

The Plymouth Mail.

VOLUME VIII, NO. 25.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FEBRUARY 22, 1895.

WHOLE NO. 389

TO WINTER GRAPES.

IT CAN BE DONE SUCCESSFULLY.

Wholesome Grapes and a Good Cellar Required. Try it.

The fact that farmers, or any person for that matter, can keep grapes through the winter almost as fresh as when picked from the vines has been proven by G. E. Brownell for two winter's past. The other day Mr. Brownell handed us a nice lot of grapes that were perfect in every respect, except that during a heavy wind and snow storm one of the cellar windows was blown in and the snow covered the grapes which caused them to soften. Mr. Brownell says from the experiments he has made he cannot see why grapes should not be kept through winter nearly as perfect as when picked from the vines.

Pick the grapes when in a solid condition, place them in baskets and store them away on shelves, in a good cellar. That's all that is required.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The junction depot of the D. L. & N. and Ann Arbor railroads, about a mile from Howell, burned Sunday night. Nothing was saved but the records. The loss is \$3,000.

The Northville opera house is to have a new drop curtain.

Jesse Fulton and Miss Stella J. Carpenter, both of Brighton, were married last week Monday.

A Buffalo man has just paid an election by rolling a peanut a mile with a tooth pick.

A real live robin has been seen at Northville—probably by some of the recent arrivals at the "jag" institute.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Boston, will return from the lecture platform.

Robert M. Davis, a well known and popular citizen, of Fowlerville, died at his home one day last week after a lingering illness caused by a severe shock of paralysis. The funeral services were held under the direction of the P. & A. M. of which he was a prominent member.

The ladies of Mason are to give a minstrel show.

Supervisor Springstein, of Royal Oak, has recovered from his attack of small-pox.

The Milan Leader entered upon its 14th year last Friday. Here's long life and prosperity, Bro. Smith.

It is getting to be quite the proper thing for publishers to turn over their paper for one week to the ladies of the town to be published by them. The Ann Arbor Argus will be filled with female wit on the 22nd of this month, while one of the fair sex will hold down the editorial chair in the Northville Record office about March 1st.

The Globe Furniture Co., of Northville, is working but eight hours per day at present.

The purses for the next meeting of the Holly Drying club amount to \$900.

Chief Whitehead, of the Northville fire department, says Roger's milk triangle makes as much noise as their fire alarm.

Rochester, Mich., will have water works.

Frank Galloway, aged 19 years, whose home was near Bancroft, was found dead in the road near his father's residence on Monday evening of last week. He had been calling on a neighbor and left for home about seven o'clock. He was found by a couple of young men who were passing that way. Apoplexy is supposed to have been the cause of his death.

Charles D. Woodman, son of the late E. S. Woodman, one of Northville's most highly respected citizens, died at midnight Monday night, aged 47 years. He leaves a widow and two sons. The funeral occurred from the house Thursday afternoon.

Died, at Wayne, Feb. 13, Charles Durfee. Funeral services were held at the M. E. church, Wednesday, at 10:30 a. m. Mr. Durfee has been sick for several weeks. He experienced religion about two months ago and died a devout christian.

W. C. T. U.

A grand birthday party will be given in Safford's hall, April 4th, for the members of the W. C. T. U. It is not very likely that this date will be everybody's birthday, but it is highly probable that every member of the organization has had a birthday some time during the year, and so April 4th has been appointed for a birthday banquet and grand jollification. It will be remembered that a little less than a year ago, the ladies of the society decided to have a birthday box for the coming year, each member to deposit therein, upon her birthday, a penny for every year of her age. A few of the ladies have already deposited their pennies but the box is large and roomy and will hold a great deal more than it now contains, and members that have not already deposited their money will have a good chance to do so at the birthday banquet, April 4th.

Bring along your pennies,
One for every year,
And drop them in the mite-box,
With a word of cheer.
Pennies grow to nickels,
Nickels grow to dimes,
Dimes will grow to dollars
In the hardest times.
Dollars! they are needed
To make our Union strong,
To help us in our efforts
And push our work along.
So bring along your pennies,
If you haven't yet,
And drop them in the mite-box,
(Sure you don't forget.)
Then we'll have a banquet,
In the Safford Hall,
A jolly, happy birthday
For our members all.
SUPT OF PRESS.

CANTON TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The apple and popcorn social held at the home of Mrs. Oscar Huston on Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Canton Centre W. C. T. U. was well attended and the sum of \$2.90 taken in, for which the ladies are truly thankful. They also wish to thank the musicians and singers who so kindly assisted in making the evening's entertainment a success.
SUPT OF PRESS.

KNIGHTS OF THE MACCABEES.

The State Commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other medicine for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two children we tried Dr King's New Discovery and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, our experience proves that it cures where all remedies fail."—Signed F. W. Stevens, State Com. Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bottles free at John L. Gale's drug store. Regular size 50c, and \$1.00.

PATRIOTISM AND POVERTY.

The permanent stability of any representative government must rest upon the prosperity and contentment of its citizens. In whatever way the proper functions of government are defined when the general prosperity of the people is on the decline they instinctively turn to the government for a remedy. In inverse ratio to the depression of industry, politico-economic questions grow in importance, and the more business recedes toward low water mark the more closely the masses watch and discuss the measures and acts of government. While patriotic love of country would cause the average citizen to give his life if need be in defense of the government when it is assailed by armed foes in time of peace, he looks upon it as having much to do with his material prosperity, and when that prosperity is on the wane, he feels that something is radically wrong in the administration of government. When the average citizen of the United States is told that it is the richest nation on the face of the earth, he takes a mental inventory of his own meagre possession, and prospects and wonders who has all the wealth, how they got it and why his own prospects are not better: He reflects that good men, possessing a tried natural and educational business ability of a high order, have been placed in office at the head of affairs and he had been led to believe that the whole country would enjoy almost unlimited prosperity with the government economically administered in strict accordance with the most approved business principles. He remembers that these men promised a revival of prosperity when the purchasing clause of the silver law was repealed. When that failed to bring the hoped for relief, he was told that tariff reform would do it. After that was settled and no change was manifest the pending election would surely make things lovely. As that produced no visible improvement, the first of the year business would start on the run to make up for lost time, and now that the new year has come, the financial question must be disposed of before long deferred can be realized. When one palliative after another has thus been tried and failed, and when one batch of mortgages after another in the shape of bonds has to be given to the great money lenders for the purpose of sustaining the credit of the government, also while capital in other lands is bringing more and more products into competition with his own, our citizen begins to wonder how long he will have anything left to feel patriotic over. While patriotism and self respect impel him to obey the laws, their use as catch words will not prevent him from obtaining a true knowledge of the situation, and entering a vigorous protest as he is being pushed to poverty by frequent additions to his burdens and a lessening of his power to carry them. They cannot keep from him the knowledge that his liberty has been exchanged for a vassalage to mammon, that however great the talent placed at the head of government this vassalage cannot be broken by financial diplomacy because the money power can dictate the policy and the policy of the money power is to never let a dollar go without having a string tied to it, so that it may be pulled back again when more money has become attached to it. By this process the money lenders have planned to fish all of the money into their own coffers, and by this process they are pauperizing the patriotism out of the whole industrial world. It is very evident that economic conditions have reached a chronic stage of depression for the masses while toiling millions are working and worry comfortless lives away in vassalage for the poor privilege of playing for a brief time with the dollars with the strings to them. As the money kings through mortgage power are bound to get all the money we can make in spite of all we can do to prevent it, the sooner we let them have what money there is and adopt a system by which we can get along without money, the sooner we can emancipate ourselves from bondage and achieve a prosperous freedom. Patriotism and poverty are not congenial companions and under prevailing conditions the only truly patriotic course is the establishment of a co-operative brotherhood. L. H. C.

New Dates For Low Rates.

For Home Seekers' excursions on March 5th, April 2nd and 30th, the C. & W. M. and D. L. & N. lines will sell round trip excursion tickets to points in southern and western states at very low rates. Ask agents for particulars. GEO. DELHAVEN, G. P. A. 388-391

John P. Bauer, traveling salesman for Gem City Stove Co., Dayton, Ohio, says: "I will continue to recommend Alrona, Wheeler's Heart and Nerve Cure, for I know it will do all that is claimed for it." Sold by John L. Gale.

The Plymouth laundry is a home in industry. Patronize it. Pedro score cards at the MAIL office.

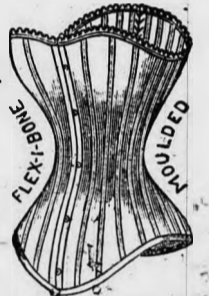


FEB. 23rd
LUTHERAN DAY
23rd FEB.

We will give Ten Per Cent of our gross sales to the churches of Plymouth, as noted below.

Saturday, Feb. 23, Lutheran Church
Saturday, March 2, Presbyterian Church
Saturday, March 9, Universalist Society
Saturday, March 16, Methodist Church
Saturday, March 23, Newburg Church

J. R. RAUCH,
AGENT, PLYMOUTH.



WALL PAPER WALL PAPER WALL PAPER

I take pleasure in announcing to the public that with Mr. Chas. Holloway I shall put in the largest and most fashionable stock of Wall Paper ever shown in Plymouth. All paper will be new, bright and of the latest shades and designs, bought of the Perfection Wall Paper Co., Chicago, and will be sold at the very lowest price that Spot Cash will bring. Samples can be seen at the store or Mr. Holloway will call at your house and show samples any time desired.

We have just received a new stock of Masks. Grand Masquerade Balls are coming off in Plymouth and Northville. Here is an opportunity to

Secure a Mask at a Very Low Price

We have just bought a large stock of Toilet Soap at hard times prices, which we would like to have everyone come in and see. Among the lot will be found the celebrated Cocoa Castile Soap, regular price 10c, our price 5c a cake. Pine Tar Soap, regular price 10c, our price 5c. Tea Leaf Soap, regular price 10c, our price 5c. Marseilles Castile Soap and Jockey Club Soap, regular price 10c, our price 5c. Rose Bouquet regular price 15c, our price 10c or 3 for 25c. Cucumber Soap, regular price 15c, our price 10c or 3 for 25c. Orange Peel 10c. Also Oatine, White Clover and Glycerine Bouquet Soaps.

We also keep constantly on hand all the Fashion Books of the day, including Bon Ton, Toilettes, L'Art de la Mode and Demorest's.

GALE'S - DRUG - AND - GROCERY - STORE.

Watch this Space and see what

CHAFFEE,
HUNTER
LAUFFER

The Leading Druggists and Grocers

Have to say.

PRICES.
GOODS.
SERVICE.

Fancy Groceries.
Elegant Canned Goods
Fresh, Clean Drugs.

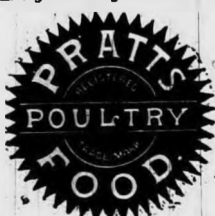
Prescriptions?

Why, yes, ours is the Most Complete and Best Equipped of any Drug Store between Detroit and Grand Rapids.

Orders Called for and Goods Delivered Free.

'93 PHARMACY.

SPECIAL!
SHORT TIME ONLY.
'Stark A' Grain Bags 16c
'American' " 13c
SPOT CASH.
Buy Early as we have only a Limited Amount.



L.C. HOUGH & SON,
F. & P. M. ELEVATOR



MT. VERNON TO-DAY.

THE NEW AND popular way of making the great American pilgrimage to the home of Washington is by way of the ancient, sleepy and quaint old town of Alexandria.

Alexandria leads through historic ground. To the right, and prominent in the landscape, is the tall spire of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, which was the focal point of McClellan's army, when the later was organizing for the Chickahominy campaign. Around it on all sides were the camps of the army. The numerous remains of their retracements, earthworks and other defenses are still prominent at every turn for miles. Union forts frowned from every hilltop and their outlines are yet plainly distinguishable. Just beyond the seminary, in plain view up the valley, is Bailey's cross roads, remembered by every old soldier of the Army of the Potomac as the scene of the grandest military spectacle ever witnessed on this continent, the review by Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet of McClellan's army, when he had pronounced it ready for the ill-starred march to Richmond.

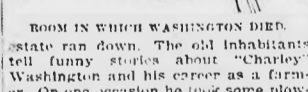
But there are many points of earlier interest. To the right, as the "trolley" crosses the bridge over Great Hunting Creek, is Fort Lyons, the strongest of all that great cordon which protected Washington in the war days. Near Fort Lyons is the old home still standing of the seventh Lord Fairfax—Rev. Brian Fairfax, who in Washington's days was rector of Christ Church at Alexandria, of which Washington was a vestryman. The church is still one of the cherished landmarks in Alexandria, and the edifice with Washington's big square pew is carefully preserved intact. Lord Fairfax's home was called Mount Eagle, and it is still in excellent preservation. A mile beyond the bridge and the road enters the "old Mount Vernon estate," which in Washington's day comprised 8,000 acres of as fine land, as ever was known in Virginia. The estate was divided into five farms, known as River farm, Dogue Run farm, Mansion House farm, Union farm and Muddy Hole farm. River farm, which the railway strikes first



MOUNT VERNON. and formerly known as Clifton's Neck, was bought by Washington in 1759 for \$3 an acre. It consisted of 2,000 acres. The first landmark of revolutionary interest that is reached after entering upon the old estate is Wellington Hall. It stands about four miles from Alexandria, on the Potomac bank, and occupies a site almost as beautiful as Mount Vernon. Wellington Hall was built by Washington in 1768 on a portion of the estate comprising 600 acres, and during his life it was occupied by Colonel Tobias Lear, who lives in history as Washington's military secretary and life-long friend. Colonel Lear was also tutor of the Custis children and for more than thirty years "a

member of Washington's family. It is said the first President built Wellington Hall for Colonel Lear's use, but whether this be true or not, he certainly occupied it for most of his life. By his will General Washington made Colonel Lear a tenant for life, rent free, and he lived on the place until his death in 1816. His remains now repose in the Congressional Cemetery in Washington.

