

The Plymouth Mail.

VOLUME VIII, NO. 19.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., JANUARY 11, 1895.

WHOLE NO. 383

IS NOT DANGEROUS

Don't Be Misled.—One Case Only, and That Isolated.

Mountains Made Out of Mole-Hills.

Plymouth Scored by Neighboring Towns.

The Small-Pox Stories Exaggerated.

Last week's MAIL stated that Harry Markham was taken down with the black measles. It has since developed that Harry has a case of small-pox to deal with.

On Saturday, Inspector Dr. Williamson was summoned from Detroit by president Hunter, at the request of health officer Collier, to examine Harry's condition. Dr. Williamson reported it small-pox. The MAIL man was called upon Saturday night to print small-pox cards with which to placard the house where Harry is confined. The health officer and Dr. Dewey, with the assistance of the president and others, at once proceeded to quarantine the house and inmates, and all others who had been exposed. Everything that has been brought to the attention of the health officer has been carefully investigated and the proper course pursued to quench the disease where it sprung up. That his efforts will prove successful we have every assurance, and we do not hesi-

late to state that, while every due precaution should continue to be exercised, no fear of an epidemic is entertained.

We, with the whole community, sympathize with Mr. Markham and family in their affliction, and trust that nothing serious may result therefrom.

The health officer, Dr. Collier, deserves much credit for his prompt procedure, without fear or favor, only having in view the welfare of the whole community. Dr. Dewey, likewise, is commendable for the great care he exercises in the discharge of his duty. When he discovered the true nature of the case he had for treatment, he went right, ahead like a man to protect the community by using his best efforts to confine the disease to its present quarters as well as save the life of the afflicted if possible.

The house that Harry is confined in is located on the outskirts of the village and has been thoroughly quarantined, besides each member of the family. Dr. Williamson says there is not the least doubt that no one has been exposed outside of the family and they were not exposed until after having been quarantined.

Our neighboring villages are making the best of it for business purposes, and false stories have already been circulated, placing the number of cases as high as 12. We wish to thoroughly impress all that if it were necessary, or the least possible chance for an epidemic developed, the town would be quarantined at once. There being but one case and that located in an isolated part of the village, with no exposures prior to quarantining the house and inmates that would be liable to develop, the disinfecting of everything and everybody in any way connected, we do not hesitate to state that no one need have any fears of coming to Plymouth, competition stories to the contrary notwithstanding.

Advertisers will please bear in mind that copy for change of ad must be in the office by Wednesday evening, to insure a change.

THEY TALK IT OVER.

The Council Held a Meeting Last Monday Night.

After over a month's "lay off," the council met Monday evening. After the minutes of last meeting were read and approved, a number of bills were allowed. Two or three were held over for further consideration.

The parties who were notified some time ago to have walks built in front of their respective places were reported as not having made any advancement towards building the same. The marshal was instructed to see that they are built at once.

Dr. Collier, health officer, was present, and called upon to report on the small-pox case of Harry Markham. The doctor said that he could not say anything further than what each member already knew. Every precaution had been taken and nothing left undone that would tend to confine the disease to the one place. He had hopes that such was successful and did not anticipate its spread. He thought it would be wise, however, to have a place selected for a pest house and everything ready should the case demand it. The chairman of the health committee was authorized to select a place and have everything ready.

The president said that at the next meeting a chief for the fire department was to be elected, and other matters pertaining to the department brought up. Council then adjourned.

W. C. T. U.

White Ribbon hearts throughout our land are saddened by the news of the death of Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Michigan, who died at her home in Jackson, Jan. 3rd.

A consistent christian, beloved by all who knew her, a gifted writer, an able speaker, a tireless worker in temperance and other moral reforms, she leaves behind her a grand record of work done for the uplifting of humanity.

A few days previous to her death, when she had arranged all her earthly affairs and was calmly waiting the end, she sent a telegram to Miss Francis Willard. The message was signed by herself and read: "The chariot swings low; resigned; sweetly trusting."

The chariot swings low; it pauses, an instant. Close, close to the portal of her we hold dear; Life's conflicts are ended, life's sun has descended. The glories of Heaven around her appear.

The chariot swings low; the dear one is ready, A lingering glance and a clasp of the hand. The loved one is leaving and fond hearts are grieving.

The chariot speeds to the Heavenly land.

NETTIE H. PELHAM.

Pikes Peak.

The ice house at this place is being filled with a choice quantity of ice. It is about eight inches thick.

The Ladies Aid Society will hold an oyster supper at the P. of I. Hall next Thursday evening, Jan. 17. All are invited to attend. Bill 50 cts per couple.

Mrs. May Knight is visiting at Detroit. Mrs. Mary Robinson spent a few days this week visiting relatives and friends at Detroit.

W. R. Robinson and family are out from Detroit this week.

GALE'S

- For fresh Vaccine Points go to Gale's.
- " Prescriptions go to Gale's.
- " fresh Drugs go to Gale's.
- " patent Medicines go to Gale's.
- " Orange Peel Toilet Soap, finest on earth, for 10c at Gale's.
- " Disinfectants go to Gale's.
- " New Stock of Atomizers go to Gale's.
- " New Stock of Cucumber pickles in bulk, go to Gale's.
- " Dried Apricots go to Gale's.
- " Chase & Sandborn's celebrated Coffees go to
- " " " " Teas go to **GALE'S**
- " Special Bargains in Crockery go to **GALE'S**
- " Special Bargains in Groceries go to **GALE'S**

Gale's Drug and Grocery Store.
PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Salem.
Happy New Year, Mr. Editor, fellow correspondents, yes, and everybody.

The week of prayer is being observed by the Congregationalists.

Will Mosher went to Silver Lake, Monday, on a fishing expedition.

Miss May Stanley, who has been tussling with la grippe, is somewhat better at this writing.

Bert Stanbro and wife started for Clarkston on Tuesday of this week for a visit among relatives at that place.

The Baptist church society will tender their pastor a donation visit on Tuesday evening, Jan. 15th. All are invited to attend.

Still nosleighting, but the skating is immense and is greatly appreciated by the boys and girls, and some papas and mamas as well.

The Congregational society will give their pastor a donation party on Friday evening of this week. Chicken pie will be served. All are invited.

Frank Bennett, whom we have mentioned as being very poorly, is now taking treatment at Detroit, going to and from the city each day.

The yearly meeting of the Baptist church at this place was held Jan. 8th. The various reports handed in show the church society to be in a very prosperous condition, indeed, pastor and people in harmony. The pastor has been overpaid and a balance in the treasury for incidentals speaks well for these hard times.

Rev. D. H. Conrad is holding a series of revival meetings in the Clark school house, 2 1/2 miles west of Northville, on the base line road. He is assisted by his brother, E. H. Conrad. Although the meetings have only been in progress some ten evenings, yet several have been converted and more are under deep conviction.

A very sad funeral was held in the Baptist church, Jan. 3rd. Little Claud Gigger, who had received an injury while at school, was shortly afterward taken with spinal meningitis which proved fatal. The little fellow was a member of the infant class and one of the little chairs, with which the class room is seated, was draped with white and black and placed upon the platform. As the closing hymn, (which was the little fellow's favorite and one which he was often heard singing,) was sung, there were many wet eyes in the audience. The remains were interred in the Thayer cemetery.

Glancing over the state news in the MAIL, our eye chanced to light on an article entitled "better protection for game and fish," and the said article goes on to state what the Michigan State Fish and Game Protection League desires and the bills which they intend to present to the state legislature. If the said bills are presented we sincerely hope that that body will deal it a black eye, as we believe they rightfully should. Just think of making it a circuit court offense to kill a rabbit except in the month of October! If such a law were passed, how long before it would be an utter impossibility to grow a young fruit orchard or even berries canes on account of the devastations of this nuisance, (the grey rabbit.) If we thought the representatives of our legislature would for one moment entertain the idea of passing such a bill, we would say to all farmers, fruit and berry growers, arise and get up a protest against such an outrage.

GUESS.

POLL TAX MUST BE PAID.

Attorney General Ellis Says The Law Provides For It.

For some time the council has considered the advisability of proceeding against persons who refuse to pay their poll tax. It seems a very small matter for anyone to refuse, and the council has endeavored to find out if it can legally be collected. The object was, that no one should pay the poll tax and let others go free. The attorney general writes Marshal Weeks to proceed, if necessary, and collect according to law. We quote from a letter received from the auditor general as follows: "Section 2925, of Howell's Statutes, authorizes the levy of poll taxes in villages. Section 2929 authorizes placing them on the roll, and extending the same with other taxes. (See also section 2935.) Section 2936 authorizes the marshal to collect such tax by levy and sale of the goods of the person taxed. I see no reason why the tax cannot be collected."

This should convince all that the law will uphold the marshal, and any who refuse will have to stand a suit. No partiality is to be shown.

A Bright Eye

is the sign of good health and an alert mind. Strange that it should almost always depend on the state of the digestion, but it does. A Ripans Tabule taken after meals gives the little artificial help most grown people need.

50c. 68c. 75c.

Read and you will learn the meaning of the above figures. We have just

Received 200 Pairs of Cotton Pants

And have commenced to give you the following bargains:

A Good Cotton Pant for 50c
A Better Cotton Pant for 68c
A Heavy \$1.25 Cotton Pant for 75c

We have not room to tell you of the Great Bargains we can give you in

Shirts, Underwear, Gloves, Mittens, Stockings, Etc.

But Come and See.

We have not gone out of the Grocery Business, Don't think so for a moment.

We are agents for the NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE.



No. 19 List Price \$70.

Our Price \$35 Only.

Call and get Circulars and Prices.

No. 4 List Price \$45.00, Our Price \$20.00
No. 5 List Price \$50.00, Our Price \$25.00
No. 15 List Price \$60.00, Our Price \$30.00

J. R. RAUCH,

AGENT, PLYMOUTH.

The Wheel Goes Round

And Everybody Gets the Worth of Their Money. See

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



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

Best Line of Patent Medicines. Freshest and Purest Drugs.

Chaffee, Hunter & Lauffer.

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

Intense Headaches

"For four years I have been a constant sufferer. My head ached from morning till night. After trying everything I could think of, the only thing that gave me any relief was to keep my head bound with a cloth to keep the air from striking it. The nasal passages of my head and my throat were very sore and gave me intense pain, expectorating in such corrupt matter. I was told that the weight of my hair was the cause of my trouble, and I had it cut off; but this gave me no relief. Reading about a lady similarly afflicted who was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, I began to take it. Before I had taken one bottle I felt greatly improved, and at the end of three bottles was entirely well. I now weigh 240 pounds, which is a gain of 10 pounds in three months." Mrs. MARY A. WITTE, Franklin, Indiana.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them.

Great Rock Island Route

Playing Cards.

CONRATH BLACK RASPBERRY. 14 days earlier than the Oregon, nearly twice as large as the average, vigorous growth, a bushy habit. \$1.00 per acre. Also \$5.00 per bush and 500 crates. Inquire of Conrath Black Raspberry Co., 1000 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

CALIFORNIA

Weekly Overland Parties—Personally Conducted—in New Pullman Upland Tourist Sleeping Cars, without change, leaving Chicago every Thursday for all points on the Pacific Coast. For particulars address JUDSON & CO., 195 South Clark St., Chicago.

LINE NE

The "LINE NE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five cents.

DIRECTION for using CREAM BALM—Apply a particle of the Balm up into the nostrils. After a moment draw a strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM opens and cleanses the nasal passages, relieves the inflammation, draws the mucus from the membrane, relieves the itching, restores the secretions of the nose, and cures the disease. It is the only remedy for Catarrh of the Nose, Throat, and Lungs.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 25 cents at druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY. The outer sole is selected to resist the heaviest wear, and the inner sole is made of the finest material, and is put off with interior goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES. On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST FIT FOR A KING. CORBOVAN, FINE CALF & KANGAROO, \$4.50. POLICE, \$3.50. WORKINGMEN, \$2.50. EXTRA FINE, \$2.95. BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES, \$2.50. LADIES' \$3.50. BEST GOLA. W. L. DOUGLAS, 271 N. BOSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes. All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform, and stamped on the sole. If you do not save over other makes, if your dealer cannot supply you we can.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S CURE FOR BRONCHITIS

W. L. DOUGLAS'S CURE FOR BRONCHITIS. It is the only cure for Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. Sold by druggists.

"TOMB AND TEMPLE."

DR. TALMAGE WRITES OF HIS TRAVELS IN INDIA.

"From India Even unto Ethiopia" as the Text for His Sermon Through the Press—The Gilded Palaces of Eastern Idolatry.

IN HIS SERMON through the press, dated Brooklyn, Jan. 6, Dr. Talmage writes as follows: In all the Bible this is the only book in which the word India occurs, but it stands for a realm of vast interest in the time of Esther as in our time. It yielded then as now spices, and silks, and cotton, and rice, and indigo, and ores of all richness, and precious stones of all sparkle, and had a civilization of its own as marked as Egyptian or Grecian or Roman civilization. It holds the costliest tomb ever built, and the most unique and idolatrous temple ever opened. For practical lessons, in this my sixth discourse in "round the world" series, I show you that tomb and temple of India.

In a journey around the world it may not be easy to tell the exact point which divides the pilgrimage into halves. But there was one structure toward which we were all the time traveling, and having seen that, we felt that if we saw nothing more, our expedition would be a success. That one object was the Taj Mahal of India. It is the crown of the whole earth. The spirits of architecture met to throne a king, and the spirit of the Parthenon of Athens was there; and the spirit of St. Sophia of Constantinople was there; and the spirit of St. Isaac of St. Petersburg was there; and the spirit of the Baptistery of Pisa was there; and the spirit of the Great Pyramid, and of Luxor Obelisk, and of the Porcelain Tower of Nankin, and of St. Mark's of Venice; and the spirits of all the great towers, great cathedrals, great mausoleums, great sarcophagi, great capitols for the living, and of great necropolises for the dead, were there. And the presiding genius of the throng with gavel of Parian marble smote the table of Russian malachite, and called the spirits to order, and called a vote as to which spirit should wear the chief crown, and mount the chief throne, and wave the chief scepter, and by unanimous acclaim the cry was: "Long live the spirit of the Taj, king of all the spirits of architecture! Thine is the Taj Mahal of India!"

The building is about six miles from Agra, and as we rode out in the early dawn we heard nothing but the hoofs and wheels that pulled and turned us along the road, at every yard of which our expectation rose until we had some thought that we might be disappointed at the first glimpse, as some say they were disappointed. But how can any one be disappointed with the Taj, almost as great a wonder to me as the Taj itself. There are some people always disappointed, and who know that that having entered heaven they may criticize the architecture of the temple, and the cut of the white robes, and say that the river of life is not quite up to their expectations, and that the white horses on which the conquerors ride seem a little spring-halt or spavined?

