moment of giddiness.

"The church will not lose a servant, nor philosophy a genius, like—like—"

A bell-like ripple of laughter interrupted him. Yes, Solange laughed! Red, disconcerted, he waited for her mirth to pass.

"Pardon me; but it is too amusing."

And she smothered in her handkerchief a new attack of mirth.

"Signorina, please do not laugh at me."

"But is it not ridiculous?" responded Solange, dryly.

Ridiculous! This to one who thought himself a stoic philosopher! Her words deeply wounded the self-love of the young man.

"Well," she said, "your frankness allows me equal liberty of speech. I shall therefore decline—"

"Ah, no, no!" cried Silvano, with knitted brows. This was a service he did not wish to receive from her.

"But, perhaps, you prefer the officer who was our vis-a-vis just now?"

"Perhaps."

"I am complimented," said Silvano, between his teeth.

Solange watched him with half-closed eyes, and again the giddiness seized him.

"Please conduct me to my aunt, signor."

"At your command, signorina."

But instead of taking her hand to assist her in rising, Silvano seated himself beside the lady.

"Come, signorina," he said, "let us be friends. You desire it?"

"Assuredly."

"Let me treat you with the honesty of a brother. I may be able to give you good counsel. That officer, your cousin—I know him by reputation—is unworthy of you."

"Truly?"

"Yes; he is a scapegrace—dissolute—a man without principle. He would render you unhappy—"

"Can this be true?"

"Do not doubt it. He has impressed you by his soft words, but he is a boaster who has little truth to support what he says."

"I have suspected as much."

Again that strange giddiness. "He makes me appear, perhaps, cold, indifferent, while in reality my heart beats—feel it beat now."

It is true. Beneath the soft hand of his companion the heart of the poor cavalier was beating a gamut of emotions.

# MIGHTY TUSLOSHA.

**NIMROD'S SUCCESS NEAR THE NORTH POLE.**

**Bagging Two Reindeer With Only One Bullet—Hunting With the Thermometer Sixty-Eight Degrees Below Zero—A Long Sledge Trip.**

When I first landed among the Eskimos of North Hudson's bay I heard of a young hunter who was rapidly making his way to the front. As he was also a good sledge-man, or dog driver, and very energetic generally, I was quite anxious to secure him for my proposed long sledge journey to the Arctic sea and around King William's land. His name was Toslosha, meaning in Eskimo "The Rover." When I first met this boreal bird of the genus Corvus I found he added to the many virtues that had been reputed to him the common Eskimo one of excessive modesty. He was extremely loth to speak of his ability in doing anything. His answers as to being a good this, that, or the other, were mostly "Armi, Armi!" which means "I hardly know;" so that we had to take the strong recommendations his friends gave him. And I might say we never regretted so doing.

One of the first things I did was to put him on a war footing, giving him a Winchester magazine rifle holding a 45.70 cartridge.

Toslosha was a splendid specimen of the Eskimo race, about five feet four inches high, and weighing about 155 pounds, every ounce of it bone, brain and muscle. His bright, honest face was his best recommendation, and his actions never belied the promises it seemed to make. He was of unusual strength. But all these people were, in proportion to their size, much stronger than the average Caucasian. It was in the fall of the year that my party landed among the Eskimos, and it was not until the following April that we started on our long sledge trip. During this winter the Eskimo hunters of the village that clustered around my little camp secured about 500 reindeer from the fields to the north and west of us. Of this number Toslosha got nearly 100 with his Winchester, there being fourteen or fifteen hunters altogether, but not all so well armed as he. About the same ratio was maintained by him in regard to seal, walrus, polar bears and other game.

In the sledge trip, which lacked ten days of being a year in length, the party killed 522 reindeer. Of these Toslosha secured just half, there being four other Eskimo hunters besides himself, not counting two nearly full-grown Eskimo boys, who killed near thirty apiece, and the four white men. While the latter were armed, they did but little hunting. I tried to discourage it, as it interfered with more important duties, except when absolutely necessary, or the chances fell into their hand, or in occasional leisure moments to satisfy their desire for sport. In the way of other game he even excelled this proportion, killing more than half the musk oxen, all of the polar bear, seventy out of eighty odd seal, and others in the same ratio. For the first few days out from the seashore, cutting across country for the Arctic sea, we did not kill much game, as it was very scarce and exceedingly shy from having been so constantly hunted by the natives along the coast, but here Toslosha killed nearly all that was secured. I considered this record even better than one later, when the game was more abundant and easier of approach. Toslosha's sledge was always in front, as he was the best sledge man and dog driver as well as the best hunter. To him fell the duty of selecting the way through a country as strange and unknown to the Eskimos, after getting back fifty or sixty miles from the coast, as it was to the white man.

