

# The Plymouth Mail.

VOLUME VIII, NO. 12.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., NOVEMBER 23, 1894.

WHOLE NO. 376

## PETITION ASKED FOR.

IT WAS SO DECIDED AT THE COUNCIL MEETING WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The People Will Decide for Themselves Whether They Want the Shops or Not.

The council held a session Monday evening. After allowing a few bills and referring the bill of C. O. Benton for damages caused by water works line to L. H. Bennett, took up the main question of the evening, and discussed the Plymouth Air Rifle Co's request.

G. M. Shaw, for the company outlined the company's needs and plan of work. He said \$3,000 was needed, and for that sum they would guarantee to employ from 25 to 30 men the year round. He cited the benefits to be derived from having such a manufacturing industry here.

Trustee Gale said he did not think a majority could be had on a vote for \$3,000 but he thought \$1,500 would carry with a sweep. Trustee Chaffee was of the same opinion and asked the company what guarantee they could furnish for the faithful discharge of the contract if carried into effect. Mr. Shaw said they would give a lien on the property. This brought Trustee Jolliffe to his feet who cited a case in Canada where a company had received a bonus and the town took a lien on the property. The company bust and the town got the property, but what good was it to them. He was not in favor of any bonus giving. Mr. Chaffee asked if it was not possible for the company to give bonds that would be acceptable to the council.

It was thought they could, so Trustee Gale moved that the president be authorized to call a mass meeting for Thursday night at the village hall to discuss the feasibility of raising a sum of money for public improvements. Mr. Chaffee than said that it would be well for the company to come prepared with the necessary bond to present to the meeting, also a full statement of their needs and intentions.

The motion carried and council adjourned one week.

The council met in special session Tuesday evening, but as the full board was not present they adjourned till Wednesday evening.

The council met again in special session Wednesday evening. The following questions were asked the Plymouth Air Rifle Company:

Who are the Company? Messrs Lyndon and Pinckney.

Who controls the patents and power to manufacture the articles they claim to manufacture? The Company does.

Who is to be the general manager of the company? Mr. Shaw.

What is the financial condition of the company? Mr. Shaw went into detail in this line and answered the question very satisfactorily to the council.

The gentlemen then left the council room and the council discussed the matter very thoroughly. The result was that a resolution was presented and passed asking for a petition from the tax payers, praying the council to call a special election for the purpose of voting on the question of giving the Plymouth Air Rifle Co. a bonus.

When the petition is presented, the council will take such action as is necessary.

### Salem.

Report is that Deacon W. C. Manning has sold his farm to James Tennant. Mr. Manning has lived on the place over fifty years.

Mr. Frank Tousey and family have moved into their new house two miles east of this village.

Tom Lavender left for Whitmore Lake last Wednesday evening, where he expects to work the coming winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wheeler are rejoicing over the arrival of a bouncing baby boy at their home.

Calvin Wheeler is no hard to talk through his hat but he could not resist the temptation of saying grandpa out loud in the barn just to hear the echo of his voice when he thought no else would hear him.

Rev. D. H. Conrad and wife have returned from their Detroit trip, reporting a good time and an excellent meeting in the Woodward Ave. Baptist church.

Rev. W. H. Shannon gave an excellent report of the union state Sunday school meeting held in Grand Rapids, in place of the usual Sunday evening service at the Congregational church last Sabbath evening.

The workers conference of the Wayne Baptist association, was held in South Lyon, Nov. 19 and 20th. A very interesting program was arranged for the occasion and a very profitable meeting was held.

A merry times social will be held at the residence of William Manning on Friday evening of this week. GUESS.

### Paternalism in Government.

When referring to the proposition of nationalizing the industries and establishing a co-operative system of economics, it has become fashionable with its opponents to derisively term it paternalism.

The term paternal would not be in any degree odious or objectionable, provided they were fair enough to qualify it with the additional terms of filial and fraternal, thus expressing the trinity which can alone effect the prosperity and solidarity of humanity.

It would be paternal because the Government would take care of and provide for all its citizens impartially, filial because the people would love, provide for and sustain the government, and fraternal because the material interests of all would be united and the people would regard and care for each other as brothers of one family. The consistency of this pretended horror of paternalism, is shown when the same parties who use the term tell us: "If you will put our party in power, we will do so and so, then the country will prosper, the wheels of industry will revolve and our people will be happy etc." thereby revealing the faith they have in government when it is administered in accordance with their own political paternalistic ideas.

All governments founded on the will of the governed are paternal in the degree that their administration effects the interests and welfare of the people who live under them and all governments embody the highest possible degree of paternalism, inasmuch as they can demand the property and life of the citizen in their maintenance and defense. The question is not whether the government shall be paternal or otherwise, as in its very nature and construction it must be so, but as to what kind of paternalism is best? In consideration that the life and property of the citizen is subject to the demand of the government when necessary, why would it not be reciprocally fair that the government should maintain the life of the citizen when necessary, or at least give him the opportunity to earn a living when he cannot get it elsewhere?

Railway corporations on becoming unable to pay dividends or expenses, are placed in the hands of a government receiver. Why should individual citizens not have the same rights as a corporation in this respect? Why should the government exert itself so strenuously to maintain a \$100,000,000 gold reserve in the treasury and altogether ignore the fact that several million of its citizens are in abject poverty and near to the verge of starvation? Why should government expend many millions in maintaining courts of justice and in the prosecution of criminals, and never spend one dollar in finding out the cause and cure of crime?

Perhaps a little more paternalism in the direction of the toiling masses and a little less in the direction of bonodocracy might be very good.

Society is now investigating itself with an investigation that investigates, and however unwelcome the truth may be, it will eventually discover that it is based on an immoral, unjust and untenable foundation, and however much it may at first scorn the idea or however reluctantly it may approach the inevitable, it is as sure as fate that it will eventually be driven by conditions to the only resort, the socialistic, paternal, filial, fraternal, co-operative, commonwealth. L. H. C.

Gold Specs and Eye Glasses at F. H. Barnum & Co's., Ypsilanti.

### Resolution.

Case Tent, No. 338.  
Nov. 12th, 1884.

WHEREAS, in view of the loss we have sustained by the death of our friend and brother, Sir Knight Gottlieb Hugger, and of the still greater loss to those nearest and dearest to him. Therefore be it

Resolved: That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting his removal from our midst we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved: That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them and commend them for consolation to him who orders all things for the best.

Resolved: That in view of our loss, and as a token of our respect for deceased, this Tent be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

Resolved: That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Tent and a copy of this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the widow of our departed friend by the record keeper of this Tent.

F. N. DEWEY, } Committee.  
A. A. TAFFT. }

No trouble to show goods at the Jewelry store of F. H. Barnum & Co., Ypsilanti. Whether or not you wish to purchase, it will pay you to inspect their fine line.

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

### Livonia.

A new stove has been placed in the school room at this place.

Mr. Hoyt placed a very nice stone at the head of the grave of Miss Annie Squares last week.

Yes the democrats are all dead. So you said when Harrison was elected. Some of them came to life in two years after and plenty in four years. They have only let go to get a better hold.

Our town clerk placed a new stove in the town hall last Monday. The old one has been unsafe for a long time.

Almond Fisher, of Wayne, spent last Sunday with his parents at this place.

Report says D. Blue lost about 400 bushels of potatoes by the cold weather, and Wilson Bros. lost over 600 bushels the same way.

The dance at the hall at this place was a failure last Friday night on account of bad weather.

George Kellogg, of Plymouth, was in the village last Monday.

### They Did it Again.

Evidently the people of Plymouth have something "agin" the preacher, for on Monday night for the second time in two weeks, they captured the Presbyterian parsonage and piled substantial gifts upon table and on floor. The former donation was somewhat interfered with by a stormy night and very bad roads, so the word was quietly passed along that the surprise would be repeated, so that those who were prevented on the former occasion might not be shut out from their gifts and pleasure. Monday night they came. They came in groups, chunks, squads and platoons, from near and from far, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Universalists, high church, low church and no church, republicans, prohibitionists, democrats, and populists, woman suffragists, and the labor party. Many unable to come sent kindly remembrances, and were not forgotten in the merry melee that followed. As to entertainment, there were bushels of it. The choir sang a couple of excellent anthems in special harmony and sweetness. Mr. Clarence Stevens and Miss Autie Millard sang solos which were rapturously applauded; while Dr. Harry Bell and the irrepressible "Rob" captured the house by the splendid rendition of some of their masterpieces. Master Scott Hodge, with his own inimitable mimicry, told the story of the boy's repetition of the minister's sermon. Various sports and games also kept young and old in the jolliest mood. In the midst of it all, a halt was called and refreshments served, both liquid and substantial.

Thus the evening's entertainment passed too quickly away. Everyone voted the other a right jolly good fellow. While as to the fair sex, they were like roses and sugar—beautifying and sweetening everything. The "dominie" evidently thinks Plymouth is improving and the time of her salvation is drawing nigh. If this kind of thing continues, he will be pleased to give everyone a through ticket to Paradise, with parlor car attachment, besides traveling with the crowd himself.

When buying a Wedding, Birthday or Christmas present, visit the jewelry store of F. H. Barnum & Co., Ypsilanti.

27 Moffat Bldg. Phone 1548

John E. McGill,

Attorney-at-Law,

DETROIT, MICH.

## 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.

## GALE'S DRUG AND GROCERY STORE.

Will call your attention to some New Lines of Goods which we have just received. Imported Patent Roller Buckwheat Flour, the celebrated "Morning Glory Brand," said to be the best in the world—Comes in 12 1/2 and 25 lb. sacks and does not cost but little more than the common buckwheat.

Saratoga Potato Chips—We shall keep these goods on hand during the winter months, and will sell for the same price as they do in Detroit.

After having numerous calls we have put in a stock of Flower Pots, bought direct from the factory in Ohio. We shall sell these goods very cheap. Come in and see them.

## 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.

## A. PELHAM, DENTIST.



## HOLIDAY GOODS

Never before has our stores been so filled from top to bottom as now. We invite you to come and look them over and make your selections early.

### CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

We have a few more suits and overcoats that are bargains. We are closing them out below cost

### LADIES, GENTS, & CHILDRENS UNDERWEAR

Space will not allow us to quote prices. Our line is larger and prices lower than any other in town.

## See Our Line of Outing Flannel

Shaker Flannel 5c a yd. Good Factory 5c a yd.

Make your wife a present of one of the best Sewing Machines made, and at lower prices than ever heard of. We are agents for the New Home. Call and see them and get our prices.

## Here is What you can Buy With a Little Money in Our Grocery Department

2 cans extra fine Peaches (heavy syrup), for.....	25c
1 qt home canned yellow Plums (including one quart) Mason jar.....	
3 cans Enterprise Tomatoes (whole meats).....	
2 lbs Immense Value Baking Powder.....	25c
4 lbs 3 Crown Raisins.....	
4 lbs Whole Rice.....	
4 lbs Ginger Snaps.....	
6 lbs Rolled Oats.....	10c. per pound
Fine French Prunes.....	

Cranberries. Bulk Oysters. Full line Teas and Coffees.

## J. R. RAUCH, AGENT, PLYMOUTH.

## The Wheel Goes Round

And Everybody Gets the Worth of Their Money. See

3 lbs. of 4-Crown Muscatel Raisins for 25c., worth 15c. a lb  
4 lbs. of 3-Crown Muscatel Raisins for 25c., worth 10c. a lb  
300 cans of Golden Brand Tomatoes, Best on the market, at 10c. a can, 3 cans for 25c.  
144 lbs. of Vienna Baking Powder at 10c. a lb.—Try it,  
120 packages Rosine Washing Powder at 3c. a pkg.

Hubbard Squash  
Cape Cod Cranberries  
Baltimore Oysters  
Preston's Pancake Flour  
New Sultana Currants  
Kalamazoo Celery

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**PHARMACY**

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VEGETABLES  
PROVISIONS  
TOBACCOS  
CANNED GOODS  
GROCERIES  
CIGARS, 5 and 10c  
PAINTS, OILS  
MEDICINES  
STATIONERY  
FRUIT IN SEASON  
PERFUMES  
CONFECTIONERY

Come and see the Finest Perfume in town, all New Odors. Lady Claire Peninsular Club Editha Mujirvaro Jouvan Lilly

Best Line of Patent Medicines. Freshest and Purest Drugs.

## Chaffee, Hunter & Lauffer.

Remember we will put up your Medicines, using only Pure Fresh Drugs, at prices as low as the quality of material and price of first-class workmanship will permit. All work done by Registered Pharmacists.

STATE NEWS NOTES.

A CHAPTER OF THE DOINGS OF MICHIGANDERS.

Smugglers Caught in the Act at Port Huron.—Coal Gas Kills a Young Lady at Bay City.—Thanksgiving Proclamation.—State Sunday School Workers.

Smugglers Caught at Port Huron. Customs Officer Fred A. Buzzell, at Port Huron, captured two alleged smugglers and seized about 1,500 pounds of celluloid, worth about \$1,500, which was smuggled over the river to escape a duty of 50 cents per pound.

Her Wedding Gown for a Shroud. Escaping gas at the residence of William Hammond of Bay City, was the cause of the death of Kate Connors, aged 22, and the placing of Nina Hammond, aged 13, next to the grave.

A Watchman's Battle With Burglars. A pitched battle occurred at Vicksburg between Night Watchman Barney and two burglars. One burglar entered the carriage shop belonging to Wintersdorf & Son.

Murdered to Get Life Insurance. Augustus Vetter, a farmer near Buchanan, was brutally assaulted by his father-in-law, George Swaringer, with a hammer while in bed.

Schooner Capsized—Three Drowned. The little schooner Antelope capsized while attempting to make port at Grand Haven. The three men who constituted the crew were drowned.

Whole Family Arrested for Murder. Mrs. Susan Swartz was arrested at Colon on the charge of complicity in the murder of William M. Johnson.

Robert Cragin, aged 14, of Niles, threw kerosene in his father's furnace. Flames shot out and burned him horribly.

Ionias Sunday closing ordinance has been overthrown on the ground that the city charter gave the council no power to pass such an ordinance.

Fred Gordon, colored, broke into the room of Miss Taylor near Chelsea and attempted to assault her.

Charles Story was accidentally shot while hunting near Gladstone. His gun was discharged and the load of shot entered his right shoulder.

The Free and Accepted Masons of Pontiac are seriously thinking of erecting a temple. If they conclude to build they will put up a building that will be an ornament to the city and costing about \$25,000.

A fire broke out in the Thomas block, in Burt & Moody's jewelry store, at Battle Creek, which was soon subdued by the fire department.

Warren Martin, Lou Smith and Will Hinckle recently stole a pair of old shoes worth about 75 cents at Union City. They were arrested, tried and found guilty.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

Marlette is now lighted by electricity.

Frank Bean died of black small-pox at Clawson.

John Johnson, of Holland, suicided at Manistee.

Ludington wants a tannery, and has all the natural facilities.

