

The Plymouth Mail.

VOLUME VIII, NO. 26.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., MARCH 1, 1895.

WHOLE NO. 390

A NOBLE LIFE

REV. JAY HUNTINGTON PASSES
PEACEFULLY AWAY.

The Three Years Spent Here Will Long
Be Remembered by Many.—A
Large Funeral.

It had been known for some time that the kindly pastor of the Baptist church had been ailing and sick, but by many it was hoped that he would soon recover. Instead of that, Mr. Huntington sank rapidly after being confined to the house and within three weeks the loving spirit took its flight. Last Saturday p. m. he breathed his last, quietly and easily dropping out of this life. The funeral services were on Tuesday afternoon at the church, though the remains were to be seen at the house for several hours preceding. The various parts of the service had been assigned to his Baptist brethren, and on the platform were the Rev. Drs. Grinnel, McLaurin, Fox, Conely, Randell, Vaip and Trowbridge. The honorary pall-bearers were Revs. Wallace, Oliver, Church, and visiting brethren, while the active bearers were Messrs. Frank Hodge, David Allen, Sewell Bennett, Marcus Miller, Jacob Bogert, and Robert Birch, all of whom are members of the Baptist church. The choir sang two songs, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," and "Sun of my soul, my Savior dear." The platform was handsomely arranged with plants, among which was a beautiful cushion of lilies and roses on which was the word "Father," and another piece, an anchor, on which was the word "Pastor." The casket was covered with elegant roses and lilies.

Rev. Jay Huntington was born in western Oneida Co., N. Y., March 29, 1829, and came to Michigan 24 years ago, and in that time has filled seven pastorates. He has been pastor in Plymouth for about three years, during which time he has endeared himself to all, by his kind and genial christian character. He was quiet and unobtrusive in manner, but of a warm heart, sound judgment, and cheerful disposition.

The body was taken to Rome, N. Y., for burial. The sympathies of the community are with the bereaved family.

Upper Plymouth.

G. A. Starkweather went to Detroit Tuesday on business.

D. D. Pinckney, of Toledo, spent Sunday with his brother Fred.

Frank Gottschalk is moving this week into Mrs. Bruner's house.

Cheese meeting held at Markham hall on Monday afternoon drew out a big crowd.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brend, of Detroit, were visiting at Alderman Smitherman's this week.

Mr. Fitzhugh, father of Mrs. Wm. Smitherman, who has been on the sick list, is able to be around again.

Carl Heide took a load of our young people out to the Blackenburg social Tuesday evening. They report a lively time.

Jolliffe Bros' contract for shipping the milk to Howell expires this week and they expect to begin operations at the cheese factory on March 1st.

Mr. J. A. Robins, of Saginaw, brother-in-law of the Jolliffe Bros., called on them this week, en route to Salem to take charge of the cheese factory there.

Miss Fida Hassenger, who has been at home this winter, left last week for Detroit to spend a few weeks in a millinery establishment before resuming her old position in Jackson. Miss Hassenger is an expert trimmer and demands first-class wages.

PEARL DUST FLOUR

\$2.69 Per Barrel
.34 Per Sack.

TRY IT.

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

A CHALLENGE.

The discussion and settlement of politico-economic questions is a matter that concerns the material interests of every human being. It becomes daily more evident that in the near future the fate of even civilization will be determined by the manner in which these grave questions are disposed of. That a solution for them must soon be found is beyond dispute. Among the multiplicity of remedies proposed, socialism is the most radical as it advocates a complete re-organization of society on entirely new lines. It is now having a rapid growth under the various names of Altruism, Nationalism, Collectivism, Co-operation, etc., but as they are all aiming at the same object, viz., the adoption of a co-operative system of economics, they are virtually the same.

The champions of this system may now be found in the ranks of all classes of people, from the humble laborer to prominent ministers, statesmen, educators and literary celebrities. If it, as a system, is a fallacy, folly, dream or chimera, it is high time that those who are seeking "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," should know it, and it is time that its opponents should be able to meet and vanquish it on logical grounds which, up to the present time, they have failed to do. Therefore, in order that these questions may receive as full, free, fair and systematic a discussion as the parties engaged may be able to give them, I hereby issue a challenge to debate through the columns of the Plymouth Mail, the following propositions, which, I believe, cover all the necessary ground. 1ST—The present system of economics is ethically wrong. 2ND—The present system of economics is self-destructive. 3RD—The co-operative system of economics is ethically right. 4TH—If the future society is to be preserved under a system of law and order, the adoption of the co-operative system of economics is inevitable.

The above propositions are to be debated separately in the order named. I will take the affirmative side. Any further preliminaries may be arranged by mutual agreement. As C—has already entered the field, I believe it proper to give him the preference, but should he decline the discussion, the challenge will remain open to anyone who may choose to accept it. Should this challenge be accepted and a debate take place, it is my sincere wish that not the best man but the best cause may win. L. H. C.

PLAYMATES ORGANIZED.

A meeting of the playmate base ball team was held last Monday evening, and organization perfected for the season of 1895.