One stormy day we remained over in camp, as we had plenty of fuel. The numerous signs of reindeer in the vicinity, however, made Toslosha nervous; so he sallied out in the blustering weather, taking his usual supply of ammunition, the eight charges in the magazine of his Winchester. In an hour or two he came back to get the dogs and an empty sledge, saying that he had killed seven reindeer with the eight shots in his Winchester. He verified the report by bringing eight deer, having secured the eighth while on the second trip to bring in the seven. On this occasion he killed two reindeer at one shot, and during the whole sledge trip this feat was performed by him just a dozen times. Once he killed three with one ball. I do not mean that he would kill one and only wound another, but the two every time would be shot so that no further firing was needed.

He killed three reindeer in January with the thermometer at minus 68 degrees, although it was so cold that the whalebone shoe of his sledge snapped like glass under this light load, when it had borne over 3,000 pounds. I have known him to sally forth in a fierce arctic storm that kept all else housed, with so furious a gale blowing that he had to be wholly guided by the scent of the two trusty dogs tied to his belt, run a course of twelve miles and return with a reindeer to replenish an empty larder. The seal is the warriest game in the arctic, and the Eskimos consider they do well to kill one in four or five they start for, but Toslosha's score showed that he seldom missed one in a dozen. And yet half is not told of this mighty Nimrod.

**They Die of Grief.**

The infant sea otter, when removed from parental care, dies of either grief or starvation. So far it has been impossible to raise it to maturity by human hand.

# THE AMERICAN BEAUTY.

**How This Exquisite Rose Was First Found and Cultivated.**

There is an interesting story about the origin of the American Beauty. It was first grown in Washington, and here it attained its renown. The late Hon. George Bancroft, besides being a historian and scholar, was one of the first amateur rose-growers in America. Every year he imported cuttings from the leading flower-growers of Europe. The king of Prussia—when old Kaiser William was king—allowed the American historian to have a slip of whatever he might fancy in the royal conservatories. Mr. Bancroft's gardener used to cultivate some of his roses in an old house away out on F, or perhaps it was G street, above Twenty-second street, in the west end of the city. Mrs. Grant had a florist named Field in charge of the White house conservatory. He was a rose-grower of rare merit and skill in his artistic work.

One day he happened into the old building where Mr. Bancroft's gardener potted his plants and budded his roses. Over in a corner he observed a rose of a variety utterly unknown to him and of wonderful size and perfection in form and color. "Where did this come from?" he carelessly inquired of his rose-growing confreres. "Oh, it is an offshoot from some cuttings we imported from Germany," the man replied. It was evident to Mr. Field that the other did not in the least comprehend the value of the new plant. After some talk Mr. Field bought the cuttings he had seen for \$5. A year thereafter, when he had propagated his new purchase and become convinced that he had a new and very valuable variety of roses, which he named the American Beauty, he sold his find for \$5,000, the most wonderful result of the investment of \$5 on record. To follow his luck a little further, Mr. Field invested his easily-earned \$5,000 in lands near the city, which in a little less than three years were sold for \$37,000. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. In this instance it certainly was.

**From the Vatican.**

The state department at Washington is considerably troubled with the care of certain large packing cases piled up in the cellar of the building marked "The Vatican, Rome, Italy." They contain the priceless manuscripts and relics sent by his holiness the pope to the Columbian exposition. Through an arrangement made with the American minister in Rome to the Italian court the Columbian collection was brought to the United States on board an American man-of-war, and a guarantee was given that it should be returned to the proper place in Rome by the same method of transportation. Unfortunately, however, it has been impossible up to this time to return these articles to their rightful owner from the fact that American men-of-war have not been receiving orders which would take them in the vicinity of the historic seven-hilled city. Special pains and care, however, are taken with these relics and curios of the great explorer at the state department and watchmen have been detailed to keep constant vigil over them during the entire twenty-four hours of the day.

**QUEER AND QUERY.**

**Stella**—How would you like to be one of those chickens, Gerrold? Gerrold—I trust, Stella, that I will never be such a tough as that.

**Wife**—And did Mr. Gray really say I was positively dove-like? Husband—Something of that sort. He said you were pigeon-toed, I believe.

**Lawyer**—Did he call you a liar in so many words? Client—Well, he called me a weather report. Lawyer—That is sufficient; you are sure to get damages.

**"Why don't you feed your pig today, John?"** "Because I don't want her to be too fat, and by feeding her only every second day I'm sure to get good streaked bacon."

**Mr. Ruby**—I am afraid, love, you will find me rather exacting at times, and I am afraid, too, that I am a little inclined to find fault without cause. Mrs. Ruby—Oh, don't worry, dear! I'll see that you always have cause.

