

The Plymouth Mail.

VOLUME VIII, NO. 13.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

WHOLE NO. 377

OUR GIRL MINSTRELS.

AN ENTERTAINMENT THAT PROMISES TO BE THE BEST EVER GIVEN.

To Miss it Would be Missing a Rare Treat.—The Girls Show an Interest in the Village

On the evenings of Thursday and Friday, December 13 and 14, will be given an entertainment that promises to be a rare treat. Plymouth numbers among its fair sex some who have lofty ideas, and, what is of greater import, the carrying into effect and bringing to a full focus that which is imagined.

Now, girls are a very secret lot—especially in this case—for to gain the least bit of information relative to the minstrel show, is harder than stealing a kiss from "their ruby, ruby lips." Suffice it to say, however, that the novel form of entertainment, so successful in some of the neighboring cities, promises to be a great success here.

When the curtain rolls up a scene will be presented that will eclipse anything ever presented here. We are informed that the musical program is progressing finely under the able management of Miss Helen Sherwood, as also are the several dances and the drill under the instruction of Prof. Goerner, of Detroit.

We presume that some of our girls will show us how simple it is to get out and step off a "hoe-down" and all the other items that constitute a minstrel show.

However, we do not know any more about the program than the man in the moon, but the girls assure us that everything will be up to date, and old heads will get many pointers by attending.

The proceeds will be given towards the purchase of a fire alarm. The girls have this much to their credit. They know what is wanted in the village and they know the best way to get it.

Neighboring towns want the girls to visit them, but they will not go on the road this season. A large number from Detroit and other places will be present. While the girls feel sure that they could crowd the house both nights at "city prices," yet they will confine themselves to the usual popular prices of 25 and 35 cents.

One of Lansing's Ladies Uses Strong Words Regarding Dr. Mixers' Ability to Cure.

LANSING, Oct. 30, 1894.

Dr. Mixer, Hastings, Mich.: I am only too glad to write you of myself, that all may know of your ability to cure. It was over 12 years ago that I had a terrible scrofula sore or abscess on my limb above my knee, which ate away the flesh very rapidly. I could easily lay my hand in the sore, it was so large. (I was then living at Adrian with my mother, Mrs. J. R. Jones.)

I suffered untold agony for several months, during which time I was treated by Drs. Stephenson & Hull, of Adrian, Drs. Barker & Armstrong, of Toledo, Dr. Porter, of Detroit, and McLean, of Ann Arbor. There was eleven pieces of bone removed from my leg at different times. Dr. McLean said the bone should be scraped, which was done, but proved no benefit. At last all the doctors said my limb must come off or I would surely die. I positively refused, and told them when it went I should go too.

I had learned of Dr. Mixers' great success as cancer and blood disease specialists, and thought, as a last resort, would try them. I commenced using their C. & S. S., with other medicine for local use they prescribed, and when I had used 12 bottles I was a sound woman and my sore limb as strong as the other, and I have never been troubled since with any blood trouble. I now wear some terrible scars to remind me of my great suffering and that it was Dr. Mixer who saved my life.

I also know that they cured Mrs. Frankie Smith about the same time, who lived with my mother at Adrian, Michigan, of a bad cancer on her face that entirely destroyed her nose. She now wears an artificial nose, is a strong healthy woman, lives at Weston, Michigan, and has never been troubled with it since. No one can tell me that Dr. Mixer, of Hastings, can not cure with their great medicine, C. & S. S. It is the greatest blood purifier in the world, and I will be glad to tell anyone in person, of all I know regarding these and other cures.

I am very respectfully,
Mrs. Joseph Sharlow,
423 Pennsylvania Avenue north,
Lansing Michigan.—Lansing Rep.
Dr. Mixer will be at Mr. H. H. Sanford's house, (three doors from Matt. office,) for free consultation and examination on Tuesday, December 4th.

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.

Social Reforms

There seems to be an epidemic of social reform about to sweep over the country. Law and order, good government, anti-gambling societies, and various organizations under different names for the suppression of some particular evil or numerous evils en masse, are being formed in all our cities by the "better elements" of society. They hope to create a more pure moral atmosphere, and there is no doubt that the various state legislatures will be numerously petitioned to enact more strenuous measures, while public officials will be urged to more thoroughly enforce the laws for the control, restriction or eradication of the many and various evils which afflict the body politic. These reformers have conceived the idea that vice has attained such magnitude that no one is safe from the corrupting influences of its many sided allurements and something must be done.

While it is fair to presume that the majority of those who engage in this work of reform are sincere in their intentions and efforts, it is quite probable that most of them will deal with effects instead of causes, and that very little actual reform will be made.

If for instance the "anti-gambling society" confine their efforts to the betting over card tables and in pool rooms while they may be successful in driving these particular forms of gambling from certain localities they will be sure to flourish with additional force in others, or appear in the original localities in another form. But should the members of the society give attention to all forms of gambling whether it is known by that or some other name and thoroughly investigate all the methods by which people get something for nothing from other people, they may eventually discover the cause and be in a position to suggest a cure. These occasional skirmishes between the moral and immoral elements only serve to call the attention of societies at large more directly to the multifarious evils which permeate all classes in some form, but before they can be adequately dealt with, it must be understood that they are resorted to less from the choice of total depravity than from the necessity of environment.

The production of the necessities and comforts of life is practically unlimited while consumption is limited. All departments of the industry are vast overcrowded, and the surplus workers are under the necessity of getting a living in any way they can whether moral or immoral. The evils grow in the ratio that the surplus workers increase in number, and while the evils may be temporarily repressed in one locality they will correspondingly protrude in another.

The first conditions requisite to permanent reform is the removal of temptation and opportunities, but under present environments where more and still more people are forced to obtain a living by disreputable means, reform is so handicapped that it can only create a little ripple on the surface of society without permanent good. With a co-operative system of society, the proper material wants of all would be supplied, while the opportunity of acquiring wealth by immoral means would be entirely removed. It is probable that prostitution in all its public and private forms now includes nearly one half of the female urban population, but how many of this vast number would debase themselves under a system in which necessity did not push and mammon did not beckon? Enact the laws you will, enforce them as strictly as you may, but as long as you deal with effects instead of causes, moral principle which does not feed, shelter or clothe, can make no headway against money which does. It is hoped that these reformers will more earnestly investigate causes, and should they do so, there is no doubt they will discover the remedy in socialism.

W. C. T. U.

The Union Signal of Nov. 22nd says: "According to the United States census 2,647,157 women are wage earners. But where are the data which will tell of the work of the other millions of wives and mothers whose never ending labors keep the gear running in the homes that make the nation? The husband and father brings the wage of his eight or ten hours work and bestows as alms that which his other half has more than earned in making home cheerful and in ministering to the wants of the family in season and out of season. But the advancing times are doing much to arouse men's appreciation of the "woman wage-worker" at the family hearth, where more often will occur an equal division of the earnings and fainter will grow the echo of the humiliating query, "What did you do with the last half dollar I gave you?" Then census figures will be mighty and meaningful."

SUPT. PRESS WORK.

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

Livonia

Frank Millard had the misfortune to have a good horse die last Sunday.

Dr. Bennett, of Perrinville was in the village last week.

R. S. Peck returned home from Jackson last week, where he had been called to see a sick brother.

Wm. C. Smith, has moved on to E. C. Leach's farm in his tenant house.

A Stringer butchered a seven and a half months old hog, that tipped the beam at 277 pounds.

Bert Robinson and Dr. Merriman, of Plymouth, were in the village last Saturday.

Miss Julia Revard, of Detroit, spent last Sunday with Miss Grace Chilson, of this town.

IL Springer, of Newburg, was in this village last Monday.

The raffle at this place last Saturday night, made lots of sport for the boys.

Paul Melo has moved to the Pritzco farm near Stark station.

Wm. Smith and some of his friends went up north to hunt last Monday.

Report says the county taxes are double this year from they were one year ago.

We wonder if the new legislature, when it meets this winter, can't pass a bill to cut the poor laboring classes wages down and give our poor county and state officers more salary. They do have to work so hard for such small pay, we think it a shame.

L. Smith, of Rockwood, was in town last Monday.

Chas. Hays who went to England last September, returned last Monday. He reports having a very rough voyage on the water, and says it was very wet weather last summer.

You Should Get It.

Should get what? Why, The Rev. Irl R. Hicks' splendid Almanac for 1895. He has kindly sent to this office a copy of the same, and we speak advisedly in saying that it is a rare publication—the very latest and best of all that has emanated from the pen and heart of this well known friend of the public. The history of this man's work—now an open book to all America—and a casual glance at his Almanac for 1895, convinces us that this vitally useful and instructive book ought to find its way into every shop, store, office and home in the land. The price of the book, only 25 cents—could not to our knowledge be invested for any one thing more profitably. It contains 84 pages, printed on fine book paper, with elegant covers in colors. It is for sale by all newsdealers. This fine Almanac is given as a premium to every yearly subscriber to the Rev. Irl R. Hicks' well known and deservedly popular paper, Word and Works. This unique journal is a peerless educator of the masses, and is fast becoming a household guardian and necessity in the homes of America. Those who want to keep up with all the advanced thought of the age in science, religion and all social, commercial, intellectual and domestic subjects, should subscribe for Word and Works. Subscription only \$1.00 a year. You can send for both direct to Word and Works Publishing Co., St. Louis Mo.

27 Moffat Bldg.

Phone 1548

John E. McGill,

Attorney-at-Law,

DETROIT, MICH.

PLAIN FACTS!

"A Word To The Wise is Sufficient."

Just Received.

Another Car Load **FLOUR**

PEARL DUST \$2.69 PER BARREL, 34 CENTS PER SACK.

Fresh Graham Flour..... 18 cents per Sack
Fine Corn Meal..... 20 cents per Sack

Salt
Fine Salt (new packages), 85 cents per Barrel
Dairy Salt (in bulk), \$1.60 per barrel
Dairy Salt, 28 pound Sacks, 18 cents per Sack
Dairy Salt, 10 pound Sacks, 8 cents per Sack
Solar Salt for packing, bushel Sacks
All fresh and clean

A NEW THING

Try the "Quaker Feed" for Cows and Horses
\$17.00 PER TON. 90c. per cwt
Car Just Received.

We have a Large Stock of everything else in the feed line.

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,

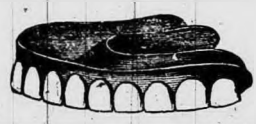
Millinery Novelties

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.....
- 1 qt home canned yellow Plums (including one quart).....
- 3 cans Enterprise Tomatoes (whole meats).....
- 2 lbs Immense Value Baking Powder.....
- 4 lbs 3 Crown Raisins.....
- 4 lbs Whole Rice.....
- 4 lbs Ginger Snaps.....
- 6 lbs Rolled Oats.....
- Fine French Prunes..... 10c. per pound
- Cranberries. Bulk Oysters. Full line Teas and Coffees.

25c
25c

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 pkge.
- 4 1/2 lbs Globe Ginger Snaps for 25c. 6c a pound.
- 25 lb Sack Flour, warranted, 32c.

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

93 PHARMACY 93

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

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

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.

Kalamazoo County the Scene of a Most Murder. Well-to-do Farmer's Wife Succeeded Near Berrien Springs—The University Homeopathic Dean Escapes.

A Most Brutal Murder.

Mrs. Ephraim Maddock left the bakery of Tontton & Kudner, at Pontiac, at 10 o'clock at night, with a loaf of bread. She lived in a cottage in the eastern portion of the city, quite a distance from the business section. She passed down Huron street, east to Mechanic street, where she was found dead, lying on her face in a pool of blood. The body was taken to the home of her daughter and an autopsy was held, which disclosed a wound made by a blunt instrument which penetrated the scalp, and produced an extensive fracture of the left side of the skull, four inches back of the left ear; a wound sufficient to produce instant death.

In paying for the bread she had taken a wallet from her pocket, and the theory is that this action was observed by some one who thought she had considerable money, and that the motive for the heinous deed was robbery. Her children say she had a little money in the purse and when the body was examined the purse was missing. The deceased was 68 years of age and lived peacefully with her husband. She leaves six children.

Very Mysterious Murder.

A most cowardly and mysterious murder was that of the assassination of William Wickwire and the shooting of his sister at the former's home in Clinax township, Kalamazoo county. About 7 o'clock at night a knock was heard at the back door. An adopted boy opened the door and a man with a mask on his face asked for Mr. Wickwire. Without waiting for a reply he pushed past the boy and entered the dining room where Wickwire's wife and sister were sitting. The latter noticed that the intruder had in his hand a revolver and she tried to stop him, but he rushed into the next room where he met Wickwire who was just coming out to see the cause of the noise. The masked man at once opened fire. Three shots struck Wickwire and one struck his sister. The three grappled with the desperado, but he escaped before the neighbors—whom the boy had called—could arrive. No motive for the strange crime is known. Wickwire's injuries were fatal, but his sister was scarcely hurt.

Train Wreckers' Trials Blocked.

The examination of the five men charged with train wrecking at Battle Creek, has taken a new turn and dropped a bomb at the prosecutor's feet. When the first witness was called it was Bodewig, upon whom the prosecution depended for so much convicting testimony, but he created a sensation by positively refusing to say a word. An adjournment was then taken until evening, when Stanley Knowles, who has so often told the tale of the clawbar to the delight of the prosecution, was placed on the stand. He also refused to testify. This virtually blocked the examination and the court adjourned until Jan. 2, ordering the five men to jail.

Prominent Detroit's Strange Death.

Willard Parker, senior member of Parker, Webb & Co., wholesale meat dealers at Detroit, disappeared very mysteriously from his home, and the case was reported to the police. No trace of him could be found until a message was received from Richmond station that Mr. Parker was at Commercial House in that town, and was in a serious condition evidently from an overdose of morphine. He lingered for several hours nearly all the time unconscious and finally died. He was 68 years of age and his relatives say must have taken the morphine to relieve pain as he was in ill-health.

Small Pox at Adrian.

The first case of small pox to make its appearance in Adrian in 20 years broke out in the City Hotel and the victim was conveyed to the pest house north of the city. Mark Jones, aged 28 and married, living south of Blissfield, is the unfortunate. Seventeen inmates of the hotel are in quarantine. Forty transients took dinner at the hotel with Jones and it is impossible to tell how many persons may have been exposed. Jones was exposed to the disease at Summit, Ill., two weeks previous.

Smallpox Causing a Panic.

Several new cases of smallpox are reported at Sebawa Corners, Ionia county. Albert Bradley, of Sebawa, died of confluent smallpox. The authorities are taking all precautions against an epidemic. The exposure has been so general that little headway is made. There are now no less than 15 cases in Danby and Sebawa. Portland people held a public meeting and will keep a patrol on all points of ingress to keep out parties from infected districts.

Why Should She Wish to Die?

Mrs. Henry Lybrook, a farmer's wife in good circumstances, committed suicide at Berrien Springs. No cause can be attributed for the act as her family life was a very happy one. Two ounces of laudanum was taken. The body was discovered on the bank of the St. Joseph river where she went, intending to make sure of death by drowning. She was 28 years old.