The following officers were elected: G. J. Kellogg, manager; C. L. Wilcox, secretary; Dan Adams, treasurer; Geo. Stanley, captain.

The Playmate club is controlled by the Plymouth Tob and Cigar Co., and operated for advertising purposes only. This enterprising firm have a good eye to business and by the few games played last season they were enabled to reach new customers that have proven very profitable. But while they are working on a business principle, the club will not want for lack of good men; not much. The very best players will be signed, and no matter where they go they will put up a game that will make their opponent's hair stand on end. A number of games have already been arranged for. We expect to hear as good report from the Plymouth club as we do from the cigar they present.

Plymouth can well afford to lend this club and firm such assistance as they may require. The firm's payroll is now nearly \$100 a week and will be more than doubled as soon as the necessary alterations are completed at their factory.

Newburg.

Subscribe for the MAIL at your P. O. Edith Pickett seems to be slowly improving.

Sabbath school is growing. Ninety-six were present last Sunday and a large collection.

Remember the L. A. S. meet with Mrs. C. H. Armstrong, March 15th. Election of officers.

Miss Norris and Mr. Raymo, of Wayne, visited friends here and also our church last Sunday.

Miss Nora and Forest Smith (took in) the New England supper at Bell Branch last Friday night.

D. G. Brown is quite sick and has been for some time. Doubts are entertained as to his recovery.

B. A. Hodge, our spectacle man, is doing a great work helping all to see better. Everyone should see him.

If you will leave any item you may wish to see in the Newburg end of the MAIL at your P. O., you will see it there.

E. C. Bassett, H. Bassett, H. Springer, W. T. Rattenbury, E. Rutter, and W. I. Smith all took in Detroit on business last week.

Geo. King, of Bay City, who has been sick at his father's for some time, has so far recovered as to be able to attend church.

Miss Minnie McGran, teacher at Plymouth, formerly teacher here, visited friends here and also the oyster supper last Wednesday evening.

All who are interested in our church should see J. R. Rauch's advertisement and save all their trading for March 23, so our church will profit thereby.

Prof. B. B. Bennett, of Plymouth, will give a phonographic concert at Newburg hall Saturday evening, March 2, under the auspices of the N. D. C. They are working for a good purpose and should be assisted by all.

We are glad to see our people are responding so liberally to purchase a new organ. The ladies who have the matter in charge are deserving of a great deal of credit. They always stand ready to take hold and do all they can for our community.

An attempt was made last Tuesday evening to again begin the good work of the Epworth League which has been at a recess since the protracted meetings commenced, but no quorum was present. This is one of the best things we ever had for the young, and all should assist it.

The exercises, both musical and literary, given at Newburg school on the afternoon of the 21st, and commemorative of the birth of our first president, showed care in selection and assignment on the part of the teacher, and interest and preparation on the part of our young students.

All things are now becoming settled. Harmony and peace, like a dove, seems to be hovering over us. Now let us all try and cover up our little differences and all work together for the one common end for which we should all be striving, the improvement of our community mentally, morally and socially, and be careful not to do anything that will in any way lower anyone in our community, for when we lower one, which is a part, we must necessarily lower the whole in the estimation of other communities. Always remember the golden rule.

The granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Genny and four adults were baptised, three admitted to full membership, and four admitted on probation at our church last Sunday. Our church is prospering finely in every way and our community is the gainer thereby. It is under the guidance of Rev. J. B. Oliver, pastor; Wm. J. Smith, class leader; Jas. King, Wm. J. Smith, E. H. Norris, C. Rutter, Benj. Passage, trustees; Mrs. Jas. King, Mrs. Wm. J. Smith, Mrs. C. E. Ryder, Mrs. Jas. Rawson, stewards; and Jas. Rawson, janitor. It is well equipped and doing a good work against the encroachments of Satan.

JULIA A. HAYWARD.

Mrs. Julia A. Hayward died at her home in Nankin on Saturday, Feb. 23, aged nearly 82 years. She was the daughter of John Miller and was the oldest of twelve children. She was a sister of Mr. Marcus Miller of our town and the mother of Mrs. Julia Hough. She left six daughters and one son. Burial on Wednesday p. m. at Newburg, Rev. G. H. Wallace officiating. The deceased had many relatives near here, and was always spoken of as a most worthy and agreeable old lady.

NEW BARBER SHOP

I will open a barber shop in Plymouth in the Lyndon store on March 6th. First class work, by a first class barber. Kindly give me a share of patronage.

JOHN W. JONES.

FOR SALE—Jersey cow and calf. Enquire of H. Wills.



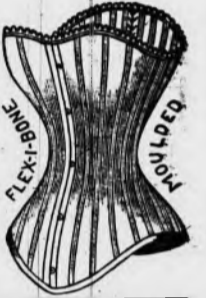
MARCH 2
PRESBYTERIAN
DAY
MARCH 2

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

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.

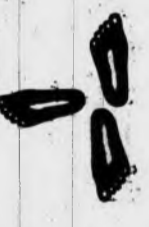
We also keep constantly on hand all the Fashion Books of the day, including Bou Ton, Toilettes, L'Art de la Mode and Demorest's.