"I don't believe Jack loves me as well as he ought to," Bertha—Has he been neglecting you, dear? "Oh, dear, no. He refuses to break our engagement when he knows I could marry Mr. De Million if he would."

"It is pretty well established," said the professor, "that Mars has no atmosphere." "Is it possible," asked the spectacled young woman, "that the poets who tell us about the martial air have been deceiving us?"

**Crusty**—The author of this book makes a false statement at the very start. Mrs. Crusty—Indeed? Crusty—Yes. He says it is a story of real life but I turn to the last page and read: "And they married and lived happily all their lives."

**Bright Boy**—The paper says there's a doctor in the city who makes long noses shorter, big ears smaller, and I don't know what all. Father—Well? Bright Boy—I guess you'd better send me to him to have my legs shortened, if you can't afford to buy me a larger bicycle.

**Ethel**—Here is the loveliest housecoat that I bought for Tom, and he doesn't seem to care for it the least bit. Clara—I can tell you how to make him value it above everything. Ethel—Oh, now, Clara—Tell him that you have given it away to some poor man.

She had met him for the first time that evening at a function, and half an hour or so later, when some of the party rather doubted a story he had told, he appealed to her. "You don't think I'd tell a lie, do you?" he asked in a somewhat tender strain. "Well," she replied cautiously, "I don't know. What business are you in?"

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**"93" PHARMACY.**

Paints and Oils,  
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White Seal Burning Oil,  
the Best in the World.

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We have not advertised wood cisterns for years. They seem to advertise themselves, for we have sold since our Mr. Markham first introduced them some 16 years ago

OVER EIGHT THOUSAND!

and are still selling them. They are the best cistern that is made, and give complete satisfaction. Although lumber is nearly twice as high, the old price remains, & c.

13 Barrel Cistern.....\$ 6.50  
20 Barrel Cistern..... 8.00  
30 Barrel Cistern..... 10.00

Windmill and Stock Tanks, Reservoirs, Iron Pumps, Gas Pipe and General Plumbing, Planing, Matching, Mouldings, Brackets, Band Sawing and General Job Work.

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W. F. Markham, Manager.

TRADE AT OUR  
**HARDWARE STORE.**  
**ONNER & SON**  
Oliver Chilled Plows  
Garland Stoves and Ranges,  
Genuine Round Oak Stoves.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

M. F. GRAY, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN. STATE NEWS NOTES.

A CHAPTER OF THE DOINGS OF MICHIGANDERS.

A Big Steamer Collides With and Sinks a Steamship—A Farmer Killed by a Wagon Load of Lumber Falling into a Ditch—A Youth Murdered With an Ax

Burglars Left Him for Dead. Between 11 and 12 at night W. A. C. ...

Steamship Sunk by an Iron Ore Steamer. The steamship Iron King, bound down ...

A Careless Clerk and a Match. One of the clerks of J. G. Johnson, druggist ...

An Aged Veteran Assaulted. Three men broke into the house of Edwin Crisher ...

A Dollar Quarrel Ends in Murder. Sam Smith and Minard Mix, young men north of Onkama ...

Farmer and Two Horses Killed. Robert Hahn, a farmer residing on a farm about 16 miles from Saginaw ...

Don't Know What He Wants. In 1889 Wm. Hawley was sent from Ottawa county to the state house of correction at Ionia ...

Union City Society Young Ladies Will Give a Minstrel Show ...

Clinton D. Smith, professor of agriculture at the Michigan Agricultural college ...

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

All of Lansing's factories are running. Ira Sigmiller, of Kingsley, was fatally shot by a hunter through accident.

The contract has been let and work begun on a casket factory at Belding. S. S. Bailey and wife celebrated their golden wedding at Grand Rapids.

Coppers and fire ladders at Lansing have been forbidden to drink while on duty.

The Davis mine has shut down at Negaunee, throwing 75 men out of work.

The state fish commission has decided to restock Green Bay with whitefish.

The trial of ex-Deputy Secretary of State August W. Lindholm has been postponed till Nov. 13.

George Velech, one of the five men who escaped from Hillsdale jail, Sept. 6, has been recaptured.

Burglars stole \$100 worth of merchandise from the American Express company at Otter Lake.

William David's barn, three miles north of N. W. Haven, was destroyed by fire. Loss about \$2,000.

A Kalamazoo lady has been studying the culture of pineapples and is meeting with hopeful success.

Emmet village will shortly have a system of water works. There are only 235 inhabitants there.

Rev. Alfred L. Howard and wife left Schoolcraft for Africa, where they will teach in the missionary schools.

Ewing Camp, aged 20, of Hartford, shot himself in the left breast and will die. A love affair was the cause.

A lantern exploded in Andrew Heart's barn, near New Haven. Five cattle perished. Total loss, \$2,000.