C. A. Mape's dry goods store at Vassar was burglarized. Loss \$100.

Weaver & Mabee's cider and feed mill burned at Waterliet. Loss \$3,000.

The south pier at the mouth of Holland harbor has been washed away by the storms.

Coal gas nearly ended the lives of the members of John Vantoll's family at Grand Haven.

A Benton Harbor concern has just shipped 3,000 barrels of pickles to Great Britain.

William Langford, a laborer in the Negawance mine, was instantly killed by a fall of rock.

Lieut.-Gov. elect Milnes lost \$65 cash and 12 watches from his Coldwater store. Burglars.

Grand Rapids furniture manufacturers are strongly agitating the abolishing of the factory at Ionia prison.

The roller flouring mills, owned by S. M. Trobridge & Son, at Geneva have burned. Loss about \$12,000.

The Aldrich Memorial Deaconesses' Home at Grand Rapids was dedicated with appropriate and impressive ceremonies.

Luke Sharia, of Nodus, was robbed of \$3,500 in gold. He had no faith in banks and buried the money in his woodshed.

The celery crop near Kalamazoo is said to have been injured 5 per cent by the recent cold snap. This means thousands of dollars.

The merchants and citizens of Ironwood are jubilant over the resumption of operations by the Ashland mine, located in that city.

Hon. W. R. Burt, of Saginaw, denies the story of the consolidation of the C. S. & M., the T. A. & N. M. and the D. B. C. & A. railroads.

While hunting deer on the Muskegon river, near Marion, L. C. Hancock was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of J. Laferriere.

S. M. Trowbridge & Son's flouring mill near South Haven was destroyed by fire. The building was full of grain and new machinery had but recently been put in. Loss \$20,000; not insured.

Liphardt, the convicted bootlegging inspector of Detroit, has been granted an order for admission to \$10,000 bail and a stay of proceedings until the January term of court, when he will have another hearing.

Charles Myers, of Gobleville, Van Buren county, attempted suicide by taking laudanum, but in his effort to make a good job of it he took so much that it was ineffective as a poison and only succeeded in making him sick for a while.

The Women's Press association of Michigan has closed an interesting meeting at the home of Mrs. George A. Perry, at Charlotte.

John De Mann, seven years ago, being then 19 years of age, killed Chris Rickling at Grand Rapids. He was sent to Jackson for 15 years. He has been constantly planning to escape, but the strain has caused him to become violently insane.

Mrs. John Winger, of Dexter, gave birth to twin girls, weighing about 10 pounds, that were connected like the Siamese twins, with the further peculiarity that they had but one abdomen.

The twins, which were dead when born, will be sent to the Michigan University.

State Game Warden Hampton's last report says 20 upper peninsula violators of the game laws were convicted in October. Several hundred dollars were collected in fines upon outside hunters.

As Will Richardson, a farmer near Pontiac, was returning home at night accompanied by his niece, they were run into by another party, it being very dark.

Bill Wiggins, the Lake county moonshiner, was sentenced by Judge Severns in the United States court at Grand Rapids to spend six months in jail and pay a fine of \$100.

Some fellow donned the garb of a Salvationist at Saginaw and went about the city soliciting subscriptions to aid in giving Gen. Booth a reception.

John Johnson, a Finlander, was found 20 miles from Oscoda with several bruises on his head and face, unable to move.

Three cases of supposed smallpox are reported at Sebawa, Ionia county. One of the patients suspected is Supervisor Charles E. Holliday, who is executive officer of the township board of health.

Wilbur H. Robinson and Frank Seiler were arrested at Niles for pillaging farmers' houses in Cass county, and the former has made a complete confession.

While on her way home Mrs. H. C. Worden, living four miles south of St. Louis, wrapped her infant child in her shawl.

Marquette people want better protection to upper peninsula game.

Midland citizens have appointed a committee to explore for coal in that vicinity.

John Small was shot and killed by a friend while hunting near Petoskey. Accident.

Mrs. J. Lynch, of Grand Rapids, suicided by cutting her throat. Demented.

Henry Miller, a hardware dealer of Conklin, accidentally killed himself while hunting.

A bread war is on between Marcelus bakers and nine loaves are being sold for a quarter.

Will Corrothers, a colored boy at Battle Creek, received \$11.25 bounty for 375 dead sparrows.

Centerville citizens will vote on December 4 on the question of bonding the village for \$10,000 for water works.

Peter Samelink, a bachelor, near Holland, has donated \$5,000 for the building of a new hall at Hope college.

The principal business firms of Marquette City have agreed to close their stores at 8 o'clock every evening except Saturday.

E. M. Clapp died in bed at Grand Rapids from alcoholism. He was formerly a prominent lawyer at Galesburg.

Rev. Conrad Volb, of St. John's Lutheran church, Saginaw, has just finished the fortieth year as pastor of the church.

The Masonic temple at Kalamazoo has been dedicated. Chief Justice McGrath, of the Michigan supreme court making the address.

The schooner D. S. Austin went aground at Ludington. One sailor was fatally injured, but the others were taken off by the life savers.

A young man named Proctor Atwood of Port Huron died suddenly at the Kimball House near that city. The cause of death is a mystery.

The bakers of Imlay City are at war with one another at present, and as a result the good people of that village get their bread for two cents a loaf.

H. B. Maiming, of Saginaw, was cleaning a rifle at Otter Lake. It was discharged, and C. W. Bakel, a druggist, was shot in the hip. He will recover.

L. H. Hall, telegraph operator of a branch of the D. L. & N. road, near Lakeview, tried to board a 15-mile-an-hour freight train and was instantly killed.

The Southern Michigan Telephone company, with headquarters at Athens, is extending its lines through Branch, St. Joseph, Kalamazoo and Calhoun counties.

Nicholas Seanlan, postmaster at Lamont, pleaded guilty to embezzling and was sentenced to two and one-half years in prison. Drink caused his trouble.

H. C. Cole, aged 80, left Lansing for New York where he was to marry—his third time. He blew out the gas in a Birmingham hotel and now his intended is in mourning.

S. Helmbach, a Schoolcraft farmer, fell from his wagon, while intoxicated, and broke his back. Everything possible was done to save his life, but he died the next morning.

Fire was discovered in the large barn of F. F. Hoeger, three miles west of Romeo. One hundred sheep, three horses and a large quantity of farm produce were consumed.

NEWS OF ALL KINDS.

EVENTS OF GENERAL INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE.

The Japanese Troops Meet with Reverses About Fort Arthur.—Italian Towns Destroyed by Earthquakes and Many Inhabitants Killed.

Pig Tails Reprise the Japs.—London: A dispatch from Shanghai says Gen. Wei has been beheaded in consequence of the defeat the Chinese army suffered at Ping Yang.

From Tien Tsin: Chinese reports emanating from Port Arthur are to the effect that the Chinese still hold two forts at Tialien Wan, and have repulsed the Japanese after desperate fighting.

The Japanese are said to be closing gradually around the Chinese position at Port Arthur every preparation has been made for the Japanese attack, and the garrison is resolved to offer vigorous resistance.

Part of Gen. Sung's army has retaken Kinchow and Mo Tin Ling. The Japanese were routed and pursued for miles. Thousands of Chinese refugees fleeing from Kinchow were mistaken for the enemy by the Chinese troops and were fired upon.

Hundreds of them were killed. Col. Von Hennenkin has been given supreme command of the Chinese navy.

Chemulpo, Korea: Numbers of Korean soldiers who have been sent against the Tonghaks have joined the rebels, whose numbers are increasing daily.

The country south of Seoul is in a state of great turmoil. Advice from Fusan, Korea, under date of November 16, state that a battle has been fought between Japanese troops and rebellious Tonghaks, in which the former were victorious.

China Apologizes to Great Britain. Tien Tsin: The officials of the Chinese government have made the apologies demanded by the British government officials for the outrage committed by Chinese soldiers on board the British steamship Chung King in August last.

The Chung King was saluted by the guns of the Taku forts.

Forest Fires Burn Mining Towns. Dispatches from Boulder, Col., says: A forest fire, which started from a camp fire, has been raging north of the mining camp of Gold Hill, a town of about 500 inhabitants, 15 miles northwest. The timber was as dry as powder, and it was not long before the town was burning.

The miners and store keepers soon saw the futility of trying to save the buildings, and sent their wives and children to Boulder while they conveyed as much of their movable property as possible into the mine tunnels.

The flames utterly destroyed Gold Hill town, and threatened four miles west, Talcott, Copper Rock and Sunshine. Gold Lake, a summering place with pretty cottages and a big hotel, was totally destroyed.

Several ranches and miners' homes in the intervening territory were burned. Three men were badly burned, but none fatally. The loss will reach \$2,000,000.

A courier reports the destruction of about one-half of the property of Camp Talcott and Prussian mine and mill.

Disastrous Storms in Great Britain. London: Stormy weather and floods prevailed over the south part of England, and the loss of life and damage to property was very great.

At Bath, Somersetshire, the river Avon reached the highest point of the century. Thousands of people are homeless, and are being fed by the authorities.

Several ships' boats have been washed ashore about Dover. The floods in Sussex are increasing. Many houses at Windsor and at Eton have been flooded.

At Worthing, Sussex, the bodies of seven drowned sailors have been washed ashore. Altogether 20 lives are known to have been lost by this long-continued storm.

LATOK.—The British ship Culmore, Capt. Read, founded 80 miles off Spurnhead, county of York. Twenty-two persons were drowned.

Larnica, Island of Cyprus: The seaport town of Limasol, on this island, has sustained much damage through the recent floods, during which 22 persons were drowned.

60 Killed by an Earthquake. Rome: Earthquake shocks occurred in southern Italy and Sicily lasting all night. At Messina the first quake lasted 12 seconds. The terror on the part of the people was universal.

At Reggio six shocks were distinctly observed. Little damage was done in Reggio, the capital of the province, but there was great loss of life and much damage to property elsewhere in the province.

The village of San Procopio, was almost entirely destroyed. Seven 60 persons were killed. Forty-seven of these met their death in a church in which they had fled for refuge.

At Bagnara seven persons were killed. Eight lost their lives at Mamerind while many others were injured. The inhabitants are obliged to camp in the open air.

At Bagnara many of the inhabitants were injured. The damage reported at Tacchini in several other places is very heavy.

It Cures Consumption. Depositions taken at Cincinnati in the case of Dr. Amick vs. Reeves develop some remarkable facts.

It was shown that the Amick Chemical company of that city has supplied 40,000 doctors with Dr. Amick's chemical treatment for consumption, as much as \$1,000 worth of sample medicines being distributed daily.

Each patient receives a trial outfit and an inhaler. The company offered as evidence its files containing thousands of reports from physicians of cures covering every stage and phase of the disease.

Four Miners Suffocated. A workman dropped a lighted candle in a keg of powder at Perigo mine tunnel, Black Hawk, Colo. The powder did not explode, but a fire started, the smoke and fumes from which suffocated to death four workmen in the tunnel.

The fire did about \$5,000 worth of damage.

The troubles at Bluefields have been settled by the promulgation of a new constitution in the Mosquito reservation which asserts Nicaraguan supremacy.

All opposition has been overcome.

NATIONAL W. C. T. U.

A SHIP TO BE PROUD OF.

The Mammoth American Liner St. Louis Launched—Christened by Mrs. Cleveland

The magnificent steamship St. Louis of the American line, was successfully launched at Cramps shipyards at Philadelphia. The affair was witnessed by fully 50,000 people.

Mrs. Cleveland broke the traditional bottle of champagne on the bow of the noble ship as it glided down the whays, at the same time saying: "I christen thee St. Louis." In this instance and for the first time since the ceremony was observed at Cramps' shipyard the champagne was of American manufacture.

After the launch the invited guests to the number of 400 were entertained at a lunch in the office of the superintendent, where President Cleveland made a short address.

The St. Louis is chiefly remarkable in that it is the most modern marine structure of anything approaching her dimensions built in the United States.

She will also be the pioneer in what promises to become in time a splendid and profitable trade—the carrying of passengers and cargo in the mammoth steamships.

When completed it will take her average speed of 18 knots, and will be worked into the mammoth steamer which, when completed, will exceed in length and tonnage both the New York and Paris and equal that of the other great transatlantic liners.

Her length over all is 554 feet; length between perpendiculars, 535 feet; extreme breadth, 65 feet; depth molded, 42 feet; number of decks, 6; depth of water bottom, 4 feet; diameter of principal watertight compartments, 17; distance of collision bulkheads abaft of stem, 32 feet.

"Jack, the Strangler" in Denver. "Strangers' row." Denver, is becoming as famous as Whitechapel, London, because of the mysterious murders of low women. It has just been the scene of another murder.

About 1:15 a. m. No. 1075 Market street was visited by the fiend whose strange hobby is to choke lewd women to death, and when he left the place Kiku Oyama, a Japanese girl, who ran the place, was found with her throat cut.

This murder was committed in the same row of houses in which Lena Tapper and Marie Contasoit were strangled recently. The mode of her death was exactly similar. The excitement among the women of ill fame in that part of the city where the three murders by strangulation have occurred rivals that produced by "Jack, the Ripper" in London.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for Toledo-Grain, Buffalo-Live Stock, and other commodities. Columns include item names and prices.

General Assembly E. of L.

The general assembly of the Knights of Labor was held at New Orleans with one of the largest meetings of the order for several years.

The sessions were held behind locked doors and only surmises could be made as to the character of the discussions.

In his address General Master Workman Sovereign advised a coalition with the A. R. U. and all labor organizations.

His resume of the Pullman strike terminated in severe criticism of Maj.-Gen. Schofield and the recommendations of that officer for an increase of the army.

He urged that the assembly take strong grounds against an increase of the military force of the nation and that they advocate a decrease in the regular army and the abolition of the state militia.

From them are coming to the surface the sentiments of a military despotism. He also made a sharp criticism of the banking laws.

The miners' delegation from Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania were unseated despite their claim that they represented many thousands of knights.

The miners were unseated by a vote of 34 to 27.

HE'S A RICH MAN NOW.

A Poor German's Lucky Discovery—Gets \$1,000,000 for a Rheumatic Cure.

CHICAGO, May 2.—(Special).—Less than one year ago Frank Schrage did not possess a dollar in the world outside of the income derived from a small drug business, and only a few years ago he was a poor German immigrant without a home.

To-day Mr. Schrage can be called a millionaire, as a result of a discovery of a sure cure for rheumatism. A syndicate to-day paid him \$100,000 cash for his discovery and arranged to pay him \$1,000,000 a year until he has received \$1,000,000 in all.

Philadelphia Press.

Swanson Rheumatic Cure company, 167-169 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., are the proprietors of this celebrated remedy. Never fails. Testimonials free. Hustling agents wanted. Mail orders filled.

Col. Coit May be Held for Murder.

The shooting of five citizens of Washington C. H., O., by the Fourteenth Ohio National Guard by order of Col. Coit, when protecting Dolby, the Negro who raped a helpless woman and was sentenced to prison for 20 years, may result in serious trouble for Col. Coit and Sheriff Cook.