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.

STATE NEWS NOTES.

A CHAPTER OF THE DOINGS OF MICHIGANDERS.

Judge J. B. Moore, of Lapeer, Nominated for Judge of Michigan Supreme Court by the Republican State Convention.

Prohibitionists Also Name Candidates.

Republican State Convention.

The struggle for the nomination for justice of the supreme court of Michigan was the feature of the Republican state convention at the Auditorium, Detroit.

Upon resuming, there being no contests, all delegates were declared seated. The temporary organization was made permanent and Gov. Rich was called upon for a speech.

Two regents of the University of Michigan were to be nominated also, and the names of Roger W. Butterfield, of Grand Rapids, for re-nomination, and Chas. H. Hackley, Muskegon.

About 150 delegates attended the Prohibition state convention at Lansing. Temporary officers: Myron H. Walker, of Grand Rapids, chairman.

The effect of the general business depression last year was shared by the lumber industry of the Saginaw river.

John Martin, a teamster hauling cedar posts near Menominee was found dead by a roadside with his head cut in several places.

Francis Knowling, of Au Sable, while fishing off that place in an open boat, was blown out in the Saginaw bay.

Jan. Norm's saw mill in Standish, Arenac county, was wholly destroyed by fire, involving a loss of \$15,000 with \$5,000 insurance.

Excellent Outlook for Peaches.

Peach buds are now so mature that some idea of the coming crop may be gained. Many feared that the buds would be injured by the extremely cold weather in January.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

Grand Rapids ministers declare against church taxation.

Nathaniel Rice, sheriff of Kent county, died of typhoid fever.

John Brokaw's head was crushed by a falling limb at Athens, Fatah.

Squire Finn, of Hancock, has been a justice of the peace for 30 years.

Moses Kimble was almost instantly killed by a falling tree near Evert.

Clara, the 4-year-old daughter of Fred Levingood, was fatally burned at Jackson.

Saginaw is going to build a \$10,000 armory, which the finest drill room in the state.

Mrs. Edgar E. Deline, of Saginaw, wife of an F. & P. M. conductor, committed suicide with a revolver.

Motorman P. Fitzsimmons, of Muskegon, was caught between two cars and severely injured internally, but he may recover.

Julius Fisher, of Bay City policeman who shot Max Driake at Tawas City last summer, has been found guilty of manslaughter.

Jumping from a train at Sparta, Allie Covert, a telegraph student, fell and crushed his forehead. Chances for recovery about even.

Bernard Lachance, of Mackinac, lost a fine team, sleigh, and a load of wood in the straits while driving from Bois Blanc to Mackinac island.

The question of re-establishing the straw goods works in Adrian is now being discussed, and several capitalists have expressed a willingness to invest.

The 13-year-old son of P. J. Marthey, in Denver township, Isabella county, blew down the barrel of a shotgun which was loaded and died soon afterward.

It has been decided informally by the mayor, city attorney and other officials of Ironwood to repudiate the last issue of city bonds amounting to \$150,000.

The residence of William Chamberlain, warden of Jackson prison, was destroyed by fire at Three Oaks. The loss is \$6,000 with \$1,400 insurance.

It is said that one-third of Grand Rapids' saloonkeepers will not renew their licenses this spring.

Charlevoix is figuring to win the county seat from Boyne City. She depends, for one thing, upon the additional railroad facilities afforded by the extension of the C. & W. M. from Ironton to East Jordan.

Mt. Pleasant is after that new normal school which is being talked of by the legislature. The town has a building which will accommodate 300 pupils which it will present to the state, together with 10 acres of land.

The 10-month-old child of Paul Johnson, of Manistee, fell from a high chair upon a red-hot stove. The mother, was absent from the room. The child's flesh was literally cooked and its condition is very critical.

E. Silvers, tax collector of Benton Harbor, fastened Big Four engine No. 34, in the railroad yards with a heavy log chain, because the company declined to pay taxes due the city. The locomotive is to be sold at auction.

F. B. Owen and L. A. Grant, of Richland, were locked up at Kalamazoo, charged with the theft of \$36 worth of grain, which they admit. Grant is the son of Joseph Grant, who recently shot his wife and committed suicide.

John Martin, a teamster hauling cedar posts near Menominee was found dead by a roadside with his head cut in several places.

Fire started in the upper story of Allen's Sanitarium at Flint, and before it could be brought under control the entire building was destroyed.

The G. A. R. art loan and industrial exposition was a success at Kalamazoo. The industrial display covered 5,000 square feet of floor space and nearly every article exhibited was donated.

The war relic museum was large and includes many novelties. The art loan contained hundreds of valuable paintings from all parts of the state.

Francis Knowling, of Au Sable, while fishing off that place in an open boat, was blown out in the Saginaw bay.

In May, 1853, James Hitchcock was sent to prison from Ingham county, convicted of murder. After 32 years he established his innocence to the satisfaction of Gov. Luce, who pardoned him on Thanksgiving day, 1885.