My son said, "There it is!" I said, "Where?" For that which he saw to be the building seemed to me to be more like the morning cloud blushing under the stare of the rising sun. It seemed not so much built up from earth as let down from heaven. Fortunately, you stop at an elevated gateway of red sandstone one eighth of a mile from the Taj, an entrance so high, so arched, so graceful, so four domed, so painted and enobled and scroled that you come very gradually upon the Taj, which structure is enough to intoxicate the eye, and stun the imagination, and entrance the soul. We go up the winding stairs of this majestic entrance of the gateway, and buy a few pictures and examine a few curios, and from it look off upon the Taj, and descend to the pavement of the garden that raptures everything between the gateway and the ecstasy of marble and precious stones. You pass along a deep stream of water in which all manner of brilliant fins swirl and float. There are eighty-four fountains that spout and bend, and arch themselves to fall in showers of pearl in basins of snowy whiteness. Beds of all imaginable flora greet the nostril before they do the eye, and seem to roll in waves of colors as you advance toward the vision you are soon to have of what human genius did when it did its best; moon flowers, lilac, marigolds, tulips, and almost everywhere the lotus, thickets of bewildering bloom; on either side trees from many lands bend their absence or your head, or seem with convoluted branches to reach out their arms toward you in welcome. On and you go amid tamarind, and cypress, and poplar, and oleander, and yew, and sycamore, and banyan, and palm, and trees of such novel branch, and leaf, and girth, you cease to ask their names or nativity. As you approach the door of the Taj you experience a strange sensation of awe, and tenderness, and humility, and worship. The building is only a grave, but what a grave! Built for a queen who, according to some was very good, and according to others very bad. I choose to think she was very good. At any rate, it makes me feel better to think that this commemorative pile was set up for the immortalization of virtue rather than vice. The Taj is a mountain of white marble, but never such walls faced each other with exquisiteness; never such a tomb was cut from block of alabaster; never

such a congregation of precious stones brightened, and gloomed, and blazed, and chastened, and glorified a building since sculptor's chisel cut its first curve, or painter's pencil traced its first figure, or mason's plumb line measured its first wall, or architect's compass swept its first circle.

The Taj has sixteen great arched windows, four at each corner. Also at each of the four corners of the Taj stands a minaret 137 feet high. Also at each side of this building is a splendid mosque of red sandstone. Two hundred and fifty years has the Taj stood, and yet not a wall is cracked, nor a mosaic loosened, nor an arch sagged, nor a panel dulled. The storms of 250 winters have not marred, nor the heats of 250 summers disintegrated a marble. There is no story of age written by mosses on its white surface. Montez, the queen, was beautiful, and Shah Jehan, the king, here proposed to let all the centuries of time know it. She was married at 20 years of age and died at 29. Her life ended as another life began; as the rose bloomed the rose bush perished. To adorn this dormitory of the dead, at the command of the king, Bagdad sent to this building its cornelian, and Ceylon its lapis lazuli, and Punjab its jasper, and Persia its amethyst, and Thibet its turquoise, and Lanka its sapphire, and Yemen its agate, and Punjab its diamonds, and blood-stones, and sardonyx, and chaledony, and moss agates as common as though they were pebbles. You find one spray of vine beset with eighty and another with one hundred stones. Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it, and although the labor was slave labor, and not paid for, the building cost what would be about \$50,000,000 of our American money. Some of the jewels have been picked out of the wall by iconoclasts or conquerors, and substitutes of less value have taken their places; but the vines, the traceries, the arabesques, the spandrels, the entablatures are so wondrous that you feel like dating the rest of your life from the day you first saw them. In letters of black marble the whole of the Koran is spelled out in and on this august pile. The king sleeps in the tomb beside the queen, although he intended to build a palace as black as this was white on the opposite side of the river for himself to sleep in. Indeed, the foundation of such a necropolis of black marble is still there, and from the white to the black temple of the dead a bridge was to cross; but the son de-throned him and imprisoned him, and it is wonderful that the king had any place at all in which to be buried. Instead of windows to let in the light upon the two tombs, there is a trellis work of marble, marble cut so delicately thin that the sun shines through it as easily as through glass. Look the world over and find so much translucency; canopies, traceries, lace work, embroideries of stone.

In these Elephanta Caves everything is on a Samsonian and Titanian scale. With chisels that were dropped from nerveless hands at least eight centuries ago, the forms of the gods Brahma, and Vishnu, and Siva were cut into the everlasting rock. Siva is here represented by a figure sixteen feet nine inches high one half man and one half woman. Run a line from the forehead straight to the floor of the rock, and you divide this idol into masculine and feminine. Admired as this idol is by many, it was to me about the worst thing that was ever cut into porphyry, perhaps because there is hardly anything on earth so objectionable as a being half man and half woman. Do be one or the other, my hearer. Man is admirable, and woman is admirable, but either in flesh or trap rock a compromise of the two is hideous. Save us from effeminate men and masculine women.

Yonder is the King Ravana worshipping. Yonder is the sculptured representation of the marriage of Shiva and Karati. Yonder is Daksha, the son of Brahma, born from the thumb of his right hand. He had sixty daughters. Seventeen of those daughters were married to Kasyapa and became mothers of the human race. Yonder is a god with three heads. The center god has a crown wound with necklaces of skulls. The right hand god is in a paroxysm of rage, with forehead of snakes, and in his hand is a cobra. The left hand god has pleasure in all its features and the hand has a flower. But there are gods and goddesses in all directions. The chief temple of this rock is 130 feet square and has twenty-six pillars rising to the roof. After the conquerors of other lands, and the tourists from all lands have chipped, and defaced, and blasted, and carried away curios and mementos for museums and homes, there are enough entancements left to detain one, unless he is cautious, until he is down with some of the malarias which encompass this land, or get bitten with some of its snakes. Yes, I felt the chilly dampness of the place, and left this congress of gods, this pandemonium of demons, this pantheon of different deities, and came to the steps and looked off upon the waters which rolled and flashed, around the steam yacht that was waiting to return with us to Bombay. As we stepped aboard, our minds filled with the idols of the Elephanta Caves. I was impressed as never before with the thought that man must have a religion of some kind, even if he has to contrive one himself, and he must have a god, even though he make it with his own hand. I rejoice to know the day will come when the one God of the universe will be acknowledged throughout India.

That evening of our return to Bombay I visited the Young Men's Christian association with the same appointments that you find in the Young Men's Christian associations of Europe and America, and the night after that I addressed a throng of native children who are in the schools of the Christian missions. Christian universities gather

under their wing of benediction a host of the young men of this country. Bombay and Calcutta, the two great commercial cities of India, feel the elevating power of an aggressive Christianity. Episcopal liturgy and Presbyterian Westminster catechism, and Methodist anxious seat, and Baptist waters of consecration now stand where once basest idolatries had undisputed sway. The work which shoe-maker Carey inaugurated at Serampore, India, translating the Bible into forty different dialects, and leaving his worn-out body amid the natives whom he had come to save, and going up into the heavens from which he can better watch all the field—that work will be completed in the salvation of the millions of India; and beside him gazing from the same high places stand Bishop Heber, and Alexander Duff, and John Scudder, and Mackay, who fell at Delhi, and Monteffi, who fell at Cawnpore, and Polehampton, who fell at Lucknow, and Freeman, who fell at Futtyghur, and all heroes and heroines who, for Christ's sake, lived and died for the Christianization of India; and their heaven will not be complete until the Ganges that washes the Ghats of heathen temples shall roll between churches of the living God, and the trampled womanhood of Hindooism shall have all the rights purchased by him who amid the cuts and stabs of his own assassination cried out: "Behold thy mother!" and from Bengal Bay to Arabian ocean, and from the Himalayas to the coast of Coromandel there be lifted hosannas to Him who died to redeem all nations. In that Elephanta Cave will be one of the places where idols are cast to the moles and bats. If any clergyman asks me, as an unbelieving minister of religion once asked the duke of Wellington, "Do you not think the work of converting the Hindus is all a practical farce?" I answer him as Wellington answered the unbelieving minister: "Look to your marching orders, sir!" Or if any one having joined in the gospel attack feels like retreating, I say to him, as Gen. Havelock said to a retreating regiment, "The enemy are in front, not in the rear," and leading them again into the fight, though two horses had been shot under him.

Indeed, the taking of this world for Christ will be no holiday celebration, but as tremendous as when in India during the mutiny of 1857, a fortress manned by Sepoys was to be captured by Sir Colin Campbell and the army of Britain. The Sepoys hurled upon the attacking columns burning missiles, and grenades, and fired on them shot and shell, and poured on them from the ramparts burning oil, until a writer who witnessed it says, "It was a picture of pandemonium." Then Sir Colin addressed his troops, saying, "Remember the women and children must be rescued!" and his men replied: "Ay! ay! Sir Colin! We stand by you at Balaklava, and will stand by you here!" And then came the triumphant assault of the battlements. So in this gospel campaign which proposes capturing the very last citadel of idolatry and sin, and hoisting over it the banner of the cross, we may have hurled upon us mighty opposition, and scorn, and obloquy, and many may fall before the work is done, yet at every call for new onset, let the cry of the church be "Ay! ay! Great captain of our salvation; we stand by thee in other conflicts, and we will stand by thee to the last!" And then, if not in this world, then from the battlements of the next, as the last Apollonian fortification shall crash into ruin, we will join in the shout: "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the life victory!" "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

PROTESTANTISM IN SPAIN.

Liberal Sentiments Prevail, and the New Movement Will Be Free.

Notwithstanding the strong pressure brought to bear upon the Spanish government by the powerful ultramontane and clerical party in the peninsula, the cabinet has announced its decision to abstain from any further interference with the Protestant church at Madrid, the consecration of which by the Protestant archbishop of Dublin about a year ago gave rise to a serious political crisis, says the New York Tribune. For a time the church was closed by order of the authorities; but more liberal views have since prevailed and in the cortes the other day the minister of justice declared that the government considered itself bound to respect that clause of the constitution which provided for liberty of conscience, freedom of divine worship, and religious toleration. The constantly growing Protestant element in Spain is, therefore, henceforth secure from molestation, so far as the civil authorities are concerned.

A Veteran Inventor.

"In a quiet old house at 609 Marshall street," says the Philadelphia Record, "lives Frank O. Deschamps, who, although over 70 years old, has been inventing things all his life. Mr. Deschamps is as active as a boy of 20, lives all alone amid his models and contrivances; cooks his own meals, acts as his own housekeeper, and is as happy as the day is long. Mr. Deschamps' first invention of note was the artificial leg. It was over fifty years ago when Mr. Deschamps, then an apprentice, was asked by his master to see what he could do for a foppish Frenchman who had lost a leg. At that time only wooden pegs were known and the Frenchman was dissatisfied with this, no means elegant substitute. In two days young Deschamps had finished a complete model of an artificial leg, with every movement of the natural limb duplicated. His master had it patented and it yielded him a fortune. 'I got 50 cents out of it,' laughingly remarked Deschamps. 'The Frenchman gave me that and told me to go over to Smith's island and enjoy myself. And I thought I was in great luck at that.'"

HE MADE A BOLD STAND.

His Wife Had Been Nagging Him Long Enough and He So Informed Her.

"Henry," she said as he took off his coat and looked around for his slippers, "did you mail that letter that I gave you yesterday?"

"Yes, my dear," he replied promptly: "I mailed it yesterday afternoon."

"Are you sure?"

He drew himself up haughtily. He felt that he had the best of it this time and he proposed to make the most of it.

"Maria," he said with dignity, "I have stood this nagging as long as I propose to. Every time I undertake to do anything for you you insult me instead of thanking me, and all because I carried some letters of yours two days ago and failed to match a piece of ribbon. It has gone on long enough, and hereafter I want it understood that when I say I have done a thing I have done it and that settles it. I mailed your letter, Maria, at Randolph and State Streets."

"Then," said the little North Side woman, and her eyes flashed, "what is this that the postman left this morning marked 'Received in Bad Order'?" It begins, "My dearest Henry, and ends, 'Yours lovingly, Lily. Henry did you mail my letter, or did you—'" and she snatched the envelope she held.

"I think I think I did," he replied meekly, as with trembling fingers he pulled his wife's sealed and stamped letter out of his pocket. "I—I guess I mailed that old 1886 letter by mistake, Maria. You remember Lily, don't you, Mary? Youthful flame of mine. I wonder where she is. Have you heard, Maria?"

"And before the interview was over he proposed to throw all the old letters away and never speak of nagging again."—Chicago Tribune.

IT HAS TWO STOMACHS.

At the April meeting of the Natural History Society, Dr. Thomas S. Stevens entertained and instructed the members by an illustrated paper on a rotifer, a microscopic animal that is among the rarest in the group. It was first discovered by a Russian microscopist, next found twice in Philadelphia, once in Illinois and some years ago in Trenton. It has now been rediscovered here.

The creature is unique in several particulars that would be of little interest to the general reader, but which fill with unexpressible joy the heart of the devoted microscopist, who is happy when he is prying into the little brain or the larger stomach of the animal.

The little creature is blessed above the human beast in having two stomachs, which it can fill with other animals and apparently enjoy itself by digesting them in spite of their wriggling. But in connection with one of the animal's stomachs a discovery has been made in Trenton that has never before been made in any part of the world, otherwise it would not be a discovery. This pouch is internally lined with a dense and woolly coating of vibrating hairs. These strange, internally appendages appear to be unknown in any other than the Trenton rotifer, and are, therefore, of great interest in a scientific way.

Another pleasing point, pleasing both to the animal and to the microscopist, is that the rotifer has no means of seeking its food nor of creating currents in the water that shall bring food to its double stomach. It can only rest on a small leaf or other object, hold its mouth widely open and wait for Providence to fill it by means of some wandering animal that shall blunder into the trap and be done for, because once in those jaws there is no escape. Trenton State Gazette.

The Bride and the Bottles.

There was a novel wedding performance at 12 o'clock one night at Jeffersonville, Ind., in one of the most prominent saloons in that city. At 10:30 o'clock Thomas R. Doohle and Miss Sophia Took arrived in that matrimonial centre and went to Tammany, the saloon of Louis Klesche, an acquaintance of the groom, to find County Clerk Stealy. Stealy couldn't be found until 11:30 o'clock, and as Squire Keigwin arrived somewhat later, it was decided to have the ceremony performed in the saloon, as no other house was open at that hour. There were several patrons of the saloon present when the ceremony was performed. Some of the boys were playing pool, others casino and whiskey poker. When Squire Keigwin arrived, however, everything else was abandoned to do honor to the nuptials. The couple stood immediately in front of the bar and the spectators filled up the background. There was room for the presiding magistrate only behind the bar, and the Squire gracefully slipped in among the glasses and bottles and, with all solemnity, performed his functions. Congratulations were in order, after which the groom "set up" to the house. The newly married couple returned to Louisville highly elated with the success of their trip. The groom is a young iron-moulder and the bride is the daughter of a neighbor in Louisville.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Flirted With His Mother.

A Toledo society woman has played a good joke on her son by attending a well private masquerade and allowing him to flirt with her; nay, more, ask for a kiss without the faintest suspicion on the young man's part as to who the fair charmer was. He followed her about the entire evening, and when the time for unmasking came was at her side ready to catch the first glimpse. Imagine his chagrin. Cleveland World.

HOOD'S ON TOP.

A Mammoth Edition of Beautiful Calendars for 1895.