William Smith, aged 16, son of Patrolman LeRoy Smith, fell from a building at Grand Rapids, breaking his neck. He died instantly.

Since last spring, 50 immigrants have arrived at Grand Haven from Holland, but in the same number have returned to their old home.

The Paine Lumber company's big planing mill at Marinette was destroyed by fire. Loss \$3,500. The cause was undoubtedly incendiary.

Muskegon grocers have commenced war on peddlers and hucksters, claiming that their business has been injured by the traveling merchants.

Alfred Ever committed suicide at Flint while temporarily insane by hanging himself in his barn. He had been a resident of Flint for 40 years.

A team belonging to V. L. Parsons & Co. became frightened and ran away at Elmira, bringing out an instantly killed driver, George Wise, aged about 25.

The mailing facilities at Paw Paw are of the worst possible. There are but two trains per day and the Detroit and Chicago papers are received 12 hours late.

Mrs. Argalus Reed, an old lady, fell from the top of a long flight of stairs at Dowagiac inflicting a severe scalp wound and breaking two ribs. She is in a critical condition.

M. D. Beaver recently tried to drive a cow into Ed O'Donnell's barn when the animal charged him and rammed her horn through the man's groin. His injuries, while serious, are not necessarily fatal.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Schaefer, two of the oldest residents of Washtenaw county, celebrated their golden wedding at their home at Ann Arbor. Eleven married children and 25 grand children were present.

Willie Deerbeck, a 16-year-old Frenchtown lad, accidentally shot himself with a .22-caliber revolver with which he was playing. The ball glanced just to the side of the heart and lodged in the lung tissue.

THE CZAR IS DEAD.

ALEXANDER III SUCCEUMS TO HIS DISEASE. His Last Moments Were Peaceful—Grand Duke Nicholas to Succeed Him—The Reign of Alexander III One of Peace and Quiet—Other News of Interest.

The angel of death, in the shadow of whose pinions Alexander III, the autocrat of all the Russias, lay for many days, finally beckoned, and the soul of the man who had in his hands the lives and destinies of millions upon millions of men was borne away.

The morning of the great ruler's last day on earth opened with rain and wind and heavy clouds, and the weather much colder. As the day advanced his weakness increased so rapidly that the czar himself, still conscious, recognized that he could live only a few hours.

Three persons were killed and one fatally injured on the Beach Creek railroad by the wrecking of a freight train about one mile west of Neale, Pa. It was at first thought that the men were tramps, but upon search being made it was found they were a gang of burglars.

Guatemala Backs Down. A dispatch from the City of Mexico says: Information has been received that the government of Guatemala, following the usual course, has consulted a foreign diplomat in the city of Guatemala as to the Mexican difficulty.

THE MARKETS. Toledo. Wheat—No 2 spot, 52 1/2 @ 53 1/2. No 2 December, 51 1/2 @ 52 1/2.

Buffalo—Live Stock. Cattle—Mixed shipments, 3.00 @ 3.25. Sheep—Good to choice, 2.00 @ 2.25.

Cleveland. Cattle—Best, 4.50 @ 4.75. Other grades, 3.00 @ 3.25. Hogs, 4.25 @ 4.50.

Pittsburg. Cattle—No 1 white, 4.40 @ 4.55. Hogs, 4.25 @ 4.50.

Cincinnati. Cattle—Good to prime, 4.00 @ 4.50. Lower grades, 2.00 @ 3.00.

New York. Cattle—Natives, 3.25 @ 3.50. Hogs, 4.25 @ 4.50.

Chicago. Cattle—Best steers, 4.75 @ 5.00. Common, 2.00 @ 3.25.

Detroit. Cattle—Good to choice, 3.25 @ 3.75. Lower grades, 2.00 @ 3.25.

Weekly Review of Trade. New York—Dun's Weekly trade review says: In some trades the season is too far advanced for great activity.

Two Children Murdered in the Woods. Dispatches from Paulding, O., report the horrible murder of a boy aged 7 and his sister, aged 5, the children of Samuel Good, a prosperous farmer.

Two Firemen and One Engineer Killed. Express train No. 7 on the D. L. & W. railroad, running 40 miles an hour, dashed into a freight standing on an open switch at Forester, Pa., at 1 a. m.

NEWS IN BRIEF. Experiments in the Austrian army show that bicyclists as orderlies are unreliable. They are only of use where the roads are good.

Alfred Merritt, of Duluth, has brought suit against John D. Rockefeller for \$1,225,000 in which amount he claims he was damaged by what he alleges to be the fraudulent representations in the forming of the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines company.

Rome: The Riforma has advices from Kassala stating that the mahdi has proclaimed a holy war against the Italians. The governor of Massowah has ordered the Fifth battalion to be in readiness.