The Homeopathic Quarrel.

The Oletz quarrel and the row in the homeopathic department of the Michigan University came to a climax with the resignation of Dean Oletz, and a request of the regents that all the other professors resign.

The lifeless body of August Kindler.

A German living alone near Sebawa, was found hanging in his house.

Game Warden Hampton bagged a party of wealthy Seville, O., business men at Lewiston with five deer in their possession, which they were trying to slip out of the state.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

Sydney S. Hastings, one of the founders of St. Louis village is dead.

Within a week five bears were shot within the village limits of Rogers City.

The F. & A. M. of Manistee are thinking of erecting a \$65,000 Masonic temple and opera house.

About 500 bushels of potatoes were roasted by the burning of Wm. Richardson's home near Birmingham.

Rev. J. A. Cairns, a retired Wesleyan minister, was struck by a T. & A. train at Milan and instantly killed.

Carl J. Rumsey, a well-known farmer near Hudson committed suicide by shooting. continued illness the cause.

An acrobat fell in the field in which two Swedes were working near Benton Harbor, nearly frightening them to death.

The 42d sanitary convention, under the auspices of the state board of health, was held at Charlotte, lasting two days.

Calumet people thought they were eating venison on a recent occasion and were shocked to discover that it was horse meat.

Jacob Crook, of Bay City, was run over and killed by a Michigan Central train near the Woodward avenue crossing, Detroit.

County Treasurer Sulkey, of Washtenaw county, is short \$5,500 in his accounts and has gone to Germany to get money to square up.

Rev. John Frost, of North Branch, while on his way to the F. & P. M. depot in Port Huron, was run down by a hack and seriously injured.

Louis Souser passed a check at a Kalamazoo hotel for an overcoat. He was arrested and it was found that he had his pockets full of forged checks.

Detroit schools were all ordered closed for at least one week because of the diphtheria epidemic. All the school buildings are being thoroughly disinfected.

Noah Kissel, aged 18, a meat market owner, of Sherwood, was thrown from his buggy on his way home from Union City, and his skull was fractured so that he died.

A direct descendant of Pocahontas, the tender-hearted Indian princess of Virginia colonial history, died at Grace hospital, Detroit. She was Mrs. Sarah Robinson.

In a quarrel which originated at a raffle, Louis Eisey, a stone cutter, aged 22 years, of Detroit, cut his brother Charles twice across the neck, inflicting fatal injuries.

William H. Barber, a farmer near Jackson, gave shelter to a stranger. He also sold his crop of wool and now both stranger and wool money and a good overcoat are gone.

Three cases of smallpox were discovered in Danby, township, Ionia county. They were traced to Supervisor Holliday, who had the disease. Nine cases grew out of his exposure.

Lansing mail carriers and ex-carriers who recently filed claims for overtime, under the eight-hour law, have been advised that their claims, aggregating over \$7,000, have been recommended paid.

Will Ankli was shot while out hunting with a friend near St. Joseph. The gun was accidentally discharged while they were lying in the bottom of the boat, emptying its load into Ankli's right hip.

State Game Warden Hampton pulled an Ohio hunter off the midnight train at Grayling and took a deer out of his trunk. When the Buckeye came out of Squire Woodburn's justice mill, he had just 94 cents left.

A match broke in two as a clerk in T. A. Carter's dry goods at Ionia was striking it, and the blazing head caught in some lace curtains. Before the flames were extinguished \$5,000 damage had been sustained.

Four boys, aged 12 to 15, were arrested in West Bay City charged with entering a building filled with tug and steamer furnishings, stored for the winter, and deliberately cutting and smashing over \$1,000 worth of goods.

A hunter a few miles south of Petoskey saw two elk, and shot and killed one of them. It is said that this is the first time in 20 years that an elk has been seen in the lower peninsula. The animal which was shot weighed 600 pounds.

The common council of the village has granted a franchise to J. H. Roberts of Grand Rapids, for an electric road around Mackinac Island, following the lake; also for an electric light and telephone system at an estimate cost of \$125,000.

Lawrence Hill, millwright at Buckley & Douglas' mill at Manistee was fatally injured. He was on a ladder engaged in running off a belt. The stick he was using caught in some manner, striking him in the forehead, crushing in his skull.

Detroit has been connected with the Canadian natural gas fields by the means of a pipe line just completed across the Detroit river. It was a gigantic undertaking, but was accomplished without accident or injury to any person or the machinery.

Thomas Black met with an accident at Coldwater that may result fatally. Driving under a wire clothesline in the dark it caught in his mouth, breaking the upper jaw on both sides, cutting off the soft palate and injuring him otherwise in a terrible manner.

Charles Wright, the trusty who escaped from the State House of Correction at Ionia, was captured by Keeper Sturgeon at Clare. Wright went to Clare to receive some money sent him by a relative of Mrs. Stonewall J. De France, who is at La Crosse, Wis.

The plant of the Smith Middlings Purifier company at Jackson, the largest concern of the kind in the world, which was involved in such lengthy and disastrous litigation, and was finally sold to the Central Oil and Gas Store company, of Massachusetts, may start up again soon. Geo. T. Smith, the originator of the business, has completed the organization of a corporation composed largely of eastern capitalists, who will put \$1,000,000 cash into the purifier plant there. Billing the buildings with machinery for the manufacture of modern mills, purifiers, engines, boilers, etc., on an immense scale and making it the largest concern of its kind in existence.

The suicide of C. G. Rumsey, well-to-do Pittsford farmer, is laid to the immoderate use of tobacco.

The Peninsula mine, near Hancock, is being pumped out, preparatory to a resumption of work.

Peter St. Peter was instantly killed near Traverse City by having a log roll upon him from a wagon.

Girard township, Calhoun county, has from 10 to 12 cases of diphtheria. The schools have been closed.

The dwelling of Charles Hills, of Tokonsha, burned to the ground, the contents being saved. The loss is \$1,100.

Auditor-General Turner has dispensed with the services of eight of his clerks and 20 more may go by January 1.

Sportsmen of the upper peninsula have called a convention to organize an association for the preservation of game.

After an exciting election a proposition to bond Buchanan for \$10,000 for water works extension was defeated by a vote of 173 to 138.

Four Muskegon boys, ranging in age from 14 to 18, were arrested in a cave they had dug in a bluff. The cave was stuffed full of plunder.

Saginaw has secured a new industry in the Meteor Cycle company. The capital stock is \$15,000 all paid in. Work will begin at once.

Robbers broke into the store of Max Wolf, at Atlanta, stole \$75 and assaulted the proprietor. He says personal enemies did the work.

Four girls escaped from the industrial home at Adrian. They got as far as the postoffice, but the cold, chilly wind soon drove them back again.

Pratt & Co.'s general store at Fergus, Saginaw county, was burglarized and \$150 in cash and goods taken. Officers are on a still hunt after the thieves.

John McDonald, engineer in the Hardeen paper mills at Otsego, fell into a tub of hot water and was seriously burned. Flesh below the waist dropped off in chunks.

The famous Cross Village convent in Emmet county has been closed and the 11 nuns who kept it have gone to the postoffice, but the cold, chilly wind soon drove them back again.

Hert Samson, a colored inmate at the State House of Correction, at Ionia, who is serving six years for burglary, from Jackson, attacked Foreman Merhenrick of the furniture factory, knocking him down. He is a tough character.

Prof. C. D. Smith's innovation—a dairy school—at the Agricultural college was such a success last year that twice the number of scholars are enrolled for this winter. An appropriation of \$10,000 for a building will be asked from the legislature.

Augustus Vetter, the Buchanan man who was assaulted with a bar of iron by his father-in-law, may not die, although the doctors had no hopes at first. Swearer, the assailant, is wanted at Fargo, N. D., for the brutal murder of an aged man in September.

Judge W. H. Taft, of Cincinnati, of the U. S. circuit court and court of appeals, is holding his first term of court in Grand Rapids. In honor of his visit about 50 Grand Rapids and western Michigan attorneys gave him a reception and banquet at the Peninsular club.

The most interesting suit of the kind ever tried in the circuit court for St. Joseph county, is that of Arthur Musselman, a young man from Mendon, who sues Mrs. Solomon Hill, of Kalamazoo, for breach of promise. Both parties are well known and highly respected in Centerville.

Adj.-Gen. Eaton received from the adjutant-general of Ohio the original discharges of 13 Michigan soldiers, which had by some means got to the wrong state and had been lost in the archives at Columbus. In several instances these discharges were greatly needed, as they were the missing links in the records of the soldiers to whom they referred.

Decatur will have a system of water works in the near future. The common council adopted a resolution empowering the village to issue \$12,000 worth of 5 per cent bonds. It is expected that the construction of the plant will commence at once, giving employment to much labor which would otherwise be unemployed during the winter.

The Ypsilanti normal school was haunted by a ghost for several days. One night it was dressed in the conventional white, the next in black. The watchman couldn't catch the apparition, neither could any of the students, and a resign of terror existed among the ultra-superstitious. The city marshal solved the mystery by capturing the facetious lady student.

The Wolverine Co-operative association, recently organized at Battle Creek, is likely to buy the farm of David Henica, near Wheatfield. It comprises about 800 acres with rich soil as much as a floor. The society is rapidly growing, and the promoters hope soon to start a village on the Bellamy plan, where no man is greater than another. Joseph W. Bryce, the leader of the recent Grand Trunk strike, is the president of the new association.

A heavy team attached to a furniture wagon at Grand Rapids, ran away and dashed into the window of Herman H. Idema's loan office. The window was full of watches, diamonds, etc., the value of which is estimated at \$5,000, and everything was scattered all over the street. One horse went through into the cellar, and the diamonds were all scattered amid the broken glass. A huge crowd gathered and it resulted in the loss of several hundred dollars' worth of precious stones, among them being one diamond worth \$200.

Fuller, the champion diver of England, tried to beat Steve Brodie's record by diving from the top of Tower bridge, which is situated just below London bridge. He came down from the height of 210 feet with terrific force and was taken from the water dead.

Cincinnati officials think that the "strangler" of Denver was the murderer of Mary Ekart, of Dayton, who was found choked to death in a house of ill-fame last July. New York City and Buffalo also had similar cases in May and June, and the Denver man is thought to be the perpetrator of all three crimes.

NEWS OF ALL KINDS.

EVENTS OF GENERAL INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE.

Port Arthur, the Pride of China, Surrendered to the Japanese—Chinese Loss, 1,000 Men; Japs, 250.—Vast Stores of Supplies, etc., Captured.—Other News.

Port Arthur Has Fallen.

The Foo: Dispatches have been received here stating that the Japanese captured Port Arthur after 18 hours' fighting. The Japanese army, under the command of Field Marshal Count Oyama, minister of war, consisted of about 30,000 men. The Japanese navy did not participate with the exception of some of the torpedo boats.

Particulars of the Capture of Port Arthur.

London: The confirmation of the report of the capture of Port Arthur by the Japanese has been received, together with particulars of the fighting in detail. As has been told in these dispatches, Port Arthur had been surrounded for miles with fortified hills, and in anticipation of this attack the Chinese under direction of the European officers, had planted mines in all the roads leading to the stronghold and had connected them with Port Arthur by electric wires. This necessitated caution on the part of the Japanese, and consequently they cut roads through the woods and morasses and hauled their high field pieces over these for over 40 miles. Notwithstanding these delays the Japanese crept nearer the point of attack with commendable speed. No organized resistance was offered by the Chinese for three-fourths the distance, and on Tuesday the first skirmish occurred in which the Chinese soon retired in good order. One fort and one village were captured by the Japanese and the following morning they carried an advantageous range of hills near Fort Arthur with a rush. Guns were then dragged up and fire opened. The enemy returned the fire briskly. The Japanese infantry advanced against a well-directed fire without faltering. Shortly before 9 o'clock the fort was carried by storm in a most gallant fashion. The Chinese stood for a minute or two against the final onslaught, fighting fiercely. Then they fled toward the dockyards. The right division then advanced in force against the Kokinan fort, which was armed with several heavy Krupp guns, which were well served. Scores of men were killed or wounded in this brief advance. At noon the fort itself was stormed and captured after a short but desperate fight. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the right division was in full possession of the western part of the stronghold.

Meanwhile the left division had been engaged on the southeast, where the ground was less difficult, but far from easy. Advancing over the hills the first division had to clear the enemy out of some out-lying work apparently of recent construction. The Japanese artillery and Chinese guns in the forts kept up a steady fire. The latter were all heavy pieces and they pounded away for some time at the Japanese infantry, who in the meantime were advancing all along the line. The final assault was splendidly delivered, the enemy being driven headlong from the works after making a gallant stand. By evening Port Arthur was in possession of the Japanese, but the enemy still held eight or ten redoubts with a total of about 20 guns on the coast line. Early Thursday morning Lao Mu and other forts were attacked in succession, all being captured without loss on the Japanese side. It is estimated that the Chinese loss was over 1,000 killed and wounded and 20,000 were taken prisoners. The Japanese loss was about 250 killed and wounded.

The Japanese have taken quite 80 guns and the mortars that were in use in the captured forts and many others found in the dock yard. They have also captured an immense quantity of ammunition, completely equipped torpedo stores and large quantities of rice and beans.

The part taken in the battle by the Japanese navy was that 23 torpedo boats made a concerted rush upon the entrance of the harbor of Port Arthur at the same time that the Japanese land forces attacked the place from rear, while a heavy artillery fire was poured into the Chinese forts.

China Sends a Peace Embassy to Japan.

Tien Tsin: The chief of the imperial embassy here, De Ting, who was recently summoned to Peking, has left for Japan in order to arrange terms of peace.

Washington: The departure of the Chinese customs chief for Japan is regarded by officials here as the result of Japan's demand for a direct offer from China. The De Ting mentioned in the cable is said to be Dietering, a German, who occupies the position of commissioner of customs. An Associated Press cable from Japan states that China has intimated her willingness to pay an indemnity of 100,000,000 taels and in addition pay all the expenses incurred by Japan. This would make the total offer of China 250,000,000 taels. The tael is a Chinese silver coin worth about 75 cents, so the whole payment would be approximately \$175,000,000 American.

Washington: It has become known that Japan has declined the advances of President Cleveland as a mediator for peace between China and Japan.

The correspondence has been kept secret but it is known that Japan said plainly that all overtures for peace must come directly from China.

Hawaiian Royalists Talk Revolution.

Advices from Honolulu say: That the government is slightly in fear of the royalists uprising, has been evident of late. All the guards in the suburbs have been doubled, and a close watch has been kept on all suspected persons. The cause of this sudden activity is the discovery of a plot to restore the ex-queen. A considerable number of guns and ammunition have been secretly brought here, during the last few months and the royalists evidently intend to make use of them. No uneasiness is felt by the government party, however, which seems perfectly well satisfied that it can hold its own.

China-Japan War Gossip.