[From the Lowell, Mass., Morning Mail.] Hood's calendar for 1895 may now be obtained at the drug stores and every one who gets one secures "a thing of beauty." Indeed, in the novelty of the design and the exquisiteness of the coloring, the calendar surpasses all previous issues, just as Hood's calendars have for many years surpassed all others. The calendar is formed in the shape of a heart and is ornamented with two beautiful child faces which have always been a charming feature of Hood's calendars. On the right is a representation of "Winter," the sweet little face with light brown eyes peeping out from a dainty cap, while the snow flakes are falling all about. The face on the left is a picture of "Summer," and is lighted with blue eyes and the head covered with bright flowers. The shades are perfectly blended, and the whole picture is surrounded by a tawny border. The design was made by Miss Maud Humphrey, one of the most gifted and celebrated water color artists in the country. The calendar gives the usual information concerning the lunar changes, and upon the back is printed a table of astronomical events especially calculated for C. L. Hood & Co.

The calendar is issued to advertise Hood's Sarsaparilla, Hood's Pills and other preparations of the firm, and is regarded as most difficult to manufacture, its novel shape being such as to other concerns has ever undertaken to produce in large quantities. It was necessary to purchase several additional machines especially for this job, so that there was a very large amount of machinery and a whole regiment of people employed in this branch of the extensive business of the big laboratory of Lowell. During the five months when the calendars were being made there were actually employed every day in this part of the work of the laboratory six printing presses, one proofing machine, four eye letting machines, seven wire stitchers, eight large paper cutters and 100 persons. At the beginning of the work this large force was able to produce about 100,000 calendars a day and for several weeks toward the close the daily production amounted to 140,000 calendars. The edition of Hood's calendars for 1895 was 10,500,000, or about 7,500,000 more than last year.

This, of course, is an immense number, but the general reader has only a faint conception of its magnitude until he is reminded that the little 500,000 added to the ten millions is considered an enormous edition by many of the largest advertisers in the world. If the calendars were laid down in a single line, they would reach almost one thousand miles, and if the different pieces in the calendar pads were laid in this way they would extend almost three thousand miles, or from New York to Liverpool. For the past eight years, Hood's calendars have exceeded in number every similar publication, but it was hardly dreamed that they would ever come up to the mammoth edition which was demanded this year. Lowell has long been proud of this great industry which has given her almost a world wide reputation, and it is a matter of no small importance that so many of her people find pleasant and profitable employment in the work of making and advertising the great blood purifying medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, whose actual cures in every part of the country have been the wonder of the medical profession and have caused many hearts to overflow with gratitude.

Those who are unable to obtain Hood's Sarsaparilla Calendars at the drug stores should send six cents in stamps for one, or 10 cents for two to C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Kossuth's oldest son has put on his father's mantle and returned to Hungary to take up the dead patriot's work on new lines. He says the next revolution will be peaceful.

\$1,000,000 Cure Rheumatism.

Some Michigan references for "Schrage's" \$1,000,000 Rheumatism Cure. Geo. H. Higgs, 230 Washington Avenue, Lansing; L.H. Chisholm, Lansing; T. A. Aulander, 243 Catherine Street, Detroit; F. W. Hogner, 105 Grand Avenue, Detroit; W. R. Cutter, Iowa; D. E. Prall & Co., Saginaw; J. E. Passag, Greenville; Henry Kroeger, 240 Holland and many others. It must be good or doctors would not prescribe it. Mrs. John A. Logan, widow of the famous Union general, uses it. It has received the highest endorsements on earth; is harmless and pleasant. We have 100,000 faithful testimonials. Cures where all else fails. \$1.00 a bottle, 50c for 10c. Take nothing else "just as good" on which your dealer makes twice as much. Write to-day. Cost nothing to investigate. SCHRAGE'S RHEUMATISM CURE CO., 107 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Henry Irving is decidedly popular in Ireland. For his recent Dublin engagement a rush was made to buy seats at the box office, which resulted in a scrimmage of approval American football pattern.

FOR BURNS, SCALDS, BRUISES and all pain and soreness of the flesh, the grand household remedy is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Be sure you get the genuine.

The natural life of an elephant is said to be 120 years. It is, however, greatly shortened in captivity.

The world is always interested in the cure of consumption; yet its prevention is of far more importance. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is guaranteed to cure coughs and colds. Sold by all dealers of a guarantee of satisfaction.

The man who hates the Bible has something in his heart that the devil loves.

Going to California?

The Burlington route is the only railway running "personally conducted" excursions via Denver to Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, Ogden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, and Los Angeles at the lowest rates. Pullman tourist sleeping car through without change.

Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Write or call on T. A. Grady, excursion manager, 211 Clark street, Chicago.

The first painting, so far as known, was done in Egypt, B. C. 2100, by command of the King Usenywast, to commemorate his exploits.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

M. FRED GRAY, - EDITOR.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

Single copies 3 Cents.

Entered at Plymouth P. O. as second class matter.

Cards of Thanks 5c. Resolutions of Condolence 5c. Paid notices set a word; in locals set a word. Reading notice where charges are made sets a line.

Friday, JAN. 11 1895.

LION ON THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Only a Mountain Lion, But He Owned the Whole Thing for a While.

Last winter when the snow-storms were so fearful throughout the mountains in Utah and the earth was covered with snow to the depth of five to ten feet, and remained hidden so long, the animals were forced to desperation. The wolves were starved and weak, and what is known as the mountain lion almost perished from starvation, says the Chicago Record.

The hungry animals after a while discovered that food was to be had along the railroad track, where passengers threw bones and scraps of victuals from passing trains. Often two starving coyotes would engage in deadly combat over a chicken bone that had a short time before been ridden of its last vestige of nourishment by some economical person who did not care to pay 75 cents for a meal. This was the condition of things.

Engineer Gast had charge of engine No. 151, which was known as "the helper," from the fact that it helped trains up the mountain and when at the summit cut off and dropped back down to the bottom ready to help another. One night when business on the road was slow, Gast noticed something wrong with the gearing under the tender, and remarked to the fireman that they would get off and repair it. When half way down the mountain side he brought the engine to a standstill and the two men went to work on what proved to be a twenty minutes' job packing a hot box on the tender. The tallow pot was left at the boiler's head.

After completing the repairs the men were mounting the engine again only to see a huge mountain lion devouring the tallow and holding full possession of the engine cab. It was a cold night and the snow drifting. The men had already remained outside until they were very cold and the chances of dispossessing Mr. Lion were very meager, as he snapped his teeth and flashed his eyes and fast-stored the tallow out of sight. The only consolation the men had was that the tallow would not last long at that rate, and even this thought was not entirely satisfying, as they had no way of determining that one of them would not go the same way at the end of the tallow feast. Finally, after fifteen minutes further delay the tallow pot was empty, and giving a growl, as much as to say, "I am very thankful gentlemen, and you ought to be," the animal leaped from the cab and disappeared in the hills.

Poles have overspread the greater part of Long Island as farm laborers. Nothing but the death of native workers has enabled them to do this, for Long Island, except the western end of it, preserves that Yankee aspect and sentiment which for so long a time distinguished New England from the more cosmopolitan parts of the country. At first the Poles came through as peddlers. They were frowned upon, but they saw that farm labor was short and they returned with fellow countrymen, and, offering their services at a time when there was much need of them, were employed to help out in the harvesting. Then, as the sons of the local families continued to take to the cities, the Poles secured permanent occupations.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Real butterflies, fastened on to long spiral springs with a pin at the other end, are among the latest novelties to stick on a bonnet or as an ornament for the head.

"He-You don't love me as you did before we were married, I don't believe. She-Of course I don't John. You wouldn't expect a woman to love a married man as she could a bachelor, would you?"

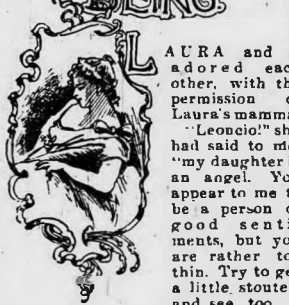
There is an inexpressible charm to care-worn age in the hopes which can never more be its own, and the illusions which can never again lend a grace to existence. It is memory that makes the old indulgent to the young.

Josephine Suffeenszka Jaroska, who is said to be a grandniece of Pulaski, - the Polish patriot who fought for this country in the revolutionary war - and once a countess in St. Petersburg, sells newspapers in front of the postoffice in Brooklyn.

A dog belonging to a Pittsburg girl was accidentally locked in a trunk. When released, two days later, it was still alive. The following day it was run over by an express wagon, and when picked up seemed to be lifeless, but in the course of an hour it came to and now is as well as ever.

A number of women at Woodcliff, N. J., have been frequently frightened by burglars. By constant vigil, however, they managed to prevent the marauders from carrying out their purpose. They finally decided to hire a watchman, but on his first night of duty both he and his dog fell asleep. The burglar returned and everything of value was stolen.

AN EXCEPTIONAL BEING



Laura and I adored each other, with the permission of Laura's mamma. "Leoncio!" she had said to me, "my daughter is an angel. You appear to me to be a person of good sentiments, but you are rather too thin. Try to get a little stouter, and see, too, if you cannot get married before long. These long engagements are not good for young girls."

"Madam," I had replied, "this thinness is hereditary in my family. My papa—heaven rest his soul—had the figure of a bayonet, but he was perfectly healthy inside all the same."

"Well, in any case I wish the marriage to come off as soon as possible."

Now Laura was an exceptional being, all love, all tenderness, all delicacy. She detested coffee, she hated meat, she despised oysters. Her food consisted of vegetables and fruit and occasionally a little milk.

"Do you love me very much?" she asked me frequently.

"More than the zephyrs love the flowers, more than the bird loves the branch in which it builds its nest," I answered, inspired by the deepest tenderness.

For Laura was so poetical a creature! What delicate sentiments were hers! What an imagination! She adored beauty wherever it existed, and I, who lived only to obey her in all things, had even shaved the nape of my neck, because the presence of any rough little hairs there annoyed her exceedingly.

At times I found her sad, her eyes eloquent of tears, her hands hanging limply by her side.

"What ails you, love?" I would ask.

"Ah!" she would reply, heaving a profound sigh.

Then Dona Eduvigis, the mother of my heart's sweet mistress, would call me aside to tell me: "Laura has passed a miserable night."

"But why?"

"Alas! because she has discovered that you sleep in woolen stockings."

"I cannot help that, madam."

"Very well. My daughter cannot give her hand to a man who allows himself to indulge in such prosaic proceedings."

"But it is because—"

"Enough, Leoncio! You must either leave off such vulgar practices, or at once renounce all hope of Laura's hand."

Heaven only knows what sacrifice I made to retain the regard of that young girl whom I loved like a madman.

"Do not smoke, Leoncio!" she told me. "Leoncio, you must endeavor not to perspire, or all is over between us."

"piano," interrupted Laura. "You are incapable of understanding a heart that loves."

"I understand that without money one will starve."

It seemed to me as if that man had taken his seat on the pit of my stomach, so to speak, and the worst was that Dona Eduvigis encouraged him, and on the other hand, would allow me to say nothing that might offend him.

"He is somewhat ordinary in his manners," she allowed one day; "but then he is so clever. Why, he is thinking of opening a pawn shop, where he intends to advance small sums of money on articles of clothing and jewels. If he were not a man of talent do you think that such a thing would have occurred to him?"

Laura continued to fascinate me more and more with her poetical conduct.

"Leoncio," she whispered to me one dreamy night, "Joyous still persevere?"

"Never!"

"Leoncio, do you suffer with chilblains?"

"I would die first!"

"Leoncio, can it be true that you use suspenders?"

"No, my Laura, it is the basest calumny."

I went one evening to see my beloved, and, as usual, Dona Eduvigis received me at the door with a frown.

"Where are you going?" she asked me, crossly.

"Inside," I answered, endeavoring to speak naturally.

"Never!" she cried.

"Why not?"

"Laura is at this moment a victim of a nervous attack. You are killing her."

"I?"

"Yes; she has just discovered that you are exceedingly fond of garlic soup."

"Well, what of it?"

"My daughter cannot endure any more of this prose. She wishes the engagement to be broken off forever."

"Great heavens!"

"Here are your letters."

I leaned against a piece of furniture to prevent myself from falling against Dona Eduvigis.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office in the City of Detroit, on the ninth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of DYER RAMBDELL, deceased.

Alma E. Bryant, the administratrix of said estate, having rendered to this court her final administration account, and on reading said account the petition of Alma E. Bryant, praying that the residue of said estate may be assigned to her.

It is ordered, that the fifth day of February next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for proving said instrument, and for the publication of three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. (A true copy) HOMER A. FLINT, Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office in the City of Detroit, on the ninth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM MANCHESTER, deceased, and filing the petition of Sarah Manchester, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to John B. Tillotson or some other qualified person for probate, and for the publication of three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. (A true copy) HOMER A. FLINT, Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office in the City of Detroit, on the second day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of JANETTE BRADFORD, deceased.

An instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, having been delivered into this court for probate.

It is ordered, that the fifth day of February, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for proving said instrument, and for the publication of three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. (A true copy) HOMER A. FLINT, Register.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE. In the matter of the estate of Samuel Baker, deceased.

We the undersigned, having been appointed by the probate court, for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Plymouth Savings Bank in said County, on Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of January, A. D. 1895, at two o'clock p. m., of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the twenty-fourth day of January, A. D. 1895, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

CALVIN B. CROSBY, EDGAR K. BENNETT, Commissioners. Dated, Dec. 14th, 1894.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, In the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, In Chauncy, vs. Leonora Beaman, Plaintiff, vs. Robert E. Frazier, Defendant.

W. B. JACKSON, ROBERT E. FRAZIER, Complainants vs. Plaintiff, Circuit Judge. Dated November 27th, 1894.

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

27 Moffat Bldg. Phone 1548

John E. McGill, Attorney-at-Law, DETROIT, MICH.

C. A. BROWN, Has opened up a first-class MEAT MARKET

In Merritts old stand next to the post-office.

Fresh and Salt Meats Smoked Meats Poultry, Sausage, & Everything that the public may require from a first-class Market.

L. E. CABLE, Successor to C. E. Passage.

THE "STAR GROCERY" PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

A Full Line of Tobacco and Cigars.

DETROIT, Lansing & Northern R. R. NOV. 25, 1894.

Table with columns for GOING WEST, GOING EAST, and GOING SOUTH, listing train numbers and times for various routes.

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

Chicago and West Michigan Ry. For Chicago 7:15 a. m., 1:25 p. m., and 8:10 p. m.

For Manistee Traverse City Charlevoix, and Petoskey 7:30 a. m., 3:15 p. m.

For Muskegon 7:15 a. m., 1:25 p. m., 5:30 p. m.

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

F. & P. M. R. R. TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 18, 1894.

Train No. 4, 10:30 a. m. Train 1, 3:35 a. m. No. 6, 2:25 p. m. No. 3, 9:10 a. m. No. 8, 9:40 p. m. No. 5, 2:00 p. m. No. 10, 6:45 a. m. No. 9, 6:55 p. m.

Train No. 5, connects at Ludington with steamer for Milwaukee, (during season of navigation), making connections for all points West and Northwest.

Sleeping Parlor Cars between Bay City, Saginaw and Detroit.

Train No. 8 runs daily, from Bay City to Detroit. On Western Division it runs daily except Sunday.

Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit. Union depot for all points West, Canada and the South.

For further information see Time Card of this company.

ED. PELTON, Local Agent.

FRANKLIN HOUSE DETROIT, MICH.

It is well before leaving home, whether for business or pleasure, to decide upon a hotel and thereby avoid confusion.

LIVERY

SALE STABLE AND

First Class Rigs Reasonable Charges

PATRONS ACCOMMODATED DAY OR NIGHT.

GZAR PENNEY, Plymouth, Mich.

Plymouth Savings Bank PLYMOUTH, MICH.

E. C. LEACH, President. L. H. BENNETT, Vice President.

4 PER CENT. paid on Savings Deposits from One Dollar up.

Come and open an account with us.

DIRECTORS. E. C. LEACH, L. H. BENNETT, J. B. TILLOTSON, I. N. STARKWEATHER, G. S. VANSICKLE, T. V. QUACKENBUSH, L. C. HODGE, S. J. SPRINGER, A. D. LYNDON, J. R. BOSIE, WM. MANCHESTER, WM. GEER, L. C. SHERWOOD.

Every Inducement consistent with sound banking offered to depositors.

E. K. Bennett, Cashier.

Citizens

Of Plymouth and Vicinity

I wish to inform the public that I am prepared to do anything in the line of

PLUMBING

Steam Fitting Gas Fitting and Sanitary work of all kinds.

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

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

James Hewett, General Plumber and Contractor.

The Wherry Mole Trap.

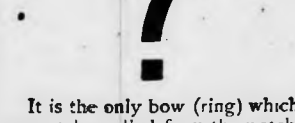
THE BEST TRAP MADE

It Does the Work if Properly Set.

Address for Prices, W. N. WHERRY, Plymouth Mich.



anyhow



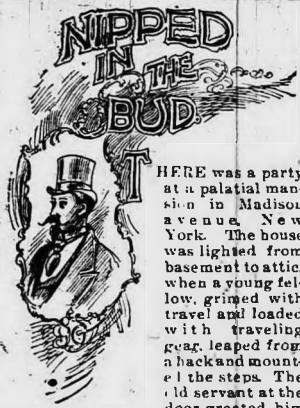
It is the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled from the watch. To be had only with Jas. Boss Filled and other watch cases stamped with this trade mark.

A postal will bring you a watch case opener. Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

A. PELHAM,

DENTIST.





HERE was a party at a palatial mansion in Madison avenue, New York. The house was lighted from basement to attic, when a young fellow, grimed with travel and loaded with traveling gear, leaped from a hack and mounted the steps. The old servant at the door greeted him with an exclamation of surprise.

"Well, Mr. William!" he cried, "we thought you were in California."

"So I was," replied the new comer. "But I'm back in time for some of the fun, I see, John."

"Well, sir," retorted John, "you are, sure enough, for Miss Milly's going to get married next week."

"Married! To whom?"

"Why, haven't you heard, sir? To Count Eugene."

"Oh, she is, is she? Well, just tell my mother I'm here. I'll lock myself in the library. These swells you've got here to-night take me for a gentle tramp."

Supper came down, and so did Jack Layton, the oldest and the most valued friend that the family possessed, who greeted him with:

"Hallo, William! Glad to see you, old boy; and to tell the truth, I think it's just about time you came back."

"Why?" asked William, with his mouth too full for distinct utterance.

"Well, you won't think I'm presumptuous, old fellow, will you? but I'd just like you to take the measure of this fellow your sister is going to marry."

"What's the matter with him?"

"You have a look at him! I don't think he'll wash. He's all conceit and dabble, but when you've been with him for a few days, he's like stale New Jersey champagne with a bad brand on it."

"Um! and he's going to marry my sister, eh?"

"Yes, in a week—don't choke. By the by, he's not here to-night; he sent round a message to say he had bronchitis—some flimsy excuse. I don't believe a word of it, for he can lie like Ananias, and Phil Darbrook told me there was a jolly stag party on at his place. Suppose we go round; you are not in evening dress, and can't show up stairs. What do you say?"

"I'm ready now, only don't introduce me as Milly's brother; perhaps I may get something out of him. It seems to me I came home from California just in time."

They left the house for Thirtieth street, where the count had a flat. When they arrived at his door, on the third floor, Jack Layton remarked:

"Seems to be pretty ill, seeing the infernal row that's going on. They're having a lively old time."

The room was brilliantly lighted. In the center were two tables, on which a dozen men were playing poker. Some were in evening dress, some in loud check suits. Banknotes fell like leaves; some had piles of them, others tore leaves from their pocket-books and wrote demand notes.

In the corner a sideboard was well stocked with brandy, whisky, soda, cigars; a few desperate men were drinking heavily around the table; one fellow lay at full length upon the hearth-rug; and nobody heeded him. At one of the tables was a tall, slim man, with a handsome face and well



HE LAY A CORPSE. fitting clothes. He was the host, the Count Eugene. From the small pile of money at his side, it was evident that he had been losing. He nodded to the new-comers, and asked them to help themselves at the sideboard—Layton draw his companion there and whispered:

"Mark your man. What do you think of him?"

"Next to nothing," replied William, helping himself to a glass of apollinaris. "Let us listen a bit and see what turns up."

The rumbling of carriages and carts in the streets became more subdued; a few, varied with the noise of excitement, sank to sleep in the arm-chairs. At length the darkness without turned to a cold, gray, sickly dawn, finding its way to the faces of the players, showing them all in their repulsive haggardness.

Then, and not till then, Count Eugene rose from the table.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a hic-cough and clutch at the cloth, "I am in bad luck to-night, and have lost everything. Some of you hold my promises to pay my losses. As many of you know I am to marry my next week. Believe me, that we'll share it to the last dollar."

"Well," said Layton, as they emerged into the street, "what shall you do about the count?"

"What shall I do?" said Wentworth, raising himself to his full height, "wait and see."

At 5 o'clock next day, Count Eugene was alone with William Wentworth in the library in the Madison avenue house. The latter, considering his discovery of the previous evening, was astonishingly cordial.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, count," he said, "but I must ask you to settle this note of indebtedness at once. It came into my hands in payment of an old debt this morning."

"Charmed, my dear fellow," replied the Frenchman, who was perfumed and attired in a manner worthy of the heir to millions. "I'll give you a check for it," and he whipped out a check book, and asked for pen and ink.

"Stay a moment, count," said Wentworth. "Would you think it strange if I asked you to return here in an hour with the cash? I'm just from the West, you know, and don't like checks."

"My dear brother-in-law that is to be, I should think it very strange."

"Suppose, count, I should not only suggest that you do it, but should insist that you do it?"

"In that case, my friend, I should be compelled to refuse you. Surely the son of Mrs. Wentworth is not in want for a few hundreds?"

"By no means; but he is not quite sure that Count Eugene is not."

The count glared.

"Monsieur is good to have so fine an opinion of the man that is to have the honor of entering his family. I shall refuse monsieur's request, and appeal to madame."

"She won't help you, count."

"We shall see. I have the honor to wish you good-day, Monsieur Wentworth."

"Not before I've had my say. You see that drawer, count? Second from the top to the left-hand side, isn't it? I'm going to lock your note in there. If you're not back here by ten o'clock to-night with the money, to-morrow's papers announce that the marriage is off."

The count left the room. Wentworth remained behind, and did not ring for the servant to see him out, but going on tiptoe, he listened to the slam of the hall-door. It was a very soft one.

"Good!" said the listener to himself. "He hasn't left the house, and I fancy he'll hide till night-time in the room he has occasionally occupied to try and steal the note."

Wentworth pleaded headache at dinner, and excused himself to his mother and sister; he took the opportunity, however, to speak to the latter in the course of the evening.

"Milly," he said, "how much do you care about the man you are going to marry?"

His sister started at the question, turned toward him, and putting her tiny hand in his great paw, said:

"Willie, don't you think I shall be happy with Pierre?"

"No," said William, bluntly.

Mildred, as is the custom of ladies on receiving a rebuff from a supposed friend, put her hand to her eyes and burst out crying.

"Don't do that," said William. "I only want to find if you really love the man."

"Love him? I wish to heaven I knew. Sometimes I think I shall be happy, sometimes I almost hate him; but you know what mamma is. She says marriages are made in heaven, and—"

"Proceeds to make a matter-of-fact one on earth, eh? That will do, dear. Good-night."

The family retired at 11 o'clock, save the brother, who, though he entered his bedroom and took off his boots, had no thought whatever of going to sleep. Instead, he took from a case in his trunk a pair of revolvers, and, loading every chamber, crawled down stairs and hid himself in the deepest shadows of the hall.

The street-lamp opposite sent a ray of light straight to the library door and to the foot of the staircase. No living soul could pass down without being seen by the watcher, who waited till within a few minutes of 3 ere he was in any way disturbed.

Then he started up as one of the stairs above gave the very slightest creak; another followed. At last a shadow, faint, yet moving, appeared on the wall of the staircase; it was the shadow of Count Eugene, who, when he had descended, entered the library and shut the door.

Wentworth listened for a moment outside. A grating noise fell on his ear. Without making a sound, he opened the door. The count was hard at work trying to force the lock of the cabinet.

"Good-morning, count," said Wentworth, as he gripped him with a hand of iron. "You are then, a thief, as well as a drunkard and a debauchee!"

"Monsieur!"

"Don't monsieur me! I say you are a robber and a drunkard, and I don't know why I haven't shot you down without parley. See! here are two pistols. I stand this side of the table, you stand that. In a minute the church clock will ring the hour of two; let that be the signal."

"By Heaven! your hour of doom has already come!" said the count, suddenly turning and trying to catch his assailant by the throat. "Look to yourself, Monsieur Wentworth!"

It was an unequal struggle from the outset. Young Wentworth, a college athlete, who had often played on Harvard's football team, twisted the weak Frenchman as if he had been made of whalebone. Then, carrying him to the other side of the table, he put the pistol in his hand.

The count seized it and disdaining

signals, fired a shot, just missing his foe, but bringing a mirror down with a crash. A second after, he lay a corpse on the hearth-rug.

The noise awakened the household. The first to enter the room was Mildred Wentworth. She rushed to her brother, then fell over the corpse, crying:

"Willie, what have you done?"

"I have shot a burglar, sister?" and he turned up the gas, that the light might exhibit the dead man's face.

This may account of the sudden departure of the Wentworths for a Western trip, and for the fact that Willie Wentworth returned to California without even calling upon his old associates in New York.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

With His Communication Nearly Paralyzed the Editor.

In an Ohio town thirty years ago lived an old fellow worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars or so, who was given to writing pieces for the papers. They were good, too, and the old fellow took a just pride in them, and often had them printed in the local papers of the town. One time he made a visit to Cincinnati, and took an extra good one along with him to see what the city papers would do with it, says the Detroit Free Press. The first city editor who read the article accepted it on the spot, and wanted to pay him for it, though he had never seen him before, and didn't know him from Adam's off ox.

"What pay do you accept for this?" inquired the editor.

"I don't know exactly," hesitated the old man, thinking it was a pretty good joke.

"Have you ever been paid for any of your writings?"

"Some," replied the applicant for literary honors, with a twinkle in his eyes as a new idea came to him.

"How much, for instance?"

"Well, on one occasion," smiled the old gentleman, "I received \$25,000 for ten words, not counting the signature."

The editor almost fell off his chair. "What?" he exclaimed, dropping the article he was negotiating for.

The visitor repeated his statement.

"Great Caesar man," asked the editor: "how did you get that much?"

"Simply by writing: 'Pay to the order of John Blank \$25,000.'"

The old gentleman laughed vigorously, and the editor blushed and begged his pardon and invited him to dinner.

No Free Transportation of Bicycles and Baby Cabs.

A joint agreement has been made by the C. & W. M., D. L. & N., C. & G. T., D. G. H. & M., F. & P. M., G. R. & I., L. S. & M. S., and M. C. R. R. companies, discontinuing the free carriage on passenger trains of bicycles and baby cabs.

Commencing Jan. 1st, 1895, such articles will be checked for passengers presenting passage tickets, same as baggage, but will as a rule be checked only to local points on the initial line or to junction points with other lines.

Bicycles will be charged for at one hundred pounds, and baby cabs at fifty pounds, at same rate as excess baggage.

This action is made necessary by reason of the great increase in the number of bicycles and baby cabs being carried in baggage cars, occupying a large amount of room for which it is desirable that some revenue be secured.

See notices in our stations giving full information.

383 GEO. DEHAVEN, G. P. A.

We have a few more 10c, 15c, and 18c, writing pads at 5 cents each. Call at the MAIL office before they are all gone.

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.

National Exchange Bank

CAPITAL, \$50,000.

A General Banking Business Transacted

4 PER CENT.

Interest paid on Savings and Time Deposits.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

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JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM.

It is the largest package and the finest flavored gum on earth.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY

A beautiful lithograph in 10 colors sent FREE on receipt of one JUICY FRUIT wrapper and 4c. in stamps.

ADDRESS

WM. WRIGLEY, JR., & CO.,

85 & 87 KINZIE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

One-third of Chicago's invalids get their medical service free. More than 100,000 men, women and children are treated every year at the dispensaries, infirmaries, hospitals and medical colleges of Chicago.

Including stocks and bonds the railways of the United States are capitalized at \$60,000 per mile, while those of Great Britain are capitalized at \$250,000 per mile, or nearly 400 per cent higher than in this country.

Professor Knapp of the university of Chicago has sold his Spanish library of 6,000 volumes to a son of C. P. Huntington, residing in New York. It contains many rare books on philology and the history, religion and law of Spain.

Rabbit stew has been a big "go" in a district of Eastern Brooklyn known as "Dutchtown," owing to the plentiful supply of dressed rabbits, peddled chiefly by Italians, but the sudden disappearance of hundreds of cats in the city of churches was noticed and investigated, and—well, rabbit stew is off.

A remarkable discovery was made during the work of excavating the site for a repairing slip now in course of construction on the shore of Lough Neagh, near the mouth of the River Blackwater, in Ireland. The workmen came upon an ancient boat imbedded under five feet of dense black bog, and measuring twenty-three feet long, four feet wide in the center, tapering to two feet nine inches at each end.

The Sun's Three Motions.

The sun has three known motions. 1. An axial rotation, which is plainly shown by the appearance and disappearance of well-known spots upon his surface. The mean period of this axial motion is 23 1/3 of our days. 2. A motion around the center of gravity of the whole solar system—a motion which can only be ascertained by the use of very delicate instruments on account of his great mass, which is greater than the total of all the other bodies of the system combined. 3. A progressive motion through space in the direction of the constellation of Hercules. The rate of speed of this last named motion is not known, but it is estimated to be 150,000,000 miles per year, and some investigators even think it possible that the rate will exceed the above estimate by at least half.

Killed by Tigers and Snakes.

There seems to be plenty of good hunting left in India for those who like the excitement of shooting dangerous game. According to a late report during the year 1892 2,988 human beings and 81,668 head of cattle were killed by snakes and wild beasts, the chief human mortality—19,025—having been due to snake bite. Tigers claimed 947 human victims, leopards 260, wolves 182, bears 145 and elephants 72. On the other hand, whereas only 4,498 cattle were killed by snake bite, no fewer than 29,969 were devoured by tigers, 30,013 by leopards and 6,758 by wolves.