New York: The Herald's special from Shanghai confirms the reports which have hitherto been published regarding the death of the empress of China as follows: "The young empress of China has committed suicide. She was rebuked by the emperor, who slapped her face, whereupon she took poison."

TWO FIREMEN KILLED.

A Large Packing Establishment Burned at Omaha, Neb. Just as the men were going to work in the big beef house of the Hammond packing plant at South Omaha, Neb., flames were discovered in the second floor and quickly spread.

The Union Line steamer Wairapa, bound from Sydney, Australia, for Auckland, N. Z., was wrecked on Great Happoni Island, off the northeast coast of New Zealand. The steamer had a large number of passengers and 112 of them were drowned.

Four Burglars Killed. Three persons were killed and one fatally injured on the Beach Creek railroad by the wrecking of a freight train about one mile west of Neale, Pa.

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THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE. Rheumatism. Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of the bladder.

Disordered Liver. Bileousness, headache, indigestion or gout, SWAMP-ROOT invigorates, cures kidney difficulties, Bright's disease, urinary troubles.

Impure Blood. Scrofula, malaria, general weakness or debility. Swamp-Root builds up quickly a run down constitution and makes the weak strong.

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UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING. Build direct to consumers AT LOWEST PRICES ever before offered. Buy direct from importers and manufacturers. No ship commission. No middle man's profit.

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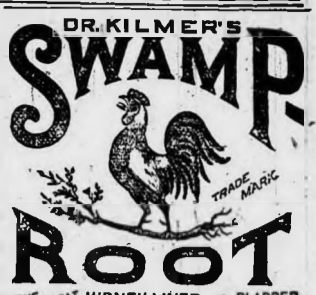
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Rheumatism. Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of the bladder.

Disordered Liver. Bileousness, headache, indigestion or gout, SWAMP-ROOT invigorates, cures kidney difficulties, Bright's disease, urinary troubles.

Impure Blood. Scrofula, malaria, general weakness or debility. Swamp-Root builds up quickly a run down constitution and makes the weak strong.

30 This Month. Anyone can participate in our enormous profit by sending us from \$10 to \$1,000. Highest rets. Write for particulars to THE TRADERS SYNDICATE, Traders' Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING. Build direct to consumers AT LOWEST PRICES ever before offered. Buy direct from importers and manufacturers.

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# OUR OWN VILLAGE.

WHAT IS GOING ON AMONG PEOPLE ON THE OUTSIDE

The News of the week condensed for the Benefit of Mail Readers.

Theron Harmon was home on Monday last.

Henry Baker was in Detroit Wednesday on business.

G. B. Clark left Thursday to visit his mother in Muskegon.

Mrs. J. Streng has returned from a weeks visit in Detroit.

Election day was very quiet here. The total vote fell about 75 short.

We ask that societies send us a list of officers whenever elected.

Snow fell for the first this fall at Plymouth on the morning of the 6th.

Chas. Carpenter, of Alexandria, South Dakota, is spending a few days in town.

Watch the bill boards for something novel in the entertainment line a few weeks hence.

Now that the leaves are all off the trees, would it not be a good idea to have the park cleaned up?

The Northville Record takes the Judge of Probate to task and says he is showing partiality to party papers.

The dance given by Hoose Co. No. 1 was a very pleasant and enjoyable affair and was attended by about 40 couples.

The council held a short session Monday evening but did nothing of importance. They adjourned for two weeks.

Miss Kate Streng left Wednesday for Chicago. Her young friends gave her a pleasant surprise Monday evening.

Mr. Woodruff addressed the G. T. lodge Tuesday evening. An entertainment will be given on the 19th by the above lodge.

Chas. Brems is generally a happy, smiling sort of a chap, but now-a-days he carries his prettiest smiles. A fine baby boy Tuesday morning.

Rev. G. D. Ehnis opened the German school on Monday of this week, with a fair attendance. School will be held three days of the week.

The Epworth League of the M. E. church has grown so rapidly that it is thought they will have to move from the class room to the church proper.

L. C. Hough & Son are making a dash for more trade. They are offering the celebrated "Pearl Dust" flour as a leader at a big discount. It will pay you to lay in a winter's stock.

If you are awakened by strange noises don't become alarmed. The "missing links" have been found and are liable to turn up under your bay window any nice night to exercise their voices.

The recital at the M. E. church Tuesday evening, was fairly well attended, and those present speak very highly of Miss Burch as an elocutionist. It was too much of the one thing, however, to be really enjoyable for a full evening.

A minister said recently in one of our churches that he "was glad to see that silver pieces were taking the place of pennies in the collection." This signifies two important facts—the church is doing a good work and times are growing better.