The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the five deceased men were killed by leaden balls fired by Ohio State National Guards under command of James F. Cook, as sheriff of Fayette county, and A. B. Coit, as colonel of the Fourteenth Regiment of Ohio National Guards.

When there was no imminent danger of serious destruction of property or the remotest danger of the prisoner, William Dolby, being rescued from the custody of Sheriff Cook. It is said in case indictments are found against them that there will be a change of venue and the trial be held in some other county.

Mrs. John Harris, of Lima, O., gave birth to triplets—two girls, and one boy. These made four children this year. They were married 20 months ago.

The Chicago Times says: At the proper time and at the proper place a senatorial boom will be started for "Bob" Lincoln, which, by those interested in the proposed coup d'etat, is expected to land the son of Abraham Lincoln in the United States senate as the successor of Senator Cullom.

James Mahaney shot John Richards twice at Hubbard, O., and he will die. The two young men, in company with Martin Rostsch, were butchering hogs.

Mahaney got into a quarrel with Rostsch, in which Mahaney was badly whipped. The latter went home, got a revolver and returning shot Richards in mistake for Rostsch.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

NEW YORK: Dun's weekly trade review says: In nearly all branches of business a gradual improvement appears and the hopeful feeling continues.

It will take time to lift business out of its depression, and the progress made, if less than the sanguine expected, is at least encouraging.

The decision to offer \$50,000,000 bonds for replenishment of the treasury reserve was by bankers, generally approved. It is generally assumed that the bonds will be taken at once.

The effect is less easy to anticipate, for the formal announcement that after a general reformation of the laws will be taken will found necessary to borrow largely tends to raise doubt about financial provisions for the future.

Manufacturers of woollens have good cause to be satisfied, as the wool trade in part by the rail for hogs, wheat, corn and oats has advanced.

The failures of last week were 270 in the United States against 220 last year, and 370 in Canada against 260 last year.

NEW YORK: Bradstreet's trade review says: Perhaps the most conspicuous favorable feature of the general trade is the fact that in numerous reports from merchants and manufacturers throughout the country a disposition to regard the business outlook more encouragingly and with increased confidence in an early improvement in trade.

Even in many portions of the south and southwest, advice from the interior says that the country merchant is doing an increased volume of business, based on favorable weather and large crops.

This is the more striking in view of the continued reports of the atrocious effects of trade in the south and the low price of cotton.

The favorable change in the movement of prices continued with but few exceptions on staples. The leaders in the wool trade say prices have reached the lowest figure and the increased demand points to an advance, although the competition with Australia is felt.

While Abraham Smith and his wife were in the field picking cotton near Kellar, La., their cabin burned, cremating their three little children.

J. Hinde and family, at Saginaw, awoke to find their house a mass of flames. It was easy for the younger people to get out, but not so for Hinde's aged mother.

A mattress was placed under the second-story window. Hinde carried his mother through the smoke, let her down from the window as far as he could and then let go, supposing she would strike on the mattress.

She struck on the roof, breaking both legs, and it is feared she cannot live.



# PLYMOUTH MAIL.

M. FRED GRAY, - EDITOR.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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Cards of Thanks 5cts.  
Resolutions of Condolence 5cts.  
Paid notices set a word; in local acts a word.  
Reading notice where charges are made 5cts a line.

Friday, NOV. 23 1894.

**A Cunning Little Scheme.**  
Miss Richgirl (doubtfully)—I am afraid I will never consent unless you place him under obligations to you.  
Mr. Slimpurse—Hum! Let—me—see. I might pretend to save you from drowning or something.  
"That wouldn't be of any use. He would simply hand you a reward and forget all about it."  
"But there must be some way to win his favor."  
"Oh, I have it! You wait until he gets into a tight place, and you rush in and save him from bankruptcy."

**A Great Shock.**  
Caller—Is Prof. Misseem, the weather prophet, at home?  
Servant—Yes; but he can't see any one. He is suffering from shock.  
Caller—My! my! Have some of his predictions come true?

**A Corrected Bill.**  
Householder—Did the master plumber make the corrections in that bill I returned to him?  
Collector—Yes, sir, and he found an overcharge of \$2.  
"Aha! Just as I said."  
"Yes, sir; but it took 'him about an hour to look up the items; and he charges \$5 an hour for his time. Three dollars more please."

**Not a Fool.**  
Park Guard—Sorry to disturb yez, but it's too late to be sittin' here.  
Young man (apologetically)—We didn't know it was so late. Fact is, we are to be married next year.  
Park Guard—Begorry, d'yez think O'm fool enough to be supposin' you wor married lasht year?

**Another Customer Lost.**  
Mrs. De Painteur—This stuff won't go at all, and you will have to take it back. It doesn't harmonize with my complexion.  
New Clerk (convincingly)—But, madame, it harmonized with the complexion you had when you selected it.  
**An Inducement.**



Copyright, 1894, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Mrs. Corkright (a Kentucky mother)—Now, Breckenridge, take your castuh ol like a little man, and I'll give you a dime.  
Little Breckenridge (who is ailing)—Kah! I don't wantuh take the nasty stuff!

Mrs. Corkright—Be a good boy and I'll let you play with yore paw's new bowie knife.  
Breckenridge (snarling)—Naw! I don't wantuh do it!

Mrs. Corkright—Swallow it quick and yore paw will take you along the next time they lynch a nigger, and—  
Breckenridge—Whoop! Give it to me, quick!—Tuck.

**Emancipation's Woes.**  
First Clubwoman (a few years hence)—Men are enough to drive a woman crazy.  
Second Clubwoman—Indeed, they are.

First Clubwoman—Only think. For five nights last week I remained at the club terribly late, and yet, when I went home, I didn't once find my husband waiting at the top of the stairs to upbraid me for neglect. The heartless brute was in bed, sleeping like a top, and actually smiling in his dreams.

**A Quick Wedding.**  
Hyaki (Pennsylvania coal regions)—And so your daughterski is marriedski?  
Mrs. Lowski—Yes, and it was a very quiet weddingski. De guests used knives instead of pistols.—New York Weekly.

**Love's Young Dream.**  
Jones—A penny for your thoughts, my dear.  
Bride—Please don't disturb me, darling. I am working at such a problem. It makes my head ache.  
"At least tell me what it is about."  
"I was wondering how we could spell our name if we got rich."

**A New Amusement.**  
Little Girl—Mamma says I must study grammar this term.  
Little Boy—Wot's that for?  
Little Girl—That's so I can laugh w'en folks make mistakes.—Good News.

**End of the Season.**  
Little Ethel—I don't believe the ring that peddler has got is gold.  
Little Johnny—Why?  
Little Ethel—They is too cheap.  
Little Johnny (thoughtfully)—Mebby he got 'em at a summer resort pawn broker shop.

**Sure of a Living.**  
Proud Mother—Little Dick is the most ingenious boy. He'll be a great inventor.  
Practical Father—If he has a head for experimenting, I'll make a doctor of him. A doctor gets paid for his experiments; an inventor doesn't.



**Thanksgiving Morning.**  
What are you thinking of, pretty Florine, As you go tripping through parlor and hall,  
Trailing your autumn leaves over the shewn Of the long mirror across the gray wall!

Notes like a bird's from your rosy lips fall;  
Is it a song of thanksgiving and praise From your young heart to the "ancient days?"

Like a good fairy's your deft fingers fly; Pictures look out from their frames with new grace;  
But the glad glance that is lighting your eye Is not because of the time, but your place Fronting the mirror; you see your fair face.

Fairer than ever before in the frame Of maple leaves, russet and brimstone and flame.  
And you still warble your gay little song, Frivolous words to rollicking tune—  
Ah, you are young, the days are all long, November, to you, is as pleasant as June; You heed not the years that will wither you soon.

And if a thought of thanksgiving and prayer Stirs in your heart, 'tis because you are fair.  
Listen! Not one single instant is stilled The song of the singer—her fingers and tongue;  
Keep time with each other; the whole house is filled With "Ave Maria," and bright wreaths are hung.  
In lavish profusion, and ripe fruits are hung Where warmest the rays of the morning sun fall,  
And Mary, the mother, smiles down from the wall.

Your pardon, Florine, that I thought to upbraid; I know that your heart is as pure as the dew;  
All beauty and grace by the Father are made, And who but the Father bestowed them on you?  
(I see in your eyes the sweet soul looking through.)  
I'll thank Him with song, and I'll thank Him with prayer.  
That He gave me Florine and made her so fair.

—MARGRET HOLMES BATES.

**FRANCE'S THANKSGIVING.**  
It is Made the Occasion for Exchange of Presents.

The French day of thanksgiving is made the occasion of the exchange of gifts between members of the family. Parents bestow portions on their children, brothers on their sisters and husbands settle sums of money on their wives. During the day the streets are crowded with carriages filled with souvenirs, bonbons and toys to delight the little ones. Sweetmeats are made in the most singular forms one can imagine; bunches of carrots, green peas, boots and shoes, hats, books and musical instruments, all made of sugar and colored to imitate reality, and hollow to hold bonbons. In the morning social visits are exchanged, and no one able to give is exempt from leaving a present at every house he visits. This favor is not expected from ladies.—Ex.

**THANKSGIVING DAY.**  
The Football Game Has Become a Feature of the Day.

The tendency of late years toward making of Thanksgiving day a date for sporting events has not met with the approval of church people. The football players are pointed out as the particular offenders. A year ago the practice was vigorously denounced from many pulpits, but more particularly on account of the large number of fatalities which resulted. Six persons lost their lives during the football games of last Thanksgiving day. So vigorous was the denunciation of the press and pulpit that the rules of the game have since undergone a sharp revision. It is hoped that the new rules will accomplish the desired end.

**We Have Many Holidays.**  
Besides the regular holidays, like Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's day and Independence day, there are special legal holidays in many states of the Union, such, for example, as Decoration day, Arbor day and Labor day. Others of them are Jackson's day in Louisiana, Mardi Gras in Alabama and Louisiana, Lincoln's birthday in Illinois, Lee's birthday in Virginia and Georgia, Davis' birthday in Florida, Good Friday in five or six states, Mecklenburg Decoration day in North Carolina, Admission to the Union day in California and Nevada, Evacuation day in New York, Thanksgiving day in many of the states and Washington's birthday in nearly all of the states.

Every month of the year, with the exception of August, has a statutory holiday among its days for some one or other of the states of the Union, but a number of the days are hardly ever celebrated in these times.

**Day of Family Reunions.**  
Thanksgiving day is gradually supplanting Christmas day as regards family reunions. In almost every Christian household the day is now made one of merriment, feasting and family reunions.

**All Churches Join.**  
All the Christian churches now celebrate Thanksgiving day, the Roman Catholics having recognized the day since 1888.

**Charity.**  
BY N. L. HICHOX.  
Go, man, to thy brother, noble and proud, Now in sin's dark pollution and misery bowed,  
Go speak to him kindly, though he grovel in dust  
The angels will smile o'er an action so just.  
Thy hand may unloosen letters that bind;  
Thy words may bring light to his side-clouded mind;  
There's much to be done in this vast world of ours,  
Then remember, oh, man, thou has God-given powers.

Go, sister, and speak to that sad erring one, If repentant, forget all the wrong she has done;  
Regard not her presence with silent disdain,  
When a kind word may save her from sinning again:

'Tis but little to give, it is easily spoken, And may soothe a heart by grief almost broken,  
Remember that charity suffereth long; Then judge not, condemn not, lest ye be wrong.

**Thanksgiving Day in Darkville.**



Parson Darkley is going to make a Thanksgiving Eve call on his neighbor, Brother Simkins.



He was dun called. But on his way home sees a wicked sight.  
"Well, 'o' de Lawd's sake! If dar sin'n Brother Brownly lifting Brother White's fowls."



"Didn't I often tole you 'bout keepin' de fifth commandment? You must dun go an' put dem bar fowls where you got 'em, or I'll 'pose you to der whole congregation to-morro—"

**MEANING AN NOVEMBER.**  
Ninth of the Roman Calendar and appropriate for Thanksgiving.

November was ninth (novem) month to the Romans. It has long been a notable month for signs and omens, as well as religious dates, though no one can show why. The Saxons called it "blood month" because they slaughtered cattle and salted away all their winter's beef in this month. The old Romans had many important religious observances in this month, and the Christians have adopted some of them. It closes most appropriately for a general thanksgiving, for the fruits of the season past. The tenth (decem) month in the old Roman calendar, but now the twelfth, is the month of holy memories in all Christian lands. The yule log and the Christmas tree, Kris Kringle and Santa Claus, the vacation, the home coming, the gifts and the holidays—these are all of December. Christmas has conquered all classes. The old Puritans fought against it in vain. So by the triumph of faith and civilization combined the season of cold and often of sleet and rain, the time of shortest days and longest nights, is turned into the season of greatest cheer and hilarity.



"Which is the Sweeter?"  
Do you want one? Only 4cts

Don't send your laundry out of town. Try the Plymouth laundry.

**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, Drug-List.

Where do you send your laundry? You should send it to the Plymouth laundry.

**THE GRIP.**  
An experience with this disease during all its past epidemics, warrants the bold claim that Dr. King's New Discovery will positively cure each and every case, if taken in time, and patient takes the ordinary care to avoid exposure. Another thing has been proven, that those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery escape the many troublesome after results of this disease. By all means get a bottle and try it. It is guaranteed, and money will be refunded if no good results follow its use. Sold by John L. Gale. 3-4

How about your subscription?

**ADIRONDA TRADE MARK**  
Wheeler's Heart Cure AND Nerve  
—Positively Cures—  
HEART DISEASE, EPILEPSY, NERVOUS PROSTRATION.  
The pleasantest and all-orangements of the Nervous System.

**Unexcelled for Restless Babies.**  
Purely Vegetable, Guaranteed Free from Opiumes, 100 full size doses, 50c.

Rev. R. L. Middleton, M. E. Churchman, Cedar Spring, Me., says: "Sleep and rest were strangers to me since preaching till I used 'Adironda.' Now I sleep as soundly and awake refreshed, and I can heartily recommend it."  
Prepared by WHEELER and FULLER MEDICINE CO., Cedar Springs, Mich.  
Sold by J. L. Gale, druglist, Plymouth, 4-21-95

**DETROIT** Lansing & Northern R. R. OCT. 28, 1894.

**STANDARD TIME.**

**GOING EAST.**

Lv. Grand Rapids	7:00	1:20	5:25
Howard City	7:30	1:35	5:55
Lansing	7:30	1:35	5:55
Grand Ledge	8:30	2:45	7:05
Brighton	8:30	2:45	7:05
Williamston	9:15	3:25	7:50
Wolverville	9:30	3:40	8:00
Howell	9:45	3:55	8:15
Howell Junction	9:55	4:05	8:25
Brighton	10:11	4:14	8:41
South Lyon	10:26	4:29	8:56
Salem	10:36	4:39	9:05
PLYMOUTH	10:51	4:47	9:20
Ann Arbor	11:40	5:35	10:10
Ar. Detroit	8 a. m.	12 p. m.	4 p. m.