The third army has left Ussuon aboard the transports. The destination of this army is not known but it is rumored that it is intended to operate in the Yang Tse Kiang districts of China. The Yang Tse Kiang river has a total course of 2,500 to 3,000 miles and drains with its numerous large affluents all the central provinces for China. The tide ascends to Lake Po Yang, 450 miles from the sea beyond which it is navigable for 250 miles. It may be navigated for 200 miles from its mouth by ships of the largest class and about 90 miles from the mouth is situated the southern capital of the China, Nankin, one of the most important cities of the empire. It is doubtless Japan's intention to advance upon Nankin.

Li Hong Chang to Depose the Emperor.

Washington: A prominent member of the diplomatic world has received a letter telling of a conspiracy now well underway in China, which, if not checked, will result in the downfall of the present government and the establishment of another with Li Hong Chang on the throne. This will be accomplished by the murder or exiling of the present emperor. Li Hong Chang, rendered desperate by the abuse and degradation which has been heaped upon him by the emperor, has conceived the scheme outlined above. The communication states that he has always had a contempt for the emperor who is of the tartar race, believing that China should be ruled by Chinese.

Uncle Sam's New Treaty with Japan.

Washington: Secretary of State Gresham, in behalf of the United States, and Minister Kurino of Japan, in behalf of his own country, have affixed their signatures to a new treaty of amity and commerce between this country and Japan. The chief feature of the new treaty is its recognition of Japan as a civilized country. Previous treaties have assumed that the native courts were so primitive and punishments so brutal that it would not be safe to trust American, British and other foreign citizens to native tribunals, and the foreign consuls were given extra territorial jurisdiction in their great treaty ports of Japan.

Washington: The Chinese have lost the finest and most powerful vessel of their navy—the great battleship Chen Yuen, which stood the brunt of the fighting at Yalu. The Chen Yuen in leaving Wei-Hai-Wei harbor accidentally struck a torpedo. She was beached but was rendered useless for lack of docking facilities. In despair at the catastrophe, the commander, Commodore Lin, committed suicide.

CANAIGRE EXTRACT.

It Is to Be Manufactured on a Large Scale in the Pecos Valley of New Mexico.

Hide and Leather, the well-known organ of the leather industry in the United States, made the important announcement in a recent issue that a large factory is about to be erected in the Pecos valley of New Mexico for the manufacture of canaigre extract.

This extract, which is for most kinds of leather the very best tanning material known, is made from the root of the canaigre plant, which grows in certain portions of the arid region of the United States and northern Mexico, and with special luxuriance under irrigation in the Pecos valley, where from ten to fifteen tons per acre are grown. The cost of raising and harvesting is no greater than in the case of potatoes, and the farmers of the Pecos valley are assured of a market for all they can raise, at \$6 per ton, which affords them a handsome profit; and a considerable acreage is being planted at the present time. When it is known that Europe and America consume about \$100,000,000 of tanning materials annually, and that several million dollars' worth of inferior substances are each year imported into the United States, the importance of the industry can be appreciated. Large numbers of farmers will doubtless go to the Pecos valley in the near future to engage in this very profitable business.

Another of Ohio's Favorite Sons Dead.

Gen. Wm. Harvey Gibson, the silver-tongued orator, died at his home at Tiffin, O., in his 74th year. The end came quietly and peacefully. His illness, which was of about three months' duration, consisted of a complication of diseases, the foundation of which was chronic diarrhoea, contracted in the army.

Gen. William H. Gibson was born in Jefferson county, Ohio, May 16, 1821. His early education was received in the pioneer days, in a log school house lighted with greased paper windows. He began life as a carpenter, but entered upon the study of law in 1842, and was admitted to the bar in December, 1844. He was a licensed minister of the M. E. church, took a lively and great interest in politics, and allied with the anti-slavery cause. In 1849 he was elected treasurer of the state of Ohio. At the opening of the war he became colonel of the 4th O. V. I. From Shiloh to Atlanta he was never found wanting when duty called. In the reports of all the campaigns and battles in which he served he was commended by his superior officers. In January, 1864, President Harrison appointed him postmaster at Tiffin.

100 Horses Burned.

A fire at Springfield, Ill., resulted in the destruction of half a block of buildings in the business portion of the city. Over 100 horses were burned to death. A white man named George Brewer and a colored man named Davis, sleeping in Little's barn, burned to death. Loss about \$100,000.

The executive committee of the W. C. T. U. has resolved that men must not be admitted to membership in the young ladies' branches.

Members of the Cook gang who have been arrested are Charles Turner, William Harris and Jesse Snyder, who robbed McMillenn's store and post office in the Cherokee Nation recently. The famous "Skeeter" is also under arrest.

H. H. Holmes is one of the names of one of the most villainous men of modern times.

He was arrested in Boston to answer the crime of murder of a fellow villain known as Pazel. Besides this he has four or five wives in as many different cities; he has swindled numerous insurance companies by palming off mutilated medical college corpses as relatives insured for his benefit, and has beaten a dozen or more widows and orphans out of their estates. He confesses to all but the murder of Pazel.

Italians throughout southern Michigan are returning to their own sunny Italy.

Eight Miners Meet Their Death.

An experienced Italian miner "put off" an over-charge blast in the Blancy coal mines at Collier's Station, W. Va., and he ignited the coal dust in the mine, and a fearful explosion followed carrying death and destruction in its path. There were 48 men in the mine at the time and eight are known to be dead. After the explosion there was a terrific whirlwind in the mine carrying everything before it. Two of those killed were in the mine some distance from and going toward the mouth. The force of the explosion drove them nearly one hundred yards out of the mouth of the mine and landed Rooney on the railroad track, killing him instantly, while Lonnelly landed in a gulley, striking his head against a post. His brains were dashed out and scattered for yards around.

The Bonds Bring 117,977.

Washington: The bids for the \$50,000,000 bond issue recently offered by Secretary Carlisle were opened at the treasury department and it was stated that a calculation showed that the total number of separate bids was 297, aggregating \$154,374,900. The largest bid was that of the syndicate led by the United States Trust company, Drexel, Morgan & Company, and others of New York, London, Boston and Philadelphia, at 117,977 for the whole amount or none.

Fifteen of Kansas City's finest residences were destroyed by fire with all the household goods.

Russians in Chicago are working earnestly in a movement to secure more freedom in Russia.

Robert Earnest, steward of Wittenberg college, Springfield, O., was instantly killed and his son badly injured in a runaway.

Henry Wolf, 22 years old, son of a well-to-do farmer near Dayton, attempted suicide by swallowing 35 grains of morphine. He will live.

The body of Maggie Rodin, colored, was found at Memphis in an advanced state of decomposition, in a house which she occupied alone. Her clothes had taken fire and she burned to death.

Gus Huber, jeweler of Fayette, ordered \$800 worth of diamonds (C. O. D.) from a Chicago house. The night they arrived Alvordton, near Fayette, the express office was robbed. The other day Huber sold one of the rings and this clue led to his prompt arrest for the robbery.

According to a dispatch from Shanghai, a large Chinese cruiser broke her propeller while trying to haul the Chinese warship Chen Yuen off the rocks at Wei-Hai-Wei, and the cruiser is now said to be lying useless at the latter place. It is added that China now only has four effective warships left.

THE MARKETS.

Toledo—Grain.

Wheat, No 2 red..... 5 00 @ 5 75
Corn, No 2 mixed..... 4 00 @ 4 64
Oats, No 2 white..... 3 00 @ 3 25

Butter—Live Stock.

Cattle, mixed shipments..... 2 25 @ 3 75
Sheep..... 2 25 @ 3 11
Lamb..... 3 01 @ 3 50
Hogs, choice weights..... 4 70 @ 4 75
Common and rough..... 4 40 @ 4 80

Cleveland.

Cattle, best grades..... 4 75 @ 6 25
Lower grades..... 3 25 @ 4 25
Hogs..... 4 35 @ 4 75
Wheat, No 2 red..... 5 00 @ 5 50
Corn, No 2..... 4 00 @ 4 50
Oats, No 2 white..... 3 00 @ 3 50

Pittsburg.

Cattle..... 3 75 @ 5 25
Hogs..... 4 25 @ 4 75
Sheep and lambs..... 1 00 @ 3 25
Wheat, No 2 red..... 5 00 @ 5 50
Corn, No 2..... 4 00 @ 4 50
Oats, No 2 white..... 3 00 @ 3 50

Cincinnati.

Cattle, good to prime..... 4 00 @ 4 83
Lower grades..... 1 75 @ 4 00
Hogs..... 3 85 @ 4 70
Sheep and lambs..... 1 00 @ 3 25
Wheat, No 2 red..... 5 00 @ 5 50
Corn, No 2 mixed..... 4 00 @ 4 40
Oats, No 2 mixed..... 3 00 @ 3 25

New York.

Cattle, fair to choice..... 3 65 @ 5 00
Hogs..... 4 25 @ 4 75
Sheep, good to choice..... 1 75 @ 3 25
Lamb..... 3 01 @ 3 50
Wheat, No 2 red..... 5 00 @ 5 75
Corn, No 2..... 4 00 @ 4 50
Oats, No 2 white..... 3 00 @ 3 75

AFTER THE BATTLE.

A wren of hand, a sudden plain. A bird sunset sky. With cloud that fled and faded fast. In ghostly phantasy. A field upturned by stamping feet. A field up plied with whist. With horse and rider dead in death. Upon the battle plain.

MY JO, JOHN.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED. "I never deserted your mother," he said, coldly and firmly. "She deserted me. When I had lost my fortune, when I stood most in need of love and sympathy—she left me. And I could not live on a woman—especially when she did not want me."

"Of course. You never saw him, you know, as Aunt Mamie was married in India." John mechanically sat down at the table, but after a moment his face grew stern again. His hand at Mary's hand was too deep, it had led inwardly too long, to be lightly healed, but it suddenly struck Tom as extraordinary how little stress his father laid on his ruin, and his subsequent privations, so entirely was he engrossed with Mary and her conduct.

"Dad," blurted out Tom, "how have you lived all these months?" John passed his hand across his brow, as one who by an effort recalls distasteful things. "There's no excuse for me, Tom," he said. "I had no business speculating, but I got entangled—entangled. I don't know how it was, but some wonderful big thing in which Lady Blanche and her husband expected to make a fortune, and in which I took shares, went wrong, and I found myself liable for a sum that only the realization of all my property, and even assignment of my half-pay for some years, would meet. Poor woman—she meant well no doubt, and she was kind and sympathetic at first, but afterwards, when I went over to Scotland, she entirely changed, and was very rude to me, so I came away."

and Mary pinched his arm and laughed. "I am afraid I have been a little extravagant," he said humbly, "but when it came to be a choice between a dinner and a book—" "I say," said Tom, putting his head in at the door, "all Slum court is waiting outside to see you off—Slum court never goes to bed, I believe."

"The Latest Hit in Phonetic Spelling—Getting Down to Weight Illustrated—Hebrew Forelight From a Balloon—Fleets and Jetsam." Phonetics. LOVELY YOUNG maiden from Clyde, As an actress her fortune once tried; But she hadn't the pluck To face the bad luck Of the show, so she sat down and cryed. A youth, far out on the ocean, Grew ill from the ship's rocking motion. With a sigh and a cry, And a tear in his eye, Of living, he gave up the ocean.

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

CURRENT JOKES AND SATIRE FOR LEAN FOLKS.

The banner natural gas year for the United States was 1888, when its product reached the value of \$22,000,000. Last year the product was worth less than \$15,000,000. In West Virginia 2,000 oil wells are in operation, and it has been estimated that the output for the present year will be fully 10,000,000 barrels, worth \$8,000,000. As eleven years is said to be the life of the average steel rail, the 10,000,000 tons now in use in the United States must sooner or later make way for others. These renewals involve an annual replacement of not less than 1,727,272 tons.

BEWARE OF FRAUDS.—Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It cures Colds, Croup, Asthma, Deafness and Rheumatism. You won't make a home run by striking at every ball. BAD DRAINAGE causes much sickness, and bad blood and improper action of the liver and kidneys is bad drainage to the human system, which Burdock Blood Bitters remedy. The umpire can inform you that arbitration is serious work. M. L. Blair, Alderman, 5th Ward, Scranton, Pa., stated November 9, '83: He had used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for sprains, burns, cuts, bruises and rheumatism. Cured every time.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Much money buys many cars. Coe's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it. Bad habits have growing appetites. "Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10 cents. Conscience is not an infallible compass. If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children's Teething. Some men seem born to walk backward. Piso's Cure for Consumption cured a case of Pneumonia after the family doctor gave up all hope.—M. F. McDowd, Conowingo, Md.

Many a man is living an honest life who wouldn't if the jail were farther off. The man who is true to his own highest interests cannot be false to anybody else. If there is any dog in a man it is pretty apt to growl when his food is not to his taste. The criminal cannot plead ignorance of the law, but unfortunately the lawmaker can.

WOMEN SOCIETY women often feel the effect of too much anxiety, balls, theatres, and teas in rapid succession find them worn out, or "run-down" by the end of the season. They suffer from nervousness, sleeplessness and irregularities. The smile and good spirits take flight. It is time to accept the help offered in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine which was discovered and used by a prominent physician for many years in all cases of "female complaint" and the nervous disorders which arise from it. The "Prescription" is a powerful uterine tonic and nerve, especially adapted to women's delicate organs for it regulates and promotes all the natural functions, builds up, invigorates and cures. Many women suffer from nervous prostration, or exhaustion, owing to congestion or to disorder of the special functions. The waste products should be quickly got rid of, the local source of irritation relieved and the system invigorated with the "Prescription." Do not take the so-called celery compounds, and nerves which only put the nerves to sleep, but get a lasting cure with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

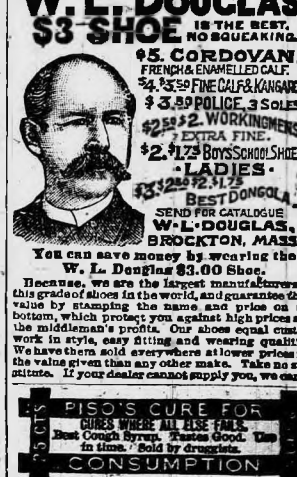
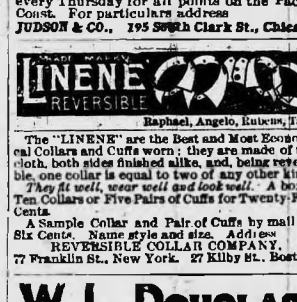
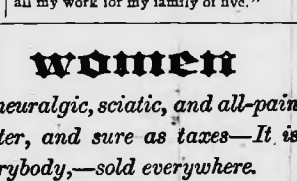
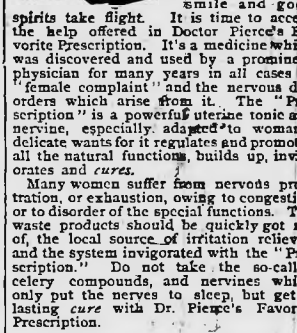
"FEMALE WEAKNESS." Mrs. WILLIAM HOOVER, of Belleville, Richmond Co., Ohio, writes: "I have been a great sufferer from 'female weakness'; I tried three doctors; they did me no good; I thought I was an invalid forever. But I heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and then I wrote to him and he told me just how to take it. I took eight bottles. I now feel entirely well. I could stand on my feet only a short time, and now I do all my work for my family of five."