The street railway car houses at Lansing burned with five electric motors and all the trailers. The company will be unable to run cars for several weeks. The loss approached \$20,000. But three cars were saved.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

SENATE—37th day.—Several bills were reported favorably by committees, among them these: Fixing the compensation of upper peninsula members of the state legislature at \$5 per day; to prevent the use of obscene and indecent language; for more effectual prevention of dueling; to amend the law relating to the marriage of cousins no recommendation was made.

SENATE—38th day.—Not much business was transacted beyond the introduction of bills, among them the charter commission's bill for the incorporation of first and second class cities. The House bill was passed providing for general re-registration before the April election.

SENATE—39th day.—Petitions, numerous, were received praying for the placing of the bust of ex-Gov. Blair in the state capitol instead of the national capitol. Protests were received from grange, against the town of unit acted against a continued protest.

SENATE—40th day.—The bill for general registration came back from the Senate with some amendments and was referred to the committee on the whole, as was a bill to provide for the removal of cemeteries near towns.

Michigan Man Burned at the Stake.

The badly charred body of Fred Hothuehler, lately from St. Clair, Mich., was found tied to a tree in the suburbs of Chicago.

Slick Gang of Counterfeiters Caught.

For a year Clark county and vicinity has been flooded with counterfeit silver dollars and half-dollars.

Hicks Deserves Punishment.

Rev. Irl R. Hicks, the western prognosticator of storms, predicted that a severe blizzard would sweep over the northern states February 20 and 21.

Michigan Club Banquet.

The banquet of the Michigan Club—the swell Republican organization of the state—at the Auditorium, Detroit, was a success.

A letter received at Grand Rapids from Chas. S. Hazeltine, U. S. consul at Milan, Italy, states that he has forwarded his resignation to the authorities at Washington.

In the train wrecking case at Battle Creek of John Bodewy, Wm. Hall and Geo. V. Johnson, the two former were held for trial in the sum of \$10,000.

It will be remembered that the three were arrested for wrecking a train last July during the big strike on the Grand Trunk.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

NEWS OF INTEREST AND MORE OR LESS IMPORTANCE.

Japanese Capture an American Who was Helping the Chinese.—Oregon Legislature Elect a Successor to Senator Dolph After a Deadlock of 33 Days.

An American in Trouble in Japan.

London: Naval reports from Wei Hai Wei mention 11 foreigners who were captured by the Chinese. Ten of them swore to take no further part in the present war and were set free.

France Worrying Over Egypt.

Paris: Rumors of an unsatisfactory nature as to the condition of affairs in Egypt are causing uneasiness here. A dispatch from Cairo says that friendly natives assert that a rising will take place during the Ramadan, the great annual feast of the Mohammedans.

Break in the A. P. A.

The discussion existing in the ranks of the American Protective Association in Illinois, growing out of refusing to admit certain delegates in the last state convention at Chicago, and of a subsequent suit for damages against State President Clarence P. Johnson for \$25,000 by Prof. Walter Sims, has resulted in the organization of an opposition society, known as the National Assembly Patriotic League.

The Human Target Killed.

Wm. Haverley was shot and fatally injured at Engel's pavilion Chicago by "Prof." Kieckhoff, alleged "champion rifle shot of the world." The men were performing the human target act. Haverley, who was acting as Kieckhoff's assistant, had a steel plate on his breast. Kieckhoff fired 20 shots at the steel plate, "ringing the bell" 19 times.

700 Killed in Portuguese East Africa.

London: Capetown advices says a panic prevails at Lorenzo Marquez, East Africa, in consequence of a disaster to the Portuguese forces. Katirs entered the Portuguese camp at dawn, pretending that they were friends.

Thirty-Three Days to Choose a Senator.

The struggle for the election of a successor to J. N. Dolph in the United States senate, which was carried on in the legislature of Oregon for 33 days, finally came to a close by the election of George McBride, ex-secretary of state.

France Shuts Out American Cattle.

Washington: Secretary of State Gresham has received from the U. S. charge at Paris a cablegram stating that the council has entered a decree prohibiting the importation until further orders of American cattle into France.

Frederick Douglass Dead.

Frederick Douglass, the noted colored orator and diplomat, died at his residence in Anacostia, a suburb of Washington, of heart failure. His death was entirely unexpected, as he had been enjoying the best of health.

Mexican Man-of-War Lost.

Anxiety is felt in regard to the Mexican man-of-war Libertad, which sailed from Vera Cruz Feb. 10, for New Orleans, but nothing has been heard of her since.

Four Frozen to Death in Louisiana.

Among the casualties of the snowstorm in the south is the death of a hunting party in the woods of the Alliance plantation, about 19 miles below New Orleans. Four men set out for a day's hunt in the woods. No fears were entertained when the party remained out all night, but when they did not return next day a search party went out, and after much difficulty in struggling through the snowdrifts, the four unfortunate men were found frozen to death in a kneeling position.

Japs Will Attack the Island of Formosa.

London: A dispatch from Kiobe, Japan, states that another Japanese force is being mobilized at Hiroshima for the purpose, it is supposed, of making an attack on the island of Formosa.

Aged Couple Burned to Death.