**GOING WEST.**

Lv. Detroit	7:40	1:18	6:50
PLYMOUTH	8:25	1:48	7:35
Salem	8:38	1:58	7:48
South Lyon	8:48	2:07	7:58
Brighton	9:04	2:23	8:14
Howell Junction	9:20	2:38	8:30
Howell	9:30	2:48	8:40
Wolverville	9:38	2:56	8:48
Howell	9:45	3:03	8:55
Williamston	9:58	3:16	9:08
Lansing	10:27	3:45	9:37
Grand Ledge	10:53	3:58	9:50
Ar. Plymouth	11:50	4:45	10:05
Ar. Howard City	1:35	5:15	11:45
Grand Rapids	12:40	5:20	10:45
Ar. Detroit	8 a. m.	12 p. m.	4 p. m.

All trains work days only. Parlor cars on all trains between Detroit and Grand Rapids. Seats 25 cents.

Chicago and West Michigan By Trains leave Grand Rapids.  
For Chicago 7:25 a. m., 1:25 p. m., and 11:30 p. m.  
For Manistee Traverse City Charlevoix, and Petoskey 7:30 a. m., 3:15 p. m.  
For Muskegon 7:25 a. m., 1:25 p. m., 5:30 p. m.

ED. PELTON, Agent, Plymouth.  
GEO. DEHAVEN, General Passenger Agent, Grand Rapids.

**F. & P. M. R. R.**  
TIME TABLE.  
In effect Nov. 18, 1894.  
Trains leave Plymouth as follows:  
STANDARD TIME.

**GOING SOUTH.**

Train No. 4, 10:25 a. m.	Train No. 1, 3:35 a. m.
" No. 6, 9:25 p. m.	" No. 3, 9:10 a. m.
" No. 8, 9:05 p. m.	" No. 5, 2:00 p. m.
" No. 10, 8:45 a. m.	" No. 7, 6:55 p. m.

**GOING NORTH.**

Train No. 5, connects at Ludington with steamer for Milwaukee (during season of navigation), making connections for all points West and Northwest.	Train No. 8 runs daily, from Bay City to Detroit, on Western Division it runs daily, except Sunday.
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Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit Union depot for all points South, Canada and the East.  
For further information see Time Card of this company.

ED. PELTON, Local Agent.

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Successor to C. E. Passage.  
THE "STAR GROCERY"  
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**THE ILLUSTRATED HOME GUEST** is a large and handsome 16-page, 66-column illustrated literary and family paper, published monthly, and containing Serial and Short Stories by the most popular authors, Sketches, Poems, Useful Miscellany, News, and all the latest and interesting news, and everything to amuse, entertain and instruct each member of the family circle. Among the writers whose stories constantly appear in THE ILLUSTRATED HOME GUEST are Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Charlotte, Br. Ann Stephens, Mrs. May Agnes Fleming, Etta W. Pierce, Mrs. Jane G. Austin, Emma Garrison Jones, Mary K. Dallas, Stephen Cobb, Jr., Emerson Bennett, A. Conan Doyle, and many others. It is a high-class publication for the family circle, handsomely printed, beautifully illustrated, and while it is always interesting and never dull, it is pure in moral tone, not an objectionable word or line being allowed to enter its columns. You will be delighted with this charming paper, and eagerly welcome its monthly visits.

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**Under the Holly Berries.** By Charlotte M. K. Stephens.  
**The Phantom Wedding.** By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.  
**The Cyprian Warning.** By Mrs. Henry Wood.  
**Moosuhine and Marguerite.** By "The Doctor."  
**The Headman of Antwerp.** By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.  
**The Story of a Life.** By Mrs. May Agnes Fleming.  
**Old Rutherford Hall.** By Mrs. M. E. Braden.  
**Winche of Beaulieu.** By Mrs. M. E. Braden.  
**A Tale of Three Lions.** By H. Rider Haggard.  
**A Dream in the Air.** By John Verne.  
**The Story of Helene.** By Mrs. M. Douglas.  
**The Captain of the Pole-Star.** By A. Conan Doyle.  
**The Sailor's Secret.** By Mrs. Jane G. Austin.  
**The Bell in Byrne Wood.** By Willie Collins.  
**The Helms of Whitson Grange.** By M. T. Collins.  
**The Phantom.** By Mrs. K. Dallas.  
**The Elderly Girl's Daughter.** By Mrs. W. Pierce.  
**The Sculptor of Modena.** By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.  
**The Fair Diamonds.** By Mrs. Mary A. Denison.  
**Ashcroft Hall.** By Emma Garrison Jones.

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**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 would be pleased to have you stop at the old "Franklin House," cor. Lard and Bates Sts., where you will have a good meal and a clean bed at moderate rates. The house has been renovated from top to bottom, and is now in first-class condition. Respectfully,  
H. H. JAMES.  
Meals, 35c. Lodging, 50c. Per Day, \$1.50.

**THE Keystone Watch Case Co. of Philadelphia,** the largest watch case manufacturing concern in the world, is now putting upon the Jas. Boss Fillee and other cases made by it, a bow (ring) which cannot be twisted or pulled off the watch.

It is a sure protection against the pickpocket and the many accidents that befall watches fitted with the old-style bow, which is simply held in by friction and can be twisted off with the fingers. It is called the

**Non-hull-out** and CAN ONLY BE HAD with cases bearing their trade mark—Sold only through watch dealers, without extra charge. Don't see your watch or repairer until you see your watch case. Send for an opener (free).

Ed. Pelton, Local Agent.

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AND SALE STABLE  
First Glass Rigs  
Reasonable Charges  
PATRONS ACCOMMODATED DAY OR NIGHT.

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**Plymouth Savings Bank**  
PLYMOUTH, MICH.  
E. W. LEACH, President.  
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4 PER CENT, paid on Savings Deposits from One Dollar up.

Come and open an account with us.

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Of Plymouth and Vicinity

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**PLUMBING**

Steam Fitting Gas Fitting and Sanitary work of all kinds.

I do the work myself, and, as far as prices are concerned, do not bar Detroit or any other city.

A full line of gas pipe, water fixtures, and all necessary appliances for water works always on hand. Respectfully,

**James Hewett**  
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It Dpes the Work if Properly Set.

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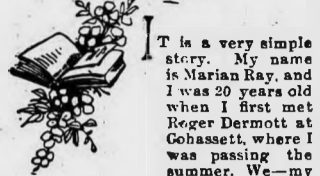
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# ROGER AND I



It is a very simple story. My name is Marian Ray, and I was 20 years old when I first met Roger Dermott at Cohasset, where I was passing the summer. We—my mother and I, who composed our entire family circle—had strayed to this quiet place because we knew that her lease of life was not for very long, and I grasped at any suggestion of possible relief to her, even as the drowning catch at straws, forgetting how frail they are. And it was terrible to me to think that I must be left alone in the great, wide world—alone and poor.

We were always together—my mother and I—for she was more like an elder sister than a parent, and we elung the closer now, for we felt that the time was short.

Therefore, I made her life as pleasant and easy as possible, and her only anxiety was for my lonely, unprotected future when we must leave her out under the flowers and the dew, and I would be friendless.

But I, feeling very brave and confident, as the young are prone to do, smiled back courageously into her face, and at last when my future began to be discussed, changed the subject of conversation.

And so we lived on at the seaside, and our two lives were very gray and uneventful, until the time came when a ray of sunshine slipped in; but, ah! when the sunshine goes again, I notice it is always darker than before it came.

We were strolling along the beach one divine June morning, my arm around my mother in a tender, protecting way when she suddenly started from my side, advanced a few steps, and with a flush upon her pale face, held out her hand in a cordial greeting. Glancing up in surprise, I met the laughing brown eyes of Roger Dermott. He saluted me with a courteous bow, insisted upon taking my place beside mother, and together we resumed our morning walk. That was the beginning of many pleasant days. Days no longer lonely, for he was ever with us; no longer now was my heart filled with gloomy forebodings for the future, for Roger and I were betrothed.

It is wonderful what great strides hearts will make toward each other when isolated from society and surrounded by the wealth which dear Mother Nature loves to lavish upon her children.

Looking back upon that past, after the lapse of years, I think my eyes grow wet, as somewhere within my breast Stabbed a faint and slithering pang never wholly laid at rest.

Somehow, that secluded spot has ever been to me as the graveyard in which all I ever loved lies sleeping; and yet there is no dust there to



SEIZED HIS HANDS. which I have a claim. There are graveyards in the memory sometimes and there it seems to me we always lay our bravest and best.

Roger was a sailor, and it was strange how soon I learned to take an interest in all that pertained to the ocean. We passed hours by the salt sea wave, while he unfolded to me the mysteries that lay hidden in its shining, deceitful depths. I loved the sea then; oh, how I loved it! But now, when I walk along the beach, it talks to me of partings, of all dreary things, and the sound of its tumultuous roaring comes to my ears like the cries of a soul in despair.

One gloomy afternoon in September, with the sky threatening and dreary, and the sun red and sullen, sinking in a crimson ball behind the mass of clouds lowering in the west, I walked upon the rocks beside the sea. Roger was to meet me there—for he was to sail on the merrrow for the Indies, leaving me, with a heart like a lump of lead, to await his return. I could not endure the thought of this parting. But he would be captain of the vessel when he came back, he said, and he must not lose this chance in the world. He would take me with him as his wife, but there was mother, too frail to undertake the journey, so I would stay behind. But no matter how much is to be gained by a voyage, there never was a woman yet that could feel, at such a time, the value of any gain; and I suppose I was like the rest.

And so I paced up and down the rocks in the sunset, with my heart all ached like, and my voice full of tears. But my eyes were dry—quite dry—for Roger must not see my weakness. When he was gone there would be days and nights to cry in, and then my tears need not be restrained.

So waiting bravely for his coming,

I watched the offing, where the ships rocked lazily to and fro, with the rising wind. The surf lines came booming up at the foot of the rocks, frothing and foaming angrily; the gulls whirled above my head, shrieking and dipping into the white-capped waves. And then, watching the sun go down, I began to wonder at Roger's delay. We had walked upon the beach every pleasant evening, but never before had I awaited his coming at this spot. And, thinking how pleased he would be to find me so much nearer than he anticipated, I smiled to myself as I marked at last his familiar form moving along the beach. But—where was he going? He directed his steps to a little nook or cove on the shore, which I had never visited, for he had warned me of its danger when the tide was in.

As he entered the sheltered nook, I perceived that the place was occupied, for there was the gleam of a gay dress, and then I saw a slender form. It was Milly Dean, the daughter of a fisherman, living near, and my heart gave a great, angry bound, as I saw that Roger evidently expected her. I saw her turn to meet him, and flinging back her long, dark hair from her pretty face, she seized his hands with a passionate gesture.

But I waited to see no more. Down from the rock I dashed, and turned toward home. Then, I composed myself, and walking quietly to the hotel, I sought my own apartments. My mother—gentle soul—attribution my agitation to my parting with Roger, tried to soothe me, and I was too heart-sick to explain. In a short time, I heard his voice asking the servant if we were engaged, and regardless of consequences, I sent down word that I was too ill to see him, on that, the last evening we were to be together.

The next morning, before the ship sailed, I wrote a line to Mr. Roger Dermott, and returning a book which I had found awaiting me, I told him that he was free; our engagement was at an end. And, with quiet scorn, I warned him not to write to me, for if he did, I would burn his letters unopened. And Roger Dermott knew that I never broke my word. I slipped his ring into the envelope, and so, it was all over.

After that, we returned to our home in New York; and there the fever seized me. I went down to the gates of death, but my feet were staid at the portals; so I came back to life, with its duties and stern realities.

One blow followed another in quick succession. Hardly had I regained my strength, when my mother set forth upon that last lonesome journey that we all must take alone. With her dear hand in mine, I watched her as she "fell in sleep." She died unconscious of what had come between Roger and I, and our two names were the last upon her lips. Died! And we, who had always been together, were parted forever now!

I stood alone in the world. God help the poor woman who has that to say of herself, and with a woman's precarious chances of earning an honest livelihood. But, I was fortunate in finding a friend, and just at the blackest hour of my night, the hour before the day-dawn, just when my heart had failed me, and desolate and alone I felt "hedged in" by all the pitiless world, a kind hand was stretched out to save me from despair. An old-time friend of my father offered me the charge of a circulating library, and too thankful for words, I wrung his hand in gratitude, and turned my face in the direction of my work.

It was in the beginning of winter, and glad was I of the employment which would secure me from want during that inclement season, and I was ready for the hardest, most irksome task.

Mr. Lee, my employer, was a genial old gentleman, a perfect "book-worm," and I soon found my work engrossing. Among books I could not be very lonely, and so the days wore away, and at last I grew quietly happy.

Some three years had elapsed since my mother's death, when one day, going into an unused room, I stumbled over a small wooden box.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Lee, "if there isn't that box of second-hand books which I purchased two weeks ago! They comprise some valuable works, and are worth something."

So saying, he removed the lid from the box. I assisted him in assorting the contents. Almost the first volume I touched was a copy of Longfellow's poems, with Roger Dermott's name on the fly leaf. Well did I remember the book—which he had sent me the day before he had sailed for the Indies.

As I opened it, a folded paper fluttered from between the leaves to the floor. It was a letter addressed to me, in Roger's well-remembered hand. Trembling like a leaf, I read these words:

"DARLING MARIAN:—Forgive me if I do not come so early as usual to-night. Little Milly Dean has been ed me to do her a favor. The poor little girl has a lover, an honest, steady fellow, but her father, who is a hard-hearted old man, is opposed to the marriage, and as I have some influence with him, I have consented to try and induce him to consent. I send this note, darling, with the copy of Longfellow that I promised you. Please await patiently the coming of your ROGER."

The spring sunlight stole into the little room where I sat, stinging my own mad folly in the face. Bowing my head upon my clasped hands, I wept tears of bitter grief. So, we were separated forever, and in my mad blindness, had done it all!

Two weeks later I came back to the old home by the sea. Almost the first person I met was Roger Dermott, who had just returned from his voyage. I went swiftly up to him and sturdily trampling pride under foot, in a low, trembling voice I told him

the whole story, and begged him to forgive me.

Standing there in the sunset with the waters of the old ocean at our feet, Roger took my hand in his.

"Darling," he said softly, "of course you are forgiven. By my wife at once, and never doubt me again, Marian, never while you live!"

And standing there together, a happy faith and trust crept into our hearts—never to go away again—never any more.

## MISTAKEN IN ONE LETTER.

The Hotel Man Telegraphed for Cats and Got a Consignment of Cats.

Will Johnson, who was in charge of the Hotel Johnson during the absence of the proprietor, H. L. Johnson, who was at Atlantic City, says the Washington Post, received a dispatch from the latter which read:

"Ship forty cats at once."