After Tobias Lear's death, Wellington passed into the hands of the collateral branch of the Washington family, the last occupant being Charles A. Washington, a grandnephew. He was a harum-scarum sort of chap, very dissipated, and under his management the

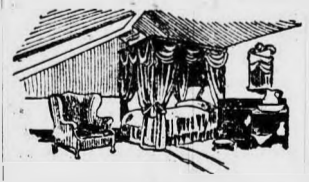


estate ran down. The old inhabitants tell funny stories about "Charley" Washington and his career as a farmer. On one occasion he took some plowshares into Alexandria to be sharpened, which were urgently needed in the spring plowing, but falling in with some cronies he was induced to go off for a month's sojourn at the "springs," and never came back until his wheat crop had gone by default. "Charley" Washington was a great theorist. He once read in a farm paper that the most profitable crop one could grow was barley. So he planted ten acres. When the barley ripened he had it "fatted" out and loaded on a four-horse wagon and started it for the Alexandria market. "Charley" went on ahead on horse back to dispose of the load. But barley he found was an unknown grain in the Alexandria market and there was no sale for it; but after a whole day's tramping he succeeded in trading the load of barley to a brewer for a barrel of beer, which he sent home and stored in his cellar. The news of the transaction leaked out and the same night a dozen of Charley's cronies in Alexandria paid a visit to Wellington Hall, where they made a night of it with the genial proprietor. Before morning they had disposed of the entire crop of barley.

Charley Washington died in 1829, and the neglected farm passed into other hands. Wellington Hall is a frame dwelling, painted white, and with the outbuildings in good repair. A line lined with poplars, which the railroad crosses, connects it with the Richmond turnpike. From Wellington to Mount Vernon the distance is five miles, the last station being Riverside Park, at Little Hunting Creek, which stream divided the old river farm of Washington's map from the Mansion House farm. A mile beyond this creek the car stops at the gates of Mount Vernon. By this route there is no more climbing the steep hill from the wharf, but the visitor enters the grounds at the foot of the western lawn and walks up a long flagged path through the trees to the near side of the old mansion. Probably 200 people had entered the historic grounds on the day the writer was there and the latter from among that crowd picked out not less than a dozen bridal couples. It is not given to the average visitor to the home of Washington to see all the beauties of the place. Much less can he know the details of the home life of the great proprietor or understand the splendor of

his former environment. The visitor goes through the old mansion. He looks into the little, stuffy rooms with their odd and incongruous mixture of old and up-to-date furniture. He gazes at the elegant and extremely modern tinted and gold frescoes, at the rich and brilliant Persian rugs with which the ladies of the association have covered the floors, and he finds it difficult to imagine this the home of the immortal Washington. To most visitors it seems a great pity that there has been such an effort made to impress the public with the fact that Washington led a luxurious life by means of the rich and modern trappings they have smuggled into the old mansion. The splendor of Washington's life at Mount Vernon was reflected by his broad acres, by his hundreds of negroes, including artisans and mechanics of all kinds, by the wealth of his hospitality and the magnificence of his military and official career. There were no frescoes of gilt and tints in Washington's day—no wall paper, even. There was nothing but whitewashed walls and ceilings. Nor were there any Darghestan rugs or Axminster carpets.

There is an outbuilding on the grounds, which should have given the well-meaning ladies a hint as to what the father of his country had to cover his floors. The building is called the "spinning room" and it is a great room for weaving the good old-fashioned rag carpets of our forefathers. Aside from these incongruities, however, the old mansion is an interesting, almost a hallowed spot. There are not so many relics of Washington but what there are are full of interest. The bed upon which he died, sent by the Lee family, and the other furniture contributed by various families, have enabled the ladies in control to fit up Washington's chamber very nearly as it was when its great occupant passed away. There are a good many other relics on view, but not many that are, strictly speaking, relics of Washington. There is plenty of colonial furniture, but Washington never saw it. There are portraits, engravings, etc., and a valuable collection of Washington's autograph letters, which are mounted in the former state dining room. There are two or three swords, suits of military clothing, articles of camp equipment and a brown suit of clothes, the cloth of



MARTHA WASHINGTON'S BEDROOM. which was woven on the place, which the general wore at his first inauguration as President.

Washington's Stepchildren. The unsatisfied yearning to have children of his own was frequently disclosed in his diary and in letters to friends, but Washington was devoted to his stepchildren, and loved to have little "Patsy" and Nellie Custis at his side. The engraving which first appeared among a collection of "the ladies of the republican court," many years ago, and was afterward hung in the "best room" of so many thousands of households as that of Washington's wife, was really a portrait of Betty Lewis, his sister, and the original, with a companion piece by the same artist, of her husband, Mr. Fielding Lewis, still beloved to the family of Col. Lewis W. Washington, and hangs in the parlor of their mansion "Marmon."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE PURITAN.

Sally Coleman's Two Red Shoes That Were New Two Hundred Years Ago—What Aunt Laura Knows About Compositions—Pick Tooths.

Two Red Shoes.

Two hundred years ago, if you had been alive, you might have seen her and talked with her, this little girl, who was a baby in those distant years of the seventeenth century, when Milton was writing those stately cantos of the "Paradise Lost," and King Philip and his Indians were making so much trouble for our great-grandfathers on the New England frontiers.

How curious she would look to us in her quaint, old-fashioned dress, made just like her mother's, so that she resembled a little old woman in miniature! Her jacket of white linen was drawn about her waist with a black cord, and met the blue woolen petticoat that had not a flounce or a ruffle on it.

She wore on her head, over her short, silky curls, a small, stiff linen cap, for bangs had not been invented then. A pair of red shoes completed the toilet of this little Puritan maiden except when she went to church, and then she put on a high-crowned, steeply shaped hat and threw a long-girded cloak over her shoulders.

Very much like this, excepting the hat and cloak, looked little Sally Coleman one September morning in 1677.

She was only a 5-year-old girl, and those little red shoes were fresh and new from the counter of a small store in Hatfield, on the Connecticut river, then a small border town. Very proud was Sally of those little red shoes, and she was busy trying them on and thinking how nice they would look on Sunday as she went with her father into the square, barn-like wooden church to listen to one of Parson Tenney's long sermons. She had just put them on and was walking up and down the kitchen floor when she was startled by a loud war-whoop; and immediately several painted Indians, looking very frightful with their war-dress and weapons, rushed in and seized the little lady, red shoes and all, and carried her screaming away.

All in a moment the happy child was made a very sad one. She saw her mother and her little sisters killed by the red men, and her home all in flames; and in company with many another captive she was marched into the wilderness.

To Canada, all the way over the frozen lakes and rivers, and the hard, rough ground, a desolate, tedious journey in the cold autumn months, tramped the red shoes. Often the little feet were weary, and often little Sally's heart must have been despairing all ready to faint by the wayside.

One of her savage captors took pity on her forlorn condition, and did what he could to help her, carrying her on his brawny shoulders when she could not walk farther, making a soft couch of hemlock boughs for her comfort when they camped at night, and selecting for the homesick little girl the juiciest steaks from the sides of bear and deer that he killed in hunting.

So the red shoes did not wear out, though they had to be mended more than once with stout deerskins.

And glad, you may be sure, was the pioneer John Coleman, when the faded, worn shoes crossed his threshold, one bright May morning, having been to Canada and back again. Some good friends of the Colemans had indulged enough with the French and the Indians to effect Sally's release, and Count Frontenac, the French governor, ordered a guard of soldiers to attend the child and her companions back to Hatfield.

And the cunning little shoes, soled with leather from England, bound with silk from Paris, sewed with deer's sinews from the Canadian forests, whose red serge uppers were brought from Holland by way of New Amsterdam, may still be seen, soiled and ragged, one of them in the collection of old South church, Boston, the other in the museum of the Memorial association of Deerfield, Mass.

Just think of it—a pair of shoes more than two hundred years old and with such a history! Would you not like to see them? They are much the oldest pair of shoes in America, and I think they ought to be kept together.

Little Sally grew to be a woman and had children of her own, and I dare say she often told them of the journey those shoes had taken, and of the bitter trials she experienced as a captive among the Indians. Very likely, too, the children thought the shoes quite as wonderful as their mother did, and never tired of hearing their story. I can imagine them on a Sunday night, when all was still and the snow lay white and silent around the pioneer's house, clambering upon their mother's knee and whispering:

"Please tell us about the little red shoes that went to Canada and back." The little girl that wore them "has been dead these long, long years; and, but for those two little red shoes, it is doubtful if Sally Coleman would be remembered to-day. Certain it is, I should not have had this story to tell, for I should not have thought of it but for seeing the interesting relics during a recent vacation—Philadelphia Times.

Pick Tooths. Little Lena was out playing in the yard. She came running in saying: "Mamma, I saw a horse made out of a cow." It was a spotted horse. One

day she had been into a neighbor's house; as she came home she said: "I saw some kitties with white feeders all over them." She had heard some one say that toothpicks were made of goosequills. One day her papa was out, and upon some one's asking where he was she said he "had gone to get sheep feeders for pick tooths."

Learning How to Write.

Ethel, according to her own school-girl phrasing, "hated" to write compositions, and her dislike was about evenly divided between the burden of selecting her own subject and the embarrassment of having one chosen for her. In the first case she never knew what to take, and in the last, the teacher, according to her prejudiced fancy, seemed bound to select the very topic about which she knew nothing, and in which she had no interest. Finally, on a miserable Saturday when her composition was, after much tribulation, finished, she freed her mind to Aunt Laura.

"Nothing to write about?" said auntie. "Dear me, what a pity, in this big world full of interesting things! I suppose you have such a dull thing that nothing worth telling ever happens to you."

"Oh, no, it isn't that," said Ethel. "Lots of things happen, but nothing important enough to write about. Why, our compositions have to be read before the whole school, and how the girls would laugh if I should get up and give an account of some of our larks?"

"Now, I'll tell you what I'd do," said Aunt Laura; "I'd keep a notebook."

"Like Hawthorne's?"

"Well, I dare say it would be rather different from his, and so it ought to be. You must write in it the interesting things that happen to you, and put them down in your own way. Make up your mind not to show the book, and then you won't be tempted into affectation. Don't moralize, and don't indulge in reflections, if you can help it."

"Why, I shouldn't even know how to begin."

"I'll show you. A dozen times a day you tell me things that interest me greatly. Think of that country walk you were so happy over last week. When you got home you described the blue sky with its little tufts of woolly clouds, the bank where you found hepaticas; you told me exactly how you seraped away the dead leaves, and what a ridiculous time you had in trying to beg a string at the farmhouse."

"Then you repeated the story of the poor little girl you met on the way home, and said she remarked, as she took some of your luncheon, that she liked fruit cake better than sandwiches."

"But I couldn't put that in a composition!"

"Perhaps not, but the habit of writing will not only help you to gain fluency in the use of the pen, but it will teach you to observe."

"Besides, you will have in your notebook a stock of material to which you can turn when you have nothing to say."

"Remember, above all things, to put down only the exact truth—for nothing that has not the ring of reality is worth preserving—and not to indulge in general reflections that had become common-places before you were born."

The book was bought, and Ethel, with a few relapses, kept it zealously. At the end of six months she declared that the plan was a "splendid" one. Perhaps other young folks, forced to become writers against their will, might think so, too.—Youth's Companion.

Building. You are little builders every day. Brick by brick, brick by brick. Of character you lay. Every word you utter, Everything you do, Renders the foundation. Either false or true.

Here a brick of honor. There a brick of truth. While the world's progressing Childhood turns to youth. As the walls are rising. See that they are plumb. Strongly put together. For the time will come.

When by their own merits; They may stand or fall, For the master builder Justice metes to all. Builders for the present, For the future, too. Character that some day God himself shall view.—Our Little Ones

His Clothes. A gentleman with a cork leg came to Tom's house one day to make a visit. The morning after his arrival Tom was sent to his room to see if he was dressed for breakfast.

"No'm," replied Tom to his mother, when he returned "he hasn't put on any of his clothes 'ceptin' his leg."

A Little Girl's Thought. My little niece Clara was going some distance away from her mamma. Her dear grandma was talking with her about praying; told her God could hear her pray when away; also hear prayer at home. She said: "I should think God would take solid comfort with his ears."

A Good Stepmother. Betty was watching her mother as she placed the little chicks that had been hatched in an incubator under a brooder.

"What a good! stepmother that brooder makes, keeping the chickens warm," she cried.