Lloyd L. Lewis and wife left Tuesday night for Monroe Co., New York, for a visit with friends and relatives. They will be gone about six weeks. Mr. Lewis leaves his business in charge of his son where customers will be promptly attended to.

All who are acquainted with Frank Tucker, of the Tucker Comedy Company, will be pained to learn that the doctors were unable to save his leg. Several weeks ago he broke it while riding a bicycle and last week he was compelled to have it amputated.

M. R. Weeks has held the honored position of Chief Templar of G. T. lodge No. 64 for a long time. He desired to retire with the expiration of his present term, but the lodge rose up in a body and said no and Mr. Weeks will therefore continue as chief templar.

The old peoples service at the Methodist church last Sunday, was a great success in every particular. A large congregation, interesting addresses, fine music, everybody happy and delighted to see so many of the old present and to witness the interest taken in them by the young. Many remarked "what a beautiful display of flowers," all adding much to the interest of the occasion. The young people have the gratitude of all for the enjoyable service.

Brainards Musical World for November contains, besides the usual large amount of reading matter, "Vienna Beauties Waltzes" by C. M. Ziehrer; "Gavotte Pascalelle" by H. C. Verner; "Evening" by Otto Dresel, three excellent piano compositions, and Anita Owen's beautiful song "I dream of Thee Love." This music is alone worth \$2.00. The World is \$1.50 per year, 15 cents per copy. During this month the publishers offer to send the Musical World on trial for four months on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. This will include the beautiful Christmas and New Year's Holiday Numbers, and the four issues will contain about twenty pieces of new music, besides a large amount of interesting musical reading. No music lover should fail to accept this liberal offer. Address The S. Brainard's Sons Co., Chicago.



# Ladies and Childrens CLOAKS!

They are all New, this year's Styles and Patterns. Not an old style garment in the lot.

Prices Crowded to their Utmost With Good Value.

You can't beat them anywhere. Lots of them to select from. We guarantee to sell you cheaper than you can buy in Detroit. Ladies come and look them over. Try them on. Its a pleasure to show our goods.

Respectfully,

**E. L. RIGGS,**  
The Plymouth Cash Outfitter



Fred Dibble and wife spent Sunday in town.

John Steers, of Northville, made us a call Thursday.

Nellie Steele was in Detroit Wednesday on business.

The Markham Manufacturing Co. are working about 96 men full time.

Lottie Davie returned Saturday evening from a two week's stay in Detroit.

Some of the defeated candidates are evidently wondering how it all happened.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Briggs went to Detroit Thursday to attend the wedding of their son, Jay.

E. C. Hough left Wednesday afternoon for Saginaw and other points north, in the interest of the firm.

R. L. Root and Henry Whipple are in the northern part of the state making life weary for the nimble deer.

Imogene Stoffel, of Flat Rock, daughter of auditor-elect Stoffel, was the guest of Mary Rogers this week.

Jay Briggs, formerly of Plymouth, and Miss Flora Freer, of Detroit, were united in marriage on Thursday evening. They will go to house keeping at once at No. 4 Jones Street. We extend our heartiest congratulations.

The famous Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra have been secured to sing at the M. E. church on the evening of the 25th inst. This company is well worthy of a full house as they are second to none as jubilee singers.

If anyone has any notion of bringing us a load of wood on subscription, don't spoil it. Bring it right along. Several of our subscribers are two and three years behind and a load of wood would fill the gap in very good shape.

**\$5, \$10 and \$20** Genuine Confederate Bills only five cents each. \$100 and \$50 bills ten cents each. 25 and 50 cent shiplasters ten cents each. \$1 and \$2 bills 25 cents each. Sent securely sealed on receipt of price. Address, CHAS. B. BARKER, West Atlanta, Ga.

A concert will be given on Friday evening, Dec. 7th, at the village hall, under the auspices of the B. Y. P. U. Choruses are in process of preparation under the direction of Mrs. Taft. Some of Plymouth's most talented musicians and also some from abroad will assist.

News, March 14th—The concert given by the famous Canadian Jubilee Singers at Opera House last night was most enjoyable. The singing was equal to the best. The peculiar rendition of the old plantation songs appeal to all, and encores were many.—At the M. E. church Sunday evening Nov. 25th

A. Pelham had the good fortune to receive a communication a few days ago that he had been granted an original pension at the rate of \$12 per month. His back pay amounted to about \$300. Mr. Pelham had about given up hope of ever receiving anything from Uncle Sam and consequently was agreeably surprised.

Journal, March 14th—The famous Canadian Jubilee Singers are the best company of colored artists traveling. Their voices are of the richest and sweetest class. The Imperial Orchestra play excellently.—This company will sing at the M. E. church on the evening of Nov. 25.