The Sparrowhawk.

There is a remarkable charm in the swift, agile, wheeling flight of the American sparrowhawk, that justifies Tennyson's line: "Sometimes the sparrowhawk wheels along." The bird has powerful wings, and its poising, turning and wheeling in a high wind form a beautiful display of aerial gymnastics. The hawk rises in the face of a strong wind with an easy, graceful, wheeling flight, all aslant, yields to the impulse from without for a second or two, and then, gaining complete control of itself, soars away as if the atmosphere were perfectly still.

A Political Motte.

"My friend," said the truly patriotic citizen, "you are becoming prominent in politics." "That I am," replied the local leader. "I trust that you will adopt as your motto the good old phrase, 'Be sure you're right, and then go ahead.'" "Not exactly, though you are guessing pretty close. De motto of our association is, 'Be sure ye get ahead; ye kin make it right afterward.'"

A Syrian Wedding in New York.

Fares A. Ferzan, who conducts a jewelry business at Atlantic City and elsewhere, was married in the Syrian church in New York to Miss Sassool Malool, and while the ceremony was going on friends were firing guns and pistols from the windows until the police, oblivious of the correct form for a swell Syrian wedding, stopped the fusillade.

Call Again.

New Boy—Lady wants to see you, sir. Fortune Teller—Who is she? "I don't know." "Then follow her home and find out. How the dickens am I going to tell a woman's fortune if I don't know who she is?"—New York World.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

The Plymouth laundry is a home institution. Support it.

G. A. FRISBEE,

DEALER IN

Lumber,

Lath, Shingles,

and Coal

A complete assortment of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Hard and Soft Co.

Prices as Low as the Market Allows.

Yard near F & P. M. depot, Plymouth.

ADIRONDA

TRADE MARK

Wheeler's Heart Cure

AND

Nerve Cure

Positively Cures—

HEART DISEASE, EPILEPSY, NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Unexcelled for Restless Babies.

Purely Vegetable, Guaranteed Free from Opium.

100 full size doses, 50c.

Rev. R. M. Middleton, M. E. Clergyman, Spring Lake, Mich., says: "Sleep and rest were strangers to me after preaching till I used 'Adironda.'" "Now I sleep soundly and awake refreshed, and I can heartily recommend it."

Prepared by WHEELER & FUELER MEDICINE CO., Cedar Springs, Mich.

Sold by J. L. Gale, Plymouth

PHOENIX MILLS

Is now running in fine shape for business. We can give you the Very Choicest Flour for your Wheat. Feed grinding a Specialty. Farmers do not have to wait long for their grist. Buckwheat ground on short notice.

J. H. Shackleton.

WOOD CISTERNS

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

OVER EIGHT THOUSAND!

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

13 Barrel Cistern.....\$ 6.50

20 Barrel Cistern..... 8.00

30 Barrel Cistern..... 10.00

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

The Markham Mfg Co.

W. F. Markham, Manager.

IF YOU WANT

Painting, Papering, Decorating, Paints or Oils, You want the Best for Your Money.

WALL PAPER

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Plymouth, Mich. Main St.

New Meat Market.

Travis & Moon,

Assisted by J. H. Bagley, formerly with Merritt & Bagley, will open on Saturday in the Lyndon shop, opposite the Mail office, with stock of

Fresh and Salt Meats

Smoked Meats,

Poultry, Eggs, Etc.

And everything pertaining to a first-class meat market.

A Fair Share of Patronage Solicited.

Meat delivered free.

TRAVIS & MOON.

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.

PHOENIX MILLS

Is now running in fine shape for business. We can give you the Very Choicest Flour for your Wheat. Feed grinding a Specialty. Farmers do not have to wait long for their grist. Buckwheat ground on short notice.

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WALL PAPER

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HASSENGER'S

Plymouth, Mich. Main St.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

M. F. GRAY, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

AUTOMATIC hanging seems to differ from suicide mainly in that a person dies by his own foot and not by his own hand.

We might look with more complacency on some of these exploding boilers if they only carried the negligent inspectors along when they went up.

A DENTIST could probably drive home the filling in a tooth at a single blow from a large hammer, but he does a better job and the job lasts longer, by using a small hammer and repeating the blows. The same principle holds good in advertising.

The decision in the case of Dr. Frazer, a famous insurance case in Missouri, leaves the impression that, in spite of the opinion of the insurance companies, a man does occasionally die in good faith and not for the sole purpose of defrauding the companies.

In these charges of blackmail and official crookedness it is a sad fact that nothing can be predicated on the public reputation of the accused. It has happened so often that men above suspicion have been proved guilty of crookedness as to require other proof of innocence than a previous good name.

The worst blot upon the country's civilization, political, social and moral, is the administration of municipal affairs. The best sign of the times can be read in the determination of good men to remove that stain. What New York is passing through now must be the experience of every city of 50,000 inhabitants and over.

ANOTHER bank cashier has left for parts unknown, and an accountant is making an examination into the conditions of the bank. It might be well to vary this procedure occasionally and call in the accountant before the cashier or the teller takes his departure. This would give the stockholders and depositors a change.

A GOOD, kind preacher of Los Angeles, Cal., asked his congregation to pray for a young lady, that she might be cleansed of her sins, and in return the young lady has sued him for \$2,000. Some young ladies seem to be entirely destitute of that virtue of gratitude which the poets and the men who want small loans for short periods are so fulsomely fond of.

DR. PARKHURST'S admission that he would as soon entrust Satan with the reorganization of hell as Superintendent Byrnes with the reorganization of the New York police force is strongly if not ministerially put. The Lexow investigation has gone far enough to show that if Byrnes didn't have knowledge of the corruption in the department he is certainly too innocent to have any official connection with a police force of any kind.

The San Francisco Chronicle contends that tree planting is profitable business. Whether it is or not, it may be said that as long as farmers recognize no profit in the business, all effort to induce people to plant trees from sentiment or for the public good will be of little avail. Forest preservation and forest planting depend very much upon an appreciation of the material benefit to be derived from them. Forests would not be preserved in Europe as carefully as they were in not for the knowledge that there is profit in that course.

The lady teachers in the public schools of Philadelphia petitioned to have their salaries made equal to those of male teachers, grade for grade, and the school board promptly complied by proposing to reduce the salaries of all male teachers to those of the corresponding female teachers. The staff of a certain Cincinnati newspaper, which had thirteen reporters and only twelve chairs, petitioned the business manager that they be allowed a chair apiece. "All right. Till fix that," said he kindly, and he discharged a reporter on the spot. It is easy enough to adjust things when you know how.

The recent death of a Vienna bank teller from the effects of moistening his fingers on his lips when counting money ought to prove a startling lesson to those who are careless enough to now and then hold a piece of paper money between their lips. This particular teller had been repeatedly warned that he should use a wet sponge instead of his lips in moistening his fingers. It is impossible to tell who has handled the old, greasy, "dog-eared" money that is kept in constant circulation, impossible to say what poison it has touched. To allow it to come in contact with any wound or even get in indirect communication with any mucous membrane seems like flying in the face of fate.

SHOULD the New Jersey contractor who built a scaffold so flimsy that it tumbled down killing one workman and fatally injuring two others, pay the penalty of having a scaffold give way under him with a noose about his neck, he will know how it is himself. A fine is a misfit punishment for criminal carelessness like that.

THE New York horse show, which seemed to be such a gorgeous success, came out \$26,000 in debt. Can this mean that the management had to foot the bills for costumes?

STATE NEWS NOTES.

A CHAPTER OF THE DOINGS OF MICHIGANDERS.

Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, Famous W. C. T. U. Leader, Dead—Ann Arbor Railroad to be Sold—Sad Suicide of a Port Huron Boy—Fire at Bay City—Other News

Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, wife of Dr. C. C. Lathrap, died at the family residence, at Jackson, of general neuralgia, aged 56 years and eight months. She had been ill many months and suffered intensely, but her end was peaceful.

Mary Torrens Lathrap was born on a farm twelve miles from Jackson, April 2, 1854, and her childhood was spent amid the hardships of pioneer life. She was educated at Marshall, where she lived during her girlhood days. Mary Torrens taught in the public schools of that city from 1872 until 1885, when she married Dr. Lathrap and they removed to Jackson. Dr. Lathrap being a member of the M. E. church, she was united with that church. She felt that life would be a failure unless she could preach the gospel. Her ability was soon recognized and the quarterly conference of the Methodist church granted her a license to preach and she became prominent as a lecturer. She organized the Ladies Aid Society of the First M. E. church in 1900, and was always a leading worker in the Woman's Missionary society. For many years she was a conference secretary. In 1901 she was elected president of the state W. C. T. U., a position she has filled since with remarkable success. Mrs. Lathrap has always held deep interest in her own sex, and through her influence was secured the establishment of the state industrial school for girls at Adrian. Through her encouragement and evangelistic work Mrs. Lathrap has become widely known. Thousands have been converted under her teachings, and her unflinching fidelity to all that was good and noble has endeared her to the hearts of men and women all over our beautiful country. The memory of her gifts and graces will ever be dear to all.

The T. A. A. & N. M. to be Sold. In the U. S. District court at Cleveland, the beginning of the end of the financial difficulties of the T. A. A. & N. M. Railroad company was inaugurated. A motion for the sale of the road for the benefit of all the interested parties was made before Judge Hicks by Attorney Clarence Brown, of Toledo. The making of this motion was acquiesced in by all the attorneys present representing the different interests. Bondholders representing about 90 per cent on the bonded indebtedness of \$7,000,000 have agreed upon a plan of reorganization, and this move was in conformity with the plan of the bondholders' committee. The road will be bid in by the bondholders' committee for the benefit of the holders' agreement. The reorganization plan also contemplates the issuance of \$14,500,000 of stock and bonds. The Ashleys are not represented in this deal.

Liquor Causes a Young Man's Suicide. E. J. Twiss, aged 24, son of Alderman John Twiss, of Port Huron, committed suicide at Ann Arbor by taking six grains of morphine. Young Twiss was a member of last year's senior law class of the University, and while there became addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors. Since last June he has been living in Port Huron, but a few days ago went to Ann Arbor for a visit, stopping with his old landlady, Mrs. Hirsch. For several days he had been drinking hard, and it is thought he took his life while recovering his head.

\$25,000 Fire at Bay City. There was a \$25,000 fire in the Baumgarten block at Bay City. Huylek & Ritchie, druggists, were the heaviest losers. It is supposed to have originated in a furnace and spread throughout the basement before it was discovered. Several people had apartments in the second story and these escaped with barely their clothing. Huylek & Ritchie's drug stock was a total loss; Baumgarten Brothers' stock of groceries was badly damaged by water.

War Flags for Michigan Regiments. Arrangements are being made for a rally of old soldiers to be held at Lansing during the month of March. The occasion will be one of particular interest to survivors of the seven regiments of Michigan infantry, as on the day to be selected the colors of these regiments, which were lost during the war, will be returned.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS. Pontiac's charity ball netted \$250. The number of students at Olivet has passed the 400 mark. Menominee mills sawed 100,000,000 feet of lumber last year. Pontiac Baptists have decided to purchase a site and build a new church. Mendon has voted to give Geo. F. Aves a five-year contract to light the place with electricity.

Ball & Kent, of Council Bluffs, will furnish plans for the new \$70,000 court house at St. Joseph. The C. & G. T. railroad are making their preparations for their annual ice harvest. It will be taken from Sunset Lake near Vicksburg.

Elmer Sharp, son of the St. Joseph county treasurer, accidentally shot his sister Blanche while cleaning a revolver. The wound is serious. Jake Elenbass, of Zealand, went hunting. His gun was accidentally discharged and the charge struck his knee. His leg was amputated.

A man who registered as J. Hill, of Omaha, Neb., was found unconscious and half dead in a room in the Sherman house Flint. He blew out the gas.

A social purity agitation is on the tapis at Pontiac. Mrs. Jane Dawson is on the warpath and is looking up the liquor bonds of the various saloonkeepers.

The Soo is greatly excited over a report that the Lake Superior & Atlantic railroad is to be built after all, and a line from Ottawa to the Soo will be the first link.

The prohibition state central committee met at Lansing and decided to hold the state convention to nominate candidates for justice of the supreme court and regents of the University in Lansing, February 21.

C. E. Pipp, of Otsego, fell down stairs and one of his teeth penetrated his leg just above the knee, making an ugly wound. Inflammation has now set in and it is feared that the man will have hydrophobia.

Alpena feels very bad because she has lost the Detroit, Bay City & Alpena road and gained the Detroit & Mackinac, in which the name Alpena does not appear.

The livery barn of Herrick & Palmer, of Big Rapids, was destroyed by fire with all its contents except the horses. The loss will amount to about \$3,000. No insurance.

Schuyler S. Olds denies that he was offered the chairmanship of the national congressional committee. He says the rumor started, either in Chicago or New York.

Thieves waylaid a Jewish peddler named Hynal Sacke, near Lake City, and stole \$400 worth of goods. Then the hyenas poisoned poor Sacke's horse out of sheer enmity.

A water well in Ogden Center, at 100 feet depth, developed a rush of gas, which the operators foolishly ignited, and three hours' hard work was required to extinguish it.

Co. B and Co. E, M. N. G., will be consolidated at Grand Rapids. They will use Co. B's armory, which will be enlarged. An independent company will take the vacant place.

Stephen De Velve, a teamster, found in the snow at Jackson the body of a male child wrapped in newspapers and cotton cloth. Physicians think the child was seven or eight months old, and that its life was taken by violence.

The dwelling of Charles Freiberg, near Grand Rapids, was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of about \$2,000. Mrs. Freiberg, who was ill at the time, was severely burned before being rescued.

Gov. Rich announced his intention to appoint Chase S. Osborn, editor of the Sun. St. Marie News, state game and fish warden to succeed Charles S. Hampton, whose term of office will shortly expire.

West Bay City has evolved a unique scheme for helping the needy. It is a bread-baking contest, the person who bakes the best to get a prize. All the bread is to be judiciously distributed among the poor.

It has just leaked out that Congressman Woodcock, of Bay City, has entered into matrimony. The bride was formerly known as Miss Nanette Curtiss, and was at one time his housekeeper. Later she held a position in the post-office.

Thomas Newall, a resident of Flint and vicinity for more than half a century, was found dead at his home. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that he died from exposure. The deceased was the father of Capt. G. E. Newall, postmaster of Flint.

Mrs. Louis Darragh, one of the most prominent ladies of Monroe, fell down stairs and dislocated her hip. She was alone and lay on the floor until the next day before she was discovered. She had suffered frightful agony. There are little hopes for her recovery.

Battle Creek papers are abusing the detectives who arrested Bodewig and other alleged train wreckers. The claim is that these Hawkshawks made a great amount of noise with but little foundation for it. The general opinion is that the bottom has fallen out of the cases.

A bill will be introduced at Lansing to provide for the sale of pine barrens upon which there are delinquent taxes. Often the taxes have been allowed to run until they have exceeded the value of the land. The sale to the highest bidder will put something into the state treasury.