Seizures. Some one remarked before Ethel that there were twelve Caesars among the Roman emperors. "Did they call them that because they were always seizing other people countries?" she asked.

A BRIGHT STAR.

A SKETCH OF THE MAN WHO LED MARY ANDERSON TO FAME.

Also Played Leading Roles with Booth, Barrett and Thorne.

[From the St. Louis Chronicle.]

One of the most conspicuous figures in the St. Louis of America today is John W. Norton. Born in the Seventh ward of New York city forty-six years ago, the friends of his youth were Thomas W. Keene and Frank Chanfrau. We find Keene a star at the age of 25 and Norton in the flower of early manhood, the leading man for Edwin Booth at the famous Winter Garden Theatre. He was started with Lawrence Barrett early in the 70s, and alternated the leading roles with Charles Thorne at the Variety theater in New Orleans. Early in the Centennial year, in Louisville, Norton met our Mary Anderson, then a fair young girl who aspired for stage fame, took her under his guidance and, as everybody knows, led her to fame. Mr. Norton is now the proprietor of the Grand Opera House in St. Louis, the Duquesne Theatre, Pittsburgh, and one of the stockholders in the American Extraneous Company.

One afternoon early in June he hobbled into his New York office on Broadway and encountered his business manager, George McManus, who had also been a rheumatic sufferer for two years. Norton was surprised that McManus had discarded his cane. "Who cured you?" he asked. "I cured myself," replied McManus, "with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"I was encouraged by Mr. McManus' cure, and as a last resort, tried the Pink Pills myself," said Mr. Norton to a chronic reporter. "You have known me for five years, and know how I have suffered. Why during the summer of 1883 I was on my back at the Mulamphy hospital, in this city, four weeks. I was put on the old system of dieting, with a view to clearing those ridiculous properties in my blood that medical theorists say is the cause of my rheumatism. I left the hospital feeling stronger, but the first damp weather brought with it those excruciating pains in the legs and back. It was the same old trouble. After sitting down for a stretch of five minutes, the pains screwed my legs into a knot when I arose, and I hobbled as painfully as ever. After I had taken my first box of Pink Pills, it struck me that the pains were less troublesome. I tried another box, and began almost unconsciously to have faith in the Pink Pills. I improved so rapidly that I could rise after sitting at my desk for an hour and the twinges of rheumatism that accompanied my rising were so mild that I scarcely noticed them. During the past two weeks we have had much rainy weather in St. Louis. But the dampness has not had the slightest effect in bringing back the rheumatism, which I consider a sufficient and reliable test of the efficacy of Pink Pills. I may also say that the Pink Pills have acted as a tonic on my stomach, which I thought was well nigh destroyed by the thousand and one alleged remedies I consumed in the past five years."

Stated by H. B. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa. Have guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, sour stomach, bilious attacks, liver and kidney trouble.

Some people would be very nice if they could get over one or two bad habits.

1,000 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.

Wonderful yields in potatoes, oats, corn, farm and vegetable seeds. Cut this out and send 5c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their great seed book and sample of Giant Spruce. wnu

Many men week both fortune and health trying to earn a dollar they do not need.

Hood's Made Me Strong

"I can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as the best medicine I have taken. I was terribly run down in health and hardly ever enjoyed a well day. I suffered with terrible pains in my stomach, breast and head. I read in the papers regarding the wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla and I thought I would give it a trial. I have taken almost a dozen bottles and am happy to say that those terrible pains. I give Hood's Sarsaparilla all the praise for giving me good health and making



Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

me feel strong again." Mrs. Mary M. STEPHENS, Crane Nest, Ohio. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills; assist digestion, prevent constipation.

WORLD'S FAIR HIGHEST AWARD!

IMPERIAL GRANUM



GREAT MEDICAL FOOD

Has justly acquired the reputation of being The Salvator for Invalids and The Aged.

AN INCOMPASSIBLE ALIMENT for the GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and CHILDREN. A superior nutritive in continued Fevers, and a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention. And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable. Sold by DRUGGISTS, Shipping Depot JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

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.

Read notices (not a word) in local acts a word.

Reading notice where charges are made 5c a line.

Friday FEB. 1895.

DRAW THE LINE.

If you've loaned a friend a "five," And you think him all correct, But it's longer in returning, Than you really could expect, When next that fellow comes to borrow, Though your purse be rolling fat, I would venture this suggestion, "Better draw the line at that."

If you've advanced you're in a quarrel, And resort to fistic blows, Don't you hoo-hoo like a baby When he hits you on the nose; But stand your ground, young fellow, Until he knocks you flat, Then if my advice is heeded, "Better draw the line at that."

Just suppose you've been a fishing Patiently from morn till night, Though you've tempted lively minnows, Not as yet a single bite; All at once your cork goes under, Out of sight as quick as "scat," I should think that you were foolish Not to "draw the line at that."

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL EXPLAINS IT.

As is well known, a foreigner can become a full American citizen, other conditions being complied with, by actually residing within the United States at least five years. This amendment is as simple and clear as possible. It simply establishes as the constitutional condition precedent to the enjoyment of the elective franchise, that a foreign born inhabitant shall wait until he becomes a full American citizen, before he shall be allowed the privilege of voting in this State. While many seem to understand this and have no difficulty in reaching this conclusion, they inquire: "Is it possible that this amendment can be made to relate back and compel male inhabitants of foreign birth, who have once voted in this State, to give up that privilege, and not vote again until they become full American citizens, - is not this in the nature of an ex post facto or retroactive law?" My answer is: There are no limitations upon the power of the people to amend or revise their constitution, in any way or at any time they so determine, except as that power is limited by the constitution of the United States.

The people of the State have the absolute legal right to determine for themselves the qualifications of electors, and to determine what shall place in their organic law. The rule is settled, that the people, when called upon to vote upon a proposed amendment to their constitution, are not obliged, like legislative bodies, to look carefully to the preservation of vested rights; they have the absolute power to determine what principles are best calculated to produce good government, to promote the public welfare, and to secure the safety of the State. But there is nothing in the shape of vested rights secured by constitutional enactment, relative to the elective franchise. Participation in the elective franchise is a privilege, rather than a right; and it is granted or denied, on the grounds of public policy.

As I have already said, except as limited by the national constitution, the whole subject of the regulation of elections, including the prescribing of qualifications for suffrage, is left to the several states. The people declare in their state constitutions who shall be qualified electors, but the power to amend or revise their constitutions still remains in the great body of the people as an organized body politic, who, being vested with ultimate sovereignty and the source of all state authority, have power to amend, at will, the constitution which they have made. The people have the power, and it is for them to determine when and under what circumstances they will exercise it. In this case, the people of the State of Michigan, by an overwhelming majority, have determined who shall be qualified electors. They have placed their decree in the constitution of the State, and from that decree there is no appeal, and there it must stand as the supreme law, to be obeyed by all. Yours truly, FRED A. MAYNARD, Attorney General.

Written in memory of Mr. and Mrs. George Rodgers, who were pioneers of Novi township, Oakland county, Michigan. The events recorded in the following lines are not imaginary but actually happened just as recorded.

Softly, where the glittering sunlight Strikes the hills of old Penn's wood, Years ago upon a hillside There a humble cottage stood.

Twined with ivy was the doorway And bedecked with colors bright, In the year of eighteen hundred First there opened to the light

Eyes of blue, so deep and earnest, Oft have smiled to greet my own When a youth from school returning Or from play I chanced to come.

Listen, I will tell a story, Tell a history of the life Of the owner of those blue eyes And his noble loving wife.

Well remember I, the story, Told me o'er and o'er again, How his parents moved to York State When he was a lad, eighteen.

Lived they there and prospered fairly, Father, mother, children dear, In a home in Seneca county Where they lived for many a year.

Children two, and they were daughters, One, in York State she was born, And the other opened her eyelids First, one bright September morn.

Shortly after their arrival In the old frame house which stands Moss-grown now with age decaying Trembling like a palsied hand.

Oft I've listened to the story By the blazing fire place glow, How, for miles without a dwelling Through the forest you could go.

Where, to-day the bustling village, Northville, nestles midst the hills, Nothing then but a settler's dwelling Till shortly after the Dunlap mills.

Where stands to-day our grand metropolis With its towering city hall Then a fort, three stores, some dwellings And a rugged wharf, was all.

But the tide of emigration Westward surged and one by one Fell the mighty forest monarchs As the clearing work was done.

Then again I've sat and listened How, when winter's snow was deep, Tracks of wolves were seen in number Round their pen containing sheep.

How one track from all the others Of a certain wolf was known Feet, but three, she used in walking As the other foot was gone.

To rid themselves of this, the settlers All turned out for miles around, Hunted till the ferocious animal, Lifeless lay upon the ground.

Once a bear made bold by hunger Stole a pig one winter's day, As he passed with it through the dooryard From his prey was drove away.

By a woman(x) frail and slender, In her hand naught save a broom, But the bear retreated quickly As though he knew and felt his doom.

We, to-day, who drive in comfort As with horse and carriage ride Or, within our cozy parlors As we sit, our range, beside.

Little think how great the debt is That we owe these pioneers, For their bravery, toil and hard-ship Which they endured those by-gone years.

Let us pay to them a tribute For it's due them, aye and more, Let us stand with heads uncovered As we shy this tribute o'er.

Earth to earth, peace to their ashes, May their dust in quiet lie, But their souls rest in heaven - Where we can meet them by and by.

But I am wandering from my story Let me thread it once again Let me tell you how this couple Took a lad when he was ten.

Father, poor, with several children Bound him out till twenty-one So when they came west to Michigan He, with them, likewise did come.

Lived with them and served them true, While in turn they did their part Sought his welfare truly, nobly, And in life gave him a start.

Acres sixty and one hundred Bought for him of farming land, Where to-day a goodly portion Of the village, St. John stands.

But ere this happened, a dying mother Gave to them her little son Whom they nourished loved and cherished And reared up till twenty-one.

When the frosts of fifty winters Had streaked with silver threads the hair And the brow once smooth as marble Furrowed now with lines of care.

But the heart within her bosom Throbbled with pity as in days of yore For a little motherless baby Which she, home, one evening bore.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

It Tells How a Dense Mystery Was Finally Solved.

"Of course," remarked the detective to the reporter, "I've had some experience probably worth telling, but I can't just recall anything now."

The reporter sat back in his chair to give the detective a chance to think, and just at that moment the detective was called out of the room. When he came back ten minutes later, he was smiling.

"Well?" queried the expectant reporter. "I've got something for you," said the detective. "Something?" "Not exactly," was the conclusion of an old story.

"Give it to me," the reporter pulled his watch out of his pocket. "You remember to have heard something," proceeded the detective, "about a man we had here once under sentence of death, named Jaxon, who suicided two nights before he was to be hanged?"

The reporter nodded. "It was strange about that case," continued the detective. "Jaxon was not of a bad class, but he had killed a man in cold blood because he was jealous of him. He had a fair trial and was convicted, but after sentence was passed he grew despondent and we had to keep a double watch on him to prevent his killing himself. All his food was examined, and anything that came from friends outside was watched carefully to see that no poison was handed to him, for they preferred self-murder to hanging, and were anxious to furnish him the means to put himself out of the way."

"We shut off everything from the outside, except letters, and those only from his mother, and they were carefully examined before he got them. Still, in spite of all we could do, two nights before the execution, and while the two guards sat within reach of him, almost he collapsed, and before the doctor could get to him he was dead. To save us, we could not tell how he got that poison, for it was poison that killed him, because he had received nothing from the outside for a week, except a farewell letter from his mother. A more pathetic one I never read, and it was stained with her tears. I even wept myself as I read it before sending it to him."

"That letter was received during the last afternoon but one that he was alive, and at 10 o'clock he was dead. To-night the mystery is explained. A former servant in the family died to-day, and just before he went he called in one of our men who had befriended him and told him that Jaxon's letter was not from his mother, but from him, and that the paper on which it was written had been poisoned, and that Jaxon had swallowed enough of it to kill him. There, now," concluded the detective, "you can have not only a detective story, but somewhat of a sensation as well," and so the reporter did, as the files of an old, old newspaper will show, if the reader will look it up.

Who Invented the Gallotone? It is now certain that neither Dr. J. I. Guillotin, who is said to have died upon the instrument which has a name so strikingly like his own, nor Dr. J. B. V. Guillotin, who has also been given the credit of being its inventor, was the designer of the French instrument of capital punishment. It is known to have been in use in Italy at least 500 years before the time of either of the gentlemen mentioned, and was the recognized instrument used for inflicting the death penalty in Scotland during both the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries.

Conrad of Swabia was executed by such a machine at Naples in the year 1265, and that it was in use in France more than 100 years before the time of Dr. J. I. Guillotin is proven by the fact that the duc de Montmorency was decapitated "by a sliding ax" in 1632.

Worth It. Biquon, the Paris restaurateur, acquired a large fortune, and his wife carried on the business after his death. It is of this time that the story is told of a poor journalist, who was seen in the restaurant eating a small plate of strawberries at a season when the fruit was so expensive as to be an extravagance even for the rich.

An acquaintance saw the wretched penny-a-liner and smiled significantly. "Yes," said the journalist, "I know I shall have to pay ten francs for these, but the sight of that woman at the counter, who is worth 2,000,000, picking over strawberries for me, who haven't got three louis in the world, gives me such an amount of satisfaction that the berries are worth it." - Argonaut.