Miss Agnes L. d'Arcambal, of the home of industry for discharged prisoners, of Detroit, will speak at the village hall next Sunday evening, the 11th inst, at 8 o'clock p. m. Subject, "Charity, the religion of love and helpfulness." It will be remembered that Mrs. d'Arcambal spoke here last summer of her life work in the interest of discharged prisoners, and was very favorably received, and we be speak for her a large hearing as she is doing a noble work. All are cordially invited to attend.

25 cents will bring you the MAIL for the balance of 1894.

## TRICKS AND TRAITTS.

Twenty years ago Southern planters paid men to haul away cotton seed and burn it. Now they get from \$5 to \$8 a ton for it.

A 13-year-old New York girl tried to commit suicide by swallowing a dose of carbolic acid. The police say she is the youngest person held on that charge.

One of the legislative districts of Connecticut casts 110 votes and has one member of the legislature. New Haven, a city of 82,000 inhabitants, has but two members.

Mrs. Lena Lawrence, who recently sued Andrew Iserman of New York, for \$10,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage, has been awarded a verdict of six cents.

There are doors in some old houses in Holland which were, in former days, never used except for weddings and funerals. After the bride and groom had passed, the door was nailed up to await the next occasion.

The grave of Eve is visited by over 40,000 pilgrims each year. It is to be seen at Jeddah, in a cemetery outside the city walls. The tomb is fifty cubits long and twelve wide. The Arabs entertain a belief that Eve was the tallest woman who ever lived.

A countryman was so impressed with a gas stove on exhibition in a city store that he invested in one, although there was no gas in the small village in which he lived. He did not know why the thing would not work, until he had made a second trip to the city with his complaint.

In all the policies of life insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" "A man in the country filled up his father's age, "if living," 112 years, and his mother's 103. The agent was amazed at this, and fancied he had secured an excellent customer, but, feeling somewhat dubious, he remarked that the applicant came of a very long-lived family. "Oh, you see, sir," replied he, "my parents died many years ago, but 'if living,' would be aged as there put down."

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

In the eastern portion of the Central Pacific ocean there is an area of 10,500,000 square miles in which there are only seven soundings.

According to the commander-in-chief of India, 50,000 out of 70,000 men composing the army have been sent to the hospitals within two years.

A light-house lens of the first order is six feet in diameter and costs \$4,250 to \$8,400; second order, four feet seven inches and costs \$2,760 to \$5,550, and the third order, three feet three inches and costs from \$1,475 to \$3,650. There are three other sizes.

The Korean flag is white and bears in the center a sort of ball, one-half blue and the other red, typifying the two elements of creation, the male and the female. In the corners are strange and complicated characters invented by a Chinese emperor a few thousand years ago.

A negro child was born in Georgia lately which had two well-developed bodies growing together, two well shaped heads and necks, four arms and hands, two hearts, two sets of lungs and three legs. The third leg grew on the right hip, near the back, the foot having eight toes.

When one of the late Emperor Alexander's visits to Warsaw was announced there was no time to clear the streets of a quantity of mud which had been scraped up in heaps by the roadside. The police (Russians) ordered the windows of the ground floor of the houses in these streets to be opened and threw the mud into the rooms.

The Journal Building is in the industry. Patronize it.

For Stationery, printed or plain, call at the MAIL office.

25 cents will bring you the MAIL for the balance of 1894.

Geo. Peterhans has purchased the Doblin farm and will go to farming. Mr. Fisher, night operator at D. L. & N. depot will occupy Mr. Peterhans' house.

On Monday evening last the Prohibition club held a meeting in the village hall, which was attended by quite a large crowd. The speakers were Rev. J. B. Oliver, Rev. J. Huntington, Fred A. Cole and Rev. G. H. Wallace, who spoke in the order named. Plymouth may well be proud of its ministers, as the three gentlemen named made excellent addresses, which were free from personal or party abuse, but given entirely from facts backed up by substantial proof. The old parties were commended for many things, but the united feeling seemed to be that the cause they labored for, was now in its darkest hour, and as the old saying is the "darkest hour is just before dawn," they believed they were very near to a grand national prohibition success.