Mrs. Terry poured kerosene oil over her clothing at Colon, and then set fire to herself. Her screams awoke her son-in-law, E. A. Bower, who arose and extinguished the flames, but not before the woman had been terribly burned. She died from the effects of her injuries. Mrs. Terry was aged and demented.

Mrs. Cora Hasbrook, proprietress of the Ashley house, Ashley, publicly horsewhipped C. E. Armstrong, editor of the Ashley News, while the latter was getting his mail out of the post-office. The reason for the whipping was the editor's continual editorials detrimental to the reputation of her hotel, which have lately appeared in his paper. Many citizens witnessed the chastisement.

Donovan, of Bay, has a pet bill which he will shortly spring upon the legislature. As he is a privileged character it will probably go through. It provides for a system of ventilation which shall by law compel owners to place it in every public building. He thinks that school buildings especially should have some better method besides banging doors and rattling windows. Mr. Donovan was formerly a school teacher.

While a party of young people were skating on the river five miles from Toledo the ice gate way and two men named Scottie and Denny were drowned.

Corning mill No. 2 of the Miami Powder works at Xenia, O., exploded, completely demolishing the building and killing Adolph Krebie, Arthur Harris and Clifford Horsey. The two first named were married and leave families.

The fertilizer works of Griffith & Boyd, the acid works of G. H. & C. L. Davidson and the stable, office and home trade warehouse in No. 1 yard of the Standard Oil company at Canton, Ind., were destroyed by fire. The total loss will run upward of \$200,000.

WILLYUM WAS CLEVER.

He Fixed Up Uncle Jack's Account With the Newspapers.

In almost every seaside town there is some thriftless ne'er-do-well, who, although he never has any regular occupation, is generally a good skipper and is always at the service of the summer resident for any job which does not bend the aspect of regular labor and includes an occasional drink. "Uncle Jack," of Ryemouth, was one of these characters, and he was engaged one day for a fishing trip with a Boston gentleman who was a native of the seaside town.

"Willyum," said Uncle Jack, who, with a pipe between his teeth, was keeping a lazy watch over the tiller, "my gals subscribed for the Home Garland awhile ago and then Boston fellows sent me a bill the other day for \$10, four years' subscription. Now, I hain't got no \$10, Willyum. Don't you think you could fix this for me when you go up to town?"

"The Bostonian promised to do what he could, and Uncle Jack handed him the bill from a greasy piece of leather which he called a pocketbook. Shortly after, being out on another trip, the old man asked:

"Willyum, did ye fix them ere newspaper fellers?" and Mr. R. answered, "Yes, I did, Uncle Jack."

"With a pleased grin the other inquired: "An' how did ye manage it?" Looking at his inquirer with a sober face, Mr. R. responded:

"Well, I went in there and told them that you were a miserable, drunken old loafer, without a cent to your name, and they settled for \$3."

"The old man's jaw dropped a little, and after a pause of full fifteen minutes, he said: "That was clever of you, Willyum. I hain't got no reputation in Bawston?" — Boston Bulletin.

THE ANCIENT KNIGHTS. They Have Left Behind Interesting Records of Their Prowess.

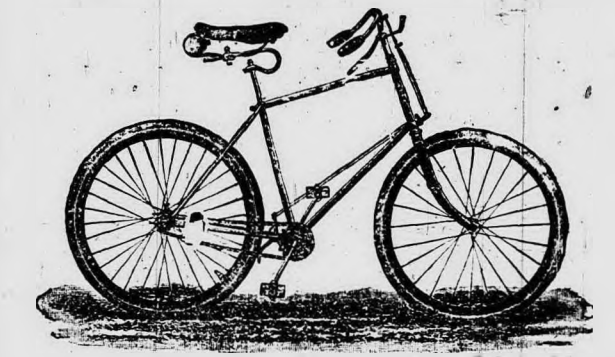
The good knights are dust, and their swords are rust; but they have left behind them some interesting records of their prowess at the feast, as well as in the field or the tourney. Among the many excellent consequences of the development of chivalry may be included this—that it introduced into the medieval methods of dining a certain air of courtesy and gracious hospitality and a dignified ceremonial which had hitherto been absolutely unknown. Indeed, there is something quite impressive about the order which appertained to a great medieval banquet. As soon as the lord entered his dining hall, a horn sounded, and the guests who their rank entitled to sit at his table hastened to take their places. As soon as all was seated, the servitor brought to each a basin filled with perfumed water, in which to dip his hands, and a napkin of fine linen with which to dry them. Then the master cook's assistants entered, bearing in their arms huge dishes of smoking viands, and set to work at the side table to cut up joints of roast beef, pork, wild boar, the inevitable venison patties, pheasants, capons, and birds of the farnyard generally; while others placed before the guests their plates of bread to serve as plates. The meal at an end, the servitors handed round cups of hippocras a compound of Lisbon and Canary wines, well spiced; the tables were removed; the floor was swept, and minstrels and storytellers presented themselves to while away the long winter hours. In the bright summer days, feasts of arms and knightly exercises were performed.—All the Year Round.

Three Mysterious Water Holes. Scientific inquirers are puzzled by certain mysterious water holes in the ledge of the shore of the Boothby Land company's territory in Maine. They are on the eastern side of what is known as "Spruce point," close to the famous "Lover's walk." There are three of them, 8 inches to 1 foot in diameter, and about 10 inches deep. They are bowl shaped, perfectly circular, and in stone as hard as the hardest flint. Locally they are ascribed to the Indians, and are supposed to have been used by that people in pounding corn. One thing sure, if they were ever used for that purpose it was in ages long past, when the surf line was much further out than it is at present. In this day and age sea water fills them twice a day, rendering them wholly unfit for any such use. Is it possible that the peninsula of Maine and New Brunswick is slowly sinking beneath the waves. The very idea is startling. —St. Louis Republican.

Attacking Ant Hills With Cannon. In the forest of Guiana dwell some very large and exceedingly ferocious black ants, which throw up hills fifteen and even twenty feet in height. They will not hesitate to attack man, and their headquarters are usually given wide berth. The traveler Malouet speaks of having witnessed the destruction of one of these fortresses and its inhabitants in a way that was certainly extraordinary. A trench was dug entirely around it and filled with dry wood, which was set fire to simultaneously at all points. Then a train of artillery was brought to bear and the hill knocked to pieces with the cannon balls. The ants, seeking to escape, were all buried in their attempt to cross the fiery gutter. —Interview in Washington Star.

Leave the top button of your boot open and you have the best kind of a watch pocket. To be sure a degree of sleight-of-hand is needed to get the time in a crowd.

Why Not Ride the Best?



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

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

Advertisement for 'The Ideal' Extension Table with Patent Slide Leaf. Table can be extended and closed in five seconds. In extending table cloth and dishes are not disturbed. For Sale By All 1st Class Dealers. WARREN EXTENSION TABLE CO., WARREN, PA.

Advertisement for American Heater Lamp. NO COAL, NO ASHES, NO ODOR. Will Light, Heat and Cook at a cost of 5 CENTS PER DAY. THE AMERICAN LAMP & BRASS CO. MANUFACTURERS, TRENTON, N. J.

Advertisement for 'What Your Thumb Tells' by Dr. J. C. Moore. FREE! Genuine SOLID GOLD FILLED. WATCH, EITHER GENT'S OR LADIES' SIZE. WARRANTED 5 YEARS.

Advertisement for 'Sell or Trade! 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.

Advertisement for GLOBE CORSETS. "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 from 50c. to \$6.00 per Pair. GLOBE CORSET CO. WORCESTER, MASS.

APPLEDORE.

Ereft flow her flowers in Appledore. The waves are glaucous feds. But none shall rise with folded hands, The sinner of the sea.

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BEAUME.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"I never knew before," she said to me one morning, "what a lovely month September is. The red and gold, the russet brown and deep crimson of the trees, are even more beautiful than their green leaves; and I like September flowers better than those which come in spring; there is nothing so lovely as the white chrysanthemum."

"Poor child! I knew afterwards why she found September the fairest of months. Again, we had driven one noon to Ashton Firs, taking with us luncheon for the sportsmen. We stood for some minutes watching the sunlight on the valley, and the blue haze on the distant hills. She turned to me suddenly, her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Audrey," she said, "what a beautiful world it is! I never knew until now. I seem to have slept through my life, and to be just awakening. Do you see the green of the grass and the lovely blue of the sky? Why, Audrey, I never knew how much music there was in a bird's song. I never knew what the brook sang about, or the wind told to the trees, until now."

"Ah, my dear, my dear! neither you nor I was wise enough to know what was teaching you. One evening—it was the month of September and the moon was shining bright as day in the midst of a dark-blue sky—the gentlemen sat longer than usual over their wine. The night was warm and pleasant.

"Audrey," said Lady Latimer, "let us go as far as the white gate just to look at the river." I wrapped a black lace shawl round her golden head and white shoulders, and we went out together, leaving the shining lights that streamed from the great windows, and the dim, soft shadow of the old house behind us, down past the lime trees, to the white gate that was canopied with trees.

"Open it, Audrey, and let us go down to the water's edge," said Lady Latimer. We went, and I remember as though it were yesterday, our shadows on the long grass, and the wailing sigh of the wind in the fast-dying lime leaves. The moon shone full over the river, every wavelet seemed to catch a ray of silvery light; the sight was beautiful as fairy-land. Lady Latimer stood silent for some minutes; then in a low, soft voice she began the lines:

I paced without the city gate, I lingered by the way. The palm was bending to her mate, And thus I heard her say: "The arrow to the quiver, And the wild bird to the tree, The stream to meet the river, And the river to the sea; The waves are wedded on the beach, The shadows on the sea And like to like—and each to each, And I—to thee."

"I can remember, Audrey," she said, "when I read those lines, and they were so much Greek to me. Now I understand them perfectly. They mean that everyone must have love, that like will seek like, that the young seek youth, the beautiful seek others as fair. Everything in nature loves, even to the butterfly who loves the bluebell, and the bee which is betrothed to the bloom; and if flowers and birds, bees and butterflies, all love, how much more we—I think—now, I am sure, that I have been blind all my life until now."

"And what has given light an insight to your eyes now?" I asked. "I could not resist the question, although I knew it would have been so much better left alone; but she looked at me with calm, sweet eyes.

"I do not know," she answered. "It seems to me that the eyes of my soul are just open, and that they see infinite light—infinite brightness. Ah me!"

I knew, though she did not, what had taught her, and my heart went out to her in great loving pity. She went on, a perfect rapture of happiness shining in her face. "Even the moonlight is different to me. I thought it cold and capricious. Now I see the light is tender and full of poetry; now I see—"

But the words were never finished. Quite suddenly the white gate opened, and we heard a voice that made my heart beat, say: "You are here, Lady Latimer. Philip said you would be here by the river."

Ah me! the light on her face—the tender, beautiful blush—the rapt expression when she turned to Colonel North, and said, with a smile: "How did you know that I should be here?"

"I felt quite sure of it. You love the moonlight, and you love the river. When we found the drawing-room empty, I said to Lionel, 'Lady Latimer

and Miss Lovel have gone to look at the moonlight." "I, of course," interrupted Lionel, "said at once, 'Let us find them.' And we have found you."

There was one moment of delicious silence, when it seemed to me that the very moonlight thrilled and thrilled on the air. "We need not hurry in," said Colonel North. "Several of them are coming. A stroll by the river on this moonlight night will be much better than sitting in a drawing-room by the light of lamps."

Then came half an hour that was like time stolen from Paradise. It seemed quite natural that Captain Fleming should walk by my side, even more natural that Colonel North should walk with Lady Latimer. Others joined us, but no one broke up these little groups; no one came to me, no one joined Lady Latimer.

We talked about everything bright and beautiful of the river that rolled on to the sea, of the moon that shone in the sky, of the wind whose whispers were those of a lover among the leaves. Then I perceived that Colonel North and Lady Latimer were standing by the rustic bridge which spanned the river. The black lace shawl had fallen, leaving her golden head bare, and her lovely face all washed by the moonlight. She looked wondrously fair. Captain Fleming was looking at them.

"What a beautiful pair they would make," he said, suddenly. "Colonel North is my ideal of a soldier, and Lady Latimer is one of the fairest of women."

Indeed, the dark, soldierly face and figure showed to great advantage by the side of the fair and radiant woman. We remained out-of-doors nearly an hour. I went with Captain Fleming to the square of fountains. They were indescribably beautiful under the light of the harvest moon, and I am afraid we forgot every one else. I did. It was the night of nights to me. But when we came back to the drawing-room Lady Latimer was there. The beautiful tenor voice of Colonel North was ringing through the room, and she stood by the window listening, with a dreamy smile on her fair face, and these were the words that he sang:

"Not much I see lit, I had my dream— Dear love, your very words I quote— A rose, the ripple of a stream, A blue sky and a boat."

She smiled as she listened to the words, then, lightly touching a yellow rose that she wore on her breast, she said: "Roses fade as roses blow, but this one will never die."

"Who gave it to you?" I asked. "Colonel North," she answered; and I saw all heaven in her face as she uttered the words. Then—then I knew all.

CHAPTER VIII. I then knew all. I knew that she had found the something missing in her life, that she had learned what the birds sang about and the wind whispered to blossom and leaf, what the waves said when they broke on the shore. She had learned the great secret of life, which was love; but she did not know it—ah! thank God for that.

She would not have looked so happy, so bright, so innocent, if she had known what had happened to herself. She did not know that that was my chief cause for gratitude. The knowledge might come to her, but it had not done so yet, and I vowed to myself that if I could I would guard her from it. She had entered fairyland, but she was all unconscious that she had passed the golden gate. She had listened to the songs of Paradise, but she did not know they had sounded in her ears. She had drunk of the chalice which is all foam, but she had not recognized its flavor. She saw suddenly, and as she had never seen it before, all the beauty and brightness of the world, but she did not know what had opened her eyes. I prayed heaven she never might.

She was so innocently happy, the expression on her face was one of glad content; even Lord Latimer noticed it at last. "It seems to me, Grace," he said to her one morning, "that you have grown better looking."

I thought to myself, "Oh, blind of eyes, blind of heart, not to understand!" Surely, any one who loved her might have seen the danger she was in; so young, so fair, with such a passionate, loving heart, and left entirely to her own resources—for Lord Latimer spent very little time with his guests. He had grown old and more feeble lately, and as life slipped away and he lost his grasp of its pleasures, he grew morose and morose. He liked Lionel Fleming, and he spent a great deal of time in talking to him; but he never went out with the sportsmen, he never joined the luncheon parties. He dined every evening with his guests, but he never appeared in the drawing-room after dinner. She was left, then, to herself, to the influence of the sweet, sad music and the harvest moon. There was no one to say, "Do not let Colonel North sing your heart away," no one to say, "Do not go out every evening while the harvest moon is shining," no one seemed to notice anything but me. Lady Latimer was mistress of the house, Colonel North the most important guest in it. It was natural that he should walk and ride by her side, that he should be her escort, that he should make her the especial object of his attentions; but it was not natural that he should look at her, when he was singing, with his whole heart in his eyes, and that every night, while the harvest moon was shining, he should ask her to go down

and look at the river with him; nor was it quite natural that he should gather all the flowers she wore, and talk so much poetry to her. I thought often of her simple words to me, "How nice it must be to have some one to say loving words to you and bring you nice flowers!" She had both now—flowers and words.