According to Law. Judge to Witness.—Now, madam, I want you to distinctly understand that hearsay is not evidence. How old are you? Witness—I don't know, judge. Judge—Don't know? Witness—I have no evidence of my age.

Judge—What do you mean? "I am told that I am so many years old, judge, but it's only hearsay, and you know that isn't evidence."

The Old Man's Grief. Miss Scrapper, amateur violinist—Did you notice that old man crying while I was playing my sonata? Friend—Yes, and I spoke to him. He said your playing reminded him of the old days when he was happy.

Miss Scrapper—Was he a violinist? Friend—No, he was a piano-tuner.

The Way of the World... She, pointing to the door—A man without money might as well pack up his things and walk. He, objecting—Well, you didn't expect him to ride, did you?

FEATHER BEARERS.

The largest bird in the world is the condor. Condors with a spread of wing of 18 to 20 feet have been shot in the Andes.

The smallest bird is a species of humming bird common in Mexico and Central America. It is not quite so large as a bluebottle fly.

The average golden eagle weighs twelve pounds, is three feet from the tip of his bill to the tip of the tail and has wings of seven feet spread. At a meeting of the Baltimore Clinical society one of the physicians exhibited a pigeon with a bad case of the diphtheria which had been transmitted to the bird from a human patient.

A man in Kent's Hill, Me., was talking with another man recently in that town when a wild goose, with more than ordinary wisdom, flew straight into his arms. The man held him tight.

Eight months ago a carrier pigeon belonging to John C. Dinan, president of the Hillside Homing club of Lancaster, Pa., was released at Manassas, Va., being one of a number engaged in a fly for the Shainrock Silver club. Dinan's bird failed to return home, but last week it appeared at its roost. An examination of the bird showed that its wings had been clipped. As soon as the feathers grew again the bird's instinct turned it homeward.

Newspaper Truths. A Kentucky poultry raiser crossed his chickens with a shad and now such chicken lays 1,000,000 eggs per hen.

An Ohio apiary proprietor has crossed his bees with lightning bugs so that the bees can now see to work all night.

A New York state sporting dog came to a dead point on a stranger a few days ago and on inquiring the stranger's name the dog's owner was told it was Partridge.

An Illinois neighbor has grafted a lot of rabbit skin on his chickens so that they can better stand the weather. As they walk around in the snow they all now look like a Woodoo professor.

The proprietor of a certain Ohio cennel taught one of his most promising pups to talk and then killed him because one day he was mean enough to tell the wife of the proprietor that he saw him buy a new dress pattern for the hired girl.

Amos Markham of Memphis, Tenn., has moved fifteen times since he married in 1860. He is the father of twelve children, each born in a different state.

Frank Fairman of Philadelphia, is making a protracted call on his sweetheart. He has been at her home five weeks and is likely to remain longer. He called to inquire after the girl's health. She had smallpox, and the officers quarantined him there.

Although the syllable "miss" of Mississippi and Missouri does not occur in the name of any other large river, it seems to be found in a somewhat unexpected place, in the name Missisquoi, a stream of Franklin county, Vt., flowing into Lake Champlain.

George Henry Rattenbury of Detroit believes that he has a unique relic of one of the ancestors of George Washington in a parchment deed written in Norman French, dated June 9, 1590, signed by Richard Washington and sealed by him with the Washington seal.

There was an interesting wedding in Eastport, Me., from the fact that the bride was one of the four Harris sisters, who are known all over the country on account of their smallness. Two of the sisters are only forty inches tall and the other two thirty-two inches. They are over thirty years of age, and the average weight is ninety pounds. Matilda was married to Esta and Mary Ann, it is said, are also considering proposals of marriage.

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

C. A. BROWN 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.

We make our own sausage, frankforts, etc., from meats in our shop, nothing bought outside. Call on us.

PRICES TO SUIT ALL. C. A. BROWN. Sutton street, Plymouth.

"For Charity Suffereth Long."



Mrs. Laura C. Phoenix, Milwaukee, Wis. "Matron of a Benevolent Home and knowing the good Dr. Miles' Nervine has done me, my wish to help others, overcomes my dislike for the publicity, this letter may give me. In Nov. and Dec., 1893, The inmates had the 'La Grippe,' and I was one of the first. Resuming duty too soon, with the care of so many sick, I did not regain my health, and in a month I became so debilitated and nervous from sleeplessness and the drafts made on my vitality, that it was a question if I could go on. A dear friend advised me to try Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.

I took 2 bottles and am happy to say, I am in better health than ever. I still continue its occasional use, as a nerve food, as my work is very trying. A letter addressed to Milwaukee, Wis., will reach me." June 6, 1894. Mrs. LAURA C. PHOENIX.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.00 bottles for \$5, or it will be sent prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. I took 2 bottles and am happy to say, I am in better health than ever. I still continue its occasional use, as a nerve food, as my work is very trying. A letter addressed to Milwaukee, Wis., will reach me." June 6, 1894. Mrs. LAURA C. PHOENIX.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine Restores Health

First National Exchange Bank CAPITAL, \$50,000.

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

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED. O. A. FRASER, CASHIER.

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.

DETROIT Lansing & Northern R. R. STANDARD TIME. Nov. 25, 1894.

GOING WEST. Lv. Grand Rapids 7:30 12:30 5:25

GOING WEST. Lv. Detroit 7:30 1:30 6:30

Chicago and West Michigan By. Trains leave Grand Rapids.

Chicago and West Michigan By. Trains leave Grand Rapids.

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

GOING SOUTH. Train No. 4, 10:10 a. m.

Ed. PELTON, Local Agent.

L. E. CABLE, Successor to C. E. Passage. THE "STAR GROCERY" PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES. A Full Line of Tobaccos and Cigars.

A. PELHAM, DENTIST.



LIVERY AND SALE STABLE

First Glass Rigs Reasonable Charges

PATRONS ACCOMMODATED DAY OR NIGHT.

G. ZAR PENNEY, Plymouth, Mich.

Plymouth Savings Bank PLYMOUTH, MICH.

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

Come and open an account with us. DIRECTORS: E. C. LEACH, L. B. BENNETT, J. B. FELLOWSON, I. N. STARKWEATHER, G. S. VANSICKLE, T. V. QUACKENBUSH, L. C. HUGHES, H. J. SPRINGER, A. D. LYNDON, J. R. HOBBS, W. M. MANCHESTER, W. M. GEE, L. C. HERWOOD.

Every Inducement consistent with sound banking offered to depositors. E. K. Bennett, Cashier.

The Wherry Mole Trap.



THE BEST TRAP MADE

It Does the Work if Properly Set.

W. N. WHERRY, Plymouth Mich.

REPLY TO "THE OTHER SIDE."

In the series of socialistic articles appearing in the Plymouth Mail in the last eight months, I believe that the questions raised by C— have at one time or another been discussed. But however this may be I take pleasure in attempting, as best I can, to answer what he denominates "hard physical facts."

With these few preliminaries, I will at once proceed with the task which C— has outlined for me.

1st. "Food and clothing can only be wrested from mother Earth at the price of wearisome toil." The socialistic philosophy does acknowledge "the divinity of the arrangement that we must eat our bread in the sweat of our brow," but it does not acknowledge any divinity in the present arrangement by which many people who are not engaged in any useful occupation, are enabled to eat their bread in the sweat of the brows of other people.

2nd. "Man is an indolent animal." "He does not like to sweat." This materially depends on whether he is an ignorant savage devoid of ambition, a civilized being who has had the ambition crushed out of him by overwork and worry and by others cheating him out of the fruits of his toil, or whether he can feel reasonably confident that he may enjoy the results of his efforts. One of the virtues of the socialistic system would be that no person could impose his legitimate burdens on others as long as such persons could carry his own.

3rd. "How is the socialistic philosophy to become prevalent as an organized condition of society?" Political liberty implies the right of the people to make any change in government they may desire by the vote of the majority, and socialists hope to achieve victory by this means.

The questions involved are not sectional, hence the minority being scattered over the whole country could not organize such a rebellion as the slaveholders did. As conditions under the present regime become more oppressive to the great majority, they will be convinced that economic union is as necessary to their welfare as political union, and notwithstanding the diversity of human nature, is just as possible.

Perhaps C— has not seen or heard the sequel to the dramatic story he tells us. It is about as follows:

Smith, the honest, industrious and frugal artisan, was successful in getting a sufficient number of others to join him in his struggle against the encroachment of socialism and they were victorious. He prospered as before for a time and then was happy. But soon a machine was invented that rendered his trade useless. It could produce more rapidly and cheaper than he could and his independent business was ruined. He was under the necessity of finding employment at low wages in the great factory where many of these machines were operated.

After a time there was a glut in the market, the factory ceased to run and Smith was out of work. Go where he would he could find nothing to do. His little savings were soon gone, then his home was mortgaged. The loving wife and mother worried so much that she soon sickened and died. Then the home went to satisfy the mortgage. The younger children were placed in an orphan asylum. The eldest daughter, having her purity poisoned by these sad occurrences, became a woman of the town and poor Smith was a despised tramp.

It may be that C— has harder facts than these in reserve, but whether he has or not, I should be pleased to hear from him again. L. H. C.

THE NEW CENTURY.

"The immediate prospect of a brilliant opening for the new century is therefore luminous with encouragement; the sky brightens momentarily, and the glorious dawn foretells a yet more glorious day. We may confidently look for many and startling surprises, the growth of new forces that will lift the people to loftier heights of ethical and intellectual activity, into a region bright and glowing with perennial beauty where the air is motesless and the skies ever serene—a world of infinite progress, of virtuous brotherhood, and the love of man for his fellow, of charity and unselfishness. Already a stupendous advance has been made; and we have a right to believe that the hour is only waiting to usher in a grand and glorious era of human progress. This prospect of success for a new century even now is blossoming into a vital activity and golden fruition of material beauty and moral excellence, under the guidance of public opinion and current events, now so rapidly unfolding to culminate in a symmetrical future."—From "The Millennial Glory That is to Follow the Advent of the Twentieth Century," in Democrat's Magazine for March.

The Plymouth laundry is a home institution. Support it.

Sheldons.

Charles Durfee died at his home in Wayne, Sunday Feb. 17th. The funeral services were held at the M. E. church, Wednesday at 10:30.

C. Lohr has his yard well filled with logs and has enough on hand already to keep his mill running most of the summer.

Mrs. Hattie Wiles is on the sick list. The social at O. Huston's Tuesday evening was quite well attended.

Wheaton Smith, of Detroit, will hold a Sunday school convention at the M. E. church, Tuesday Feb. 26th.

School commenced again last Monday.

Miss Bower, of Ann Arbor, organized an L. O. T. M. live at Sheldons last Saturday with sixteen charter members.

The party at Mr. Genets' last Friday evening was well attended. About 35 couple were present.

The play "Wide enough for two" will be given at Joslins hall, Saturday evening, Feb. 23, '95. Admission 10c.

Meads Mills.

Miss Nannie Benton and Avis Greene spent a few days last week four miles west of Plymouth, with Geo. Greene's family.

Charlie Waterman was home over Sunday from Detroit.

Miss Lida Waterman, of Milford, is staying with her grandmother for awhile.

Mrs. Thornton, Mrs. Palmer, and Mrs. Nichols, of Northville, visited relatives here Thursday.

Mrs. Jane Shaw, from Novi, visited Hiram Benton's family Tuesday.

H. C. Benton had his famous stock horse, Captain, killed Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Rogers attended a birthday party of Mrs. Palmer in Northville last Wednesday evening.

Geo. Kirlyson, from Windsor, visited friends in this vicinity Tuesday.

Miss Clara Benton spent two days with Will Eaton and wife of Plymouth.

A party was held at Horace Greene's on St. Valentine's night. Twenty-two were present. The young people presented Miss Hillmer a valentine in the shape of a fine centre table.

Mrs. Downey is talking of selling her farm to Cal. Stevens.

Bert Hughes has moved from Harry Kings' place to Pete Hanson's, east of this place.

IMPORTANT.

We have been requested in the name of humanity and charitable fellowship to make an earnest appeal to our readers to contribute to the support of the destitute and helpless people in Western Nebraska.

The following is the request:

TO THE PUBLISHER: Dear Sir:—We beg to submit to you in the name of humanity and charitable fellowship an urgent appeal for your kind and valuable assistance toward the starving and helpless families of Western Nebraska.

In the single County of Custer, which has an area of 2,592 square miles, the very heart of the drought stricken districts, there are over 15,000 destitute and helpless people. They are the hardy pioneers of America, overcome by three consecutive disastrous seasons of drought and hot winds.

These people will be literally starved from the face of the earth unless the most generous support is quickly forthcoming.

A fund of \$100,000 must be raised with which to procure seed grain and the bare necessities of life. It is thought that this can be raised, at least partially through this method.

This will give these unfortunate people (through no cause of their own) a fair opportunity to begin anew the fight for existence and the rehabilitation of the Western homes.

We desire to appeal through you to your generous and well-to-do patrons for such aid, however small, as they may be able to give.