Know all women that there is one rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, and all-pain remedy, as harmless as water, and sure as taxes.—It is St. Jacobs Oil—used by everybody,—sold everywhere.

I used Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh and have received great benefit. I believe it a safe and certain cure. Very pleasant to take.—Wm. Fraser, Rochester, N. Y. ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Relieves the Sore Throat, the Membrane from Glands, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 25 cents, at druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

WALTER BAKER & CO. The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES. On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America. Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of our preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup. SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT. BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY. The outer sole sole extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot in digging and in other hard work. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be put off with inferior goods. COLCHESTER RUBBER CO. W. N. U. D.—XII—48. When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.



A WOMAN'S MERCY



GRACE DENISON was an extraordinary woman—people had always said that of her, and yet not even her dearest friends knew the full extent of her curious nature.

They began to understand her better the day they told her of her husband's sin; that he had, unknown to her, been keeping up another establishment in a distant city, and was deliberately wronging, not only her, but another woman and a nameless babe.

She resented it at first, as any sensible, strong-minded woman would, and called for proof, but when they crowded letters, pictures, bills and papers into her hands she went from their presence like one dazed in brain and almost beside herself with sorrow.

When she was alone she went over and over the horrible statements of these simple-minded, tattling neighbors, and gradually, through the confusion of agonizing pain, the light of calmer reason penetrated.

He had deceived her, then, all these years, these long, happy years that she had tended the house and basked in the sunshine of his divided affection. She had trusted him implicitly, and his frequent journeys from home had been satisfactorily explained by the necessities of a growing business.

But he had deceived her all the time, he had lied in her ears and smiled, oh, how tenderly, in her eye during all that period of ignoble action.

Now he was safe in jail—they told her that, these gossips—and the other woman he had so cruelly wronged was lying, cold and silent, in her casket, with her infant folded closely to her breast. He had killed her, they said, but no one knew the circumstances, as the whole case rested on the simple fact that he had been with her the evening before and was the last person seen in her living presence.

When this came to her mind Grace started almost involuntarily, to get her hat and shawl. She must go to him, of course; she was his wife, her place was at his side, and it was her duty to effect his release from this terrible position of disgrace and misery.

Half way across the room she suddenly recollected herself. He was her husband, yes, the ring on her finger, the certificate in the bible told her that; but why should she go to him now when he had wronged her to the extent that was past all human forgiveness?

She looked at one of the pictures in her hand. It was a beautiful picture, the likeness of a fair young girl, and as she looked her eyes filled with tears and her heart seemed paining her worse than ever.

"I suppose I ought to hate you," she murmured sorrowfully, but the face of the young girl only smiled back at her in a merry way, and the tears rolled faster down her cheeks as she laid it carefully among her treasures.

"She was my sister in shame," she said bitterly. "If I have been wronged, so has she. If she has suffered, so shall I, but some day, when we meet in heaven, a bond of love and tender sympathy will make us understand each other."

Then she raised the infant's picture to her lips, and a storm of heavy, bitter sobs swept suddenly from her aching bosom.



"DIE!" she muttered hoarsely. "Poor child, poor little one!" she murmured softly. "So you are Charlie's boy, my husband's child, but not mine."

There was a pause for a few moments while a tender memory swept her soul, a pause that came from an overfilled heart and spoke of almost unbearable misery.

The child's picture was laid away with its mother's, and after a brief moment of repugnance, which she conquered with heroic will, she put on her hat and wrap and went forth alone to what she had decided was her solemn duty.

"She has gone to plead for him, to secure his release," some said when she had left the village, and others answered resentfully, "you do not understand the girl; she has gone to see his victim and prove to her own satisfaction the facts which we have told her."

But again the gossips were mistaken in the woman's nature. There was nothing in her face as she went her way to give the lie to any of their theories or conjectures, and whether her errand was for mercy or vengeance, only the developments of the next few days could possibly determine.

Grace Denison stood at last beside the dead, and her anguish of soul was something frightful. To think that this beautiful girl had been so foully wronged—this innocent babe so cruelly

deprived of even its sacred birth-right, and now both were lying, stricken by the self-same hand, in the sleep that knew no earthly waking.

And that hand was the hand of her own dear husband! The mockery, the cruelty of it came very near overpowering her altogether. But she was a strong woman, we have said; strong in that moral courage which most men lack so deplorably, and which the majority of women possess in only a moderate degree.

She had proven her husband's guilt and treachery. Now it remained to prove his crime. The one was no worse than the other in her eyes. In fact, to kill her might have been a mercy, and so the first great sin seemed overshadowing the other.

She started at last to leave the house and was confronted by the victim's mother. She was an aged woman, very gray, and now so sad that her very soul seemed bowed with horror.

"The mother did not know, it seemed. She thought her daughter was the lawful wife and this a wicked interloper. In the very height of agony and scorn she shook her finger in Grace's livid face."

"He gone!" she said hoarsely. "How dare you profane the presence of the dead?" and Grace Denison, her face flushing hotly, only stood still and thought a second and then went meekly from her presence.

But in that momentary hesitation her plan of mercy was conceived. With the dead girl's face still vividly before her eyes, she hurried to where they were keeping her husband. At first when she saw him he was still the man she loved, the man whose name she bore and whose slightest wish it was her only joy to pamper.

There were tears in her eyes, tears in her voice and tears in her heart when she asked of him the fatal question.

"Charlie," she whispered fondly, "swear to me it is not true, this hideous story that they tell about you. Tell me that I am still your wife, that you love me and that this other fiendish thing is but the wild conception of our tattling neighbors. Tell me—"

she began again, but stopped as she saw his guilty features.

There was fear in his eyes and guilt in his soul as he rose at last and tried to face her.

"It is all quite true," he said cautiously. "She was my mistress and I killed her in a fit of passion. I have wronged you and I have got to die, unless—"

and he paused for a moment's breath, "unless you forgive me and will try to save me."

With a mighty scorn singing in her heart Grace Denison turned upon her heel and left him there.

"Die!" she muttered hoarsely as she walked away. "Death is too good for such a man, and it is what you have given your innocent victim."

Then when she was alone once more she began to think about the future. What was there left when love was gone, what happiness could soothe her sorrow? To die was peace and blessed rest, to live meant fierce, perpetual anguish.

Why should she be the one to live—the most innocent of the three, so far as the opinion of the world was concerned. It was almost more than she could bear, this looking forward to the future.

She hurried back to her home, shunning her neighbors on the way and half afraid of harmless strangers. Once inside the door she pulled the ring from her finger and threw it in a distant corner, then jerking the bible from its place she tore to shreds that precious page that proved her sacred, legal marriage.

It had occurred to her that in that distant city no one would know the truth and she might save the dead girl's name even at the price of her own sweet honor.

Was it not her place to undo her husband's evil deeds, and make good his theft of a woman's reputation?

It was the victim's mother that had put it into her head, the fact of her having been taken for the guilty mistress.

To decide was to act, and still silent, still sorrowful, but brave in heart, she left her happy home forever.

Two days later her husband was set free. Grace Denison had sworn that through jealousy she did the wicked deed and then sat meekly in her cell, waiting with some impatience for the fatal day which should bring oblivion to her and condemn the man to perpetual memory.

The Location of Memory.

The memory remains intact and in perfect working order in cases where the left side of the brain is badly diseased, or even if portions of it have been removed. From this the natural inference is that the right side of the brain is the seat of that most remarkable faculty: Lieutenant Brady, who lost a portion of the right side of the brain from a gunshot wound while in Assam, where two-thirds of the officials are negroes, suffered a remarkable lapse of memory. After he had fully recovered he knew and could call by name all his white associates, but the negroes, whom he formerly knew as well as the whites, were perfect strangers to him.

One Woman Member.

Russia's Cross of St. George is given only for bravery on the field of battle, but the order has one woman member, the ex-queen of Naples, who won it by her gallant defense of Gaeta, the last stronghold of the Bourbons in Italy.

Old Bronze Trumpets.

A Copenhagen paper reports an interesting archaeological find on the island Falster—two bronze trumpets, such as were used as sacrifices 2,500 years ago. They are two yards long, and highly adorned.

MACHINE DOCTORS.

MEN WHO GO ABOUT KEEPING TYPEWRITERS IN FIX.

Whims of the Haughty Maidens Who Fly Upon the Keys—Had Results of Substitutes, Inquisitive Small Boys and Inconsiderate Treatment.

The busiest professional men nowadays are the doctors of typewriters. These go about from office to office, putting machines in repair.

When a typewriter goes away upon her vacation she gets a substitute to sit in her place and do her work. The substitute appears promptly the first day, takes off the tin inclosure from the celluloid keys, gives a gentle "tap tap" and throws up her hands in horror. She cannot use a machine that works so hard. Where is the man who regulates typewriters, and will he not come to make the machine work easier? This he does, and for two weeks all is well. Then the regular comes home.

The regular operator is proud, nay haughty. She feels that the machine must of necessity have been spoiled by the substitute and her sops are keenly alert for fault in the machine. The first tap tells her that it works too easily, and the second convinces her that the action is so light that she will make mistakes every minute. So the typewriter doctor is called to put the machine back precisely as it was.

It is said by the machine doctors that the typewriters are as sensitive as human beings and know who is handling them. A good machine that has been properly treated "sinks" when new and unskilled hands take hold of it and sometimes it refuses to work. As soon as it feels the regular stroke of its own operator, it is all right. This is a typewriter's superstition. And strange to say, it turns out in accordance with actual fact.

All sorts of things "happen" to typewriting machines. Sometimes they fall on the floor as the office boy moves them for the sweep woman to do her work. Occasionally they are experimented on by the same small boy to their own great detriment, and again they are treated to doses of oil of a sort not recommended as good for their internal machinery. Nobody seems to reason that the machines are valuable and a new one means something like a \$100 bill to the owner.

"Why do the typewriting machine companies keep repairers?" a Chicago Times man asked of a man who makes a business of keeping a certain kind of machine in order.

"Because they are obliged to do so to defend the reputation of their machines," replied the repairer. "Suppose a new machine should get out of order and the company would not repair it unless at great cost. Why, that machine company would get the blackest kind of a black eye from all who visited the office where the defective machine rested. They are obliged to do it for their own sake."

Since the introduction of typewriting machines and their universal acceptance by the business world, it has been the aim of inventors everywhere to produce a typewriter, capable of use on books of record and on insurance policies and other large documents of varying sizes. In all the attempts that have been made to bring about a practical machine of this character, two obstacles have seemed insuperable, viz.: Intricacy and great expense. Both of these barriers have now been overcome by an inventor of New York. For upward of six years he has expended all of his inventive and mechanical energy and many thousands of dollars in perfecting his machine.

Only three of these typewriters have thus far been exhibited. It bears but slight resemblance to any of the standard typewriters in use, weighing but ten pounds and being built on simple and compact lines. The key-board is disk-shaped and contains eighty celluloid keys, the arrangement of which brings those keys striking vowels and other much-used letters and characters immediately under the hands of the operator. A noticeable feature, also, is the ribbon attachment for writing with ink of any desired color. The removal of a black ribbon, for instance, and the substitution of a red, purple or green ribbon is accomplished with both ease and celerity. The machine will receive a book of any required width or thickness, will write a long line or short, and is so devised that the distance between lines may be sealed to suit the amount of space at hand or the fancy of the operator.

In this new machine perfectly flat platens, separate from the feed rollers, have been introduced, and where several copies of any manuscript are required a platen made of brass is used. This gives a hard, unyielding surface for the type to strike against, and the last copy of a dozen or fifteen is as plain as the first. If but one copy is to be made the turn of a hand-screw substitutes a hard rubber platen suitable for the purpose. Thus, while it is essentially a book-writing machine, its scope of utility includes the work done by all other typewriters in general, and a single sheet of note paper seems quite at home between its rollers as a double-entry ledger.

Worse and More of It.

Maine is justly proud of the fact that only a native can pronounce the names of her lakes trippingly on the tongue, but the names of Maine are easy besides these and others from the Canadian Province of Ontario: Lake Misquabish, Lake Kashugawiganog and Lake Kahwambajewaganog.

Area of Geographical Knowledge.

Johnny—Paw, what is the North Pole good for, anyhow?

His father—To fasten the meridian lines to, I suppose. I wish you would not bother me when you see I am busy.

THE WRONG BUNDLE.

How a Wife Missed a Present of Diamonds From Her Husband.

The New York express stood puffing and panting in the station, the passengers were stowing away their impediments and scowling at their seat rates, and the Pullman porter, with a proprietary air was just about to swing himself aboard.

Just then young Mr. Brownsmith, glancing out of the window, saw the wife of his bosom sail triumphantly past the Cerberus of the gates with a huge bundle, evidently from the laundry, in her arms. She was beyond doubt much agitated, for her hat was awry and her necktie under her ear, but her mien was victorious.

"Here is your linen, Henry, dear!" she was crying when she came within earshot. "I went to the office myself and gave the man a piece of my mind. I'd have been scolding him yet if he hadn't suggested that I had barely time to catch the train. Then I ordered my bundle sent and fairly flew. So careless of him not to have the things ready on time."

"Humph! It was careless of you not to have sent them earlier. I told you—"

"I know, Henry; but I wanted to wear my pink shirt waist just once more before I sent, and I thought they could all go at once."

"Well, you came near sending me to New York without an inch of clean linen."

"I don't think you're grateful, when I went to get the linen and came on here without even curling my hair."

The bell rang, the conductor shouted "All aboard," and Mr. Brownsmith seized the bundle his wife still held just as the wheels began to turn.

"Goodness! I'd nearly forgotten to give it to you after all. Good-by, dear; don't forget the diamond earrings."

But Henry was out of hearing. "O, well, he'll have to get them now," she mused; "he has no excuse now that he got his linen in time—and O, I hope the stones will be larger than any Alice has!"

Then she went home with a smile of satisfaction on her face. But the smile faded away when she opened the bundle the laundryman had just sent home.

"Good heavens!" she cried, "there is all of Henry's linen now. I got the wrong bundle; and he is taking all my shirt-waists and collarettes to New York."

Do They Know.

The Professor—As to there being any inhabitants on Mars, Miss Laura, it is a matter of conjecture. The planet is believed to be older than ours, and it is possible it may be inhabited by human beings much farther advanced in knowledge than we.

Miss Laura—Do you suppose, professor, they have any idea the name of their planet is Mars?—New York Advertiser.

How the Police Got on to Him.

"How did der police ged on to you?" asked the sympathizing friend.

"I don't know," responded Mr. Schwindelman, sticking his nose between the bars. "I took der name of Patrick Hoolihan ven I went away, putt somehow it didn't work alretty."