Mr. Johnson was puzzled. He could not imagine what his relative could want with cats at Atlantic City, so he consulted with a few of his assistants, and the only solution they could arrive at was that rats must have been discovered in the Atlantic City hostelry. They unanimously decided, however, that it was theirs not to reason why; theirs but to get cats and ship them to Atlantic City without delay. A rush was made for all the establishments in town which deal in pet animals, but all the cats on hand were of the Maltese or Angora variety, and it was decided that they were too expensive. As a final result the genus boy was called into requisition, and before nightfall there were eighteen feline prisoners at the Johnson. There were no more in sight, though, so it was decided to ship the first installment that night and make a further consignment next day. A telegram was sent to Mr. Johnson at Atlantic City which announced:

"Shipped eighteen cats; more tomorrow."

Mr. Johnson has a reputation for wanting things in a hurry when he does want them, so his assistants at this end of the line returned well satisfied that they had acquitted themselves with great credit in a sudden emergency. Early the next morning another dispatch arrived which infused every one concerned with a desire to sneak away somewhere and begin life anew. It read:

"To Shanghai with your cats. It's cats, cats, cats!"

To complete the story it is only fair to state that Mr. Johnson writes a notoriously bad hand, and those interested here say the operator must have mistaken cats for cats.

## One Hundred Years Ago.

These were the wages in Delaware and Maryland 100 years ago: White laborers by the day, at any time of the year, 1 shilling 6 pence; free blacks, about 1 shilling; labor in harvest, 4 shillings, 6 pence; free blacks by the year, £8 8 shillings; hired slaves, £7 4 shillings; overseers, £22 10 shillings. All these workmen received board and lodgings besides. Canal diggers in those parts then had 46 shillings per month, with board, lodgings and all necessaries. The hired slaves received clothing also. The building of the city of Washington at that time raised mechanics' wages at Baltimore. Masons working at the new city received 6 to 7 shillings per day; carpenters, 4 shillings 9 pence to 6 shillings, and negro laborers 36 shillings per month, board and clothing.

## Woman Physician.

According to recent statistics there are about 2,000 women practicing medicine on the continent of North America of whom 130 are homeopaths. The majority are ordinary practitioners, but among the remainder are seventy hospital physicians or surgeons, ninety-five professors in the schools, 670 specialists for the diseases of women, seventy alienists, sixty-five orthopedists, forty oculists and aurists, and finally thirty electro-therapeutists. In Canada there is but one medical school exclusively devoted to the training of medical ladies, but in the United States in 1893 there were ten, one of them being a homeopathic establishment.

## Why so Called.

In modern music contralto is the voice intermediate in quality and range between soprano and tenor, having a usual compass of about two octaves, upward from the F below middle C; it is the lowest of varieties of the female voice. In medieval music, in which the melody was either in a middle voice or passed from one voice to another and utilized only male singers, the upper voice was naturally called altus. As music for mixed voices developed, that female voice which was nearest the altus, and thus most contrasted with it, was called contralto and alto.

## A Mild Insultation.

He wouldn't pay his board bill, but he fell in love with the pretty typewriter who paid hers promptly, and one of the boarders noted the tenderness of the two.

"Two hearts that beat as one," he remarked to the landlady.

"I hope not," she replied; the girl has always paid her bills."

## A White Negro Girl.

In Chambers county, Alabama, there resides a 16-year-old girl whose skin is as white and smooth as that of an Al-Nino. Nine years ago she was as black as the regulation negro; the change is the result of a skin disease called leucopathia.

## The Stars.

The most rapidly moving star known in space does not move along with one-thousandth part of the speed imparted to the light which it radiates, and by which alone we become aware of its existence.

## IDLE AND JOLLY HOBOES.

An American's Impression of the Lazzaroni Who Swarm in Naples.

"This country is doubtless overrun with tramps," said A. L. Lightburne, of New York, to a reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "but if you wish to see that class of people in all their glory you should pay a visit to Italy. Three years ago a friend and myself determined to spend a two months' vacation in that picturesque country. We landed at Naples, and, not being overburdened with cash, decided to depend on guide books, carry our own umbrellas and satchels, and ignore the lazzaroni, who we had been told besieged every traveler, insisting on performing even the most trifling service for him, for which he was expected to pay. The lazzaroni, however, had no notion of ignoring us. The moment we set foot upon the wharf we were surrounded by them. As my friend stooped to pick up his cane, which he had dropped, several articles fell from his breast pocket, among which was a revolver. A ragged fellow snatched it up and handed it to a gendarme, who gave it up on the payment of \$1. The carrying of weapons was forbidden in Naples.

"We started off in search of lodgings. A dozen or more dilapidated lazzaroni dogged our steps, importuning us to allow them to carry our luggage or direct us to a hotel. In despair we rushed into a cafe and spent three hours over our breakfast, hoping in this way to escape our persecutors. We were mistaken. No sooner did we emerge from our place of refuge than they came forth from their lurking place around the corner, and we got rid of them only when, after a long tramp, we found rooms to our liking. One of the most amusing sights I witnessed during my stay there was the street that is most favored by the lazzaroni. A long array of small furnaces extended along each side. Over each is a stew pan, and behind it a cook with an enormous ladle, ready at all hours to serve macaroni to customers. At first we wondered how people could live in such poverty, but, after a day or two, we wondered how they could help living. Food can be had for almost nothing. A third of a pair of trousers and a woolen cap is all they need in the way of clothing, and they live for the most part in the open air. They struck me as being the idliest and jolliest set of human beings I ever saw."

## POLITICS DIDN'T PAY.

The Barber Made a Big Mistake When He Ran for Office.

"Politics pretty hot up here, I suppose?" Inquired the man with the flannel shirt of the man who sat next him on the hotel settee.

"Oh, middlin'," replied the man who sat next. "There's a good big fight on in the Democratic party and some of the Republicans in the wards is scrapin' pretty lively for one office and another."

"I don't suppose," said the man with the flannel shirt, after a pause of a minute or so, "that they's a town in the state where politics gets so sizzlin' or so durn personal as they do in my place. It ain't a big town and the folks is most all farmers. They don't have nothin' to do in the winter and their thoughts jist naturally turn to politics. I'm a barber, and I tell you it was a sorry day for me when I went into it. I've got a little shop down there, and I had most of the men of the village to shave two or three times a week. I had always voted the Republican ticket, but I had never taken no interest in things and hadn't run for no office. One day last fall they was gittin' up the ticket down to the town hall and they was lackin' a man to run for inspector of election. Somebody—durn his skin, I wisht I knew who he was—said to put me on the ticket. They sent over to me and at first I said I wouldn't have anything to do with it. But they persuaded and, finally I said all right, I would go on.

"They fixed it up that way. As soon's it got round town that I was candidate for inspector of election every durn Democrat I was shavin' at my shop quit me cold. Those of them that couldn't shave themselves let their beards grow. When the campaign got along a little they quit speakin' to me. That shows jist how red hot and mean politics gets in small towns. But I got even with them."

"How was that?" asked the man of the settee.

"Why, you see, my father-in-law keeps the only butcher shop in the place, and he got so worked up about it that he wouldn't sell no Democrats any meat, so's they had to eat vegetables or drive ten miles after it.—Buffalo Express.

## Why Do Trees and Plants Grow Erect?

Exactly why trees and other plants grow erect has never as yet been definitely determined. Some of the scientists have given it as their opinion that the phenomena of erect growth was and is in some manner related to the action of light. That this hypothesis is untenable has recently been proven by Dr. Maxwell S. Masters of England, who has found that sprouts growing on green posts thousands of feet underground in the mines, always assume the erect attitude.

## Japanese Politeness.

Lady—The feet of the ladies of your country are compressed, I believe.

Japanese Attache—Oh, no, madam; that is a Chinese custom. We in Japan allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size (polltely)—not that they can ever hope to rival yours, madam.—Truth.

## The Real Sufferer.

He—I understand young Slimlet is suffering from mental weakness.

She—I'll bet a box of candy he doesn't suffer half as much from it as we do.

## A HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y. says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman druggist, Catskill, N. Y. says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at John L. Gale's drug store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00.

## 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.

# PHOENIX MILLS

Are running full blast and in better shape for business than ever before.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

## We Want Your Wheat and Buckwheat

AND WILL PAY HIGHEST CASH PRICES.

# J. H. SHACKLETON.

# Christmas IS SURE To Come

Most everyone is beginning to think what they will give to their friends on Christmas, and are already looking to see what will be suitable. If you will visit our store at Ypsilanti and see our stock of Watches, Clocks, Diamonds, Jewelry and Musical Goods. We can almost guarantee to suit you both in price and quality. We are carrying a larger line than ever, and as we are now buying most of our goods direct from the factories the goods you will see at our store will be fresh and new and prices very low.

# F. H. BARNUM & CO.,

129 Congress St., Ypsilanti.

# WOOD CISTERNS

We have not advertised wood cisterns for years. They seem to advertise themselves, for we have sold since 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, i. e.

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.

# The Markham Mfg Co.

W. F. Markham, Manager.

IF YOU WANT Painting, Papering, Decorating, Paints or Oils, You want the Best for Your Money. GO TO HASSINGER'S Plymouth, Mich. Main St.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

M. F. GRAY, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

The monotony of Japanese victories is unbroken by a single repulse. The Chinese armies seem to have been put on a pedestrian footing and imagine war is a running race.

The New York bridegroom who wanted the wedding to go on without him was probably the originator of the idea that "Hamlet" could be played with Hamlet left out.

The young czar is said to have been opposed, while still a czar, to the expulsion of the Jews. Whether the change of station will change his views is an interesting question.

TYPE-WRITING has been introduced in the Chicago public schools. The phonograph may follow as an aid to pronunciation, but there will still be an unsatisfied demand for an automatic speller.

The next time the New York police consider the subject of investing \$1,500 in persuading a dangerous witness to skip away to Chicago beyond the reach of the Lexow committee, they will probably think twice and conclude to let things take their course. The testimony of Mrs. Hermann has imparted this dear lesson.

The Vermont legislature proposes to give a sum, not exceeding \$600, to the first person resident in the state who shall prosecute for and recover the maple sugar bounty due him from the general government. Of course if the man prosecutes and fails he gets nothing. The Vermont Yankee is too shrewd to pay something for nothing.

ACCORDING to the royal custom in ancient Denmark, the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage feast, but in modern Russia the custom is reversed. They first hasten to hold festivities over the accession of the new czar, then more leisurely attend to funeral services for the dead. It is the wedding baked meats that coldly furnish forth the funeral feast.

The practical utility of the bacteriological work instituted by health authorities to detect diphtheria can best be appreciated by a realization of the fact that the average measurement of the germs of the disease is eight-tenths of 1-2500th of an inch. It is easy enough for such an infinitesimal amount of matter to escape ordinary scrutiny until it has done the mischief.

MR. GEORGE F. WATTS, painter of the picture, "Love and Life," the suggested hanging of which in the White house was objected to on the ground that the figures in it had a tinge of sensuality, says that they, the figures, are purely symbolical. That is a word which ought to relieve the difficulties of the critics, just as the old lady said that she was never attracted to religion until she heard that sweet word "Mesopotamia."

POSSIBLY three-fourths of the male riders of the wheel drop into the same position there that they occupy at the desk or other working place. Whether riding slow or fast, they lower their heads, hump their backs and otherwise cramp their positions. The result is compressed lungs, impaired breathing and a general lack of the highest benefits of their exercise. It is impossible that it should be otherwise. When great speed is to be attained the assumption of what has been called the wind-splitting position is necessary, but when wheelmen are out for health and pleasure they should assume erect positions.

PERMANGANATE of potassium, as an antidote for poison, is becoming almost as much of a fad among doctors as is "Sweet Marie" as an antidote for the blues among street gamins. Scarcely a medical journal can be found that does not on some one of its pages recommend permanganate of potassium as an arrester of the work of some deadly drug. Why not try the permanganate as a substitute for the Keeley cure? And possibly it would act as an antidote for the poison of laziness that prevents so many brilliant men from becoming millionaires. This permanganate of potassium is becoming a large factor in the American materia medica.

It is said that one hundred tons of cats' tails were recently sold in London to be used in making ornaments for women wearing apparel. The number of cats that had to die or be made bobtailed to gratify woman's love for fur decoration is estimated at 1,792,000. There is something incongruous in these facts or estimates and the other well-known fact that the great majority of the members of all humane societies is made up of women, and the great majority of women everywhere would faint at the sight of some monstrous man in the act of amputating that part of a cat's anatomy as necessary to it in pursuing a straight course as is the rudder of a ship.

It takes all sorts of literary critics to make a literary world, as is exemplified by the performance of the elderly radical, J. M. Ludlow of England, who pitches into Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" because it finds sublimity in leaving footsteps on the sand, like a gull or a crab, to be washed out by the next tide. This can only be matched by the same critic's objection to "Excelsior" because it calls upon the reader to admire a man climbing the Alps in the night time with a banner in his hand. All this is richness boiled down.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

"THE SICK GENERAL" AS A SERMON'S SUBJECT.

God Does Not Want This World to Be Full of Happiness, Lest We Should Want to Remain Here—The Sorrows of Every Life.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1901.—Here we have a warrior sick, not with pleurisy or rheumatism or consumption, but with a disease worse than all of these put together. A red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete disfigurement and dissolution. I have something awful to tell you. General Naaman, the commander in chief of all the Syrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his feet, on his entire person. The leprosy! Get out of the way of the pestilence! If its breath strike you, you are a dead man. The commander in chief of all the forces of Syria! And yet he would be glad to exchange conditions with the boy at his stirrup or the hostler who blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they cry out: "Is it possible that our great hero, who slew Ahab and around whom we came with such veneration when he returned from victorious battle—can it be possible that our grand and glorious Naaman has the leprosy?" Yes. Everybody has something which he had not. David, an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn to sting him; Job, carbuncles to plague him; Samson, a Delilah to shear him; Ahab, a Naboth to deny him; Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Washington, childlessness to afflict him; John Wesley, a tarmagantaim to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back; Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister; and you, and you, and you, something which you never bargained for, and would like to get rid of. The reason of this is that God does not want this world to be too bright; otherwise, we would always want to stay and eat these fruits, and lie on these lounges, and shake hands in this pleasant society. We are only in the vestibule of a grand temple. God does not want us to stay on the doorstep, and therefore he sends aches, and annoyances, and sorrows, and bereavements of all sorts to push us on, and push us up toward riper fruits, and brighter society, and more radiant prosperities. God is only whipping us ahead. The reason that Edward Payson and Robert Hall had more rapturous views of heaven than other people had was because, through their aches and pains, God pushed them nearer up to it. If God dashes out one of your pictures, it is only to show you a brighter one. If he sting your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an inextinguishable thirst, it is only because he is preparing to substitute a better than you ever dreamed of, when the mortal shall put on immortality. It is to push you on, and to push you up toward something grander and better, that God sends upon you, as he did upon General Naaman, something you do not want. Seated in his Syrian mansion, all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle; the corridors crowded with admiring visitors, who just wanted to see him once, music and mirth and banqueting filling all the mansion from tessellated floor to pictured ceiling, Naaman would have forgotten that there was anything better, and would have been glad to stay there 10,000 years. But O, how the shields dim, and how the visitors fly the hall, and how the music drops dead from the string, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with sepulchral bang as you read the closing words of the eulogium: "He was a leper! He was a leper!"