Cash contributions should be solicited for a short period through your columns and receipted for by you through announcement in your paper. Success or failure in this work rests in a measure with you.

This fund is to be used by The Broken Bow Relief Association for the purchase of seed, provisions, and feed for teams.

A close estimate by competent authorities shows that even the amount sought, \$100,000, will purchase but one-third of the grain seed required the coming season by the farmers of this district, without which there is no hope for them.

The following endorsements should be sufficient.

LINCOLN, NEB., Jan. 28, 1895.

"I have carefully examined the plan of The Broken Bow Relief Association for raising a fund with which to purchase seed grain for the farmers of Custer county to sow the coming spring, and heartily endorse the same. I believe that the money will be honestly and faithfully applied to the object and purpose for which it is raised." T. L. NORVAL, Chief Justice.

LINCOLN, NEB., Jan. 28, 1895.

"I am personally well acquainted with the situation in Custer county, and all of the parties connected with the foregoing charitable work, having made my home at Broken Bow for the past ten years. I know that the foregoing statement of the business men is correct, and I feel warranted from long personal acquaintance in stating that the conditions of the undertaking will be faithfully carried out by those gentlemen." Respectfully yours, SILAS A. HOLCOMB, Governor.

Kindly leave whatever you may feel able to, with O. A. Fraser, cashier of First National Bank, who will forward same on March first.

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.

Upper Plymouth.

Silas White has secured a position in the carriage factory at Albion.

Chas. Brems has rented the Markham hall for a carriage emporium.

Miss Lottie Taylor, of Brighton, is the guest of the Misses Reichelt.

S. C. Hench, formerly in the employ of Jolliffe Bros., has secured a position near Elsie to make cheese the coming season.

Chas. Brems, our bustling blacksmith, is starting in to build 100 buggies for the coming season's trade.

Do not forget the cheese factory meeting to be held in Markham hall on Monday, the 25th inst, at 2 o'clock p. m.

F. E. Moore has again opened up his lunch room at D. L. & N. depot which has been closed for a short time.

Alderman Smitherman lost six fine pullets out of his hennery a few nights ago.

F. F. Pinckney and family visited at Salem last Sunday.

T. F. Chilson sold L. C. Hough a car load of cabbages one day this week.

Carl Heide has as fine a lot of cabbage plants, in the new green house, as there is in the town.

Charley Butterfield was in Detroit Monday.

Lida Calkins and Mr. McKensie visited at Belleville last week.

ARTICLE NO. 2

(Continued from last week.)

AFTER THE ELECTION. At a meeting of the board of county canvassers a protest was presented against the canvass and count of the votes of the city of Detroit, because the votes "no" on the prohibitory amendment were in part grossly fraudulent and illegal and in some instances obtained by coercion, interruption and voting by fraud. The above statement is signed by C. A. Newcomb, Sylvester Larned, David Preston and D. A. Waterman.

PROTESTERS' SPECIFICATIONS. Opening ballots presented by voters; interrogating voters as to contents of ballots presented; refusing to admit witnesses at the count; improper count; throwing out ballots voted by electors; depositing ballots in the ballot boxes without receiving them from the voter and without letting the voter see the ballot; substituting "no" ballots for "yes" on the prohibitory amendment; receiving ballots from others than the voters and depositing them in the ballot boxes; receiving ballots and allowing them to be cast by persons whose names were not registered; concealing the ballot boxes from the view of the voters so they could not see whether their ballots were deposited in the ballot boxes or not; receiving and depositing ballots without ascertaining whether the voters were registered; electioneering among voters pending the balloting; receiving ballots from voters who were knowingly being forced and intimidated to vote contrary to their own free will; neglect to deposit ballots received from voters; receiving and depositing ballots contrary to the expressed direction of voters and from the hands of others than the voters themselves; substituting ballots in the place of ballots presented by voters; opening and separating the yes and no prohibitory amendment ballots before counting the whole number of votes cast in the precincts. There are 33 names signed as witnesses to the facts in the foregoing specifications. But, alas for the protest, nothing was done about it in Detroit, and so those having it in charge turned their attention to the legislature which also distinguished itself by refusing to consider the petitions of the prohibitionist praying for an investigation of the frauds by which the amendment was lost. Under date of May 4th, 1887, the New York Bar, a liquor paper, speaking of the work of the liquor dealers protective association, says: "The complete defeat of prohibitory amendment in the state of Michigan a short time ago was the work of the association."

Commencing with the year 1880 there have been amendment campaigns held in ten states and one territory, as follows: Kansas, Iowa, Ohio, Maine, Rhode Island, Michigan, Texas, Tennessee, Oregon, New Hampshire, and Dakota. Total vote for prohibition 1,143,562. Total vote against prohibition 1,168,373. Majority in its favor, 35,189.

Coming down to the year of our Lord 1894, the Detroit Free Press has this to say: "Still more irregularities in Wayne county returns came to light yesterday. The indications are now that the amendment of 1887 was carried." And now how far the liquor dealers with their organizations, state and national, the G. O. P. with its settled policy of high license, and the D. O. P. with its anti-sumptuary platform have educated the people down and away from prohibition, God only knows, and we never shall know except we have another trial at the ballot box. God grant that it may speedily come, and that our state may be freed from the curse of rum is the prayer of A CITIZEN.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of Sarah Moreland, 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 office of Geo. A. Starkweather, in the village of Plymouth in said county, on Saturday, the 10th day of May, A. D., 1895, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 5th day of February, A. D. 1895, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

DAVID D. ALLEN, LAFAYETTE DEAN, Commissioners. Dated, Feb. 7th, 1895. 388 391

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. Chgoyuan, Spring Lake, Mich., says: Sleep and rest were strange 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.

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills are guaranteed to stop headache in 10 minutes. "One pill a time."

JOLLIFFE BROTHERS TO THE FRONT. PRICES CUT LOOSE.

Men's Overalls and Jackets below Cost. Come and secure a Suit of Clothes for \$1. The Celebrated Parhart Overalls and Pants for 50 and 75 cents. Crockery going at a Sacrifice in order to clear it out. Great slaughter in Laces of all descriptions. Embroideries almost given away to make room for new goods. Do not fail to secure bargains while they last. Come and be convinced that this is the store you have long been looking for.

Dry Goods and Groceries Cheaper than the Cheapest. JOLLIFFE BROS. Starkweather Block, North Village.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of Barbara Thompson, 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 office of Geo. A. Starkweather, in the village of Plymouth, in said County, on Thursday, the 10th day of May, A. D., 1895, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 5th day of February, A. D. 1895, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

DAVID D. ALLEN, ISAIAH GLEASON, Commissioners. Dated Feb. 7th, 1895. 388 390

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of Janette Bradford, 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 residence of Herbert W. Bradford, in the township of Canton, in said County, on Saturday, the fourth day of August, A. D. 1895, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 5th day of February, A. D. 1895, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

HENRY O. HANFORD, GEO. A. STARKWEATHER, Commissioners. Dated Feb. 7th, 1895. 389

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 seventh day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of JOHN PASSAGE, deceased. Morris J. Smith, the executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, having rendered to this court his final administration account. It is ordered, that the twelfth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for examining and allowing said account. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. (A true copy) HOMER A. FLINT, Register. 388-9

Stop Thief! Non-pull-out bow (ring), will never have occasion to use this time-honored cry. It is the only bow that cannot be twisted off the case, and is found only on Jas. Boss Filled and other watch cases stamped with this trade mark. A watch case opener, which will save your finger nails, sent free on request. Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

At A.J. LAPHAM'S MAMMOTH STORE

IS THE PLACE TO GET BARGAINS. BARGAINS IN GROCERIES. WHY, EVERYTHING.

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, Boots, Shoes, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Etc.

We intend to have a complete line of DRY GOODS soon. You will also find the smiling countenance of J. S. SMYE in his employ, who cordially invites the public, especially his old time customers to call and take advantage of these bargains. Remember the place, Mammoth Store.

A. J. LAPHAM, Propr.

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 CISTERN

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

VICTOR ATHLETIC GOODS

are the product of skilled workmen, and rank with Victor Bicycles in quality. We make the best baseballs, baseball bats, baseball gloves and mitts, tennis rackets, tennis balls, tennis nets, racket presses, racket cases, boxing gloves, footballs, football suits, football and gymnasium shoes, gymnasium supplies, sweaters, etc. We guarantee better goods for less money than asked by other manufacturers. If your local dealer does not keep Victor Athletic Goods, write for our illustrated catalogue.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

Makers of Victor Bicycles and Athletic Goods.
 BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. DENVER. DETROIT.
 PACIFIC COAST. PORTLAND.
 SAN FRANCISCO. LOS ANGELES.

THE "IDEAL" EXTENSION TABLE WITH PATENT SLIDE LEAF.

No Leaves to be Removed and Stored.
 Table can be Extended and Closed in five seconds.
 In extending table cloth and Dishes are not disturbed.
 The top being solid veneers there is no chance for warping, a feature so troublesome in other tables. Owing to simplicity of construction we place our table on the market at a price not exceeding that of the old style top.
 ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW THEM TO YOU.
 SEEING IS BELIEVING.
 For Sale By All 1st Class Dealers.
 If the tables you deal with does not handle this table, write us and we will give you the name of one in your locality that does.
WARREN EXTENSION TABLE CO., WARREN, PA.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

M. F. GRAY, Publisher.
 PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

QUEEN LIL's pictures give the impression that she might get a job as ironed woman in some good dime museum.

If Trilby had her job instead of her morals she might have been just as interesting, and it is certain she would have been much less a nuisance.

Doing business among a reading public without advertising is a good deal like climbing the stairs of a twenty-story building when the elevator is running.

MEMBERS of the Australian legislature have reduced their own salaries. This is one feature of the "Australian system" that is not likely to be adopted in this country.

THERE is considerable theory in the safety of the ocean steamer with water-tight bulk-heads, which is not borne out in practice. The loss of the Elbe is a terrible instance in point.

The press dispatches killed Bob Ingersoll recently, but subsequently brought him to life again. It was probably discovered that according to his own theology he had no place to go.

If George Washington, instead of acknowledging the joint culpability of himself and little hatchet, had demanded an investigation, he would probably never have been the father of his country.

The first case tried in New York city under the new constitutional provision removing the \$5,000 limit for damages in case of death by negligence resulted in a verdict for \$13,000. The suit was against a contractor owning a mail wagon which was driven over a man in the street, causing injuries which resulted in his death.

TWELVE good men and true who tried the case of Pollard vs. Breckinridge made a very serious reflection on the veracity of the silver-tongued orator, and yet there is no record of his having threatened to indict punishment upon them. Why, therefore, should he have become so angry at a solitary congressman for following their example?

WILLIAM SUMNER Wyz of New York has brought suit to recover \$150,000 which, he alleges, he unwisely signed away under the hypnotic influence of his wife. To get a verdict this man with the misit name will have to hypnotize the jury. The possibilities of hypnotism as an agency in crime or handmaid of justice are only beginning to be developed.

A poet appeared in the office of a Charleston paper the other day and presented this effusion: "Corn in the crib, fat on the ribs. Cotton alone, skin and bone." Though this production is not up to the standard of Browning; its motif was recognized as singularly good. The poem was accepted with thanks and given a place next day on the editorial page.

The opposition to selling a thousand-mile railroad ticket cheaper than a single fare is puerile. Wholesale and retail rates in trade are as old as bartering in cattle and sheep in the time of the patriarch Abraham. If a man buys railroad rides by the wholesale he is entitled always to wholesale rates. This is so plain that it ought not to ever come up for discussion.

A MILD autocracy is preferable to any attempt at government by means of a constitutional parliament such as the turbulent, semi-barbarous populations of Russia would be likely to elect. Should the new czar carry out his expressed purposes in regard to public schools, municipal reforms, the press, etc., constitutional government will no doubt come in Russia as soon as the people are fully prepared for it.

RECORDED GOFF of New York, congratulated the Scotch recently that the poet Burns was not a college man. "As a graduate of a university, Burns would probably have been a master of the classics, a minister of the kirk, or a hair-splitting country lawyer, instead of a rare and original genius." Or perhaps the coacher of a foot ball team. It is hardly fair to underestimate all the possibilities of a university education.

WHILE in most things England may be considered as abreast of the times, she is hopelessly to the rear as regards her game laws. The absurdity of the latter, as well as their flagrant injustice, favoring of the feudal ages, was strikingly illustrated the other day when young Lord Stratheden and Campbell was able to get a sentence of imprisonment and fine passed upon one of his tenant farmers who had committed the crime of shooting a hare on a field which he leased from the peer.

The New Jersey legislature has under consideration a measure prohibiting the wearing of big hats by ladies in attendance at theaters. What a business the Jersey city theaters and North river ferryboats will do during the amusement season should such a law be enacted.

A NEW British torpedo-boat destroyer was tested a few days ago and attained a mean speed of over twenty-nine knots. This is over thirty-three land miles an hour, the greatest speed yet reached on the water.

FOREIGN.

Fifteen thousand Chinese, with twelve guns attacked Hai Feng and were repulsed with a loss of 100 men.

Attempts are being made to stimulate anti-European feeling among the Mohammedan population of Egypt.