George Weaver and his wife, an old, infirm couple living alone on a farm seven miles west of Bayton near Troutwood, were burned to death in their home. Neighbors hastened to the spot out the flames were so fierce as to prevent all hope of rescue.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

A LIBERAL FARMER.

SENATE—5th day.—Senator Jones again tried to force the Senate to favorable action upon the bill for the unrestricted coinage of silver, but after a struggle which lasted until 11 o'clock at night he gave up, having ascertained that silver did not have sufficient votes to carry it through.

SENATE—38th day.—Mr. Chandler created something of a sensation by outlining some important steps to be taken by the next congress, including a congressional investigation of the recent purchase of gold by the President.

SENATE—5th day.—The Senate would have completed the Indian appropriation bill had not an acrimonious discussion arisen on the sectarian question.

SENATE—6th day.—The Senate would have completed the Indian appropriation bill had not an acrimonious discussion arisen on the sectarian question.

SENATE—6th day.—The contract school item of the Indian appropriation bill was completed.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

Two miners were killed and 18 injured in a fire in the coal mines at Pratt City, Ala.

The assembly of California makes the wearer of a high hat in places of amusement liable to a fine of \$50.

Mrs. W. A. Waley, of Muncie, Ind., recovered \$5,400 lost by her husband in gambling in Ervin's gambling room.

Samuel D. Horton, of Ohio, prominent bimetalist, one of the 75 monetary conference delegates, died at Gardfield hospital, Washington.

The business portion of the village of Hamilton, N. Y., was almost entirely destroyed by fire. About 30 places of business were burned. Loss, \$1,400,000.

Hot Springs, Ark., suffered a very heavy loss by fire. Four lives were lost and a large number of houses were destroyed. The total loss is placed at \$12,000,000.

A special from Lapuz, Bolivia says: The revolution appears to be steadily gaining ground. The president has abandoned his trip to Sucre in consequence of the discovery of a plot to shoot him.

Mrs. G. M. Fowler, of Millport, O., has been appointed overland mail carrier between that place and Gaver's postoffice, a distance of seven miles. She will be obliged to make the round trip daily.

A huge sewing machine combine is being organized, the Davis, Domestic and Singer companies having already gone into it, and are now trying to buy the White company at Cleveland, \$1,200,000 being offered.

A special from Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, says: It is reported from Montevideo on the authority of the rebel almirante, Da Gama, that the government forces on capturing the town of San Gabriel massacred all the inhabitants.

E. M. McMillan, of Youngstown, O., has begun suit against Claflin & Co., of New York, for \$758,000, claiming he was fraudulently induced to transfer two big dry goods stores in Cleveland, O., to two "gammies" for a price below the actual value.

The board of administration of Cincinnati issued an order which will wipe out of existence about \$600,000 worth of property. It is an order directing the Cincinnati Inland Plane Railway company to remove from the streets its trucks within two months, except such portion as is composed of full girder rail. This action is based on a judgment of the superior court.

THE MARKETS.

Table with columns: Wheat, Corn, Oats, Flour, etc. and rows for various grades and locations like Pittsburg, Cincinnati, etc.

GRAIN, ETC.

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

New York—Dun's weekly trade review says: The surprising success of the new iron and steel business has encouraged many to hope that it may be the beginning of a real recovery.

March April May

Are the Best Months in Which to

Purify Your Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And the Best Blood Purifier is

Which Purifies, Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood.

At this season everyone should take a good spring medicine. Your blood must be purified or you will be neglecting your health. There is a cry from Nature for help, and unless there is prompt and satisfactory response you will be liable to serious illness. This demand can only be met by the purifying, enriching and

Blood-Vitalizing elements to be found in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Wolfe, at the age of 72 years, was attacked with a violent form of salt rheum; it spread all over her body, and her hands and limbs were dreadful to look at. At the same time, my little daughter Clara, who was just one year old, was attacked by a similar disease, like scrofula. It appeared in

under each side of her neck; had the attendance of the family physician and other doctors for a long time, but seemed to grow worse. I read of many people cured of scrofula by Hood's Sarsaparilla. As soon as we gave Hood's Sarsaparilla to Clara, she began to get better, and before the first bottle was gone, the sores entirely healed up and there has never been any sign of the disease since. She is a

Healthy, Robust Child.

Her grandmother took Hood's Sarsaparilla at the same time, and the salt rheum decreased in its violence and a perfect cure was effected. It took about three months for her cure, and she ascribes her good health and strength at her advanced age to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has certainly been a Godsend to my family." MRS. SOPHIA WOLFE, Zaleski, Ohio.

HOOD'S AND ONLY HOOD'S

Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D.C. No agent's fee until Patent is obtained. Write for inventor's address. **Patents, Trade-Marks.** Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventor's Guide" free of charge. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE SCALPER

24 pages, 2c. All about making money in Grain and Stocks by "scalping" the market on margins of 2c to \$1,000. Best method yet. All scalpers make money. LAMSON & CO., 112 Quincy St., Chicago.

SEEDS

Awarded World's Premiums. Always Fresh and Reliable. Most Attractive and Instructive buyers' catalogs ever published. FREE to all. Free literature. Address: H. W. Backbee, Rockford Seed Farms, Rockford, Ill., U.S.A. Post Office Box 200.