There was one person more sympathetic with General Naaman than any other person. Naaman's wife walks the floor, wringing her hands, and trying to think what she can do to alleviate her husband's suffering. All remedies have failed. The surgeon-general and the doctors of the royal staff have met, and they have shaken their heads, as much as to say: "No cure; no cure." I think that the office seekers had all folded up their recommendations and gone home. Probably most of the employees of the establishment had dropped their work and were thinking of looking for some other situation. What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a servant girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story; as sometimes, when overcome by the sorrows of the world, and finding no sympathy anywhere else, you have gone out and found in the sympathy of some humble domestic—Rose, or Dinah, or Bridget—a help which the world could not give you. What a scene it was: one of the grandest women in all Syria in cabinet council with a waiting maid over her shoulder, and the declining health of the mighty general! "I know something," says the little captive maid. "I know something," as she bounds to her bare feet. "In the land from which I was stolen there is a certain prophet known by the name of Elisha, who can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him right away." "Oh, hush!" you say. "If the highest medical talent in all the land can not cure that leper there is no need of your listening to any talk of a servant girl." But do not scoff, do not sneer. The finger of that little maid is pointing in the right direction. She might have said: "This is a judgment upon you for stealing me from my native land. Didn't they scotch me off in the night, breaking my father's and mother's heart? And many a time I have lain

and cried all night because I was so homesick." Then, flushing up into childish indignation, she might have said: "Good for them! I'm glad Naaman's got the leprosy. I wish all the Syrians had the leprosy." No. Forgetting her personal sorrows, she sympathizes with the sufferings of her master, and commends him to the famous Hebrew prophet.

And how often it is that the finger of childhood has pointed grown persons in the right direction. O Christian soul, how long is it since you got rid of the leprosy of sin? You say: "Let me see. It must be five years now." Five years. Who was it that pointed you to the divine physician? "O," you say, "it was my little Annie, or Fred, or Charley, that clambered on my knees, and looked into my face, and asked me why I didn't become a Christian, and all the time stroking my cheek, so I couldn't get angry, insisted upon knowing why I didn't have family prayers." There are grandparents who have been brought to Christ by their little grandchildren. There are hundreds of Christian mothers who had their attention first called to Jesus by their little children. How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the divine physician? "O," you say, "my child—my dying child, with wan and wasted finger, pointed that way. O, I never shall forget," you say, "that scene at the cradle and the crib that awful night. It was hard, hard, very hard; but if that little one on its dying bed had not pointed me to Christ, I don't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy." Go into the Sabbath school any Sunday and you will find hundreds of little fingers pointing in the same direction, toward Jesus Christ and toward heaven.

Years ago the astronomers calculated that there must be a world hanging at a certain point in the heavens, and a large prize was offered for some one who could discover that world. The telescopes from the great observatories were pointed in vain; but a girl at Nantucket, Mass., fashioned a telescope, and looking through it discovered that star and won the prize, and the admiration of all the astronomical world, that stood amazed at her genius. And so it often the case that grown people can not see the light, while some little child beholds the star of pardon, the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Bethlehem, the morning star of Jesus. "Not many mighty men, not many wise men are called; but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are." O, do not despise the prattle of little children when they are speaking about God, and Christ, and heaven. You see the way your child is pointing; will you take that pointing, or wait until, in the wrench of some awful bereavement, God shall lift that child to another world, and then it will beckon you upward? Will you take the pointing, or will you wait for the beckoning? Blessed be God that the little Hebrew captive pointed in the right direction. Blessed be God for the saving ministry of Christian children.

How the countrymen gaped at the procession passed! They had seen Naaman go past like a whirlwind in days gone by, and had stood agape at the clank of his war equipments; but now they commiserate him. They say: "Poor man, he will never get home alive; poor man!"

General Naaman wakes up from a restless sleep in the chariot, and he says to the charioteer: "How long before we shall reach the Prophet Elisha?" The charioteer says to the waisider: "How far is it to Elisha's house?" He says: "Two miles." "Two miles?" Then they whip up the lathered and fagged out horses. The whole procession brightens up at the prospect of a speedy arrival. They drive up to the door of the prophet. The charioteers shout: "Whoa!" to the horses, and tramping hoofs and grinding wheels cease shaking the earth. Come out, Elisha, come out; you have company; the grandest company that ever came to your house has come to it now. No stir inside Elisha's house. The fact was, the Lord had informed Elisha that the sick captain was coming, and just how to treat him. Indeed, when you are sick, and the Lord wants you to get well, he always tells the doctor how to treat you; and the reason we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their own strength and instructions, and not on the Lord God, and that always makes malpractice. Come out, Elisha, and attend to your business. General Naaman and his retinue waited, and waited, and waited. The fact was, Naaman had two diseases—pride and leprosy; the one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly in his house and does not go out. After awhile, when he thinks he has humbled this proud man, he says to a servant: "Go out and tell General Naaman to bathe seven times in the River Jordan, out yonder five miles, and he will get entirely well." The message comes out: "What!" says the commander-in-chief of the Syrian forces, his eye kindling with an animation which it had not shown for weeks, and his swollen foot stamping on the bottom of the chariot, regardless of pain. "What! Isn't he coming out to see me? Why, I thought certainly he would come and utter some cabalistic words over me, or make some enigmatical passes over my wounds. Why, I don't think he knows who I am. Isn't he coming out? Why, when the Shunamite woman came to him, he rushed out and cried: 'Is it well with thee?' is it well with thy husband? is it well with thy child? and will he treat a poor unknown woman like that, and let me, a titled personage, sit here in my chariot and wait, and wait? I won't endure it any longer. Charioteer, drive on! Wash in Jordan! Ha! ha! The slimy Jordan—the muddy

Jordan—the monotonous Jordan! I won't be seen washing in such a river as that. Why, I watered our horses in a better river than that on our way here—the beautiful river, the jasper-paved river of Pharrpar. Besides that, we have in our country another Damascus river, Abana, with foliaged bank, and torrent ever swift and ever clear, under the flickering shadows of sycamore and oleander. Are not Abana and Pharrpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

After all, it seems that this health excursion of General Naaman is to be a dead failure. That little Hebrew captive might as well have not told him of the prophet, and this long journey might as well not have been taken. Poor, sick, dying Naaman! Are you going away in high dudgeon and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment, his servants clamber up in it and coax him to do as Elisha said. They say: "It's easy. If the prophet had told you to walk for a mile on sharp spikes in order to get rid of this awful disease, you would have done it. It is easy. Come, my lord, just get down and wash in the Jordan. You take a bath every day anyhow, and in this climate it is so hot that it will do you good. Do it on our account, and for the sake of the army you command, and for the sake of the nation that admires you. Come, my lord, just try this Jordanic bath." "Well," he says, "to please you I will do as you say." The retinue drive to the brink of the Jordan. The horses paw and neigh to get into the stream themselves and cool their hot flanks. General Naaman, assisted by his attendant, gets down out of his chariot and painfully comes to the brink of the river, and steps in until the water comes to the ankle, and goes on deeper until the water comes to the girdle, and now standing so far down in the stream, just a little inclination of the head will thoroughly immerse him. He bows once into the flood and comes up and shakes the water out of nostril and eye; and his attendants look at him and say: "Why, general, how much better you do look." And he bows a second time into the flood and comes up, and the wild stare is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time into the flood and comes up, and the shriveled flesh has got smooth again. He bows the fourth time in the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored in thick locks again all over the brow. He bows the fifth time into the flood and comes up, and the hoarseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and anguish have gone out of the limbs. "Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will make a complete cure," and bows the seventh time into the flood and he comes up, and not so much as a fester, or a scale, or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him. He steps out on the bank and says: "Is it possible?" And the attendants look and say: "Is it possible?" And as, with the health of an athlete, he bounds back into the chariot and drives on, there goes up from all his attendants a wild, "Huzza! Huzza!" Of course they go back to pay and thank the man of God for his counsel so fraught with wisdom. When they left the prophet's house, they went off mad; they have come back glad. People always think better of a minister after they are converted than they do before conversion. Now we are to them an intolerable nuisance, because we tell them to do things that go against the grain; but some of us have a great many letters from those who tell us that once they were angry at what we preached, but afterward gladly received the gospel; at our hands. They once called us fanatics, or terrorists, or enemies; now they call us friends. Yonder is a man who said he would never come into the church again. He said that two years ago. He said: "My family shall never come here again if such doctrines as that are preached." But he came again, and his family came again. He is a Christian, his wife a Christian, all his children Christians, and you shall dwell with them in the house of the Lord forever. Our undying coadjutors are those who once heard the gospel, and "went away in a rage."

I suppose that was a great time at Damascus when General Naaman got back. The charioteers did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid; but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus, I think the people rushed out to hail, back their chieftain. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband; he was so wonderfully changed she had to look at him two or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out, clapping her hands and shouting: "Did he cure you? Did he cure you?" Then, music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away, that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and the feet went up and down in the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the news: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!" But a gladder time than that it would be if your soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swiftest white horses hitched to the king's chariot would rush the news into the eternal city. Our loved ones—before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your children on earth, with more emotion than the little Hebrew captive, would notice the change in your look and the change in your manner, and would put their arms around your neck and say: "Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O, Lord, God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

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**GRANDMA.**  
A stitch always dropping in the everlasting knitting. And the needles that I threaded, no, you couldn't count to day. And I've hunted for the masses till I thought my head was splitting. When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they lay.

**MY JO, JOHN.**  
BY HELEN E. MATHERS.

CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED.  
"John," said the poor woman, a moan breaking from the very depths of her heart, "where are you? Tom, Tom, we must go at once and find him!"  
"Fletcher and I have been looking for weeks," said Tom gravely. "We have communicated with the police, we have been to Scotland Yard, and everything short of advertising him has been done. He would never forgive us for doing that, if—" Tom hesitated, "he is alive."  
"Oh, my God!" cried Mary, like a wild thing. "It was all my doing. Mine—mine! He was ruined, and I behaved like a brute to him, and he thought I knew it, and that was why I left him!"  
"I am afraid that was so," said Tom sadly. "Mr. Goldworthy dropped a word or two to that effect, and you know how proud the old lad was—he could never have borne to live upon a woman."  
"Only that woman was his wife," said Mary, in agony. "I begin to understand now—and his letter. Oh! blind, blind!"  
She threw herself face downwards on the couch, trembling as if with ague, and Tom tried to soothe her. "Homeless, hungry, alone," she said "while I—"  
"Mother," said Tom, almost sternly, "you were not to blame. He did not tell you, and how were you to know? And his position with regard to Lady Blanche was equivocal enough to make any wife angry. Beasts!" he ejaculated with extraordinary vigour.  
"Who?" said Mary, lifting her pale face.  
"Her! She! That woman. I went up to the North to see her. She denied herself to me. I insisted. She declined. I sat in the hall six hours, and wore her patience out at last. She told me insolently that she knew nothing whatever of my father's movements."  
"Tom," said Mary, "what had she got on?"  
"I don't know the color, but next to nothing, as it was dinner time."  
"And do you think her so handsome?"  
"I think her a painted devil. Well, she swore she hadn't seen or heard from father since August, when he spent a few days at the castle. She scarcely hid her scorn of him as a broken-down gentleman who had bared her to extinction, and said insolently that father had been impertinent enough to associate her with his separation from his wife, and she had never been mixed up in affairs of that kind, and did not mean to be now."  
"So his cozy corner was made cold to him," said Mary almost unconsciously.  
"I told her straight that she and her cursed speculations had been the ruin of him," went on Tom, "and that though I had always heard her spoken of as the 'decoy duck,' I never knew how thoroughly applicable the term was to her, till I saw her. And I told her that the woman who went into the streets for a living was worth fifty such as she, who ruined and despoiled honest English gentlemen to pay for their luxuries and buy jewels to hide their brazen nakedness. And then I walked out."  
"Tom! Tom!"  
"And since then—but I have told you the rest."  
"I am coming with you, Tom," said Mary, getting up and reaching for her cloak. "Do you think I can eat, sleep and drink here while—"  
"What can you do, mother?" interrupted Tom, sadly. "You can't dress yourself in rags and exploit the East End, as Fletcher is doing now."  
"The East End? That awful place you call Whitechapel?" whispered Mary in horror-stricken accents.

"Yes—Fletcher thinks he's got a clue, and he's following it up like a bull dog. And Martha's helping him!" he added, with a rueful attempt at a laugh.  
"A clue?" said Mary, catching her breath, "and when will you know if it's a true one—to-night?"  
"I hope so—but I doubt it."  
Mary's face was turned toward the window, the blackness of which reflected the low couches, the flowers and the pictures in the room, reflected also Tom's figure and hers, as they stood together.  
As she looked, something seemed to come between them, and she gripped Tom's arm, pointing, with her other to the window.  
"There's someone outside," she said, in a voice entirely unlike her own, and in a second had dashed forward and was tearing at the wood and glass to get it open.  
"John!" she said, springing out into the dark after a dark something that eluded her.  
"John!"  
No man could have resisted such a cry, and the figure came back, a thing in rags, and stood before her the veriest scarecrow that ever appeared in a lady's presence.  
"Ma'am," it said, imploringly. It was Fletcher.  
Mary laughed with a laughter more dreadful than any tears. She seized him by the arm and dragged him into the warm, fragrant room, and demanded of him his news.  
"He is alive, ma'am," Fletcher said solemnly. "And he is well."  
"Thank God! Thank God!" and Mary's gasp relaxed and she stood alone. "Tell me quick. Where is he?"  
Fletcher shook his head. He was like the wraith of his respectable self, and yet he held his head up, and was very self still in all but appearance.  
"That I have not found out yet, ma'am," he said, "but I know the neighborhood he is in, and expect to find the house to-night or to-morrow."