Confirmation has been received of the report that the Chinese admirals and generals at Wei-Hai-Wei committed suicide after surrendering to the Japanese.

It is reported at Honolulu that an American protectorate will be declared over Hawaii when the political conspiracy has been disposed of.

The Japanese have captured the island of Lin Kung Tao, at the entrance to the harbor of Wei-Hai-Wei.

At Alexandria, Egypt, a mob attacked and beat three men belonging to a British cruiser. An inquiry is in progress.

A terrific snow storm prevailed throughout Ireland, doing much damage. In the north train service was suspended.

J. Cranston, an Hawaiian exile, who claims to be an American citizen, says that he was not tried and that no charges were made against him.

Germany is moving in the matter of an international congress to rehabilitate silver as a circulating medium.

Plot has been discovered on the island of Oava whereby the natives were to massacre all the Europeans and Chinese there.

Several cities in Spain have been inundated by the swelling rivers. Royal palace at Aranjuez is in great danger.

Ex-Queen Lillookalani of Hawaii was placed on trial for misprision of treason. Damaging evidence was found in her diary.

England has asked the powers at Hawaii to forward the evidence against Englishmen sentenced to be executed for treason.

Manuel Ruiz Zorrilla, the noted Spanish republican, has accepted the terms of amnesty and returned to Barcelona. German firm at Apia, Samoa, has been convicted of selling arms and munitions to rebels in violation of the Berlin treaty.

William O'Brien, the Irish leader, has been ordered to pay the expenses incurred in the Salisbury lawsuit.

Turkish commission investigating the Armenian outrages has decided to visit the Sassoun district in search of evidence.

A report is current in Berlin that Prince Ferdinand has been expelled from Bulgaria. He is said to be in Roumania.

MISCELLANEOUS.

District Assembly No. 75 of Brooklyn has issued an address to the public in behalf of the trolley road strikers.

Congressman W. L. Wilson has been offered the presidency of the University of Texas by the regents.

House furnishings imported from France by John Jacob Astor have been seized on the claim that they were undervalued.

George H. Wilkinson, who had gone to Denver for his health, killed himself after falling his sweetheart his recovery was impossible.

Gov. John A. B. Wilson of New York denounced the Charities Organization society in a sermon on the unemployed.

The Smith Point lighthouse, at the mouth of the Potomac river, was carried away by the ice.

The National Council of the Women of the United States will meet in triennial session to-day in Washington.

Ice is forged in the Allegheny river from the government dam at Loganport to Parker, a distance of ninety miles.

A man, believed to be a maniac, created a riot in Springfield, Ill., by slashing at pedestrians with a razor.

A hearing on the school question has been granted by the Canadian cabinet to representatives of Manitoba Catholics.

At a meeting of the Irish National Federation in New York Redmond's denunciation of the Liberals in Parliament was denounced.

THE MARKETS.

Wheat.		Corn.		Oats.	
No. 1 red	No. 2 mix	No. 1 white	No. 2 white	No. 1	No. 2
Pittsburg 54 5/8	49 3/4	41 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	21 1/2
Cincinnati 54 1/2	49 1/2	41 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	21 1/2
Cleveland 54 1/2	49 1/2	41 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	21 1/2
Chicago 54 1/2	49 1/2	41 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	21 1/2
St. Louis 54 1/2	49 1/2	41 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	21 1/2
Minneapolis 54 1/2	49 1/2	41 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	21 1/2
Des Moines 54 1/2	49 1/2	41 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	21 1/2
Omaha 54 1/2	49 1/2	41 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	21 1/2
Portland 54 1/2	49 1/2	41 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	21 1/2
San Francisco 54 1/2	49 1/2	41 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	21 1/2
San Pedro 54 1/2	49 1/2	41 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	21 1/2
Seattle 54 1/2	49 1/2	41 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	21 1/2
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San Francisco 54 1/2	49 1/2	41 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	21 1/2
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A WEDDING GIFT.

By Clyde Howell.

Our wedding tour was over, and my beloved Eleonore and I were on our way to the little home I had bought and furnished, in the suburbs of Buffalo.

We had received many gifts from her friends and mine, several of them costly, and most of them either useful or ornamental and they had been expressed at my direction, to our future home. But there was one wedding present which we had not yet seen. It was the gift of a wealthy aunt of my bride, and she had said that it would be sent direct to Buffalo, as it would be inconvenient to repack, which would be necessary if it were exhibited on our wedding-day at Eleonore's former home in Otsego county, N. Y.

There was some mystery about Aunt Caroline's wedding present, as she seemed disinclined to describe it. At last, after a tedious journey from Saratoga, we entered our little home, and the first thing that attracted our attention was Aunt Caroline's present, conspicuously displayed on the parlor wall, directly facing the door.

It was an attractively painted representation of the parable of the Prodigal Son, and looked as if it might have originated in a manufactory of caricatures. Its origin I never learned, although I had ample opportunity to study it.

It is quite certain, however, that dear Aunt Caroline, knowing my own and Eleonore's fondness for pictures, and with her heart overflowing with benevolence and affection, had purchased the he and she some auction, paying for it a good round sum, and consoling herself for the extravagance with thoughts of the pleasure the picture would give us.

The canvas measured eight feet by ten feet. The frame was a broad gilded affair; the composition itself, gilded in the extreme. In the middle foreground a group of figures in gala attire represented the returned Prodigal, his parents, and the guests indicated to celebrate the return. The Prodigal bore a striking resemblance to Nat Goodwin, the actor. On a sort of raised platform in the background were a number of figures with symbols, dancing and singing. All these persons were in a kind of pillared hall, the left of which was an adjacent-looking individual in tattered garments, feeding some swine with ears of corn. In this scene the Prodigal recalled the staidly and respectable appearance of Nat Goodwin as Carraway Bones, in the farce of "Turned Up."

To the right of the hall was an Oriental butcher with a Turkish dagger, slaughtering the fattened calf.

Aunt Caroline confided to me afterward that it was because the canvas contained really three pictures instead of only one that she decided to secure it, adding with a triumphant smile:

"You see, my dear nephew, you have the entire allegory on one canvas." And there it hung—taking up almost one entire wall of the room in which we had decided Eleonore should spend the most of her time.

We surveyed the monstrosity in silence; and in silence listened to our maid's admiring comments on our "perfectly lovely painting." The presence of that wretched daub made us dislike the parlor, and whenever visitors called, my wife resolutely turned her back on the "Prodigals," as she called the figures on the canvas. When visitors were numerous, long proximity to the picture certainly had a wearying and depressing effect.

When I came home in the evening and found Eleonore almost worn out, and would inquire tenderly what worried her, she would sigh, "Oh, those 'Prodigals.'" And really it was almost unendurable. But we could not offend dear Aunt Caroline—whose admiring gaze always hung with devouring interest on the mammoth canvas every time she visited us—by cutting it in pieces, burning it, or hanging it in the cellar.

However, after everybody had called and been called on a return, there came a season of comparative peace, during which Eleonore went to pay a two days' visit to an old school friend.

During her absence I had two men come and remove the "Prodigals" into the dining room; and when Aunt Caroline, on her next visit, missed the picture from its accustomed place, she seemed quite down-hearted. I, however, boldly declared that the light in the dining room was much better, and that the subject—feasting—was much suitable for a dining room than a drawing room.

Dear Aunt Caroline! She had so much faith in my reputation as an art connoisseur that, notwithstanding her disappointment, she said I was quite right to move the picture.

Now, thought I, with self-gratulatory feeling, Eleonore can receive her callers in comfort.

But I reckoned without my "Prodigals."

Although the picture gave us less annoyance in its present position, we did not become reconciled to it. Far from it! but as I sat with my back toward it during meals, and Eleonore had only a side view, it was not so conspicuous as it had been, and when the warm weather came, we covered it with gauze—on account of the flies!

It happened that the celebrated Doctor S—, visited our town during the holidays.

There were no flies at that time. Our guest was a most amiable man, and the friends whom he had invited to dine with him did his best to help entertain him.

During the soup he related a highly amusing adventure he had had in Egypt. When Martha removed his plate, he looked up—the "Prodigals" were directly opposite him—and, well-bred though he was, he could not help a look of wondering surprise at sight of such a travesty on art. He paused, stared at the picture, then, turning toward my wife, stammered, comically:

"I beg pardon, madame, but—really I forgot—ah, yes—what a marvelous painting!"

Naturally every glance was directed toward the object which had so confused the learned gentleman.

Eleonore declared that from that moment his eyes fell on the "Prodigals" the doctor talked to her as he would to a child; and she is certain that it is be-

cause of that unfortunate canvas that he did not pay us a fair well call, notwithstanding my assurance that he was finally summoned away by a telegram. A few days later Eleonore went to visit her mother, and while she was gone, I again had the picture removed to my study. To do this I was obliged to take down about two hundred books, together with the shelves.

The light here was execrable, but that did not matter. I placed my desk so that my back was toward it. On New Year's day Aunt Caroline dined with us, and you may imagine her surprise when, seated in the chair Dr. S— had occupied, she looked up and found the picture gone. She didn't say a word, however.

"We hung your picture—your lovely picture, dear aunt—in my study," I answered calmly, adding in my disposition: "I intend to exhibit it to my Sunday school class."

The dear old soul did not say anything, nor was she offended; but she appeared so melancholy that I was conscience-stricken. Before I went to bed I tried to make amends for the deplorable story I had told Aunt Caroline. I wrote to a friend of mine, and invited him to bring his Sunday school class on the following Thursday evening and take tea with us. The invitation was accepted.

I received my friend and his scholars in the parlor. I asked the little fellows all sorts of questions about their studies, and Eleonore showed them our photographs. At last came the welcome summons to tea, after which I invited the children into my study to see the picture of the "Prodigal Son."

The lamps were placed in the most favorable positions. The youngsters ranged themselves in a row in front of the picture. I took my station on one side, my friend on the other. I cleared my throat, and began, in a didactic tone:

"This picture, my dear children, is purely allegorical, partly realistic. These two rows of columns on either side of the center divide the different parts of the parable. Here on the left you see the Prodigal, hungry and weary, sharing the swine's food—as the Scriptures tell us. Here in the background you see them singing and dancing, rejoicing over the return of the Prodigal. Here, again, on the right is the butcher in the act of killing the fattened calf."

While I delivered this highly instructive lecture my mind pointed with a ruler toward the designated objects.

The silence which followed my remarks was actually oppressive. At last one little fellow, Frank Digoel, the butcher's son, feeling that something ought to be said, stammeringly asked:

"What kind of pigs are they? What curly tails they have?"

The laughter which followed the general oppression was word-of-ly hoarse, and the clock striking nine soon afterward, Eleonore and I gave thanks for their release.

These are only a few of the many annoyances which Aunt Caroline's well-meant present brought upon us. Fortunately there were some very warm days in March—quite warm enough to bring to life two flies in my study. Once I should have put an end to their premature existence. I did not do so now. I fetched the gauze and draped it securely over the "Prodigals." A week later Aunt Caroline called. I told her when she came into the study:

"Have you noticed, dear aunt, how very early the flies have made their appearance this spring?"

Aunt Caroline had not noticed. I should not be adhering strictly to the truth were I to say that we were not perfectly happy in our little home. We were—often though there was hardship, or even that one of the "Prodigals"—either the son, one of his parents, the butcher, or one of the swine—did not seem how mix in our conversation. It was not for this—though it helped somewhat—that when summer brought my holiday, we determined to spend it in Front mac, Ontario, at the home of an old college chum of mine.

These were enchanting days! Eleonore embroidered, sketched and read to her heart's content, while I wrote diligently at a new book I had begun.

Thus we passed six delightful weeks, with never a thought of the "Prodigals," when one morning, Fate, in the person of the village hotelkeeper, brought me a newspaper.

"Are you Mr. Tribury from Buffalo?" he inquired.

"I am."

"Then, here's something that may interest you," he added, pointing to a paragraph in the Buffalo News. I read:

"Yesterday, in the suburbs of Buffalo, a fire consumed the residence of Miss Surrey and Mr. Felix Tribury. The loss is partially covered by insurance."

I summoned my poor little wife, to whom I communicated as gently as possible our great loss.

We began at once to prepare for our return journey; and as our train would not leave until the afternoon, I wired a friend for further particulars of the fire.

The answer came as we were leaving the hotel:

"The fire started in the Surrey's house. Unfortunately, very little was saved."

As I concluded this rather depressing message, Eleonore clasped my hand in both her own, and whispered reassuringly:

"We have each other, dear Felix, we shall not be poor—we have each other and our love."

As the train drew near to Buffalo, Eleonore leaned toward me, and said, smiling through her tears:

"Felix, dear, we have one comfort. 'What is it, love?'"

"We are rid of those disgusting swine!"

"That's so," I assented. "There is never a misfortune that has not some recompense."

I had sent word to a friend to meet us at the depot. He had not come alone. There were several sympathetic acquaintances with him.

"It was so late," said my friend, referring to the fire, "and so sudden. There was a furious wind—"

"But," interrupted one of our friends, "one thing will give you great pleasure."

"Indeed?" exclaimed Eleonore, expectantly.

"What, pray?"