One Way to Do It.

Knowet Alle—Newriche is still determined to enter English society.

F. de Seckel—What method will he try this time?

Knowet Alle—He is going to take a canalboat over and try yacht racing.—Puck.

AMUSING TRIFLES.

She—Are you going to any balls this season? He—I am going to three balls to-morrow.

Photographer—Now, miss, look as pleasant as you can. Miss Hayseed, indignantly—Lawks me! Ain't I a-payin' you to make me look pleasant?

At a prize shooting—Rifleman, after repeated misses—Donnerwetter! If those rascally fellows haven't gone and stuck up the target in the wrong place again.

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?" "Make a living? Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."

Tailor, to collector who has just returned from a dilatory customer—Well, did he seem very much annoyed to see you? Collector—On the contrary, he asked me to call again.

"Wasn't that a friend of yours you just spoke to?" Mr. Lakeview—Yes. "Why didn't you intro luse me?" Mrs. Lakeview—I haven't called upon her for a week and I didn't know what her name might be.

Teacher—What is the largest city in the world? Scholar—Chicago. Teacher—Oh, no; London is the largest. Scholar—I guess not, and I ought to know; we've got a Chicago drummer boarding at our house.

Mr. Verinice—Good evening, Johnny. How is your big sister? Johnny—Well, she wuz awful sick a few minutes ago, when Mr. Lorey called, but I guess she's well enough to see you now. Come in and I'll ask.

"I think I will take a holiday the next three weeks," remarked the secretary and treasurer of a private company to the chairman thereof. "But you returned from one only two weeks ago." "True; that was my holiday as secretary; I wish to go now as treasurer."

Somebody had done something to provoke the scorn and contumely of Mr. Skaggs and he was ranting about it in the silliest manner. "By George," he exclaimed, "I'd like to be the fool killer for a year or so." "Oh, no, Hiram," protested Mrs. Skaggs, "you don't want to be placed in a position where you would have to commit suicide."

LA GRIPPE.

During the prevalence of Grippe the past seasons it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. King's New Discovery not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all of the troublesome after effects of the malady. This remedy seems to have a peculiar power in effecting rapid cures not only in cases of La Grippe, but in all Diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs, and has cured cases of Asthma and Hay Fever of long standing. Try it and be convinced. It won't disappoint. Free Trial Bottles at J. L. Gale's Drug Store. r and 4

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Prices as Low as the Market Allows.

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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.

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

OVER EIGHT THOUSAND!

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

- 13 Barrel Cistern.....\$ 6.50
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- 30 Barrel Cistern..... 10.00

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

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M. F. GRAY, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

This is the time when hunters bold through fields and meadows tread, and crawl through fences with their guns, and come home full of lead.

An Englishman at a continental watering place, finds that at the termination of his sojourn there he is expected to tip first, the chambermaid (female) second, the assistant chambermaid (male); third, the head waiter, fourth, the waiter who brings coffee to the bedroom in the morning; fifth, the waiter on duty at dejeuner and dinner; sixth, the head porter, and seventh, the page who goes on errands.

Two young women, occupying seats in the front row of a balcony, in a theater not long ago, turned to the persons behind them and said: "If you can't see over our hats please say so and we will take them off." This statement can be verified by affidavits of not less than six responsible persons, who declare furthermore that the two young women were handsome, lady-like and well-dressed, as they almost invariably are in such cases.

BETTING is a bad thing always. It must be especially bad where a man makes a foolish bet. A ride in a wheelbarrow as a method of paying an election bet seems silly and childish enough. A case has occurred in New York state, however, in which a devotee of Hill agreed to pay one cent for every vote that Morton received above the head of the Democratic ticket. The sum which he has to hand over if the terms of the wager are strictly enforced is something like \$1,600. Enough to give almost any one pause. This is undoubtedly the most remarkable bet of the campaign.

DR. TALMAGE has resigned the pastorate of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and says he "will either take another pastorate or go into general evangelistic work, preaching the gospel to all people, without money and without price." The reason assigned for this step is that the Tabernacle congregation has built three churches for him each of which has burned down, and he thinks, "it would not be right" to call on them to build a fourth. As for the new pastorate of which he speaks the doctor apparently thinks that it will employ him at its own risk, and if churches continue to burn under his administration, then he will bow to the will of Providence and preach out of doors.

An officer of a New York life insurance company figures that there are 10,437,041 insurable people in this country, and that of this number fully 7,366,414 are insured. Another insurance man claims that the average American citizen is not more than sixty days away from actual want, because the average American citizen is apt to live right up to his income. He finds it much easier to leave a thousand dollar policy to his family by the payment of about \$25 per annum than to save \$1,000, and so he ignores the chances of rainy days coming to himself, in the form of sickness, accident or loss of position. It is an open question whether life insurance encourages thrift, whether it co-operates with the savings bank or the building association.

It is argued in favor of the new small calibre magazine rifle which is to be used in the United States army that it will be effective in piercing stone or brick walls and earthworks. The bullet being encased in a hard "mantle" the fire is concentrated, and regular breaches are thus made. Another point made in favor of the rifle is that at a thousand yards and over the bullet does not lodge in a man's body, but traverses it readily, making a straight wound which can be better understood and more readily treated. Bones and joints also will be less crushed and torn, and amputations will not have so often to be resorted to. It appears that we are still to go on killing people, but that we will conduct the process with a due regard to the feelings of the most sensitive.

THERE is nothing foreign about the St. Louis and her sister ship. American materials alone have been employed in their construction. They are of American model and design and original in many respects. They have been constructed with American labor and skill from truck to keelson. With an extreme length of 554 feet and a gross tonnage of 10,770, they will be the largest ocean liners with two exceptions, and with engines capable of developing 20,000 collective horse-power they will certainly be 20-knot ships, and it is not improbable that they will be record-breakers, although the American line has emphatically disclaimed any expectation of surpassing the Campania and Lucania in speed. They are practical, all-around business ships, carrying large cargo as well as 1,440 passengers of all classes, and built with a view to earning dividends rather than for ocean racing.

LADY EDMUND FITZMAURICE, an American girl who married an English title has been freed from her marriage ties by the London courts. She is only one of many foolish American girls who have thrown away their happiness for empty titles, but it is a question whether her fate will prove a warning to even one young woman.

The weather prophets all predict a hard winter, which is probably the right thing to do. It prepares the people for the worst, and it is just as likely as not to turn out that way.

SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

THERE CHRISTIAN MARTYRDOM WAS TRIED.

Dr. Talmage Uses the Heroisms of the Residency as the Subject of the First of His Sermons on His Travels Around the World.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 25, 1894.—Rev. Dr. Talmage today began his series of round the world sermons through the press, the first subject selected being Lucknow, India. The text chosen was: Deuteronomy 20:19: "When thou shalt besiege a city a long time in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an ax against them."

The awfullest thing in war is besiegement, for to the work of deadly weapons it adds hunger and starvation and plague. Besiegement is sometimes necessary, but my text commands mercy even in that. The fruit trees must be spared because they afford food for man. "Thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an ax against them." But in my recent journey round the world I found at Lucknow, India, the remains of the most merited besiegement of the ages, and I proceed to tell you that story for four great reasons: to show you what a horrid thing war is and to make you all advocates for peace; to show you what genuine Christian character is under bombardment; to put a coronation on Christian courage; and to show you how splendidly good people die.

As our train glided into the dimly lighted station, I asked the guard, "Is this Lucknow?" and he answered, "Lucknow;" at the pronunciation of which proper name strong emotions rushed through body, mind and soul. The word is a synonym of suffering, of cruelty, of heroism, of horror such as is suggested by hardly any other word. We have for thirty-five years been reading of the agonies there endured and the daring deeds there witnessed. It was my great desire to have some one who had witnessed the scenes transacted in Lucknow in 1857 conduct us over the place. We found just the man. He was a young soldier at the time the greatest mutiny of the ages broke out, and he was put with others inside the Residency, which was a cluster of buildings making a fortress in which the representatives of the English government lived, and which was to be the scene of an endurance and a bombardment the story of which, poetry, and painting, and history, and secular and sacred eloquence have been trying to depict. Our escort not only had a good memory of what had happened, but had talent enough to rehearse the tragedy.

In the early part of 1857 all over India the natives were ready to break out in rebellion against all foreigners, and especially against the civil and military representatives of the English government.

A half dozen causes are mentioned for the feeling of discontent and insurrection that was evidenced throughout India. The most of these causes were mere pretences. Greased cartridges were no doubt an exasperation. The grease ordered by the English government to be used on these cartridges was taken from cows or pigs, and grease to the Hindoos is unclean, and to bite these cartridges at the loading of the guns would be an offense to the Hindoos religion. The leaders of the Hindoos said that these greased cartridges were only part of an attempt by the English government to make the natives give up their religion; hence unbounded indignation was aroused.

Another cause of the mutiny was that another large province of India had been annexed to the British empire, and thousands of officials in the employ of the king of that province were thrown out of position, and they were all ready for trouble making.

Another cause was said to be the bad government exercised by some English officials in India. The simple fact was that the natives of India are a conquered race, and the English were the conquerors. For 100 years the English sceptre had been waved over India, and the Indians wanted to break that sceptre. There never had been any love or sympathy between the natives of India and the Europeans; there is none now.

Before the time of the great mutiny the English government risked much power in the hands of the natives. Too many of them manned the forts. Too many of them were in governmental employ. And now the time had come for a wide outbreak. The natives had persuaded themselves that they could send the English government flying, and to accomplish it dagger, and sword, and firearms, and mutilation, and slaughter must do their worst.

It was evident in Lucknow that the natives were about to rise and put to death all the Europeans they could lay their hands on, and into the Residency the Christian population of Lucknow hastened for defense from the tigers in human form which were growing for their victims. The occupants of the Residency or fort were military and non-combatants, men, women and children, in number about 1,000. I suggest in one sentence some of the chief woes to which they were subjected, when I say that these people were in the Residency five months without a single change of clothing, some of the time the heat at 120 and 130 degrees, the place black with flies and all a-squirm with vermin, firing of the enemy upon them ceasing neither day nor night, the hospital crowded with the dying, smallpox, scurvy, cholera adding their work to that of shot and shell; women brought up in all comfort and never having known want crowded and sacrificed in a cellar where nine children were born; less and less food; no water except that which was

brought from a well under the enemy's fire, so that the water obtained was at the price of blood; the stench of the dead horses added to the pluvia of corpses, and all waiting for the moment when the army of 60,000 shrieking Hindoo devils should break in upon the garrison of the Residency; now reduced by wounds and sickness and death to 976 men, women and children.

"Call me early," I said, "to-morrow morning, and let us be at the Residency before the sun becomes too hot." At 7 o'clock in the morning we left our hotel in Lucknow, and I said to our obliging, gentlemanly escort, "Please take us along the road by which Havelock and Outram came to the relief of the Residency." That was the way we went. There was a solemn stillness as we approached the gate of the Residency. Battered and torn is the masonry of the entrance. Signature of shot, and punctuation of cannon ball, all up and down and everywhere. "Here to the left," said our escort, "are the remains of a building the first floor of which in other days had been used as a banquet hall, but then was used as a hospital. At this part the amputations took place, and all such patients died. The heat was so great and the food so insufficient that the poor fellows could not recover from the loss of blood; they all died. Amputations were performed without chloroform. All the anesthetics were exhausted. A fracture that in other climates and under other circumstances would have come to easy convalescence, here proved fatal. Yonder was Dr. Fayer's house, who was surgeon of the place, and is now Queen Victoria's doctor. This upper room was the officers' room, and there Sir Henry Lawrence, our dear commander, was wounded. While he sat there a shell struck the room, and some one suggested that he had better leave the room, but he smiled and said, 'Lightning never struck twice in the same place.' Hardly had he said this when another shell tore off his thigh, and he was carried dying into Dr. Fayer's house on the other side of the road. Sir Henry Lawrence had been in poor health for a long time before the mutiny. He had been in the Indian service for years and he had started for England to recover his health, but getting as far as Bombay, the English government requested him to remain at least for a while, for he could not be spared in such dangerous times. He came here to Lucknow, and foreseeing the siege of this Residency had filled many of the rooms with grain, without which the Residency would have been obliged to surrender. There were also taken by him into this Residency rice, and sugar, and charcoal, and fodder for the oxen and hay for the horses. But now, at the time when all the people were looking to him for wisdom and courage, Sir Henry is dying." Our escort describes the scene, unique, tender, beautiful and overpowering, and while I stood on the very spot where the sighs and groans of the besieged, and lacerated, and broken-hearted met the whizz of bullets and the demonic hiss of bursting shell, and the roar of batteries, my escort gave me the particulars.

As soon as Sir Henry was told that he had not many hours to live he asked the chaplain to administer to him the holy communion. He felt particularly anxious for the safety of the women in the Residency who, at any moment, might be subjected to the savages who howled around the Residency, their breaking in only a matter of time, unless reinforcements should come. He would frequently say to those who surrounded his death couch, "Save the ladies. God held the poor women and children." He gave directions for the desperate defense of the place. He asked forgiveness of all those whom he might unintentionally have neglected or offended. He left a message for all his friends. He forgot not to give direction for the care of his favorite horse. He charged the officers, saying, "By no means surrender. Make no treaty or compromise with the desperadoes. Die fighting." He took charge of the asylum he had established for the children of soldiers. He gave directions for his burial, saying, "No nonsense, no fuss. Let me be buried with the men." He dictated his own epitaph, which I read above his tomb: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul." He said, "I would like to have a passage of Scripture added to the words on my grave, such as: 'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him'—isn't it from Daniel? So as brave a man as England or India ever saw, expired. The soldiers lifted the cover from his face and kissed him before they carried him out. The chaplain offered a prayer. Then they removed the great hero amid the rattling hail of the guns and put him down among other soldiers buried at the same time."

All of which I state for the benefit of those who would have us believe that the Christian religion is fit only for women in the eighties and children under seven. There was glory enough in that departure to halo Christendom. "There," said our escort, "is the Nailer's work." "Who was 'Bob the Nailer'?" "Oh, he was the African who sat at that point, and when any one of our men ventured across the road he would drop him by a rifle ball. Bob was a sure marksman. The only way to get across the road for water from the well was to wait until his gun flashed and then instantly cross before he had time to load. The only way we could get rid of him was by digging a mine under the house where he was hidden. When the house was blown up 'Bob the Nailer' went with it." I said to him, "Had you made up your mind that you and the other sufferers would do in case the fiends actually broke in?" "Oh, yes," said my escort, "we had it all planned, for the probability was every hour for

nearly five months that they would break in. You must remember it was 1,600 against 60,000, and for the latter part of the time it was 900 against 60,000, and the Residency and the earthworks around it were not put up for such an attack. It was only from the mercy of God that we were not massacred soon after the besiegement. We were resolved not to allow ourselves to get into the hands of those desperadoes. You must remember that we and all the women had heard of the butchery at Cawnpore, and we knew what defeat meant. If unable to hold out any longer we would have blown ourselves up, and all gone out of life together."