## MAJORITY RULES.

Election is over and it is to be sincerely hoped that the country will soon return to its natural condition. The republican party has swept everything from one end of the country to the other. They have control of congress and are in position to enact any legislation they may desire. In the meantime let us all as members of one great commonwealth, settle down to the routine affairs of every day life, with the assurance that prosperous times are but a little way off. We are bound to have good times, no matter what party is in power. The American people are not the kind to sit idly by and watch the grass grow up in the streets. We are not built that way, and a few months will without doubt witness the return of confidence and prosperity. Majority rules, and what is good for the majority is good for all. If you belong to any of the defeated parties, cheerfully acquiesce and join hands with your more fortunate brothers toward the upbuilding of a truly grand and prosperous nation. Throw aside party prejudice and party pride, and work together for the common good of all, trusting in the hope that whatever legislation is undertaken may be handled with a view to the best interests of the American people and whatever laws are enacted may meet the approval of the majority and not the few.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Carl Pritzkow and Augusta Pritzkow, husband and wife, of the township of Livonia, County of Wayne, State of Michigan, to Henry Hurd of the township of Plymouth, in said County of Wayne, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne, in the State of Michigan, on the 29th day of November 1893, in liber 318 of mortgages on page 492. And by virtue of the right given to him by said mortgage, he made, and hereby makes the whole principal sum of said mortgage and the interest thereon accrued, now due and payable, and on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of four thousand three hundred and twenty-five dollars and thirty-three cents (\$4,325.33) and no suit or proceeding at law, or in equity, having been instituted to recover the amount secured by said mortgage or any part thereof. Notice is therefore hereby given that on Saturday the tenth day of November A. D. 1894, at two o'clock in the afternoon, there will be sold at the westerly or Griswold street entrance to the City Hall in the City of Detroit, County of Wayne, State of Michigan (said City Hall being the building in which the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne aforesaid is held) at public auction to the highest bidder, the lands and premises described in said mortgage, or as much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage as above set forth, with the interest thereon, and the costs, charges and expenses allowed by law and provided for in said mortgage, said lands and premises being situated in the township of Plymouth, in the County of Wayne, and State of Michigan and described as follows, to-wit: Thirty (30) acres of land from the west side of the w. 1/2 of the south west quarter of section number fifteen (15); also commencing at the south east corner of section number sixteen (16) in the township of Plymouth aforesaid and running thence northerly on the east line of said section, forty (40) chains and forty-one (41) links and to the quarter stake of said section; thence westerly along the east and west center line of said section, seven (7) chains and forty-two (42) and one-half (1/2) links thence southerly and parallel with the east line; said section, forty (40) chains and thirty-nine (39) links to the south line of said section, number sixteen (16); thence easterly along said south line to the place of beginning, containing thirty (30) acres of land, be the same more or less.

G. A. STARWEATHER, HENRY HURD, Attys for Mortgagee, Detroit, Mich.

## ADIRONDA TRADE MARK

### Wheeler's Heart Cure AND Nerve Cure

Positively Cures—HEART DISEASE, EPILEPSY, NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Unexcelled for Restless Babies.

Prepared by SHELLER and FULLER MEDICINE CO., Cedar Springs, Mich.

## L. E. CABLE,

Successor to C. E. Passage, THE "STAR GROCERY"

PLYMOUTH, MICH. Staple and Fancy Groceries. SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES. A Full Line of Tobaccos and Cigars.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of WAYNE, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four. Present, EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Donna Pierce, deceased. Jerome Pierce, the executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate may be assigned to the persons entitled thereto. It is ordered, that the twenty-seventh day of November, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Court, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition. 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. 373-375

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 twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four. Present, EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Luther Briggs, deceased. Reason I. Alexander, the administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account. It is ordered, that the twenty-seventh day of November, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for examining and allowing said account. 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. 373-375

## A. PELHAM,

DENTIST

## G. A. FRISBEE,

DEALER IN Lumber, Lath, Shingles, and Coal. A complete assortment of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Hard and Soft Coal. Prices as Low as the Market Allows. Yard near F. & P. M. depot, Plymouth.

## Livery

AND SALE STABLE

Good Rigs Day or Night Also Omnibus and Dray Line in Connection.

12 Bus Tickets for \$1.00

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REGAINS AND MAINTAINS THE VITAL POWERS. CURES NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF VIGOR, INSOMNIA, and GENERAL DEBILITY. CAUSED BY IMPRUDENT HABITS, EXCESSES, OR OVERWORK. Price One Dollar Per Box. Pamphlet and Circular Free.

Sold by Wholesale Druggists in Detroit and Grand Rapids, or by mail, sealed, on receipt of Money. Address, HALL'S SPECIFIC CO., 165 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

## National Exchange Bank

CAPITAL, \$50,000. A General Banking Business Transacted. 4 PER CENT. Interest paid on Saving and Time Deposits. YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED. O. A. FRASER, CASHIER.

## FRANKLIN HOUSE

DETROIT, MICH. It is well before leaving home, whether for business or pleasure, to decide upon a hotel and thereby avoid confusion. When you visit Detroit we should be pleased to have you stop at the old Franklin House, 77-79 Second and Third Sts. where you will have good meals and a clean bed at moderate rates. This house has been the headquarters for