"You'll have to thank Frank Digoel's courage for it. When all hope of saving the house was gone, he and several

of my Sunday school scholars broke open the shutters of your study window, and Frank bravely entered the burning dwelling and cut the large painting from the frame. That was the only thing saved!"

MIT A HAD MAN IN TEXAS.

An Army Officer's Experience Which Included a Dab at Poor Whiskey.

"Only on one occasion in my life have I felt the need of a weapon," said an officer of the United States army to a Washington Star writer. "I have never carried a gun, but it has sometimes occurred to me that no man ought ever to be without one. One cannot be sure but that some time the weapon would save one's life. For instance, I will recall to you a little experience of my own. It was in a wild mountain region of Texas. I was riding along on a mule. Not a thing did I have on my person which could have been regarded by the most impoverished citizen as of value. Whistling as I went, I approached a large rock about which the path ran to avoid a sharp ascent. Just as I reached it a three-looking man rose out of the bushes and cried 'halt!'"

"What could I do? Perhaps you will say that I ought to have charged upon him with my government mule, overpowered him, taken away his arms, and demanded why he should thus obstruct what was the best substitute available for a public highway. I did nothing of the kind. The only reason I can allege is that I was afraid. Such a method of dealing with highwaymen does well enough in story books, but in real life it is dangerous. Accordingly, I obeyed the suggestion of the bold bandit and halted. For a moment my heart jumped into my throat as I saw him thrust a hand into his hip pocket. He drew from it something, and pointed it at me point-blank. I perceived that the something was not a pistol; it was a bottle—a large, black bottle. Said the highwayman:

"Drink!"

I held out my hand and grasped the bottle with more than ordinary eagerness. I drank. It was the worst whiskey I have ever tasted; and that is saying a good deal, for I had lived in the wilds of the west for a number of years. But to me at that moment it was a grateful draught. I handed the bottle back to the highwayman, and, as he went his way with a benevolent smile upon his countenance, I resumed with a thankful heart my journey upon my government mule. I had meant to offer him that mule, but would hardly have had the nerve perhaps, for he might have regarded the proffer of such an obviously valueless gift as an insult."

SCHOOL HOUSES FOR TRUANTS.

New Educational Institution Which May Be Looked for in New York.

One result of the compulsory education law of New York, which has just gone into effect, and the enforcement of which is sure to be attended by many difficulties, will be the erection of at least the establishment in New York City of truant schools for the exclusive accommodation of habitual nonattendants or pupils who are insubordinate, disorderly or irregular in their attendance. If the law is to be strictly carried out, says the Washington Post, it will give a new impetus to the building of new schoolhouses all over the state, for there are numerous large towns where there is not room enough for the regularly enrolled pupils who are desirous of going to school, to say nothing of the truants.

The law requires that all children between eight and twelve must attend during the entire period that public schools are in session from Oct. 1 to June 1; that all between 12 and 14 must attend at least eighty consecutive school days during the same period, unless regularly and lawfully engaged in some useful employment of service, and that all between fourteen and sixteen must attend when not so employed; parents and guardians failing to comply with the law being subject to a penalty of \$5 for the first offense and fine and imprisonment for each subsequent offense. Under such stringent provisions it is obvious that the full purpose of the law will not be filled without more or less troublesome delay, but the fact that the state superintendent of education is authorized to withhold one-half the state school money from any city that fails to enforce the law to his satisfaction will help things into shape in time. Any failure on the part of the City of New York will lose for its schools the handsome sum of one-half of \$200,000, and this amount the city superintendent proposes to have applied toward increased accommodations for truants and the establishment of a farm school for youths of the "incurable" class.

WHO WINS THE \$300?

A novel way to obtain a suitable name for their great, yes, wonderful new oats, has been adopted by the John A. Salzer Seed Co. They offer \$300 for a name for their new oats; their catalogue tells all about it. Farmers are enthusiastic over the oat, claiming 200 bushels can be grown per acre right along. You will want it.

Farmers report six tons of hay from Salzer's Meadow Mixtures; 112 bushels corn per acre in a dry season, and 1,161 bushels potatoes from two acres.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It with 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you get free their mammoth catalogue and a package of above \$300 Prize Oats. Write:

"There is one thing I have to say in favor of the wheat I whistles," said Old Grumpy. "It never whistles popular airs."

Fatal neglect is little short of suicide. The consequences of a neglected cough are too well known to need repeating. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures a cough promptly. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

Among garden crops most certain to be benefited by the application of commercial fertilizers are the asparagus, peas, beans, cabbages and cauliflower.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache.

ST. JACOBS OIL

SAFE, SURE, PROMPT.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders. The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

Among the wills admitted to probate in Philadelphia recently was that of Frank J. Hill, whose estate is valued at \$3,000. Mr. Hill bequeathed this to Mrs. Sophia Klaus, with whom he had been boarding fifteen years, and who, he said, "has always been kind to me, and is a widow and needs it."

It is claimed for the university of Pennsylvania that for the second time in its history it is the third largest university in America. Harvard comes first, with about 3,200 students, the university of Michigan second with 2,700, Pennsylvania coming next with 2,359, and Yale fourth with 2,350.

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If we live to die we die to live.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Rub tough steak with half of a lemon.

If the Baby's Cutting Teeth. Reassure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Washlow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

The man who lives fast will die quick.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. For all kinds of sore throats, colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, etc. U. S. Dispensary, N. Y. City, 251 N. 5th St.

No man with wrong beliefs can live right.

Pink's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine. Mrs. W. P. Pink, Man. N. York and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1891.

Much doing is not so important as well doing.

Have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for croup and colds, and declare it a positive cure. Contributed by Wm. Kirk, 570 Plymouth Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

It is a deal harder to get out of a strike than it is to get out work.

SOME REMARKABLE CURES OF deafness are recorded of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Never fails to cure earache.

A man never does a thing in the way a woman says it should be done.

The Modern Invalid Has tastes medicinally, in keeping with other luxuries. A remedy must be pleasantly acceptable in form, purely wholesome in composition, truly beneficial in effect and entirely free from every objectionable quality. If really ill he consults a physician; if constricted he uses the gentle family laxative Syrup of Figs.

"You'll please look over this small bill." Examined the bill. The doctor took it. And then said, with weary smile, "I'd rather overlook it."

THE ONWARD MARCH

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

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, fully 98 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? We're genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They live 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," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty, cough-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 kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

SI,000,000 Cure for Rheumatism. Sbrague's Rheumatic Cure Never Failed. Pleasant, harmless. Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Sciatica, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by all druggists.

W. L. Douglas's \$3 Shoe is the Best. \$3.50 CORDOVAN, \$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO, \$3.50 POLICE, 3.00 LADS, \$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S, EXTRA FINE, \$2.50 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.

W. L. Douglas's \$3 & \$4 Shoes. All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. Their equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are as follows: \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00.

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RIGGS

AND STILL THE BIG SALE GOES ON

And still there are Thousands of Dollars worth of Bargains to be had.

Now is the time to buy your Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Dress Goods, Domestic
 Never were goods sold so cheap in this part of the country as we are now selling

If You Want Overcoats and Suits } We will sell them so cheap it will astonish you.
 Dress Goods or Cloaks } We are bound to unload them. No matter what the cost to us. Remember they go Regainless of Cost.

Good Prints.....	5c
Good Gingham.....	6c
Good Heavy Sheetin.....	4c
Strictly All Wool Henriettas.....	42c
Wool Mixed.....	22c
All Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks, HALF PRICE	

Remember this is no bluff but a genuine bona fide slaughter price sale, and everything we advertise we will do.

Men's Heavy Cotton Pants	69c
Boy's " "	22c
Men's Heavy Jersey Shirts	39c
" " Underwear..	39c
Plush and Cloth Caps, HALF PRICE	
All Goods Accordingly	

Terms Strictly Cash.

E. L. RIGGS.

THE ONLY BARGAIN HOUSE IN PLYMOUTH.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS AND PERSONAL MENTION.

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

The Newspaper Law.
 The following is the law as it stands relating to newspapers and subscriptions:
 1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered wishing to continue their subscription.
 2. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed in his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for payment.
 3. If any person orders his paper discontinued he must pay arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
 4. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or post-officials from the postoffice, or to move, and leaving them uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

SOLILOQUY OF A MERCANTILE HAMLET.

To advertise or not to advertise. That is the question! Whether 'tis nobler in a business man to suffer and slowness of unbought bargains. Or, by advertising, sell them. There's the nightmare of neglected opportunity—Of space, unoccupied in the weekly press That might enrich the merchant's pocket By emptying his plethoric shelves—All these, and other things to prize, Should lead the wise to advertise!
 —Boston Traveler.

To-day, Friday, is a legal holiday.
 E. L. Riggs is busy taking stock.
 Ed. Hough was in Detroit Monday.
 L. H. Chappel was in Detroit Wednesday.
 Harry Bennett was in Detroit Tuesday on business.
 Dr. E. O. Bennett, of Wayne, was in town Wednesday.
 Wm. Ehead, of Hudson, visited relatives in town this week.
 Miss Nellie Steele entertained the pedro club Wednesday.
 Born to Mr. and Mrs. Plato Hough, a son, Wednesday morning.
 Geo. Rathburn, of Holly, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Chas. Crawford.
 Mrs. Whipple, from Orono, is visiting Mrs. Platt and friends this week.
 Clarence Stevens, who is teaching music in Saginaw, was home this week.
 Jay Briggs and wife, of Detroit, visited Mr. Briggs parents the first of the week.
 Supervisor Hoyt returned Wednesday from his Florida trip looking hale and hearty.
 T. S. Clark made his brother-in-law, Chas. Durfee, of New Boston, a short visit this week.
 The Baptist society received \$10.40 from J. R. Rauch as their share of his cash sales on Saturday last.
 Christian Science meetings will be held in R. C. Safford's hall every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. All are cordially invited.
 Any person knowing the address of Harry Make, (last address Fall River, Wis.), will please favor us with same.
 J. B. Rauch has added Newburg church to his list of churches, receiving a ten per cent donation of Saturday cash sales.
 Grandpa, O. N. Baker, of Wayne, put on his broadest smile and hustled to Plymouth to see that 12 pound grandson.
 The MAIL has been reinforced by one of the latest faces of type. A 12 pound boy arrived at the editor's home on Tuesday, Feb. 19th.
 Rev. L. S. McCollister will preach at the village hall next Thursday evening the 26th inst. at 7:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited.
 Mr. Chas. Gentz and Miss Jennie Baker, both of Plymouth, were married at the brides home on the evening of the 14th by Rev. J. B. Oliver.
 A new laundry is about to open in Plymouth. One has hardly received a profitable patronage and it is hard to tell how two will succeed.
 President Hunter informs us that the fire alarm has been ordered and will soon be here. It is altogether likely that a great "blow out" will be had to celebrate the placing of the bell.
 Don't forget the Plymouth Laundry.

The Markham air rifle shops have been shut down for the past few days on account of a lack of steel. They will resume operations as soon as the stock arrives.
 Rev. S. Reed, of Northville, preached in the Methodist church last Sunday in the absence of Mr. Oliver who was called to Bancroft to attend the funeral of the wife of W. E. Watson, ex-deputy revenue collector.
 A. J. Lapham has found the key to success—advertising. Mr. Lapham has a big store well stocked and has always enjoyed a fair patronage, but believes that the MAIL can bring him new customers by persistent advertising.
 A happy lot of Odd Fellows came over from Northville Tuesday night to assist the Plymouth lodge in their evening's work, and also to assist them in demolishing a table load of viands which were awaiting them at the Berdan House after their regular lodge work.
 H. W. Bradford, as executor, will sell by public auction on the Bradford farm 2 miles south and 2 1/2 miles east of Plymouth at one o'clock p. m. stock, harness, wagons, implements, fowl, household goods, etc. Henry Horner will be the auctioneer, and the date is Feb. 28.
 The Rev. G. H. Wallace is again looking after the ladies and getting them happily married. On Wednesday night at Cherry Hill, he made Miss Ethel Boice, daughter of the late John Boice, the wife of Wm. G. Fritz, a printer, from Newberry. He has secured an able assistant in his wife, who was a former school teacher in that little city.
 Go to Safford hall, next Friday evening, March 1st, and have a good laugh. The entertainment to be given that evening by the W. C. T. U., promises to be decidedly novel and mirth provoking. The hall will be fitted up with stage, curtain, etc., and spectators accommodated with comfortable seats. The program is varied, consisting of songs, recitations (en costume) short plays, and concluding with a living picture of "Home Sweet Home" One of the most pleasing features of the evening will be the selections furnished by the "Opera House Orchestra" which has kindly consented to be present. Admission 10c. Performance at 8:30.
 Patronize the merchant who advertises. You do not visit your neighbors unless asked to call, and you do not attend a party or wedding without an invitation. Buy of the live business man who not only invites you to come and see him every day, but educates and keeps you posted as to what is new and popular in his line of goods. Advertisements and advertisers are the great educators of the age and he who never reads an advertisement lives in the back woods, fast as his suspenders with a shingle nail and has not had a shave or a hair-cut since Jackson whipped the blooming British at New Orleans.
 Mrs. Clark is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Numer.
 R. L. Briggs, former proprietor of the Plymouth laundry, has his household effects packed preparatory to move to Ovid where he has recently purchased a residence and laundry business.
 Campbell & Fleming, the new bakery firm, have taken hold with a spirit that seldom fails to bring success. They are proving themselves not only first-class bakers, both of bread and fancy pastry, but gentlemen "of the first water," and have already won many friends. Their bread and pastry will be put on sale at the different stores to accommodate the public. The MAIL extends the gentlemen a hearty welcome in Plymouth and wishes them profitable success.
 The annual election of town officers is soon to take place, when there will doubtless be several vacancies to fill. Among others the office of clerk has to be filled, and we have heard the editor of the MAIL mentioned as a good man for the position. Editor Gray would fill the position nicely, for therein he can kill two birds with one stone, keep the town's record, and publish for the benefit of the people, the actions of Plymouth's aldermanic faction. The power of the press is proverbial in keeping things straight.
 —Courier