Ely's Cream Balm

QUICKLY CURES COLD IN HEAD. Price 50 Cents. Apply Balm into each nostril. H. W. Backbee, Rockford, Ill., U.S.A.

\$1,000,000 Cure for Rheumatism.

Schrag's Rheumatic Cure. Never Failed. Pleasant, harmless. Highest endorsement. Doctors praise it. Cures where all else fails. Free literature. True Testimonials. Write for day. Mail orders filled. Ten Thousand True Testimonials. Bank references everywhere. Take nothing "just as good" on which your dealer makes twice as much. Further the blood. No cure or money refunded. Schrag's Rheumatic Cure Co., 167 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The Poor Man's Chance

100,000 ADRES. HOMES CHOICE HARDWOOD. Furnishings situated along the line of a new railroad now being constructed in central Wisconsin, and near a through trunk line of ready constructed, for sale cheap to single purchasers or colonies. Special inducements given to colonies. Long time and low interest. Send for full particulars. SCHROEDER, 173 BROADWAY, CO., EAST CHICAGO, WISCONSIN.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN WEARING. The outer or tan sole extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot in digging, tilling, and in other hard work. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be put off with inferior goods. COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING. 5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH MANUFACTURED. \$3.99 FINE CALF SKIN. \$2.99 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.99 12 WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE. \$2.99 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES'. \$3.29 12.75 BEST DONOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, INC.

W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes. All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal nothing else in style and price. Their wear qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform, stamped on sole. Please to \$3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

For Twenty Years

Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. There is no secret about its ingredients. Physicians prescribe

Scott's Emulsion

because they know what great nourishing and curative properties it contains. They know it is what it is represented to be; namely, a perfect emulsion of the best Norway Cod-liver Oil with the hypophosphites of lime and soda.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anemia, Weak Babies, Thin Children, Rickets, Marasmus, Loss of Flesh, General Debility, and all conditions of Wasting. The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put in salmon-colored wrapper. Refuse inferior substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE. Scott & Bowen, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.

THE BUGLE CALL.

Have you heard the troops a-marching? Marching, marching! My soul, to hear the bugle and the long roll of the drum! Up the hill and down the valley. I can hear his step among them. Before you see his scarlet coat I'll know my love has come. 'Twas seen the troops a-marching, slowly, slowly. As they march the pale leaves tremble at the coming of that band. There is neither sound nor footfall, neither bugle blast nor drum call. A silent host they pass from sight into a silent land. Nay, I hear the bugle calling, calling, calling. O the footsteps of my soldier. I can count them as they fall. As time mine to the echo, over hill and over valley. Lam marching, marching ever, so that unseen bugle call! —Happence

That Winter Night.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER I.

The Gathering Storm.

On a sunny Sabbath afternoon, in the month of October, 1870, the Chevalier de Gavrolles and his only daughter Blanche, a beautiful young girl between seventeen and eighteen years of age, attended service in the chapel of Our Lady, in the little village of Etretat, situated some ten or twelve English miles from the seaport town of Havre, in Normandy. There was a scanty congregation, consisting for the most part of peasant women, who, during the religious ceremonies, whispered much among themselves, and otherwise paid unusually little attention to the ministrations of Father Andre, the cure. The service over, all seemed greatly relieved, and pressed rapidly into the open air, to find the church-yard thronged with eager groups of villagers, who were excitedly discussing news just communicated by telegraph from the seat of war.

The chevalier and his daughter were almost the last to leave. As they lingered in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them with friendly respect. Seen thus face to face, the chevalier and the little priest offered a striking contrast: for the former was a tall, powerfully built man of forty-five, with erect military carriage, and a face still preserving much of the freshness of youth; while the latter, short, plump, and rotund, was well on in the sixties, with a head that drooped between his shoulders, and hair frosted over with silver rime.

"Bad news, chevalier," cried Father Andre, nodding nervously at the groups in the church-yard. "You have heard of course?" "Yes, father," was the reply: "the Germans are rapidly advancing, and we are soon to taste the horrors of defeat in grim earnest."

As he spoke, he glanced somewhat wistfully at the fair face of the girl, looking eagerly and wonderingly into his—a spiritualized and softened reflection of his own face, without the lines left by time or sorrow. "Grim earnest, as you say," cried the little priest, with a pugnacious toss of the head. "But let them look to it—let them take care; they may go a step too far, these Germans. Our bayonets will dig their graves, though they were twenty times as many!"

The chevalier sighed as he responded: "After all they are but paying an old debt. We overran their country as they are overrunning ours." "But it is different—it is widely different. The great Napoleon—" "Sowed desolation and misery far and wide," interrupted the chevalier. "He was a great soldier, granted, but a little man, father. We are reaping now what he sowed before we were born!"

Father Andre, perspiring violently, uttered an angry exclamation; then, conquering his excitement, he forced a smile and added: "Ah! but I know—every one knows—you are a man of peace! From the first you have said we were in the wrong. Well, it may be possible; but our folly, if it were folly, was expiated by the foolish emperor at Sedan. Now it is another affair. The country is in danger, chevalier. All true men are flocking to the standard of our beloved France. I swear to you that if I were a few years younger, and did not wear this black coat, I would be fighting at the front myself."