"Show me," I said, "the rooms where the women and children staid during those awful months." Then we crossed over and went down into the cellar of the Residency. With a shudder of horror indescribable I entered the cellars where 622 women and children had been crowded until the whole floor was full. I knew the exact number, for I counted their names on the roll. As one of the ladies wrote in her diary—speaking of these women, she said: "They lay upon the floor fitting into each other like bits in a puzzle." Wives had obtained from their husbands the promise that the husbands would shoot them rather than let them fall into the hands of these desperadoes. The women within the Residency were kept on the smallest allowance that would maintain life. No opportunity of privacy. The death angel and the birth angel touched wings as they passed. Flies, mosquitoes, vermin in full possession of the place, and these women in momentary expectation that the enraged savages would rush upon them, in a violence of which club and sword, and torch, and throat-cutting would be the milder forms.

Our escort told us again and again of the bravery of these women. They did not despair. They encouraged the soldiery. They waited on the wounded and dying in the hospital. They gave up their stockings for holders of grape shot. They soled each other when their children died. When a husband or father fell such prayers of sympathy were offered as only women can offer. They endured without complaint. They prepared their own children for burial. They were inspiration for the men who stood at their posts fighting till they dropped.

Our escort told us that again and again news had come that Havelock and Outram were on the way to fetch these besieged ones out of their wretchedness. They had received a letter from Havelock rolled up in a quill and carried in the mouth of a disguised messenger, a letter telling them he was on the way, but the next news was that Havelock had been compelled to retreat. It was constant vacillation between hope and despair. But one day they heard the guns of relief sounding nearer and nearer. Yet all the houses of Lucknow were fortresses filled with armed miscreants, and every step of Havelock and his army was contested—firing from house tops; firing from windows; firing from doorways.

"Show us where they came in!" I exclaimed, for I knew that they did not enter through the gate of the Residency, that being banked up inside to keep the murderers out. "Here it is," answered the escort, "Here it is—the embrasure through which they came." We walked up to the spot. It is now a broken down pile of bricks a dozen yards from the gate. Long grass now, but then a blood-spattered, bullet-scarred opening in the wall.

As we stood there, although the scene was thirty-seven years ago, I saw them come in; Havelock, pale and sick, but triumphant; and Outram, whom all the equestrian statues in Calcutta and Europe can not too grandly present.

"What then happened?" I said to my escort. "Oh," he said, "that is impossible to tell. The earth was removed from the gate and soon all the army of relief entered, and some of us laughed, and some cried, and some prayed and some danced. Highlanders so dust-covered and enough blood and wounds on their faces to make them unrecognizable, snatched the babes out of their mothers' arms and kissed them, and passed the babies along for other soldiers to kiss, and the wounded men crawled out of the hospital to join in the cheering, and it was wild jubilee, until the first excitement passed, the story of how many of the advancing army had been slain on the way began to have fearful effect, and the story of suffering that had been endured inside the fort, and the announcement to children that they were fatherless, and to wives that they were widows, submerged the shouts of joy with wailing of agony."

"But were you not embarrassed by the arrival of Havelock and 1,400 men who brought no food with them?" He answered, "Of course, we were upon smaller rations immediately in order that they might share with us, but we knew that the coming of this reinforcement would help us to hold the place until further relief should come. Had not this first relief arrived as it did, in a day or two at most, and perhaps at any hour, the besiegers would have broken in, and our end would have come. The Sepoys had dug six mines under the Residency and would soon have exploded all."

Five Years for Embezzlement. Albert A. Cadwallader, who embezzled \$40,000 from the Superior National Bank in Superior, Wis., in 1892, has been sentenced to five years at hard labor in the Milwaukee house of correction. Cadwallader was president of the bank and formerly resided at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

University Students Elope. Two young students at Champlin University, in Illinois, Robert P. Morse of Indianapolis and Miss Gertrude Bailey of Longview, Ill., have eloped and are now the talk of the town.

MATRONS AND MAIDS.

VARIOUS THINGS OF INTEREST TO THE LADIES.

Excess of Little Duties Is What Wears a Housewife's Life Away—Value of an Ounce—A Roman Kitchen—My Own—Tried Recipes.

How Not to Do It.

After a season given to diligent reading of the household department in a number of weeklies and monthlies, all of them admirable in points, it has become certain that if the American housekeeper is not to cease altogether from the earth, a new column must be added, headed, "How Not to Do It." It is not the single department, nor the single column of specific directions in that department, that proves a snare and a stumbling block. There is hardly a direction that could be omitted or the following out of which would not make that portion of housekeeping a more perfect thing. It is the same difficulty that Mantalini experienced, the "dem total," that proves confounding. Working one's way through these columns and seeking to form a general summary of their fulfillment, there occur in the publications of a week the following directions, exhortations and general suggestions, most of which open with the following formula: "No woman who wishes to accomplish the best results will fail to do"—this, that and the other often totally unnecessary thing. Thus:

"No dusting can be said to be properly done which is not aided by a small pair of bellows for carved work, a shaving brush for the same, a pointed brush for tufted furniture."

"We are glad that fashion at last demands hand sewing as the only suitable method for a lady's clothing, as it is certain there can be no more natural and suitable employment for women."

"We rejoice that the art of cookery has come to hold the honored place it is gaining, and that a dinner in courses is now practicable for even the family of limited means."

"Every woman not a mere household machine should feel the day lost in which she has not accomplished some public as well as some private good."

"Every mother should be the companion of her children at all times, in their sports as well as in their studies."

"The interest in church work is not of that warm and earnest character that the mothers of the present generation felt, and we would implore all women to consider what they owe in this direction."

There they are, the row of injunctions which would, if carried out, literally abolish sleep and put an end to the present dispensation. All of them good, all of them suggestive; all with the seed of possibility for housekeepers as a whole. But the tired woman who reads, and who is too often endowed with the New England conscience, an edge tool which cuts not only herself but all around her, is spurred to an activity which steals her time for rest, furnishes another series of causes for self-reproach and which ends, nine times out of ten, in a case of nervous prostration. The American housekeeper to-day represents a series of miscellaneous activities unknown to any other people on the globe. She is not only housekeeper, but dressmaker, milliner, seamstress, nurse and officer or working member of a dozen societies and clubs, charitable and otherwise. The New England woman, with her inheritance of "faculty," handed down from generations, who did always two days' tasks in one, succeeds in accomplishing this abnormal amount of work. But the weaker sisters who look on in despairing admiration, if they seek to follow in the same footsteps stretch, every nerve fibre to its utmost extent, and at last comes the snap and recoil, and a new case for the "rest cure."

It is to the women who have collapsed and who seek the way out of their prison that reconstruction is apt to come. They will have found out what may be left undone. The demand has not lessened. Domestic service remains in the growing state of incoherence and inefficiency which marks its usual course and methods, and thus adds another reason to the myriad already existing for calling a halt and finding out not only where we are, but also where we are going. For many of us is the plight of the unhappy puppy expressed from Boston to an unknown point, since, in the beginning of the journey, as reported by the brakeman, he had "got up his tag." Our "tag" is missing, and we are uncertain, not only as to where we are bound, but what general rights home, society, the church, have over our action.

A Roman Kitchen.

To divert my mind I went into the kitchen, which I shall describe, because it has a more distinctly Roman flavor than any other part of our domicile. It is a bright, pleasant room, with blue and white tiled floor and walls, and a square marble basin with constantly running water, which Philomena, the presiding genius, refuses to turn off, such is the abundance of the excellent aqua Marcia which supplies this quarter of the city. The cammino, or range, is a sort of table made of iron and blue tiles, with small square openings in the top, each fitted with a grating. In these holes charcoal is placed, with a little kindling wood and paper, the match is applied, and a door being opened below the grate a draught is made by fanning the flame vigorously with a fan of turkey's feathers, bought for the purpose last night at a cost of 4c. The copper saucepans,

very pleasant in shape and color, are placed directly on the hot coals for boiling a gridiron with four legs is placed over the coals for broiling, and for roasting a fire is built upon an iron plate set in the middle of the cammino, before which a mechanical spit slowly revolves, the fumes of fire and meat being carried away by the huge hood like those I have seen in laboratories. Here I saw a leg of mutton slowly and gravely revolving, while Philomena fanned, the fire and basted the roast.—Cor. of the Boston Transcript.

Value of an Ounce.

When croup stalks abroad in the land young mothers get their first gray hairs. The gray hairs could often be avoided and the dreaded infantile disease warded off by a little common sense. In the first place, says the New York World, babies should be properly dressed at all times. They should not be so tightly bandaged that it is impossible for them to breathe properly or for their skin to throw off waste material easily. They should be as warmly and lightly clad as possible always. At night they should wear some sort of woolen covering which they could not kick off or roll into a tightwad about their necks. Every day they should be taken out for a few minutes, unless there is a blizzard blowing. About noon is the best time for their airing. On mild summer days they may be trundled in their carriages, but on days when the atmosphere is not balmy they should be held in their mothers' or nurses' arms. This is a much warmer place for them, and it also gives the person holding them a chance to know when they are beginning to lose the heat they brought out from indoors with them. If, in spite of sensible dressing and sensible exposure to the elements, the croup symptoms appear, the first step is to send for the doctor. If he lives at several hours' distance here are a few old-fashioned remedies, any of which may be applied until he comes. At the first indication of croup or any sort of cold slice raw onions, sprinkle with granulated sugar and let them stand until the juice is extracted. This process may be hastened by heating a few minutes. Pour off the juice and give a teaspoonful every hour or oftener if the case is severe. Another cure for croup is to rub the throat and chest until they are red with a mixture consisting of half a teaspoonful each of camphor and turpentine and a teaspoonful each of coal oil and sweet oil. Wet a warm flannel with this and apply it to the throat and chest, watching carefully to remove it when they are reddened. The outward irritation tends to prevent croup. Another homemade croup medicine is composed of roasted onions, mashed and laid on a folded napkin, and goose oil, sweet oil or even lard, poured on them. This should be applied as hot as it can be borne to the throat and upper part of the chest and to the feet and hands. Another way of preparing this malodorous but effective remedy is to slice and boil the onions until almost dry and then add the grease and cook them in that until brown.

My Own.

Brown heads and gold around my knee
Dispute in color play;
Sweet childish voices in my ear
Are sounding in the day
Yet, sometimes in a sudden hush
I seem to hear a tone
Such as my little boy's had been
If I had kept my own
And when, of times, they come to me,
As evening hours grow long
And let me wistfully to live
A story or a song
I see a pair of star bright eyes
Amid the others shine
The eyes of him who never heard
Story or song of mine

At night I see my rounds and pause
Each white draped cot beside
And note how flushed is this one's cheek,
How that one's curls are wide
And to a corn's tentacles
My swift thought his space
That would have been if he had lived,
My other darling's place

The years so fast my children soon
Within the world of men
Will find their work and venture forth,
Not to return again
But there is one who cannot go—
I shall not be alone
The little boy who never lived
Will always be my own
—Mary W. Plummer.

The Baby.

A writer gives these simple rules to govern the baby: "Keep the baby's bib dry if you have to make sixty changes an hour. Give him not a scrap of meat before his third birthday. Save him from the kisses of his friends. Keep the sun out of his face and his head above his clothes. Put him on his side and train him to keep his sweet little mouth closed day and night. The air is filled with germs, dust and dirt, elements that are not good for human lungs."

Potatoes a Maitre D'Hotel.

Cut about a quart of potatoes in slices. Put one and one-half ounces of butter in a saucepan, and when melted add a small teaspoonful of flour, stir till turning yellow, then add a quart of milk and salt to taste. Let it boil up once, take from the fire and add the potatoes. Put it back over a slow fire for ten minutes, add a teaspoonful of minced parsley, the yolks of two eggs and serve.

A Cream of Chocolate.

Take a pint of milk and three ounces of chocolate. Boil this with five tablespoonfuls of sugar until thoroughly mixed, then remove from the fire and add four eggs beaten light. Pour into a cold bowl to cool, and when cold, add a pint of cream beaten stiff, and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Steamed Apples.

Take richly-flavored apples, wash and core, but do not peel. Steam them in a steamer until perfectly tender, take them out and serve with sugar and cream.



After Paralysis

I had a stroke of paralysis, and the doctor said I would die. A friend gave me a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken 12 bottles I was able to do my work, and as well today as can be expected. I am glad to give Hood's Sarsaparilla praise; I cannot recommend it too highly. Mrs. JAMES DEAN, Box 624, Muscle, Ind. Get only Hood's. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or grip. Sold by all druggists.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

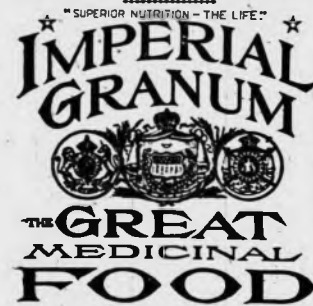
Compressed air is used to drive certain Paris street cars. Over 700 patents were issued for the application of electricity to household uses in 1922. The light efficiency of an incandescent lamp is about 5 per cent, the other 95 per cent being converted into heat. The insect foes of the farmers are to be experimentally studied in a new department of the Pasteur institute in Paris. English oculists are intensely interested in the case of a Manchester weaver whose eyes magnify objects to fifty times their natural size.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

WORLD'S FAIR HIGHEST AWARD!



Imperial Granum is the Great Medicinal Food. It has justly acquired the reputation of being The Savior for Invalids and The Aged. An incomparable aliment for the growth and protection of infants and children. A superior nutritive in continued fevers, and a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the Imperial Granum was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when life seemed depending on its retention;—And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable. Sold by DRUGGISTS. Shipping Depot, JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

Child Birth Made Easy. Resolved particulars free. L. D. Medicine Co., Chicago, Ill.

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FOR RHEUMATISM

Schrate's Rheumatic Cure. HAS NEVER FAILED. Our great health is selling the good medicine. If you want to show your money away, don't buy the cheap ones. Mail orders \$1.00. 101 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

BOSTON'S CHIEF BELL RINGER.

Plays No End of Tunes on the Old North Church Chimes.

When the chimes of the Old North church, on Salem street ring out "Billy Barlow," "Rock-a-Bye-Baby," or "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" do you know what that means? asks the Boston Herald.

Celebrating a holiday you say. Well and good, but when the holiday is a close, warm, stuffy one like last Fourth of July, the chiming of the bells means something more.

It means that Charley Jewell is perspiring to beat the band, that he has his coat, hat and vest off, and is all out of breath.

Chiming is hard work. Charley Jewell has been chiming for ten years; his father has chimed for thirty-five, and his grandfather has a record of fifty. They're a family of chimers.

I saw Charley Jewell chime the Old North bells at sunset on the Fourth, and up in that old belfry I wondered if anybody who heard the bells knew or cared how much energy it cost him to give forth that melody.