J. M. Paddock went to Lansing on Wednesday.
 Harry McClumphia left Thursday for Joliet, Ill.
 Mrs. E. H. Briggs visited in Livonia on Wednesday.
 Albert Stevens' oldest boy broke his leg while coasting.
 Mrs. W. H. Eaton's sister from Pontiac is here on a visit.
 Mrs. M. A. Durfee went to Ann Arbor, Thursday, to spend a few days.
 Mrs. Mary Weeks has returned from a four month's visit in Grand Rapids.
 Miss Ola Paddock is attending the convention of Good Templars held in Detroit.
 The M. E. missionary society met at Miss Fitzgerald's last Wednesday. Thirty ladies were present.
 The Epworth League will hold a social at the residence of J. R. Rauch, Friday evening, March, 8th. Every one invited.
 D. C. Shattuck and family, Harry Shattuck, Ella Shattuck and others went to Pontiac Monday to attend the funeral of Gilbert Shattuck.
 Mrs. Oliver who was called to Saginaw on account of the serious illness of her mother, has returned. Her mother is much better.
 News was received a few days ago that a son had arrived at the home of Dr. and Mrs. L. F. Hatch, who left here a few weeks ago for Mass.
 Jacob Bogert says that the party who made a mistake and took his pants and vest from off the clothes line may have the coat by calling on him.
 Gilbert Shattuck brother of D. C. and Ella Shattuck of this place, died at his home in Pontiac on Friday, Feb. 15th, after a lingering illness. Funeral occurred Monday.
Livonia.
 Wm. Gates, of the town of Salem, visited friends in this town last Sunday.
 Most of the windmill pipes froze up this winter in this town.
 The farmers have lost a great many potatoes by being frozen in their cellars.
 At the Republican caucus held at this place the following delegates were chosen to the county convention: J. E. Wilcox, Wm O. Minckley and C. E. Ryder.
 C. Garfield and Mrs. M. Green of Northville were guests of A. Turnbull last Sunday.
 Your correspondent and wife with C. L. Ferguson and J. Baze and their wives visited the county buildings last Friday. The first building we visited was the home for the unfortunate and poor. There we found one of the assistants, Miss Murphy, who bade us come in. She showed us through the different wards, was very pleasant, ready to answer any question that was asked her. She seemed very kind to the inmates, seemed to know just how to get along with them. Clean—well we should say so. We think there are many in this county who, if they visit that institution, will get a good lesson on cleanliness and good house keeping. The next place we visited was the insane asylum. There we found that ever obliging gentleman, the overseer Dr. Bennett, who showed us through the different wards and ready to answer every and all questions. We found every thing clean and neat. We think the citizens made no mistake in choosing the Doctor for taking care of the unfortunate that are placed in that institution.
 Lost—White sewing machine receipt book. Finder please leave at this office. F. S. POOL.
 FOR SALE—Jersey cow. Enquire of H. Willis.
 For Sale, Big Bargains.
 Lumber wagon side star, recently new, canopy top wagon nearly new, black gelding, sound and kind, five years old, new cook stove. Enquire at this office.

Pikes Peak.
 It seems as if everyone in this vicinity was nursing a bad cold.
 Well, things begin to look as if we were going to have a new church at last. The next thing wanted is warmer weather.
 Miss Belle Hanchett is on the sick list again, which we are sorry to learn.
 Justice A. Lyle is very busy now-a-days attending to law suits. The next one on the docket is the "turkey" suit of Lathers versus Stewart on Saturday, Feb. 23rd.
 Quite a number were out to hear the law suit between P. Badelt and P. M. Lewis, but only heard it adjourned until Monday, Feb. 25th, at 9 o'clock a. m.
 Warren Brown is sick with pneumonia at the present writing. His wife is much better.
 J. F. Brown went to Detroit on business last week.
 Ah! Ha! George, we can now give a pretty good guess who the young lady was you took out riding the day before you went to "Uncle Brose" for a new whiffletree. You ought to take a lighter weight, George.
 We wish our Courier correspondent from this place would post himself a little better on dates.
 There is nothing new to report about the ice business except that one of the ice houses will be turned into a beer saloon when the weather warms up some.
Tou late for last week.
 A. W. Meldrum, of Wayne, made a flying trip to this place last Tuesday.
 Frank Norris and daughter, of Wayne, made L. Meldrum and family a call last Tuesday.
 A. Lyle has just been getting a new book case.
 A musical entertainment took place at Carl Kingsley's last Monday evening.
 A "state and capital" social will be given at the residence of Wm. Herr's on the 21st. All are invited.
 A surprise was held at the residence of Wm. Robinson last Friday evening on his daughter Mae; but she was not surprised in the least. All had a good time.
 Carl Kingsley will move his saw mill into Wm. Hood's woods near Wallaceville, in the near future, and he advises every one wishing any lumber sawed, to haul their logs there at any time.
 Mrs. Fred Ryder is on the sick list.
 A meeting of the Maple Grove cemetery association was held at the Cooper school house last Tuesday evening. The following officers were elected: President, James Tait; secretary, Wm. Sherwood; trustee, Fred York; sexton, Fred York. Died, of jaundice accompanied by hemorrhage, at Ann Arbor, Feb. 2, Dale J., the infant son of J. J. Ferguson, formerly of Stark. The funeral services were held at the house Monday afternoon, Rev. C. M. Coburn, officiating. The remains were conveyed to the Forest Hill cemetery and temporarily laid in a vault. The body will eventually be buried in the family lot at Newburg.
 A literary entertainment will be held at the P. I. hall, Friday evening, the 22nd of February. All are invited. Admission free.

Salem.
 Mrs. Ernest Rownick is out of town acting in the capacity of nurse for a Mrs. Shanklin, of Superior township, who is at this writing very low with blood poison.
 Mrs. Andrews, of Howell, is expected to give an address in the Baptist church next Monday evening, Feb. 25th. Her subject will be "Temperance and Sunday school work." She will also give an address in the afternoon to ladies only, subject, "Social purity." We understand she comes well recommended.
 Little Mildred, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Nollstr, is lying very low with cholera infantum. Four or five months ago their baby died from the effects of this same disease. It is hoped however in this case the result will not prove fatal.
 Our jovial friend, Mr. Will Thayer, is spending most of his time just at present nursing a very sore thumb.
 Our shoeshop, which was nearly consumed by fire a short time ago, has been removed to the vacant lot opposite the post office and is being repaired as rapidly as possible. We hope to soon see our worthy shoemaker stitching away as he formerly has done in days gone by.
 Surprise parties are so numerous hereabouts that mention of them is getting to be rather monotonous to our readers.
 Some excellent impressions of humanity, loads of hay, straw and wood can be seen between this village and neighboring towns.
 It is the wise farmer who is ever on the alert to better his condition or to improve his farm, its appearance or its fertility, and while the MAIL is not an agricultural paper we beg space for its columns to speak a few words from time to time and treat certain topics pertaining largely to the interest of our farmer friends. We shall endeavor to treat such subjects in season, and as this is the time of the year when farmers have the most leisure and time to think, and as spring will soon be here when farmers build and repair their fences, we will take this opportunity to call their attention to the subject of road fences. The day has come and gone when farmers built rail fences, at least to any extent. Hence, what kind of a fence shall I build, is the question that comes to a farmer whenever he contemplates building one. We are well aware that there are many kinds of fences advertised in our papers, each of which may have its own particular merits. Our article is not intended to puff any particular make unless it meets the requirements of what we deem the best kind of a fence for a farmer to build along the road of the farm he owns. If our farmer friends have been observing as they rode through the country this winter they will see wherever a rail fence stands along the west side of a north and south road there is an abundant amount of snow, accumulated in many places in such quantities as to render the roads almost impassible. Where you see a slat and wire fence it is even worse, and where a barbed wire fence stands, there is almost a dearth of snow, thus rendering the sleighing poor in quality and almost gone by the time the banks along the first mentioned fence are sufficiently melted to render them passible. But where a fence is built of posts and plain wire with upright slats every two or

three feet, it will be noticed that the snow in the road will be of uniform depth, except where deep cuts occur in the highway. We believe if this kind of fence were built along the west side of every north and south road we would hear no more complaints of drifted highways, and besides, this style of fence is always attractive. Think it over, farmers—GUESS.
Newburg.
 Those who have not subscribed, but receive the MAIL, need not be afraid to take it out of the office. You will not have to pay for it until you subscribe.
 Subscribe with your postmaster for the MAIL—3 months for 25c, 6 months for 50c, 1.00 per year—and get the paper that is working for your interest.
 A good American is for America first, last, and all the time, and a good citizen of Newburg is for Newburg first, last, and all the time. That is the way we are going to conduct the Newburg end of the MAIL, and if we seem to say harsh things sometimes, please study them and see if Newburg as a whole does not profit thereby.
 C. E. Ryder was a delegate to the county convention.
 Mrs. H. A. Smith, of Wixom, visited friends here last week.
 Either myself or the "devil" made two mistakes last week. One said "our young folks have organized a democratic club." It should have said "a dramatic club." The other said, "helped Elm dramatic club play 'Uncle Sam.'" It should have said "play 'Uncle Sam!'"
 Mrs. J. J. Smith, our merchant, keeps constantly adding to her already fine stock and she sells in such a way as to be a credit to our place.
 J. L. Smith has had a very sick horse for some days, but is better now.
 Regular meeting of Newburg Hall Association on Thursday evening, Feb. 28. All interested should turn out as this is the only way to keep up the interest and keep things as they should be.
 How nice it would be if we could learn to have more appreciation for what others do, have more charity for their failings, and remember when we are looking for a mote in our brother's eye to be sure there is no beam in our own.
 Dancing parties are getting thicker here than for years before. Let us have some other kind of enjoyment if possible, and it is possible.
 Rev. Mr. Oliver received a message to attend the funeral of a friend last Sunday and Rev. Mr. Reed, of Northville, entertained a large audience with a very interesting sermon. He was assisted by C. G. Curtis, of Plymouth, in the services. There will be a number baptised and a number admitted to full membership next Sunday. Services at 2 p. m.
 There was an oyster supper at Mrs. Granger's Thursday, Feb. 14th, to celebrate St. Valentine's day. A very enjoyable time was had.
 Geo. Granger, while chopping wood last Thursday, cut his foot very badly, so as to require the services of the doctor. He has to go on crutches.
 Sabbath school immediately after church. Ninety-five were present last Sunday and week before last. Such a large number for a winter country school shows the interest taken in this community in things that elevate our people and do them good.
 Our school will hold appropriate services for the commemoration of Washington's birthday, Thursday p. m. Feb. 21.
 Our school is progressing well under the management of Miss Josie Sackett, teacher, and the direction of C. E. Ryder, director; C. Rutter, moderator; D. G. Genney, assessor. Our board takes a great interest in the welfare of our school, which always gives the teacher encouragement.
 Please notice the church ad of J. H. Rauch. All who are interested in Newburg church please save all your trading until Saturday, March 23, 1895, so our church can profit thereby.
 In spite of the bad weather quite a number met at Newburg hall last Wednesday evening and ate oysters with the dramatic club. They cleared nearly five dollars. They will give an entertainment soon, the program of which will be announced later. They are working for a good cause and should be well patronized.
 The largest company for years gathered at Newburg hall to enjoy the hospitality of the W. H. C. last Saturday evening. John Grovenstone guessed the correct number of seeds in the pumpkin, (443,) and got a fine silk quilt. C. E. Ryder held the lucky number and got the nice sofa pillow. E. C. Bassett outbid the rest and got the other sofa pillow. The fine supper prepared by the patriotic ladies was enjoyed by over a hundred hungry people. The large number shows that interest in this society is increasing as it should, and we hope it will continue. The following ladies are the officers who, with the rest of the members, are doing a good work. Mary King, Pres.; Viola Westfall, Sr. Vice.; Orlina King, Jr. Vice.; Ann E. Farwell, Sec.; Elizabeth Tuttle, Treas.; Eva Ostrander, Chap.; Sylvia Bassett, guard; Marguerette Sackett, asst. guard; Viola Bassett, Con.; Julia Ostrander, Asst. Con. We do not omit the Mrs. or Miss from the names of these ladies from a want of respect but because it is their rule.

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Have more of those Electric Oil Heaters, guaranteed to give satisfaction. And you will also find the Favorite Heaters that must be sold at the Lowest Price ever offered at Huston & Co's

Cash Hardware, Plymouth.