Once more the chevalier glared tenderly at his daughter, and his countenance grew troubled with some inner pain. "Will you, dine with us to-night, Father Andre?" he asked. "I have something very particular to say to you."

"Many thanks, chevalier; I will come. I must crave mademoiselle's pardon a thousand times, if I have frightened her with my warlike talk." "I am not frightened," answered Blanche, with a gentle smile; "only I was thinking how terrible is war! Why cannot men love one another and remain at peace?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed the chevalier, almost to himself. "Ah! mademoiselle is a child; she does not understand," exclaimed Father Andre, eagerly. "Sometimes I have thought these great calamities are a punishment upon our people for the wickedness of these twenty years of empire. Yes, chevalier: for I grant you the empire was corrupt! But to overthrow the emperor was one thing; to threaten the liberties of France is another. And as for those Germans, they are barbarians—savages, who know only one thing—the art of plunder! It is just that they should receive a lesson, and they shall receive it. It is guerre a outrance, and our brave Frenchmen will mow them down like wheat!"

"And their wives, their mothers, and their little children, what of them?" demanded the chevalier. "Ah, father, they are husbands and fathers like ourselves!"

The little priest gave an angry snort. It was clear that he had no patience with the point of view which regarded the enemy as unfortunate fellow creatures. He would have spoken volubly again, but the chevalier, holding his daughter on his arm, moved quickly down the churchyard.

Quitting the churchyard, the chevalier and his daughter took a path which led by a circuitous route up to the summit of the sea-cliffs. On the very summit of the cliff, to the right of Etretat, looking seaward, stands the tiny chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde (Our Lady of Safety), the door of which is open day and night, and the altar of which is hung with all sorts of rude votive offerings, made by the fishermen and those who live there. Hither father and daughter bent their footsteps, and presently entering the little chapel, stood for a few minutes in meditation.

Over the altar hung a rude picture, representing shipwrecked sailors on a raft, while above them through an open cloud, appeared a miraculous vision of Our Lady herself. Only one other person was in the building: a very old woman, kneeling before the picture, praying volubly and telling her beads. Presently she rose to her feet and hobbled to the door, still muttering to herself. She paused on the cliff and looked down at the calm sea, moving her head painfully from side to side.

The chevalier and his daughter approached her. "Good-day, mother," said the former. "Were you offering up a prayer for some one out yonder on the sea?" The old woman looked at him from head to foot, then at the fair girl by his side. "My son is not a fisherman," she answered; "he is a soldier."

"Well, it is the same thing. There are perils on the land as well as on the ocean, and just now worse perils. Where is your son at present?" "At the front," was the reply. "The good God only knows if he lives still." She added savagely, "The accursed Germans! I have heard that out there in Lorraine, where the Prussians came, our folks poisoned the spring wells. It was well done—well done!"

"Nay, mother: it was wickedly done, if done at all!" cried Blanche, indignantly. "But I'll never believe it of our brave countrymen!" The old woman looked at her balefully. "It is all very well," she returned, "for folk like you to talk like that! You aristocrats look on while we poor folk are driven out to die. My son was a peasant; I could not buy him a substitute; he had to go."

"Let it comfort you," said the girl, "that he is fighting in a noble cause." "A noble cause! What care I for the cause, I want my son. Had he been a fine gentleman like him beside you, he would have stayed safe at home; but he was poor, as I have said, and they took him from me—my Jean, my only son! Ah, it is an infamy! There is one God for the poor and another for the rich; and it is the poor who must suffer for all the evil our rulers do!"

So saying, and once more subsiding into broken mutterings, the crone moved feebly away. Father and daughter turned sadly and walked slowly along the summit of the cliffs. "Blanche, my child, you heard what the old woman said? She was right. In these sad times of war the evil falls only upon the poor, while the rich are spared. I know that it is not just."

She gazed at him earnestly, as if not quite gathering his meaning, before she replied, "But it is not only the poor who are fighting now for the Fatherland. The journals are full of the names of those who are flocking to take service against the enemy, and the flower of our old nobility is among them. Many have gone—even as common soldiers. Ah! but they are brave."

After following for about a mile the footpath along the cliffs they turned inland and crossing the plateau of grass and tyme, came upon open fields, where all the summer the yellow corn had been growing. Presently they approached the shadow of fir-woods. A modest gate opened to a narrow avenue winding through the trees; and following this avenue for some distance, they came in sight of the old chateau, which for many a generation had been the dwelling of the old family.

It was an old-fashioned house, with a grand old porch and terrace facing the south, and surrounded on every side by woodland and belts of pasture. The garden in front of it was arranged in terraces and shady walks, and behind it were several orchards connected with the home farm. Seen in the subdued light of the autumnal day, the place looked somewhat forlorn and a little neglected; for the Chevalier de Gavrolles, though of old descent, was not a rich man, and found it necessary for many reasons to economize his income. One gardener, with occasional assistance from Houzel the forester, had to keep the flower beds and parterres in decent order; one old man servant or butler, in addition to the serving maids, had to superintend matters within the house.