There are eight bells in the old church, and each of them has a rope attached to it. The ropes come down through two stories, and in the chimers room are fastened to a frame. When the bells are tuned the frame shows eight tight ropes, each the size of a clothes line, and all about the same distance apart. That is the chimers keyboard.

He pulls the ropes as an archer would pull a big bow, but the chimers has to hustle over the ropes just as a harpist does. That is where the work comes in. It takes force to make the bells sound, and one rope has to be caught almost before the other is dropped.

On a warm day that isn't pleasant. But chiming is not pealing, and the bells on the Old North are also pealed. It takes six or eight men to peal the bells, and that, too, is warm work. When they are chimed the bells are stationary; when pealed, they swing around and the tongues strike while the mouths are up.

Pealing is English, you know, and the majority of the Old North's pealers are Englishmen. They stand round in a circle; each man has a rope and they pull one after another. They reach high, but the big ropes go through their hands. They catch them again in time, and keep up that program for half an hour.

It's great exercise.

DREW ON THE SULTAN.

Why a Speculator's Draft Was Honored by the Turkish Ruler.

A large operator and speculator of St. Louis, whose account with one friendly bank had often been temporarily overdrawn, wanted \$10,000 once for a certain deal, his balance in bank at the time being less than \$100, says the San Francisco Argonaut. The cashier suggested that he should draw upon some one not too near to St. Louis. Smith said he did not know whom to draw upon. "Oh, anyone," said the obliging cashier, "as long as the party is far enough away—that will give you time to turn around." Smith drew at sight for \$10,000 on the sultan of Turkey. The draft was duly forwarded by the bank, reaching New York, whence it was sent to a London correspondent. It then came into the hands of the Rothschilds, who forwarded it to their Constantinople branch, where it was duly presented for payment to the sultan's chamberlain, the latter bringing it to his highness. "Who is this John Smith?" said the sultan. "Don't know," replied the chamberlain. "Do we owe him anything?" "No," replied the other. "Then I'll not pay it," replied his high mightiness. "One moment, if I might advise," said the astute counselor; "this draft comes through the Rothschilds, with whom we are negotiating a two-million loan. Would it be safe, under the circumstances, to dishonor it?" "Pay it," said the sultan; and it was paid, and no one was more astonished than John Smith of St. Louis, and the quick-witted cashier.

Their Occupation Gone.

A class of men afflicted by the hard times in London and Paris is the army of professional promoters. The hotels where Americans most do congregate are thronged with these men, who in other days have been prosperous and cut a dash socially, politically or in a business way, but who now have a difficulty in making both ends meet. These men, some bravely keeping up appearances, but others reduced to the shabby-genteel stage, eagerly scan the passenger lists of arriving steamers from America and descend upon the acquaintance and associates of former days, anxious to offer their services in return for anything from a loan of £10 to a good square meal.

Mechanical Progress.

In the year 1883, when the first contract was signed for the increase of the United States navy, there was not a single mill in the country that had ever made plates required in the specifications; there was no foundry suitable to turn out the work; no forges for the same, and no plant that could make the armor plates. Since that time there have been brought forward shops and yards that can produce any quantity and of the highest quality, any work in steel, or brass or iron that the new navy demands.—Hard war.

Thinking will keep us from doing wrong.

A whole bushel of notions don't weigh half as much as one little stubborn fact.

For Modern Cooking.

As a matter of useful information it may be stated that whenever a cooking receipt calls for a baking powder the "Royal" should be used. The receipt will be found to work better and surer, and the bread, biscuit, rolls, cakes, dumplings, crusts, puddings, crullers or whatever made, will be produced sweeter, lighter, finer flavored, more dainty, palatable and wholesome. Besides the "Royal" will go further or has greater leavening power, and is therefore more economical than any other powder.

Many receipts as published still call for cream-of-tartar and soda, the old fashioned way of raising. Modern cooking and expert cooks do not sanction this old way. In all such receipts the Royal Baking Powder should be substituted without fail.

The greatest adepts in the culinary art are particular to use the Royal only, and the authors of the most popular cook books and the teachers of the successful cooking schools, with whom the best results are imperative, are careful to impress their readers and pupils with the importance of its exclusive employment.

The Royal Baking Powder is the greatest help of modern times to perfect cooking, and every receipt requiring a quick-raising ingredient should embody it.

THEN AND NOW.

Grandma Expatiates Upon the Wonders of Modern Household Inventions.

The dear old lady folded up the old fashioned eye she had been knitting, and looked over her glasses at the soft rays of electricity from the drooping lilies of the chandelier flooded the room.

There was no hint of the eighty-three years of her life, only in the white hair, the dainty cap and a few benevolent lines in her sweet old face.

There was a reminiscent look in her placid eyes as she leaned back in her rocking chair and took off her glasses. "My dears, you are living in a wonderful age," she said. "I can remember when a woman guarded a bit of fire in her chimney as carefully as the modern woman does her jewels."

"To allow the last spark in a household to expire betokened a poor house-keeper and entailed infinite trouble and vexation with flint and tinder, or as a last resort, a trip to the nearest neighbor, often miles away, for a brand of fire or a living coal."

"This invariably subjected the un-lucky housewife to criticism."

"The first matches I ever saw were called 'Lucifers,' and my mother took them and placed them carefully away in an old pewter tea pot and placed it on the top of the tall clock in the living room, so that the dangerous things, as she regarded them, would be well out of the children's reach. I remember with what awe we looked at that tea pot, and how carefully we avoided the vicinity of the clock."

"They were sorry affairs in comparison to the parlor match with which you are familiar, and to strike one was to be almost suffocated with brimstone."

"Our only lights were 'tallow dips,' and candle making was as regular an institution as house cleaning or training day."

"Wax candles were used for the tall brass candlesticks in the 'best room,' which was only lighted on grand occasions, or for the use of the very rich."

"Now you have only to touch a tiny button in the wall and all the house is brilliantly illuminated, or turn a little wheel in the grate and merry flames leap up the chimney."

"My dears, in those days these wonderful things to which you are so accustomed would have been pronounced witchcraft, pure and simple."

Here the dearly beloved head began to nod drowsily, and some one tipped across the room to tuck a fleecy shawl around grandma's shoulders, while sleep and dreams of the long ago glorified the sweet old face.

Christmas Presents Free.

With the first cold snap comes thoughts of the holiday season, and how to get the money to buy presents for friends and relatives. Christmas presents may be obtained entirely free of cost by drinking Lion coffee and then mail the large lion heads cut from Lion coffee wrappers to the Woolson Spice company, Toledo, Ohio. Their list of presents comprise a fine assortment of pictures, books, a knife game, etc., especially a fine picture "Meditation," mailed in exchange for eighteen large lion heads. Besides getting these presents you also get the finest coffee in the world by using Lion coffee, sold only in one pound packages. If your dealer hasn't an Illustrated Premium List, send your address on a postal card to the firm above named.

For Sweet Charity.

The income of merely the principal charitable institutions having their headquarters in London amounts to over £7,000,000 per annum, or \$35,000,000. That represents a sum equal to half the whole capital invested in the bank of England. It exceeded the total revenues of all the British colonies together in 1884, and it is as much as the present total annual revenues of all the British colonies, excluding New South Wales, Victoria and Canada. If there is added to this sum the income of the smaller charities the total benevolence paid voluntarily in the metropolis does not fall far short of £10,000,000, or \$50,000,000.

The Women to Blame.

Professor Peal, the ethnologist, recently described to the Asiatic society the condition of the head-hunting Nagas on the borders of the Assam. The women are to blame for the continuance of the practice; they taunt the young men who are not tattooed, and the latter go out and cut off heads to exhibit to them, fully half of which are those of women and children. The area occupied by the tribe is not more than twenty miles square, but in it during the past forty years more than twelve thousand murders have been committed for the sake of these ghastly trophies.

MASCULINITIES.

"Papa, what is a fad?" "A fad, my son, is somebody else's peculiarity."

An Ohio man owns a gold lined, silk velvet, profusely decorated coat, which Lafayette wore on his last visit to America.

A San Francisco dog wears glasses and does not seem to suffer special inconvenience, but wears the spectacles with ease and even gracefulness.

A Chicago man who has returned from a visit to London was surprised, on taking supper with William Morris, to discover that the poet ate liver and bacon.

Rev. Dr. Houghton, of New York, recently celebrated the forty-sixth anniversary of his pastorate of the famous "Little Church Around the Corner."

M. Max Lebaudy, who is establishing bull fights at Maisons Lafitte, near Paris, is a member of the French society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

"Is this seat taken?" asked a sudden chap of a lady in the train. "No," she said; "but you will be—by the neck—if you wait till my husband comes back."

Spectator—Call that a dwarf? Why, he is over five feet high! Showman—That is just the most curious feature about him. In fact, he is the biggest dwarf in the world.

What Berlin papers consider the tallest man in the world is now to be seen in that city—Hassan Ali, an Arabian, who is only 16 years old, and is said to be 9 feet 2 inches in height.

Sir Andrew Clark, president of the Royal college of physicians and surgeons, has advised that each mouthful of food should receive thirty-two bites—that is, one for every tooth—if one wishes to avoid dyspepsia.

One of the four rizzlers recently convicted of a conspiracy against the Sultan Abdul Aziz, of Morocco, has 250 children, more or less. His estates were confiscated, but the lenient sultan allotted out of them \$100 to each of the children.

JESTS FOR THE JOCOSE.

"Has the organ-grinder gone at last?" "I think I have succeeded in convincing him that he is not wanted. I just dropped a barrel of ashes on him."

"Does your wife wear a high hat when she goes to the play?" "I should say she does," replied the man who always looks weary. "It cost me \$27."

Visitor—Are you acquainted with Scribbler, who writes poetry? Editor—I should say I know him. I had to buy a new waste basket last week on his account.

Bagley—Where did you get this cigar? Brace—One you gave me yesterday. Bagley—You don't say; a friend of mine bought four of them for a dollar.

"Did Blickeys give you a tip on the race?" "Yes." "Did you come out ahead?" "I did." "How much?" "What I would have bet if I had paid any attention to it."

Teacher—Now, Willie, if you and your little sister buy ten peaches, and six of them are bad, how many are left? Willie—Two. Teacher—Two? Willie—Yes'm; me and my little sister.

Gent—I have called on the recommendation of a friend to have my portrait painted. But I should like to know if you can take me in my fur coat. Artist—Oh, certainly. Fact is, you know, I am an animal painter.

"Good morning, Uncle Charles. Did you sleep well? I'm afraid your bed was rather hard and uneven, but—" "Oh, it was all right, thank you. I got up now and then during the night and rested a bit, you know."

Mrs. Fourth—How do you like your new husband? Mrs. Second, with disappointment—Well, he's some improvement on the first. Mrs. Fourth, encouragingly—Don't despair, my dear; I felt just as you do about it in the beginning.

RARE AND CURIOUS.

A live lobster, half red and half green, is one of the rarities on exhibition at one of the Portland, Me., boat houses.

A tidiah three feet and eight inches in length and twenty-two inches in circumference is on exhibition at Winter Haven, Fla.

Mme. Regnez, a florist of Roostoon, Holland, is the owner of a giant rose bush, which had 6,000 roses in full bloom at one time last summer.

A minister took his little three-year-old girl to a funeral and when he lifted her up to see the body she innocently looked up in his face and said: "Why, papa, he's dead as a hammer."

The island of Lewchew has a tree which has the peculiarity of changing the color of its blossoms. From the tint of the lily these go to the hue of the rose.

Probably the largest existing painting, excepting panoramas, is one in the salon of the doges, in Venice. It is by Robusta and is eighty-four feet long by thirty-four feet wide.

A New York policeman carried a man, whom he supposed to be dead drunk, to the police station, and placed him in a cell. When a doctor was summoned he said the man had been dead for several hours.

A Manchester, England, man carries on his person a complete pick-pocket alarm system. Removal of his watch, pin or other jewelry causes the ringing of a bell. The electric plant weighs twenty-two ounces.

Miss Elizabeth Polhemus, a bright young California woman, about twenty years of age, is qualifying herself as a pilot for ocean vessels entering the harbor of San Diego. In eight months she expects to pass the required examination.

Why Not Ride the Best?



Victor Bicycles are first in tires and improvements, and lead the world of cyclodom.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO. BOSTON, WASHINGTON, DENVER, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE "IDEAL" EXTENSION TABLE

WITH PATENT SLIDE LEAF. No Leaves to be Removed and Stored. Table can be Extended and Closed in five seconds. In extending table, cloth and dishes are not disturbed.

The top being solid veneers there is no chance for warping, a feature so troublesome in other tables. Owing to simplicity of construction we place our table on the market at a price not exceeding that of the old style top.

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW THEM TO YOU.

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For Sale By All 1st Class Dealers.

If the house you deal with does not handle this table, write us and we will give you the name of one in your locality that does.

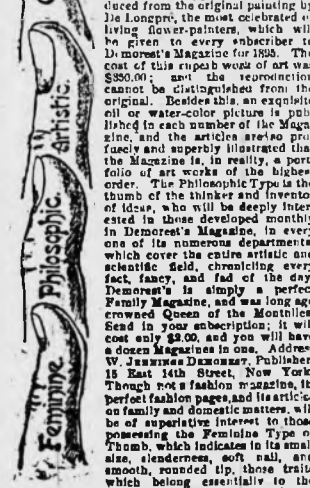
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WHAT YOUR THUMB TELLS

Square Type.

The thumb is an unfailing index of character. The Square Type indicates a strong will, great energy, and firmness. Closely allied to the Square Type, the thumb of those of advanced life and business ability. Both of these types belong to the boy man or woman and Democrat's Family Magazine prepared especially for such persons a whole volume of new ideas, condensed to a small space, so that the record of the whole world's work for a month may be read in half an hour. The Central Type indicates refinement, culture, and a love of music, poetry, and fiction. A person with this type of thumb will thoroughly enjoy the literary attractions of Democrat's Magazine. The Artistic Type indicates a love of beauty and art, which will find rare pleasure in the magnificent illustrations of roses, 1842 2 1/2 inches, reprinted from the original painting by the Longport, the most celebrated of living flower-painters, which will be given to every subscriber to Democrat's Magazine. The cost of this superb work of art was \$300.00; and the reproduction cannot be distinguished from the original. Besides this an exquisite oil or water-color picture is published in each number of the Magazine, and the articles are so profuse and so superbly illustrated that the Magazine is, in reality, a portfolio of art works of the highest order. The Philanthropic Type is the thumb of the thinker and inventor of ideas, who will be deeply interested in those developed monthly in Democrat's Magazine. In every one of its numerous departments which cover the entire artistic and scientific field, chronicling every fact, fancy, and feat of the day Democrat's is simply a perfect Family Magazine, and was long ago crowned Queen of the Monthlies. Send in your subscription; it will cost only \$3.00, and you will have a dozen Magazines in one. Address: W. JENNINGS DANFORTH, Publisher, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

Through not a fashion magazine, its perfect fashion pages, and its articles on family and domestic matters, will be of superior interest to those possessing the Feminine Type of Thumb, which indicates in its small size, slenderness, soft nail, and smooth, rounded tip, those traits which belong essentially to the gentler sex, every one of whom should subscribe to Democrat's Magazine. If you are unacquainted with the magazine, send for a specimen copy free, and you will admit that seeing these THUMB TELLS has put you in the way of saving money by reading in one magazine everything to satisfy the literary wants of the whole family.