Mary uttered a low moan of intense disappointment, much as a starving creature may to whose lips bread is approached only to be snatched away.  
"You followed up that clue we got yesterday?" said Tom swiftly.  
"Yes, Mister Tom. And last night about 7 o'clock, what seemed to be about his dinner time, poor soul! I saw him outside a dried-fish shop, looking in and considering what he'd buy, and at last he bought two bladders for a penny—bladders for dinner, Master Tom—bladders! The woman treated him as if he was a prince and wrapped them up very careful and he put them in his pocket and went on."  
"Was he—was he wrapped up?" said Mary, thinking of the sharp frost of these early November nights.  
"Not much," said Fletcher, hesitatingly, "but he was tidy, no rags, ma'am, and clean linen—you know he never forgot that if he did everything else, but his hat and boots were very shabby, and he walked a bit bowed like, as if he'd been sitting over his books a good while."  
"Go on," said Mary, almost fiercely.  
Presently he stopped at a book-shop—seems wonderful-like they should have book-shops in Whitechapel—and he stops, and he takes up first one, then another, lovingly, just as ladies take up their favorite flowers, and he fidgets about a bit, and he feels in his pockets and his face brightens up, and in he goes, and without any haggling, for he never could haggle, he buys a book for sixpence, and comes out with it, looking almost happy.  
"O, that 'almost!' Mary winced again.  
"Come, hurry up," said Tom impatiently.  
"And then he goes on again, into worse and worse neighborhoods, that I wouldn't have dared to tread on my own account, less I'd been in rags, and I see people nudging one another to look at him, for you don't see many gentlemen in those parts. But he'd no watch—there was nothing to steal, and he'd that look in his face that the smallest child 'ud trust, and I knew he was safe enough so I just followed on, and it seemed to me that he was going to stop at the mouth of a low alley, when he turned sharp around and saw me. Fletcher drew a deep breath, and an expression of acute pain crossed his face.  
"Before I could so much as speak, he waved me off quite wild-like. If he wasn't such an abominable gentleman, you'd have thought he'd been drinking, and 'Fletcher,' he says, 'I never sent for you—how dare you come spying after me?'  
"I begged and implored him to listen to me, but he didn't seem to hear, only says, 'Go home, and don't let me catch you here again! What business have you in those rags? Remember I left your mistress in your care, and I expect to be obeyed.' There was that flash in his eye, I don't stand up against it, so I just turned and went away, and then I made some inquiries—they took me a long time—but I'm pretty well sure I've found out the court he's in—Slum court it's called—and I'm going into every house in it, on one pretext or another, tonight, and now I must be going, as it's getting late!"  
Mary was calmer now, with a profound feeling that she might be happy, perhaps, by-and-by.  
"Tom," she said turning to him, "take me up to town at once, somewhere that Fletcher can come to and tell us if he is found to-night."  
Tom looked at his watch.  
"There is a train in three-quarters of an hour," he said. "Is there anyone to harness the pony to the carriage?"

"I will," said Fletcher promptly, and was shortly recognized and welcomed by Mayfly, who like most animals was not to be confused in a personality by a mere change of clothes.  
"You must eat something first, mother," said Tom as they crossed the hall to the dining room, where the table was already spread for dinner, delicately bright with its glass and silver, and the autumn leaves that made a crimson wreath round the candelabra with its white shades.  
"I am not hungry," said Mary, looking straight before her, and seeing instead a bare board, with a crust and a bit of dried fish upon it. "I have eaten too much and too long. I have eaten right through the time that he has starved!"  
She rang the bell and Polly came in.  
"I am going to town for a few days," she said, "put me up a hand-bag and a change of linen—quick."  
The pony carriage came round as if of its own accord just as the bag was ready. On going out Mayfly was discovered in sole possession, and Polly stared at mother and son drove away.  
But outside the gate, a scarecrow jumped up behind, and went all the way as far as the railway station, where it once more miraculously disappeared.  
"Fletcher," said Mary, turning her head once, "where is Martha?"  
"In Whitechapel, ma'am, in a decent lodging, and very comfortable she has made it. She sent you her duty, and was sorry to be away so long."  
Mary smiled into Tom's face in the dark, and Tom grinned back.

**CHAPTER XV.**  
The tallow candle wanted snuffing and John Anderson stretched his hand out for the snuffers.  
There were none, and he went on reading with difficulty, the light was so bad. But he persevered, perhaps because the page was so much pleasant to look upon than the squalid room, with its dirty, unwashed floor, its bulging, discolored walls, and a dismal ceiling that his head almost touched when he stood upright.  
A pallet, on which the linen was clean, a tub, a portmanteau that had seen better days, a jug and a basin, a saucepan, frying-pan and sooty kettle, with the chair and rude table at which he sat, completed the furniture of the room. This being almost at the top of the house, no blind was required, and indeed the blackness of the night made one, though through the obscured glass no diamond points of starlight could shine. It was close on midnight, but the miserable place was alive with shouts and voices, and heavy steps that stumbled and pounded on the crazy stairs. The only quiet spot in it was this little room upstairs, and John's privacy was not likely to be invaded, for, no matter what orgies or rows might be going forward, it was an understood thing that the "gentleman" was not to be disturbed.  
So that he had no occasion to lock his door, and when presently it opened, he did not look up, supposing it would close again when the intruder discovered his mistake.  
But the steps came right up to the table where he sat, and a loving young voice cried: "Dad!" and then choked as the tall, bent figure sprang up, and the two stood face to face.  
"Father," said Tom, all the color in his handsome young face, and tears in his eyes. "Oh! father how could you?"  
For a moment John's heart leaped, and the warmth of that young blood coursed through his veins as they gripped hands, then he drew himself up and said proudly:  
"And why are you here, Tom?"  
"Why?" said poor Tom. "Did you think that because you deserted us, we were going to desert you?"  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Nothing Unseen Among the Alps.**  
To-day, when every great peak has been thoroughly explored, when famous climbers have achieved the most difficult summits alone, or at least without professional guides, but few remain the mere ascent of which confers any brevet of distinction in this field of athletics. As in all professions, and in all sports which boast semi-professional experts, the standard has been raised. In order to take a high rank, or to "make a record," the aspirants for the honors of the Alpine club must traverse such peaks as the Matterhorn and descend on the opposite side, or across the Dom du Michabel, the highest peak on Swiss soil, which presents little difficulty until one descends the steep rock face above—aa. There are still a few summits left which are admitted to be somewhat "tough," and one of the most successful enthusiasts in the matter of rock peaks has recently given his verdict in favor of Chamonix as a happy hunting ground.—Scribner's Magazine.

**Musical Intelligence.**  
Gruff Old Gent. to duce—How's your sister coming on? I haven't seen her for a long time.  
Dude—Why, she's in Italy. She took the pwize at the conservatory of music in Rome.  
"Did she go to Italy to learn to play the piano?"  
"Yeah, sir."  
"Well, if she did that the Americans ought to give her another prize."—Texas Siftings.

**Coffin Wood is Mined.**  
Trees from which coffin wood is taken in Tonquin are mined instead of being taken from the living forest. They are found buried under a sandy soil.

**AN AID TO MILKING.**  
The Collegian's Advice to His Father Which Resulted Disastrously.  
A college student in one of our Western states had returned home after his course was finished to find that his father, a clergyman with a small salary, was eking out his living by running a small farm. One of the adjuncts of the farm was a cow, a pretty good animal, which, however, had a strong aversion to being milked.  
Here was an opportunity for a display of the juvenile collegian, says the Voice.  
"Father," said he, "Professor G— says if one will place a weight upon a cow's back it will make her give down the milk."  
The reverend gentleman, favorably impressed with this information that his son had learned from Professor G—, decided to try the simple remedy. Instead, however, of placing a weight upon the cow's back, the collegian placed himself upon it. But then he answered the purpose. The cow, however, was still obstinate. "Tie my legs under the cow," said the father to his son.  
The son did so. But the cow, unused to such unusual and arbitrary proceedings, manifested her displeasure by rearing and plunging, entirely unmindful of the dignity of the personage astride her spinal column. It was getting altogether too interesting for the two bipeds concerned in the transaction.  
"Cut the rope! Cut the rope!" shouted Mr. V— to his dutiful son, meaning the rope by which he was attached to the cow.  
But the son, being somewhat excited, cut the rope by which the cow was fastened to the stallion. At once availing herself of the liberty thus offered, the cow took an unceremonious exit from the stable, and down the street she went. The minister accompanied the cow, but in a manner not exactly befitting the dignity of his profession.  
As it happened, one of the sisters of the congregation was on the street as the race was in progress. Surprised at such a sight the good sister cried out: "Why, Brother V—, where are you going?"  
His sense of the ludicrous coming to his aid, Brother V— shouted back: "The Lord and the cow only know, I don't!"  
The clergyman was eventually rescued from his awkward perch, and never attempted the feat again.

**HE JERKED HIS HEAD.**  
How a Florida Groom Responded to the Interrogatories of the Notary.  
It was a bashful young couple that appeared at the office of the county judge and applied for a marriage license, says the Florida Times-Union. The usual questions as to age, etc., were asked by Mr. Summers, the obliging clerk, and upon being answered in a satisfactory manner they were furnished with the document required to perfect their happiness. The groom then asked Mr. Summers, who is a notary public, if he would marry them, to which he replied that he would. Mr. Summers, seeing the bashfulness of the young couple, with great thoughtfulness shut the door and locked it, but he was not quick enough to keep out the reporter, who had "caught on" to the affair. The couple ranged themselves up in front of the railing and Mr. Summers commenced the ceremony. While he was going through the form the groom looked at the bride, who would drop her eyes, and then both would smile and give each other a slight pressure of the hand. When Mr. Summers arrived at that part of the ceremony where the groom is asked if he will take the bride for better, for worse, etc., he looked at the bride, gave a little grin and then looking at Mr. Summers gave a couple of quick jerks of the head. "You must say, 'I will,'" said Mr. Summers, and after looking at the bride again the groom ejaculated: the necessary sentence. The bride was more prompt with her answer and the ceremony proceeded without further incident.  
Mr. Summers then gave them a certificate of marriage and the pair went out of the office swinging hands and "looking words of love."

**An Explanation.**  
Mrs. Hasdust—That Mrs. Uppercrust called to-day and left her card with "P. P. C.," marked on the corner. I wonder what it means.  
Mrs. Rollinwealth—Oh, I believe she is going out of the city and she wants you to know that she is going to travel in a Pullman palace car. The vulgarity of some folks is just terrible!

**A Modern One.**  
Snip—I don't like that girl. She's always giving a fellow taffy.  
Clip—Regular made of Orleans, isn't she?

**HUMAN SACRIFICES IN RUSSIA.**  
Vain Attempts to Abolish Such Savagery.—Revelations of a Newspaper.  
It is probably known to few people that the practice of sacrificing human lives under certain conditions still exists in parts of the empire of Russia. The government and the orthodox church have attempted in vain to stop the inhuman practice, but up to the present time they have been unsuccessful. Revelations regarding the custom were made in recent issues of the Gazette of Yakootsk, Siberia. It prevails among a sect known as the "Tshukshien," not far from that city. Old people past the biblical limit as to age, and sick ones, tired of life, offer themselves as the sacrifices. When a "Tshukshie" decides to "offer himself up," he sends word to all his relatives, friends and neighbors, who visit him and try to persuade him to change his intentions.  
But prayers, upbraiding, threats are useless in such a case, and the fanatic prepares for his end. The friends and relatives leave his house and return in ten to fifteen days, bringing the death candidate white clothing and several weapons with which he is supposed to defend himself in the other world against evil spirits and shoot reindeer. After completing his death toilet the candidate takes his place in a corner of his house or hut. About him gather his relatives, who offer him the choice of three instruments of death, a knife, a spear, and a rope. If he chooses the knife, two friends hold his arms while a third plunges the blade into his breast. Practically the same thing is done if he decides to die by the spear. When he prefers the rope two of those present place it about his neck and strangle him to death. A cut is then made in the breast to let the blood flow out. All those present sprinkle their hands and faces with the blood, believing that it will preserve them from evil and bring them fortune.  
The body, after the ceremony is placed on a sled, which is drawn by a reindeer, to the "cremation hill," near the village. The neck of the animal is cut at once upon arrival at the place. The body is stripped of clothing, which is then cut in small pieces and placed on the altar with the man or woman. During the cremation the "mourners" utter prayers to the spirits, begging them to watch over these mortals still left on the earth. This custom has been followed by the sect for centuries.

**A Pointed Analogy.**  
A young man of this city has attracted some attention among his acquaintances by his frugal habits—to describe them by a gentler word than is employed by his less considerate critics. One of his friends undertook to convince him that his view of life was mistaken.  
"You are wasting your time and energy in the pursuit of a mere shadow. You ought to enjoy life."  
"But I do enjoy life," insisted the thrifty youth.  
"Not as you could. You are wasting golden moments on the apprehensions of the future. This talk about putting something by for a rainy day is all nonsense."  
"Don't you believe it," was the earnest rejoinder. "That's what Noah's neighbors used to say when he was building the ark."—Washington Star.

**Lamp Shades.**  
An English electrical firm is introducing some striking novelties in electric lamp shades. These shades are made of a specially selected description of natural feathers, dyed in choice tints, and arranged in artistic shapes and combinations of color. Among other beautiful designs of shades for floor and table lamps are the representations of various kinds of flowers, made separately and grouped together on skeleton frames. The result is an entire departure from the hackneyed style of silk and lace shades now in vogue. The general construction of the shades is protected by a patent, and every design is registered. It is a noteworthy fact that the designer of nearly all the patterns is a young woman, who derives an excellent income from her work.

**Doting Parent—Mildred, I don't like to see you moping about the house as if you had lost all ambition. Rouse yourself. Now I know that all you want is will power, and—**  
**Indignant Daughter—Will Power? Mamma, I don't care two straws for him!**

**Speed of a Shot.**  
According to an observer it took ten seconds for an 180-pound shot to reach a target two miles and one-half from the gun, charge not stated. This is an average velocity of 1,320 feet per second.

**Consumption**  
was formerly pronounced incurable. Now it is not. In all of the early stages of the disease

**Scott's Emulsion**

will effect a cure quicker than any other known specific. Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy lung-tissue, relieves inflammation, overcomes the excessive waste of the disease and gives vital strength.

For Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Anemia, Loss of Flesh and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Buy only the genuine with our trademark on salmon-colored wrapper.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.

## OUR OWN VILLAGE.

WHAT IS GOING ON AMONG PEOPLE ON THE OUTSIDE

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

Jubilee Singers tomorrow night. Bert Berdan was home over Sunday. Horses to board on the Fairman farm. Look over our advertisers for holiday goods.

"Jack" Holloway dropped into town Friday night.

N. W. West, of Caro, spent a few days in town this week.

Mrs. Henry Shade, of Grandin, Dakota, is visiting in town.

Miss Mabel Spicer, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Detroit.

Drs. Mixer will be here Tuesday, Dec. 4th, at the home of Henry Safford.

WANTED—Clean white cotton rags. Will pay 5 cents per lb. 376-380 The MARKHAM MFG. CO.

Free consultation and examination by Drs. Mixer, at Henry Safford's house, Dec. 4th.

J. O. Eddy was in the city Tuesday. J. O. says the wooden man is "out of sight" as a curiosity.

The ladies of the Maccabees will give a Thanksgiving ball at the Penniman hall, Thursday evening, Nov. 29th. Everybody invited.

We are pleased to report that Ed. Hough, who has been confined to the house with a severe cold, is rapidly gaining and will be around in a few days.

Next Thursday being Thanksgiving day, it will be observed with the usual service in one of our churches. Rev. Mr. Huntington will preach the sermon, in the M. E. church.

The date of the concert to be given by the B. Y. P. U. in the village hall, is set for Friday evening, Dec. 7th. Everything promises an entertainment of rare excellence. Watch for the programs next week.