I tried my best to take care of her. I often sacrificed the time I might have spent with Captain Fleming in sitting beside her, trying to take some little of her attention from Colonel North. I might as well have tried to fly over the moon; but, thank heaven! no one saw it except me.

The boys loved Colonel North. He was their beau-ideal of a soldier, a gentleman, and a man who had no non-ense about him," which was Bob's favorite description of him. Give them half an hour with the colonel, and they were quite happy. "He knows how to treat a boy; there is no make-believe about him," they said. To my wonder, astonishment, indignation and dismay, they preferred him to the heir of Lorton's Gray. They all wanted to be "wall as the colonel, hand-ome as the colonel, and just as 'nourish." In fact, the "colonel" was the hero of the hour. Captain Fleming came next, but, as Bob irreverently expressed it, he was not "real jam."

During this happy month of September, Lord Latimer did not forget my father and mother. Every day there was a dispatch of game from the hall to the vicarage, and every week, at least, they joined us at dinner. They saw nothing of what troubled me so greatly: my sweet mother would not have understood such a thing. They considered Colonel North a king among men—so brave, so gallant, so courteous; they quoted him and admired him. He was a Chevalier Bayard in their eyes, but they preferred Captain Fleming.

One night, when they dined at Lorton's Gray, I sat next to Captain Fleming at dinner. We talked, as usual, laughed and amused ourselves; a rose that I had been wearing was transplanted to the buttonhole of his coat. After dinner he talked to me again. We had danced that evening and he danced with me. I am not quite sure whether I remembered the existence of any other person. When the evening ended I saw an expression of anxiety on my mother's face. She called me to her side in the great entrance hall, and raising her face to mine, she looked straight into my eyes. "Audrey," she said, "for the first time in my life I am anxious over you. I am not quite sure if I have done a wise thing in letting you come to live here. My dear, the heir of Lorton's Gray is a very handsome young man."

"He is as good and brave as he is handsome, mother," I replied. Her face cleared a little; this open praise disarmed her. "He seems to like talking to you, Audrey," she continued; "but, of course, my dear child, you always bear in mind the difference in your positions. You have too much sense, Audrey, to let your mind get filled with absurd ideas. I—I should not like you to be made unhappy because I am not here to look after you; it would imbitter my whole life."

I smiled. I had never hoped, I had never thought of hope, so that I could safely look in my mother's face and smile. I took her to the great hall window, where we could see the stars shining in the sky. I pointed to the brightest and the largest. "Do you see that star, mother?" I asked. "Yes," she answered.

"I should sooner think of asking it to come down from heaven to me than of filling my mind with foolish ideas about Captain Fleming."

A Mustache Over Seven Feet Long. The people of Beilington V. Va., are proud of one of their citizens, whose only claim to greatness is his enormous beard and mustache. His name is Brown—plain James Brown—but nature could not hide his identity even in the Virginia mountains, especially after bestowing on him such an enormous beard. Brown is six feet and one inch in height, but even his great stature does not hinder his chin beard from trailing on the floor when he stands erect. The mustache is even a greater curiosity than his beard, being nearly seven feet and four inches—from tip to tip.

How They Do It in Paris. There is to be a lawn tennis club established in Paris upon a grand scale. It will have eight courts, two of which will be covered and available for winter play; there will also be dining-rooms, dressing and bath rooms. It is the intention of the club to hold two tournaments each year, to which English players will be invited, and an English professional has been engaged who will look after the laws and instruct players when necessary. The subscription is fixed at 150 francs for the first 100 members, after which it will be raised to 200 francs.

He Knew His Business. Applicant—Yes, sir. "Do you understand the requirements of that responsible position?" "Perfectly, sir. Whenever you make any mistake in the paper just blame 'em on me and I'll never say a word."—London Judy.

Philanthropic. Editor—What are you going to do with these iron boxes. Enterprising Publisher—Sh— I have a scheme. Into each of these boxes I am going to put a loaf of bread, and ten coupons out from our paper will entitle a starving person to the use of a key.—Truth.

HOW SHE GOT A NEW PARASOL.

It took ingenuity and clever fingers, but it proved a great success. She wanted a new parasol, she needed a new parasol, and she made up her mind to have a new parasol. She also decided not to ask Tom for \$50 with which to buy a new parasol. As she didn't know how to earn \$50 and new parasols do not grow on bushes in this latitude it was evident that if she had a new parasol she must make it.

Looking over the relics of departed times she found a parasol of pongee silk. It was found as to ribs and handle, but the silk was dirty, the lining worn, and the shape too flat to be stylish. A parasol in the wrong shape is a drug in the market. Then she set her wits to work. When a woman is in the habit of using her thinking apparatus and has fingers to correspond, she is a power in the land.

By-and-by she emerged from her brown study and took off the cover and lining. The cover she washed; the lining she threw away. She took in a fraction of an inch at each seam on her machine and put back the cover. The reduction in diameter pulled down each rib an inch, and the unshapely flatness had vanished.

The parasols this season are all covered with flimsy things gathered into frills and what not. She found in her trunk of scraps—every woman has one—the mouseline de soie that had formed the drapery of a party dress. It was too soiled for further use and mouseline de soie cannot be washed. She dipped it in coffee, pressed it, and it came out a rich, delicate brown. She put it over the pongee silk and gathered it here and puckered it there. And there was her new parasol.

WHY THE BOYS CRIED.

An Affecting Street Scene Caused by a Theatrical Poster. The fence on the Eighth avenue side of the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, between Fifty-sixth and Fifth seventh streets, is always covered with theatrical posters. Within the past few days a large and highly-colored picture representing the death of the heroine in a melodrama attracted the attention of passers-by. The prostrate figure of the woman is life size, and the words "She is dead" appear as coming from the lips of a man who is standing over her.

One evening two small boys paused in front of the picture. They were ragged and dirty, but pert and quick-witted, as most New York gamins are. There was an unbroken line of pedestrians moving up and down the street. Suddenly, with voices pitched in a shrill key the urchin began to cry. Each one rubbed his grimy fists in his eyes and danced about as if in pain. Louder and louder grew their yells as their physical contortions increased in vehemence. People stopped and gazed at the boys in amazement. Soon a good sized crowd blocked up the sidewalk, and still the urchins kept up their racket.

A sympathetic young woman touched one of the boys on the shoulder and said: "Little boy, what is the matter? Tell me, and perhaps I can help you." "No yer can't," blubbered the lad between yells. "Why not? What is it?" asked the sympathetic lady. "Cause she's dead!" shrieked the boy, pointing to the picture, and then he and his companions gave vent to peals of derisive laughter, such as only New York boys can emit. The crowd speedily dissolved.—New York Times.

Providence Postage Stamps. Here is something that many of our citizens know very little about," said Mr. Calder of Providence, Secretary of the Rhode Island Philatelic Society, to a Journal reporter, as he took from his hiding place a well-worn envelope containing a thin sheet of paper about three inches square. It was a sheet of the old Providence city postage stamps which were used by permission of the National Government of 1846, before the days when that business became the sole privilege of the Federal Government. It is somewhat of a curiosity. The sheet contains 11 5-cent stamps for city postage and one 10-cent stamp for outside the city. The stamps have rather a rude and time-worn appearance, being printed in a black ink of a tint suggestive of a faded, poor quality writing fluid. "How much is the sheet worth?" asked the reporter. "I want \$50 for it," replied Mr. Calder. "There are very few of those unused sheets out, and they are extremely valuable. I only know of four other sheets in this city."—Albany Journal.

Here's the Man of It. "I can't for the life of me see how women can be so vain, nonsensical and fond of ornament—confound it!" His train of thought was suddenly broken off by sticking his finger through the badge of the Dunk senior club which he was fastening conspicuously on his vest before the mirror. "By the way, Maria, I want you to clean the leather of my regalia suit for the parade next month and—where's that charm I won at the raffle? I want to hang it on my watch chain."—From the Philadelphia Times.

He Had no Case. Individual (stepping into witness-box): As I was going home last night, your worship, somebody fired a pistol, and the shot went right through my hat. Magistrate (impatiently): "Tut, tut! My good man, that's nothing. Wait till you get one in your head, then we'll go into the matter. Next case."

THE U. S. Government Chemists have reported, after an examination of the different brands, that the ROYAL Baking Powder is absolutely pure, greatest in strength, and superior to all others. ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

In Germany the works of Sir Walter Scott are used as a school text book. It is said that William Maxwell has expended \$25,000 on his flying machine. A Paris florist charged the emperor of Russia \$1,000 for a wreath ordered for the funeral of President Carnot. It is stated that Thomas A. Edison has already expended nearly \$1,000,000 in his experiments to find a commercial method of reducing low grade ores by electricity.

Johns Hopkins, founder of the Johns Hopkins university, was a Maryland Quaker. He died a bachelor in 1977 at the age of 79, leaving for the institution \$3,000,000. In a recent article on Coffee and Cocoa the eminent German Chemist, Professor Stutzer, speaking of the Dutch process of preparing Cocoa by the addition of potash, and of the process common in Germany in which ammonia is added, says: "The only result of these processes is to make the liquid appear turbid to the eye of the consumer, without effecting a real solution of the Cocoa substances. This artificial manipulation for the purpose of so-called solubility is, therefore, more or less inspired by deception, and always takes place at the cost of purity, pleasant taste, useful action, and aromatic flavor. The treatment of Cocoa by such chemical means is, entirely objectionable. Cocoa treated with potash or ammonia would be entirely unsalable but for the supplementary addition of artificial flavors by which a poor substitute for the aroma driven out into the air is offered to the consumer." The delicious Breakfast Cocoa made by WALTER BAKER & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., is absolutely pure and soluble. No chemicals, or dyes, or artificial flavors are used in it.

California has a state fruit union. Coo's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it. Chestnuts grow wild in all temperate climates. "Hanson's Magic Corn Salve" is warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents. Japanese farm animals are killed with straw. If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MAW WILSON'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. Colorado has 2,000,000 acres under artificial irrigation. Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—F. HARRIS, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894. Normans are the most temperate people in the world. S. B. Durfee, mate of steamer Arizona, had his foot badly jammed. Thomas Electric Oil cured it. Nothing equal to it for a quick pain reliever. Oxen and sheep are believed by some stockmen to fatten better in company than when kept alone. The Rev. Wm. Stout, Warton, Ont., states: After being ineffectually treated by serenteen different doctors for scrofula and blood disease, I was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. Write him for proof. A Louisville lawyer, one of the ablest men at her bar, who served on the bench and is a brother of one of the United States supreme court justices went to the city almshouse lately as a last hope of curing himself of the liquor habit.

God will give abundance of light to the one who loves it. In Olden Times People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system. "Spiritual dyspepsia is harder to cure than any other kind. STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. I, J. GLEASON, Notary Public, do hereby certify that FRANK J. CHENEY, of the County of Lucas, State of Ohio, is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of Catarrh that can not be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1894. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c. Some naturalists say that the whale was once a land animal that took to the water for safety. Farning and Stock Raising in Nebraska A pamphlet containing valuable information about Nebraska, northwestern Kansas and eastern Colorado, with a sectional map of that country, will be sent free on application to P. S. East, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Although the eccentric and wealthy Wister brothers, who died in Philadelphia not long ago, never used tobacco, they left among their effects a costly and elaborate collection of smokers' articles. A Cheap Trip South. Tickets will be sold at one fare round trip to points in Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, on the line of the Louisville & Nashville, and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railroads, on Jan. 1, Feb. 1, March 1, April 2 and 10, 1895. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he can not sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Geo. B. Horner, D. P. A., St. Louis, Mo. Chief Engineer Louis Robinson, who had charge of the machinery department at the world's fair, has sailed for Montevideo to assume the duties of best engineer of the South Atlantic squadron.

Finest in the world in the sunny Ozarks of Missouri and Arkansas. Fertile lands for sale cheap on new road from Kansas City to Gulf of Mexico. Write to James Donohoe, 5th and Delaware Sts. Kansas City, Mo., for FREE COPY of the Missouri and Arkansas Fruitman and Farmer containing lists of lands and all information. Secure valuable lands quickly while they are cheap in rich country not infested with blizzards nor droughts. TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Dec. 31.—Congressman Breckinridge of Kentucky had but thirty-six men in the opera house last night to hear him lecture on "Eras of American Development and Their Great Men."

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper. W. N. U., D—XIII—2.

FOR ALL THE ILLS THAT PAIN CAN BRING ST. JACOBS OIL AS CURE IS KING; ALIKE WITH ACES in Everything.

Dr. PIERCE'S Golden Medical DISCOVERY Cures Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its Earlier Stages. Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fifty per cent. are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness. Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," and who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power, every other fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures had been tried in nearly all these cases, and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain. The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kidney troubles, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 150 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. Address for Book, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Pain-Killer CURES BRUISES & SPRAINS. BOTTLES NOW DOUBLE SIZE. Price, 25 and 50 Cents.

DENSON JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Clerk of the Supreme Court, U. S. District Court, U. S. Circuit Court, U. S. Supreme Court, U. S. District Court, U. S. Circuit Court, U. S. Supreme Court.

TREES OF GOLD. PLUM, SPLENDID PROVE. VAN BURKIN'S 20 MILLION "NEW CREATIONS" STARK TREES PREPAID EVERYWHERE. SAFE ARRIVAL GUARANTEED. The "great nurseries" save you over \$100,000. Millions of the best trees 10 years' experience can grow. They "live longer and bear better."—Sec. Morton, STARK, B. & Co., Louisiana, Mo., Rockport, Ill.

WE WILL TAKE YOU TO CALIFORNIA Cheaply, Quickly and Comfortably on the Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions. CHEAP, because the rate in Sleeping Car is but 60¢ QUICK, because you travel on the fastest trains that run. COMFORT, because you have a through sleeper. Fourteen years' record. Over 100,000 already carried and all like the service. Car leaves Culcuso every Tuesday, via the beautiful Indian Territory and the Sunny South Seas, and every Thursday through Colorado over the famous Beattie Route. A special manager goes each trip to care for the many wants of patrons en route. We can't tell you half the benefits in this ad., but for your California trip you should post yourself. Address, JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., C. R. I. & P. Ry. Chicago.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS AND PERSONAL MENTION

What Our Scribe Gathered on the Outside.—Other News Items.

Harry Bennett, of Detroit, was in town this week.

Tom Neat, of Ypsilanti, spent Sunday with Charley Moon.

Mrs. Anna Taft has been quite ill with pleurisy this week.

Bro. Bailey, of the Wayne Review, has a new typo. A boy.

Mrs. Hartie Law, of Caro, is visiting relatives here this week.

Fred Travis and wife, of St. Johns, are visiting relatives in town.

But a paltry sum yet remains of the village taxes to be collected.

Ida Crosby, of Bad Axe, was the guest of Maud Millsbaugh over Sunday.

John Fuller and wife left for Chicago Tuesday, to be gone about four months.

Mrs. Mary E. Loud, of Meads Mills, was the guest of Mrs. G. R. Patterson, last week.