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This Genuine SOLID GOLD FILLED WATCH, EITHER GENT'S OR LADIES' SIZE. A genuine American made solid gold filled watch containing so its jeweled filled or gilt movements. — WARRANTEED 5 YEARS. — CUT THIS OUT And send it to us with your name and address and with your first order for 50c of our celebrated LA VIOLETTA CIGARETTES above watch free of charge. You examine the goods at the express office and if you think it a bargain and the first watch you ever saw for the money, send the express amount \$1.50 for the watch and they are yours. Remember it does not cost you a cent to investigate this offer. Address, ENTERPRISE CIGAR CO., Schiller Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

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A THIRTY ACRE FARM FOR PLYMOUTH PROPERTY.

I have a farm of 30 acres, situated in Salem village, that I will exchange for Plymouth residence property. There is a good house on the place. Strawberries, blackberries, etc., are in good condition. A more desirable place cannot be found. Equite of J. E. BULLOCK, Salem, Mich.

Or at the MAIL office.

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"Past Prestige is Our Present Power." Faultless Shapes! Superb Styles! Beautiful Designs! Steels that are Warranted Not to Break in Wear! Colors—White, Drab and Black. Made in All Sizes, Lengths and Shapes. Prices—\$5.00 to \$6.00 per Pair. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. GLOBE CORSET CO. WORCESTER, MASS.

OUR OWN VILLAGE.

WHAT IS GOING ON AMONG PEOPLE ON THE OUTSIDE

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

Dr. Mixer will be here Dec. 4th. Stephen Smith and family have moved up to Lapeer County.

Mrs. L. Meldrum spent last week at Detroit visiting relatives.

Miss Belle Hanchette, who has been on the sick list, is on the gain.

It is rumored that the old M. E. church will be converted into a store.

No news under this heading last week, on account of the scribe being away.

Dr. Mixer will give free consultation and examination at Henry Safford's house, Dec. 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. VanValkenburg, of Escanaba, are visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. C. W. Hyne, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. E. Peltou, returned to her home in Detroit.

William Phelps, a brother of Mrs. J. O. Eddy, and a resident of South Dakota, is visiting in town.

Rev. C. P. Nash, of Holly, will preach at the village hall next Sunday, Dec. 2nd at 3 o'clock p. m. All are invited.

The "Colored Girls" are more than perfecting their minstrel entertainment. Wayne, Northville and other places want them to play there.

The L. A. S. meets with Mrs. James Glass, Wednesday, Dec. 5th. A large attendance is desired, as there is business of importance to transact.

The building committee of the new church met last Monday evening, and elected the following officers: Sec., A. Lyle, Treas., John Bevernitz.

The Jubilee singers drew out good houses Saturday night and Sunday, and sang to the satisfaction of all. They are a very pleasant troupe of colored people.

A shawl was picked up on the road in front of the MAIL office and left here for the owner to call for. Owner can have same by calling and paying for this notice.

Mrs. M. P. Painter, accompanied by Mrs. J. Q. Distrow, who have been the guests of Mrs. F. W. Fairman, departed for her home in the Sacramento Valley, on Tuesday last.

A literary entertainment will be held at the P. of I. hall Saturday evening, Dec. 1st. The admission which is free is within the reach of all, and everybody should attend, as it is a chance of a life time.

Perrinsville is booming. Willard Sherman is building a new hen house; Wm. Robinson a new pig sty and corn house; Wm. Wurts, a new blacksmith shop and Ed Parmelee a new wood shed, and now for a new church.

Our readers are especially invited to look over our advertisers during the holidays very carefully. At this time of the year you will find that rare bargains can be had by paying strict attention to the merchant who advertises.

We often have enquiries from our subscribers asking if they may bring us a load of wood, some potatoes or other produce on subscription. We would say that we are ready to accept anything that we can possibly use, on subscription. It is just as good as cash to us. Trot it along.

R. G. Hall & Son have leased the corner store of the Gayde block, recently vacated by Homer Stevens, and are having it remodeled for their convenience. They will move their goods in about a week, and purpose making one of the neatest stores in town.

The social which was held at Mrs. Fred Dunn's last week Thursday evening was largely attended by old, young and middle aged. Besides the literary and musical program which was rendered as an entertainment, a fine luncheon was served. The young folks especially had a jolly time and all departed feeling that when they wanted a good, social time, Mrs. Dunn's was the place to go.

The concert which will be given at the village hall, Dec. 7th, will be of a fine order. Two choruses of 25 voices will be given under the excellent direction of Mrs. Taft. Miss Lucy Burrows, of Saginaw, who has just completed a course at Ogontz and Mrs. George Huntington, of Detroit, both of whom have excellent quality and cultivation, will assist in the program. Those of our own village need no introduction as they have pleased Plymouth audiences before. Don't fail to attend. Tickets 25 and 10 cents.

Monday evening was billed for a council meeting, but a quorum was not present. The roll was called and, the following responded: Marshal Weeks, Jimmie Waterworks, Trustees Jolliffe, Roe and Smitherman, and a MAIL scribe. Jimmie had a bill to pass on but the amount was so small it was not worth bothering with. Lamp posts were thoroughly discussed and it was decided to buy some when the money comes in from Jimmie's skating rink. Pat, the famous character in every Irish story; the minister who stopped at the farmer's house; the little boy and his big sister; the dog with a tin can tied to his tail, and whether Jolliffe was going to take milk in at his cheese factory next summer on Sunday's or not, all had their discussions, but the scribe not being used to such council meetings took his departure.

Read F. H. Barnum & Co's. advertisement.

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

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 height of fashion. Swell Suits—right up to cu-ton made for half the custom price.

See our line of Children's Underwear.

Remember it pays to trade at the Busy Big Store.

The Plymouth Cash Outfitter. E. L. RIGGS.

E. L. Riggs is quite ill at this writing.

Nellie Lee, of Holly, is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Mann, of Detroit, spent Thanksgiving with Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Kimble.

M. R. Weeks has leased the Berlan House and will re-open it Monday. "Mel" will do things properly.

An accident occurred at the windmill shop Wednesday, whereby Art Burden received an injury to his feet which will cause him a few days lay off. It was one that could not be helped and liable to occur in any shop.

As an appeal through the press has been made to the people of the land for contributions to aid the suffering Armenians, who have been so greatly oppressed in Turkey, and so many of them brutally murdered, the subject of Sunday evening's sermon at the Presbyterian church, will be Armenia and the Armenians, and a collection will be taken up and sent to aid the people.

Minnie Ellenbush, living a short distance from Plymouth, appeared before Justice Lombard and swore out a warrant against Albert Lyke, on a charge of bastardy. Minnie is 24 years old and Lyke is about the same age. Lyke admitted being too familiar with the girl, but denied the charge as made against him. He admitted the facts as made in the complainant's statement, however, and the Justice was compelled to bind him over for the circuit court to deal with. In default of \$300 bail he was taken to the county jail by Marshal Weeks on Friday.

Our readers are going to have a chance of a life time. We have arranged for a limited supply of those famous "Photographs of the World's Wonders" and will give our readers the full benefit. The purchase price is \$5.00, but we having ordered a supply can give greatly reduced prices. The book can be purchased and delivered for \$2.00, or 2.50, a year's subscription to the MAIL will be included. If you have not the money, cut out the coupon and bring it to this office with any amount you desire to pay on it, and when you have had the necessary amount credited on the coupon you can get the book as you desire. Now is the time. It will only be good for a short time. Remember \$2.00 for the book singly (you save \$3.00); \$2.50 with a year's subscription added, or on the coupon plan by paying small amounts. Coupons appear next week.

Acknowledgment.

Plymouth, Nov. 23th, 1894.

To My Friends,

I was perfectly surprised to see so many faces lit up like the sunshine, coming into my house Saturday evening. It made my heart thrill with joy and happiness, to see so many pleasant faces all around my rooms. It took me back to years gone by, when I had so many cheerful gatherings in my dear old home. I have always thought life to me would be nothing without friends, but I did not know I had so many friends in Plymouth. It is sweet to be remembered. My gratitude and love to you all for the presents I received. Sincerely Yours,

ANGELINA E. BURD.

A little fun now and then is better than all the medicine you can take. There are many ways to have fun and enjoy it. To visit my room in the Coleman block will prove that I conduct a billiard and pool room in a strictly first-class manner. I allow no minors in the room. The best of behavior is always observed, and no bums are allowed to congregate and loiter around. Come and spend an hour in a social, friendly game, and be convinced that it is the wisest place to spend your spare moments, when away from home.

P. D. MCGREGOR.

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

ROBERT PARKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

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

BY THE B. Y. P. U.

A Concert That Will be a Grand Affair.

The B. Y. P. U. have arranged for a musical entertainment that will be a treat to lovers of music. The B. Y. P. U. is worthy of a liberal support which we are sure will be accorded them. The following program speaks for itself:

- Among The Girls..... Venables
- CHORUS..... Shelly
- "Hark, Hark My Soul"..... Shelly
- Miss Burrows, Mrs. Peltou, Mrs. Huntington
- Dr. Kimble, Mr. Hall
- Piano Solo..... Selected
- Miss Ethel Allen
- Recitation..... Selected
- Mr. Scott Hodge
- Bells of St. Mary's..... Rodney
- Mrs. Edward Peltou
- Rest..... All
- Mrs. James Taft, Peltou, Adams
- I Know a Bank..... Parker
- Miss Maud Sherwood
- The Hero..... Geibel
- Misses Burrows, Allen, Dr. Kimble, Mr. Hall
- Maypole Dance (Piano)..... Smith
- Mrs. Huntington, Miss Huntington
- Only Once More..... Motz
- Miss Lucy Burrows
- Recitation..... Selected
- Miss Nellie Birch
- Estudiantina..... Lacome
- Mrs. Taft, Peltou, Misses Huntington, Allen
- Le Reveil D'Amour (Piano)..... Moszkowski
- Miss Helen Sherwood
- When The Heart is Young..... Buck
- Mrs. Anna J. P. Taft
- Life's Dream is Over..... Pratt
- Miss Burrows, Mrs. Huntington
- The Red Scarf..... Veazie

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

Upper Plymouth.

Silas White is welding the brush at Wayne this week.

John Snye went to Detroit on business this week.

Our old townsman, Louie Hillmer, evidently thinks Plymouth is good enough for him. He is moving this week into Mrs. Davis' house.

The new green house is about completed and it's a dandy. Carl says he will sow seeds this week.

Will Gayle will come to Plymouth this week to engage in the butcher business. We understand he has bought out W. Strong. Will is a good fellow and we hope he will receive the patronage he justly merits.

Travis and Moon have rented the new meat market and expect to do business there.

R. Maiden and laughter visited at Farmington one day last week.

J. J. Jolliffe, of northwestern Iowa, brother of Harry and Dan, is visiting them this week en route to his old home in Canada.

Two ladies from Stark had what might have been a serious runaway on Mill street Monday. The buggy was smashed but the ladies were uninjured.

Our barber, Louie Reh, is doing a thriving business.

Perhaps you don't know what makes our marshal, T. F. Childs, look so smiling now days. Strange as it may appear it is a fine looking girl, and weighs 8 lbs.

Edward Manning seems to think Upper Plymouth the best place after all. He has moved into the Cable house.

George Peterhans seems to like country life the best as he has bought and moved on to a small farm just east of the village, leasing his new house to Mr. Collins, night operator at the D. L. & N. depot. George is a good citizen and we regret losing him.

Trade is booming in the Starkweather block. John says they are closing out their entire stock and will go out of business.

C. Butterfield, D. L. & N. operator, is on the sick list and has been at home recuperating for a few days.

S. C. Hench finishes his term this week with Jolliffe Bros. at the cheese factory and now expects to go into the Markham air rifle shops for the winter.

M. VanDecar, of New Boston, spent Sunday with his brother George.

George VanDecar's 6 weeks old girl weighs 17 lbs. Who can beat this?

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

Newburg.

James and Anna Norris, left Thursday for Caro, Tuscola Co., to visit relatives.

Geo. Granger, who has been lumbering in Ontonagon Co., U. P., returned home last week.

Frank Blakesley of the Detroit detective force is visiting his brother-in-law, R. B. Barnes.

The N. H. association will depart somewhat from their regular program of intellectual entertainment and next Saturday night, Dec. 1st oyster supper will be the feature of the evening. Music will be furnished while you eat, by the Newburg band. Everybody invited.

The members of the south school gave an exhibition at their school house, on Wednesday evening last, under the direction of Miss Jennie Crosby. The house was crowded, every seat being taken, and standing room was at a premium. Great credit is due Miss Crosby and pupils for the way in which the program was carried out.

Satan has been in our midst, instructing his disciples how to entice M. E. church members to a dance, so as to defile their good name and make them break church rules. He and his most reliable disciples got their heads together last week, and so skillfully managed a certain dancing party, as to entice a number of said church members thereto. We are glad to say however, that their method is generally known and it neither defiled the good name of those who attended, or made them break the rule of their church. Theirs must of course be a discouraging fact to Satan and his benighted followers, but they are no doubt guided by the old adage: "If at first you don't succeed, try try again."

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

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

Rev. R. N. Middleton, M. E. clergyman, Spring Lake Mich., says: Sleep and rest were strangers to me after preaching—All I used "Adironda." Now I sleep soundly and awake refreshed. I can heartily recommend "Adironda." Sold by John Gale.

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

"Health Insurance."

This is almost as necessary as life insurance. It means reasonable care, and occasionally a little medicine—not much. A Ripans Tabule is enough in most cases.

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

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke your Life away

"The faithful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless guaranteed tobacco habit cure. 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.

We Have the Agency for the Best Stoves and Ranges

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M. CONNER & SON. Hardware Merchants.





JEWELRY SILVERWARE.

C. G. Draper has on hand a Complete Line of Ladies' and Gents' WATCH CHAINS. Latest Patterns and Low Prices.

A Fine New Line of Silver and Plated Ware just received. Inspect our goods and get prices before going out of town for anything in this line.

C. G. DRAPER.

Livery AND SALE STABLE

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

12 Bus Tickets for \$1.00. H. G. ROBINSON, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

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REGAINS AND MAINTAINS THE VITAL POWERS.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF VIGOR, INSOMNIA, and GENERAL DEBILITY. CAUSED BY IMPRUDENT HABITS, EXCESSES, OR OVERWORK.

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A General Banking Business Transacted. 4 PER CENT. Interest paid on Saving and Time Deposits.

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I Make a Specialty of

DRESS SUITS

And all Clothing Made to Order. Is Guaranteed. I have Some choice Pant and Suit Patterns That I will make up at Reasonable Prices.

M. ROSEN.