Chas. Carpenter, who has been visiting J. O. Eddy's family for some time, left Wednesday for Alexandria, South Dakota. Charlie made many friends while here who will be pleased to welcome him back any time.

On another page will be found one of the most liberal offers ever given to subscribers. The MAIL and the Illustrated Home Guest, both one year, and twenty complete novelettes all for only \$1.20. Subscriber paid up for one year or who will pay balance necessary to credit one year ahead can have Home Guest and Novelettes for 25 cents. If you take advantage of the offer at once the MAIL will be sent for balance of 1894 free.

Madam Belleron, the celebrated musical directress, under the management of Jos. A. Germain, will open a musical convention at the W. C. T. U. hall, Northville, commencing Monday evening, Nov. 20th. Admission will be free and voices tested without charge. The lady is a graduate of the conservatory at Leipsic, Germany, and Paris, France. All persons interested in music are cordially invited to attend. Plymouth people are especially invited.

Drs. Mixer, the well known cancer and blood disease specialists, will be at Mr. H. H. Safford's house, Plymouth, on Tuesday, December 4, instead of the Berdan or Commercial House as announced in their paper, "The Truth", and all persons so afflicted should not fail to see them. Thirty years experience makes them the most successful physicians in the state, in their work. They are endorsed by many popular M. D.'s, and come not to humbug the people, but to do them good. A consultation will cost you nothing and may be of great benefit. Call early and avoid the waiting.

Donations seem to be the order of the day, and are placed with an observing eye and bountiful hand where they will do the most good. On Saturday night the ministering angels of all good and kindly things, with some of the sterner sex to help keep piece, invaded the home of Miss Angeline Burd, filled it with their presence, and her kitchen with their generous and substantial gifts. To say that Miss Angeline was surprised is to mildly state an immense thing, while her friends enjoyed her excitement and unspeakable thanks. That Sunday took her nearer heaven than she had been for some time before, while the prayers and songs of her patrons were the sweeter and tenderer for their Christian act.

The "Ladies' Minstrel Entertainments" in village hall, Thursday and Friday evenings, Dec. 13 and 14, deserve to be well patronized not only because they are given for the purpose of creating a fund to buy a fire alarm, but also from the fact that the ladies are sparing no pains nor expense to make them grand successes. New costumes have been purchased for the entire company of thirty members, the music is new and catchy and the choruses exceptionally fine. The program will include several dances and a drill under management of Prof. Goerner, of Detroit. This drill by the company will undoubtedly be one of the finest ever given in our town. A "Ladies' Minstrel Entertainment" is a somewhat new departure in the line of minstrelsy, but those given by the young ladies of Grand Rapids, Ypsilanti, Jackson and other places have proved grand successes, and certainly our young ladies are not below the average in talent and originality.

# LOTS OF REASONS

WHY YOU SHOULD TRADE WITH RIGGS.

We give you More Value for your money than any store in the country. We carry a Larger and Better Line to select from. We crowd More Value into our prices than the rest do. Compare and see if we don't.

**MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS**  
5, 7, 8, 10, 12, 15 and 18 Dollars

Matchless Values. New Fashions. Only here you get the Latest Styles

**BOYS' SUITS AND OVERCOATS**  
2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 Dollars

Newest Patterns in honest reliable All Wool materials. Warm, Double-Breasted Coats. Pants all double silk sewed, dependable and full of value. No old stuff here.

**SEE OUR LADIES' UNDERWEAR**  
24c, 35c, 50c, 75c, 89c, \$1.00

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

See Our Great Line of **MEN'S UNDERWEAR.**  
25c, 39c, 50c, 69, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50

See our great line of Boots, Shoes, Felt Socks and Rubbers.

See our line of stiff and soft Hats and Caps. See our great line of Gloves and Mittens, more than all the rest put together, at half the price. No old stuff in our store.

**NOBBY YOUNG MEN'S SUITS & OVERCOATS**  
5, 7, 8, 10 and 12 Dollars

Cut, Made and Finished at the light of fashion. Swell Suits—right up to custom made for half the custom price.

See our line of Children's Underwear.

Remember it pays to trade at the Busy Big Store.

Wm. H. Ambler, of Northville, was in town Thursday.

Don't forget the Jubilee Singers on Saturday evening.

Thanksgiving services will be held in the M. E. church.

Mr. E. A. Petrequin, of Detroit, spent Sunday at Plymouth, the guest of Mr. T. C. Sherwood.

Mrs. M. E. Loud and Mrs. E. Martyn, of Meads Mills, spent Sunday with Mrs. G. R. Patterson.

The Baptist ladies are arranging a fine program for their concert. They should receive a large patronage.

Pastor Oliver invites all young people to join his Bible class in the M. E. Sunday school. Try it for a Sunday and see if it is not the best place to spend a half hour.

Henry Whipple received a consignment of deer on Thursday morning from Ogemaw County. There were seven of them and they were fine specimens too. Messrs. Whipple and Root left here two or three weeks ago for a hunt and the indications are that they have enjoyed considerable sport.

Jolliffe Bros., finding the milk trade dull in the city, have contracted their milk for the winter months with the Michigan Condensed Milk Co., to be delivered at Howell. They make their first shipment this Friday, Nov. 23rd, to continue until March 1st.

J. H. Bagley, who conducted the meat market with Mr. Merritt, for the past year, returned to Detroit Monday. Mr. Bagley won for himself while here, the reputation of being a first-class butcher, and by his gentlemanly manners in the shop made many friends. Our best wishes go with you friend Bagley.

The Brighton Express has given up the ghost and moved to Northville. The Express was a neat, pesky sheet and deserved the full patronage it was promised when it located at Brighton. Editor Keyes is a hustling newspaper man of no mean ability and has always published a paper worthy of a place in every home where published. He goes to Northville to buck against Editor Neal. We trust they may both grow "fat," but we do not think they both can live there and roll in riches. Mr. Keyes says he has good inducements and is willing to take his chances. We will watch the results with interest. Go it.

Tuesday was a gala day for the Good Templars of the Detroit district. They met at Plymouth early Tuesday morning and all day the air was full of Good Templary. Nor did it lessen at evening, for the M. E. church was three fourths full to listen to a program that received merited praise. If what was shown on Tuesday is any criterion of the order in other places they are indeed a happy lot all round. They are working for a noble cause and their members greatly increase every year.

The entertainment given at Newburg Hall last Saturday evening was a grand success. Attorney Stiney, of Detroit, delivered a fine address on "Advantages and Disadvantages of a Higher Education." Hon. T. C. Sherwood entertained them very pleasantly on "A Trip to California." Grandpa's quartet captured the house. The singers were grandfathers indeed and not one was under fifty years. A quartet from Plymouth sang a medley and were loudly applauded. "Bob" Rutter made them happy with one of his songs. Forest Smith occupied the chair.

**Health is Economy.**

A well man can do as much work as two men who are "under the weather," and do it better. A box of Ripans Tablets in the office will save clerk-hire.

**ROBERT PARKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**

Will be at Justice I. F. Childson's office, Plymouth, every Saturday, for the purpose of transacting all kinds of legal business.

We carry the finest line of violins in the city. Try our strings and you will always buy of F. H. Barnum & Co., Ypsilanti.

### THE SHOPS AGAIN.

Ever since the Plymouth air rifle shops were burned to the ground, Plymouth people have seemed to hang on to the idea that they would not under any circumstances be moved away but would rebuild on the old foundation. That such an idea is erroneous can readily be seen, from the facts as given in the MAIL heretofore. Monroe, Milford, Wayne and other places have learned of the inability of the company to rebuild without a bonus, and have sent representatives and otherwise communicated with the company as to their requirements to locate at either of the places. Wayne has probably been more pronounced in its determination to secure the firm than the others. But it has ceased to be a "nine days wonder" with Plymouth, and the people have awakened to the fact that they must act at once and with earnestness if they don't want to lose one of their laurels. The MAIL has continually urged the necessity of the village taking some action and will continue to do so until the matter is finally decided.

Now, what does this company want? \$3,000 great big dollars. Well, what will they give in return for it? A guarantee, backed up by good security, that they will employ from 25 to 30 men the year round for three years, then the guarantee to cease to be a virtue. Is it a fair and square deal? Is it worth going after? Does Plymouth want it? Decidedly so. But how do we account for its being worth that amount of money? Simply this way: If the company furnishes security, acceptable to the council, for \$3,000, what more can be asked? Is the event of their being a failure, the village will be nothing out if the security is pure linen, which it no doubt, would be. Then, again, if an industry employing 25 or 30 men the year round can be secured for \$3,000, should it not be secured? If 1,000 men could be put at work in Plymouth at the same ratio, it would be as wise an investment as our water works, which we would not give up for a peep at the Empress Dugway of China (and money cannot buy that).

On the other hand will the people vote \$3,000 to this company? We do not think so for several reasons. But we do think they would vote \$1,500 or \$2,000. The council, however, have acted very cautiously in the matter and will not act in the direction of calling a special election until they have been thoroughly convinced that a majority of the taxpayers want it so.

### BUSINESS MEN—A WORD.

When we came here some ten months ago we made the assertion that we would not carry any outside advertising that would have any weight towards injuring the business of our merchants. It is needless to say that we have kept faith in that respect. But we made a proviso in our assertion as above, and that was "that in the event of our not securing home advertising enough to make it an object to reject outside ads., we would take outside advertising." We are sorry to say that the latter has been the case and we have necessarily been forced to call on our job work funds to support the paper. This we do not purpose doing in future.

We have had propositions from responsible firms in near-by towns that are all any publishers could ask, and we have rejected them. If Plymouth's business men think it does not pay to advertise, they cannot blame us for accepting those who do think so. To some of our business men we are greatly indebted for continuous advertising, and we regret that we cannot protect them fully. We feel sure they will not chastise us for accepting other ads., as we have personally explained the matter to them. We now have an ad' proposition from a firm in Ypsilanti, dealers in dry goods, carpets, curtains, etc., that we are compelled to accept unless we are patronized by home merchants. The letter is in our office and can be seen by calling here, as are others. Business men are you going to support a home paper? or are you going to let outsiders do it? Think it over, and if you decide to let Plymouth be for Plymouth, give us your ad and we will stand by you and reject all others.

Souvenir spoons and other novelties in sterling silver at F. H. Barnum & Co., Ypsilanti. Read F. H. Barnum & Co.'s advertisement.

### W. C. T. U.

We are glad to be able to state that Rev. Anna Shaw will give a lecture here, Monday evening, Dec. 17th. Subject, "The America Undiscovered by Columbus." Miss Shaw is so well and favorably known here that we bespeak for her a full house.

At the National Convention of the W. C. T. U. held, during the past week, in Cleveland, the attendance was the largest ever known. At the meeting of the executive committee, Illinois reported an increased membership of 600, and North Dakota 400. In her address, the president, Miss Francis E. Willard, congratulated the audience upon the fact that the organization had reached its 21st birthday, and then reviewed, at length, the progress made. At the convention in Cleveland, 20 years ago, but half a dozen state unions were represented. To-day there are more than 50, and the single national union has extended to 49 nations and provinces. The effects of the use of alcoholics and tobacco are taught in the public schools of all the 50 states and territories except five. In New Zealand, Colorado, and Kansas, where women have the ballot, the effect of their influence has been strongly detrimental to the legal and social position of the saloon. The age of consent has been raised in English speaking countries till its average is now 16 instead of 10. Miss Willard concluded her address of nearly two hours duration with a resume of the present condition of the organization. She said it had made a better showing in its aggregate membership and in the gifts received this year than last, a remarkable token of the vitality of the movement in a period of unequalled financial depression. "God speed," she said, "the future of the movement."

Sup't Press Work.

Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry at F. H. Barnum & Co.'s, Ypsilanti.

### A HUGE PILE OF CONFEDERATE MONEY.

\$80,000,000 of Bills Issued by the Departed Nation Shipped to Atlanta.

Eighty million dollars in bills were shipped to Atlanta yesterday, the mammoth packages of money filling five large dry goods boxes and making in all more than a dray load. None of the bills are current however, as they represent "nothing in God's earth now and naught in the waters below it." They were Confederate bills of the rarest type.

The huge pile of genuine confederate money was shipped here from Richmond, Va., the former capital of the confederacy, and is now the property of Mr. Chas. D. Barker, No. 90 S Forsyth street, this city. The money is of every denomination issued by the departed nation, and in the big collection are bills of the rarest type. There are bills issued during every year of the war. Thousands of them are very valuable as relics, but the great number of them Mr. Barker has on hand will make them so common as to bring but little on the market.

This eighty millions of dollars of confederate money has been all along supposed to have been destroyed. This is undoubtedly the largest lot of confederate money in the world.—Atlanta, Ga., Constitution, June 4th.

### TO VISIT PLYMOUTH

THE GREAT DOCTORS WILL SPEND A DAY WITH THEIR PATIENTS HERE.

To be at Henry H. Safford's House on Tuesday, December 4th. Be Sure And Call.

Dr. Mixer regrets his inability to be accommodated at the hotels of Plymouth, the Berdan House having been closed and the Commercial being so far from the village proper, but he will be pleased to entertain his patients at Henry H. Safford's house on Tuesday, Dec. 4th, where consultation and examination can be had free. The ability of Drs. Mixer in their profession as specialists in cancers, tumors, ulcers, goitre, catarrh, fever sores and all blood diseases, is positively proven by the many remarkable testimonials published in their paper, "The Truth," from physicians, clergy and well known people throughout the state. Call at John Gale's or Chaffee, Hunter and Luffler's and ask for Dr. Mixer's paper, "The Truth," and read for yourself. The above druggists will hereafter handle Drs. Mixer's C. & S. S., the greatest blood purifier in the world.

Mandolins, Guitars, Banjos and Auto Harps of the best American makes, at low prices at F. H. Barnum & Co.'s, Ypsilanti.

### Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke your Life away

's the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless guaranteed tobacco habit curer. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't, runs no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac." Sold by John L. Gale. Books at Drug Stores or by mail free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

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.

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STATE OF MICHIGAN. In the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne. In re: *Belia Patton vs Adam Patton*. It is satisfactorily appearing to this Court, by affidavit on file, that defendant is not a resident of this State. On motion of William B. Jackson, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that defendant appear and answer the bill of complaint in this cause within four months from this date and in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed.

WILLARD M. LILLEBRIDGE, Circuit Judge.

WM. B. JACKSON, Complainant's Solicitor. Dated November 10th, 1894.

STATE OF MICHIGAN. In the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne. In re: *Margaret White, complainant vs Solomon H. Whit, defendant*. It is satisfactorily appearing to this Court by affidavit on file that defendant is not a resident of this State but is a resident of Amherstburg, Ontario. On motion of William B. Jackson, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that defendant appear and answer the bill of complaint in this cause within four months from this date and in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed.

WM. B. JACKSON, ROBERT E. FRAZER, Complainant's Solicitor. Circuit Judge. Dated November, 18th, 1894.

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