Mr. Clark Willett, of Devils Lake, Michigan, was visiting H. H. Passage last week.

Miss Mary Rodgers is assisting deputy treasurer Whitbeck in making out tax receipts.

Deputy treasurer Whitbeck is a first-class fellow to settle taxes with. Have you seen him?

Don't forget to tell the probate judge to send your legal advertising matter to the Mail office.

Wm. Voorhies, of Ypsilanti, has taken the place of J. H. Bagley in Travis and Moon's meat market.

W. O. and J. O. say they enjoy their daily trips to Detroit, the only objection being, "its rather early" in the morning.

An alarm of fire was given Tuesday which proved to be at Calvin Stevens' place, but the department was not required.

You had better pay your poll tax as the marshal has received instructions from the attorney general and will proceed to collect from all by law if necessary.

Many of our subscribers are entitled to our heartfelt thanks for their prompt response to our call for paying up subscription. We trust the rest will follow suit during the week.

A young men's dancing club is being formed among our young men for mutual benefit during the dancing season. They purpose having things done in grand style no matter what the cost.

Henry Valentine, M. D., of Lexington, Mass., was in town Monday and Tuesday of this week. He says Lexington people were enjoying zero weather and about eight inches of snow when he left.

Dr. Hatch will offer for sale at public auction his live stock, farm implements, tools, hay, straw, etc. Sale will take place at his residence orposite the post-office in Plymouth on Monday, Jan. 14th, 1895.

Dr. Collier desires his friends to know that he is not now, and has not at any time been treating Harry Markham, sick with small-pox. His only connection with the case in anyway being in his capacity as health officer.

If you desire to keep in line with the latest fashions in dress you should secure the Chicago Apparel Gazette, a journal devoted to clothing, furnishing goods and men's apparel. A sample copy may be sent at the Mail office.

W. H. Palmer made three sittings of the lady minstrel, which are now on exhibition at his gallery. They are very fine pictures and as good a group picture as we have seen. You can secure any one of them at 25 cents each. He has already made a very large delivery which speaks well of them.

Presiding Elder Allen delivered two powerful and eloquent sermons at the M. E. church Saturday and Sunday. If Plymouth people would only remember that Dr. Allen is one of the states most eloquent preachers, larger audiences would greet him and seats would be at a premium. Don't fail to hear him when he comes again.

Among our callers this week was H. B. Horton, representing the Chamberlain Medicine Co. Mr. Horton sold Dr. Meiler a full line of the celebrated medicines prepared by this company and the same will be found at Dr. Meiler's drug store in a few days. Their ads will also appear in the Mail hereafter.

The Starkweather block is undergoing thorough repairing and repainting throughout. It will be fitted up in the latest and most approved style preparatory for Jelliffe Bros. who have leased the store and expect in about 10 days, to put in a new stock of groceries, dry goods, ready made clothing, boots and shoes, etc. A lady from Saginaw will take charge of the dry goods department and Harry will handle the eggs, butter, etc. and Dan will drive the delivery wagon.

Card.

It having been reported to the detriment of myself in my position that I have been exposed to the small-pox I desire to say that such is entirely false as I have not seen Harry Markham nor have been near the house where he is confined.

WILLIAM LARKIN.

BARGAINS. BARGAINS. BARGAINS.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK AT CLEARING SALE PRICES.

120 pair of Men's Fine Shoes, narrow toe, medium toe, and extra wide toe, every pair worth from \$2.00 to \$2.50, our clearing price \$1.48.

High Grade Shoes cut in proportion.

All Felts, Rubbers and Arctics at Cost Price.

15 doz. Ladies', Misses' and Boys' black Wool Hose at 18c a pair

10 doz. Ladies' Fleece Lined Underwear at 24c

12 doz. Men's Extra Heavy Underwear, worth from 50 to 75c, at 37c

8 doz. Men's Extra Fine Wool Underwear, worth \$1 to \$1.50, at 75c

All of our Dress Goods, Flannels and Domestics at Big Reductions in Price.

12 Fine Bed Comforts at less than Cost.

28 Pairs Fed Blankets at Cut Prices.

All Ladies' and Children's Cloaks at about HALF PRICE

All Plush and Cloth Caps at about

Overcoats & Suits Now is your time to buy. We will sell you Clothing cheaper than you ever saw it sold before. We are offering Men's Good Cassimere Suits, double and single breast, at \$4.75.

Men's Good Overcoats at \$4.75.

12 Fine Bed Comforts at less than Cost.

28 Pairs Fed Blankets at Cut Prices.

These are only a few of our many Bargains. If you want to buy goods you cannot afford to go elsewhere.

The Plymouth Cash Outfitter.

E. L. RIGGS.

THE ONLY BARGAIN HOUSE IN PLYMOUTH.

Clay Hoyt is on the sick list.

Autie Millard and Grace Crosby spent a few days at Stark this week.

Alfred Duntley, of Grandin, North Dakota, is visiting in this vicinity.

The prospects for sleighing are some better than they were a week ago.

The drawing of Mrs. Armstrong's quilt will be held at J. R. Rauch's store on Saturday evening, January 19th.

Services will be held in village hall on Sunday evening, Jan. 14th, 7:45 p. m., conducted by Rev. A. M. Knott, of Detroit.

Mrs. Barbary Thompson died at her home about a mile west of Plymouth on Sunday morning, Jan. 6. Funeral from the house on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Leonard died at her home on Wednesday of this week. Funeral this (Friday) afternoon at 2 o'clock. We were misinformed last week, hence our mistake.

Meads Mills.

Miss Flora Kennedy visited with Miss Clara Benton a few days last week.

Mrs. Mabel Manchester, of Salem, called on friends here last Sunday.

Mrs. E. Westfall, who has been very sick, is no better.

The farmers are in the midst of their ice harvest and an excellent article of 9 inches comes from Ambler's pond, Northville.

Geo. Gibson, who has been home for the holidays, returned to his school at Ann Arbor last Monday.

Will Waterman, of Milford, is visiting here and at Plymouth for a week.

The Misses Edna and Kate Hughes and Avis Greene visited with their teacher, Miss Etta Hillmer in Plymouth, New Years.

Mrs. Mary Loud visited with Mrs. G. R. Patterson, in Plymouth, last week.

Mrs. Downey, of this place, is with her daughter, Mrs. James McKeever, of Plymouth.

The family of Henry Waterman spent New Years with Mrs. Waterman's sister at Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bryant and Frank Johnson and wife took their New Years dinner with Mrs. C. U. Smith, of Northville.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sowles returned from a visit to Battle Creek last Wednesday, where they spent the week with Mr. Sowles daughters.

Mr. Erwin Stuart gave a party last Friday evening. About 20 couples were present and a good time reported.

Mrs. H. C. Benton has returned from Howell where she visited a sick sister for a week, bringing Mrs. Geo. Denio and son Reuben for a short visit. She also entertained Mr. and Mrs. Bradish and daughter from Wixom. Miss Nannie entertained Mr. Reuben and Miss Dora Owen-shire, of South Lyon, on New Years.

Livonia.

Charles Garfield and wife, of Northville, visited Mrs. Garfield's parents at this place last Sunday.

H. Kingsley cut one of his fingers nearly off by getting in some machinery in his feed mill one day last week.

Dave Genney, of Newburg, was in the village last Monday.

Fred Garkow is drawing stone to build a cellar for a new house one mile east of the centre.

N. B. Kingsley is on the sick list at this writing.

Last Saturday night as Charles Base was coming home from his work he saw a man with a bag with something in it, in front of P. Sullivan's house. Just about that time P. Hilem came from the south and two of J. Schroeder's boys came from the north. One of them ran in and asked Mr. Sullivan how many chickens he had and he said thirteen, but on going to the coop he only found eleven. The boys then gave chase after the man and found him with two chickens in a bag. His name is R. Carpenter and he lives one half mile south of the Centre. He left on Sunday night for parts unknown and there is great rejoicing.

Foreign Money Orders at half price at Dohmstreich's.

Come now, stationery for almost nothing at the Mail office.

Don't forget the Plymouth Laundry.

ARBITRATION.

Colonel Carroll D. Wright, United States commissioner of labor, has formulated and had introduced into congress a bill entitled, "A bill concerning carriers engaged in inter-state commerce and their employes." The bill proposes the appointment of a board of five commissioners whose duty it shall be to investigate, conciliate and arbitrate all differences between corporations and their employes. The ostensible objects aimed at is the obviating of strikes with their consequent disturbance of general business, the doing away with expensive and irritating military suppressions, the giving of greater security to capital and the making of labor a less turbulent element. This bill was at first condemned by capitalists and the daily press as a socialistic measure, but Colonel Wright declares himself opposed to state socialism which, he says, is making dangerously rapid progress, and that his bill is intended and will operate as a check to socialism by allaying much of the discontent of the laboring class. He argues that unless laws more fully recognizing the rights of labor are put in force socialism is imminent in the near future. Thus when the real object of the measure is announced—the checking of socialism—we witness a great change of opinion and a willingness on the part of capitalists and the daily press to give the matter more serious consideration. Leaving socialism entirely out of the calculation, the author and friends of this bill do not seem to comprehend that the present competitive capitalistic system of production and distribution contains elements of both an economic and ethical character which will bring downfall and destruction to the system just as naturally as the ripening and decay of fruit on the tree.

In economics we find that an extensively rapid production makes an overflowing market which in turn causes a lowering of prices. This necessitates a cheapening of production which again overflows the market. This completes a circle of an ever downward spiral which must eventually reach a zero line, then comes a collapse. Whether the cheapening of products is brought about by the introduction of labor saving machinery or a reduction in wages, labor must always be the sufferer as profit is the sacred right of capital. In ethics we find the demoralization of the masses keeping step with economics in the downward spiral and they too must reach the zero condition in time and play their part in the collapse. Colonel Wright admits that the wage system is virtual slavery because the labor market is so overcrowded that the employed laborer, however low his wages or disagreeable the restrictions placed upon him, must strive in every way to retain his place on account of the very remote possibility of obtaining better or even any employment elsewhere. It is a system of ever increasing slavery with a constant decrease of means of subsistence and will soon present a choice between the downfall of capitalism and the starvation of a multitude. This proposed bill really amounts to an official attempt to persuade the laborer by a few unimportant concessions to more gracefully accept as inevitable the ever lowering condition of slavery and submit more peacefully to being crowded off the earth by machine production and capitalistic competition for profit. As a check to socialism it will be about as effectual as a handful of straw would be in checking an overwhelming tide. Were socialism not in sight the present system is bound by the nature of its inherent elements to fall in spite of all the props devised to hold it up and as society will be reduced to a choice between socialism or nothing there is little doubt as to the outcome. As all means heretofore proposed for the checking of socialism has invariably resulted, both in this country and in Europe, in making more socialists, it is to be hoped that many more checks will be devised. They all help in the needed agitation and education of the masses, and the more often socialism is checked, the sooner will the people discover the virtue in it and resolve themselves into an arbitration committee of the whole who will abolish wage slavery and the exploitation of labor by capital, use the plenty now produced for the benefit of all and forget the folly of every man making war upon his brother.

L. H. C.

Don't forget the Plymouth Laundry.

HYPNOTISM AND CRIME.

The conviction of a Kansas man on a charge of murder who it is alleged hypnotized another to do the deed, the arraignment of another man in Minnesota on similar charge and the supposed part played by hypnotism in many cases marks a new era in criminal procedure. It is an attempt to give a scientific force to the old stereotyped plea of being influenced by bad company. While everyone possesses hypnotic power in a greater or less degree according to organization and strength of will and while this power is operative often unconsciously in the affairs of everyday life to a much greater extent than is generally supposed, it is certainly a very fine point for a jury, however intelligent, to decide what amount of influence one person has hypnotically exercised over another. Its quantity, quality, intensity, volume or specific gravity cannot be measured by any known science or expressed in any known terms. It can only be felt by the sensitive nerves and its effect can only be judged by external appearances which is often very deceptive, therefore the verdict of a jury in any case where hypnotic influence is alleged can only be guesswork of the most superstitious character and hypnotism as it is now known can not afford sufficient proof beyond reasonable doubt of either guilt or innocence. Professional hypnotists claim that it is impossible for a hypnotizer to compel a subject however much under control to do anything for which the subject while in the normal condition has a naturally strong antipathy. For instance if the subject, while in the normal state, has an inherent repugnance to committing murder no hypnotist could influence successfully that subject to commit such a crime, but such self-protecting repugnance must be inherent in the natural character and a merely assumed virtue would not be effective against hypnotic power. In other words the hypnotist, to be completely successful in matters of importance such as the commission of grave crimes, must operate in line or harmony with the natural character of the subject. While a man may be so organized that he would willingly commit crime except for fear of detection and punishment, the influence of the hypnotist might overcome the fear of consequences and the subject, if so directed might commit crime. Before any jury could find a just verdict in a case of this kind they would have to become mind readers and that, at present, is beyond the power of an ordinary jury. It is very doubtful if even a jury of professional hypnotists, knowing all that is at present known about hypnotism, would base a verdict in any case upon it. But it is a subtle mysterious power and, as such, will no doubt in the future often serve the crafty lawyer whose only object is fees and fame regardless of who is hung or goes free.—Com.

MARVELOUS RESULTS.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at John L. Gale's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. FOR SALE BY JOHN L. GALE.

Mrs. Chas. Root, Cedar Springs, Mich., was told by physicians that they could do nothing for her. After taking two bottles of "Adironda" she was able to do her own work and ride to town to do her shopping. Sold by J. L. GALE.

The Plymouth laundry is a home in dusty. Patronize it.

FOUR BIG SUCCESSES.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at John L. Gale's Drug Store.

Laundry Patrons.

The Plymouth laundry has changed hands. A. F. Wilkinson, of Brighton, an experienced and well recommended laundryman taking the place of R. L. Briggs. The change took place on Monday last. Plymouth can support a first-class laundry if the people will unite and leave their laundry at home. We have every assurance that Mr. Wilkinson is competent to fill the bill and a trial order will convince you. Take your laundry there, or leave an order to call for it. Located at the same old stand, Dohmstreich's store.



BOOTS AND SHOES

Before buying footwear for yourself or family call on

BENNETT & CO.

We GUARANTEE to give every customer the full value of the money invested and can save you money on all lines. We have the best ladies Fine Kid Shoes in four styles, Patent Leather Tip and Plain Toe at

148 \$1.48 148

ever offered in this town and as good as you have been paying \$2 for. We also offer you an extra nice fine Vici Kid, patent tips in five styles at \$2.50. All we ask is for you to call, look over our lines and get our prices. We are always pleased to show goods, and as we guarantee every pair for the amount invested you take no chances. We are under a small expense and buy for the interest of our customers. Our price are LOWER THAN THE LOWEST, and Styles and Workmanship, Exceptional.

BENNETT & COMPANY



We have the best full stock of Grain Kip and Calf Boots for \$3.00 a pair you ever saw. Every pair guaranteed.

MUST - BE - SOLD!

We have a few more Wood Heaters that it will pay you to see and get prices on before you buy. Remember this is the place to get satisfaction on goods and prices. Yours respectfully,

HUSTON & CO