A certain picturesqueness was added to the chateau by a peacock in full plumage, who was strutting on the terrace and spreading his iridescent tail in the rosy sunset light. As they approached, Blanche left her father's side, and ran toward the bird, which greeted her with its harsh discordant cry.

"She stood with one white hand outstretched, smiling brightly, and the glory of the sunset fell upon her, illuminating her young beauty with the light from another world. Her deep blue eyes sparkled with joy and love, and her golden hair gleamed softly under her white straw hat. Her father stood looking at her, and for a moment his eyes grew dim. "Poop Blanche!" he muttered; "she is so happy now!"

He sat down on the terrace and lighted a cigar. His thoughts were traveling back to the day when his beloved wife had died, leaving him a lonely widower, with that one child. Since then Blanche had been the joy and comfort of his life, and they had dwelt together in solitude, seeing little or no society, and seldom quitting their country home. A student—almost a bookworm—he had belied all the traditions of his house by declining at the very outset a military career, for which he had neither taste nor inclination. He had held a commission during his youth, and seen some active service abroad; but when the empire came, he had left the army, married, and led the life of a quiet-country gentleman. Thus it came to pass that he found himself, at middle age, quite without busy occupation or worldly ambition.

Father Andre came according to appointment, and the three dined together in the large salle a manger of the chateau waited on by old Hubert, the butler, who was clad in the faded livery of the family. More than once during the repast the talk turned upon the central topic of public interest; and the little priest, warmed with wine, had occasion to reiterate his belligerent sentiments, to the huge delight and approval of old Hubert, who almost dropped the dishes in the excitement of his eager sympathy. At last Blanche left the table, Hubert retired, and the two gentlemen were left alone over their coffee.

For some minutes they talked on general matters; then after an uneasy glance at the closed door, the chevalier said, "I wished to speak to you, Father Andre, on a subject which concerns the happiness of my dear daughter." "Ah!" "The priest's eyes sparkled, and he pursed his lips knowingly. "Blanche, as you know, is now nearly eighteen. Should anything happen to me she would be alone in the world." "Just so," nodded Father Andre, or then, without doubt, you are thinking of selecting her a suitable husband of her own rank? Possibly you have already made your selection?" "The chevalier drew back his chair with a look of astonishment, not unmixed with irritation. "Absurd!" he cried. "Blanche is a mere child, far too young even to think of such things yet." "A thousand pardons; but I thought—" "You are wrong—altogether wrong. The fact is, Father Andre, that I cannot quite acquit myself of selfishness and want of patriotism at a moment so threatening to the liberties of my dear country. I have hesitated for a long time, but now my mind is made up. I have not drawn a sword for over twenty years; but last night I wrote to the administration, offering my services as an old officer and a volunteer."

"But Mademoiselle Blanche? Does she know? Have you told her?" "Up to the present moment I have not had the courage. You know the deep affection which binds us together: since my dying wife placed the child in my arms, we have dwelt almost alone here at the chateau. I dread my poor child's grief when I tell her that we must be separated, even if it is only for a short time." The priest was almost at a loss for something to say. His own sympathies were so entirely military that he was unable to find any fault with the chevalier's patriotic decision; but he saw that his patron was seriously uneasy, and attributed the uneasiness to a very natural hesitation.

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The small letters and as they appear between the Christian and surnames, as in Thomas a Kempis and William a Hugh, are abbreviations of Latin prepositions meaning "of," "at" or "from." They generally refer to the town or place where one was born, or to the family estate. In the case of the first mentioned person above, the famous author of "Imitation of Christ," the a denotes "from." His real name was Thomas Hammerkin, but he was born in the town of Kempis, near Cologne, and on that account was known during his school days, and always after, as Thomas a Kempis, which was equivalent to "Thomas from Kempis." In modern times these prepositions have been almost entirely eliminated from our nomenclature, and are now only found in the contracted forms as in "Hugh."

Honey Dew on Leaves. The peculiar deposit often noticed on the upper surfaces of leaves, especially upon those of the basswood and the hickory, has been accounted for in two ways: By the excretion of a species of minute insect called aphides, and also as an exudation of the leaves themselves. It may be truthfully said that the cause of this exudation, which is a saccharine liquid of wonderful sweetness, is still an unsolved botanical mystery. Gray says: "It seems to be caused by something peculiar in the atmosphere, and occurs most frequently on trees growing upon islands in temperate latitudes."

Foot Mr. Biggar. When Disraeli first set eyes on Mr. Biggar in the house of commons, he said to his friend Achates: "What is that?" "That air is the honorable member for So-and-So." "Really!" replied the other; "I thought it was a leprechaun," which is a small but malignant species of Irish fairy.—Argonaut.

GOT A BABY BOY NOW.

Happiness in a Southern Man's Home —Tell's About the Red Flag of Danger at the Railroad Crossing—Warning to America's Men.

"For twenty-six years I have used tobacco in great quantities and of late years took to cigarette smoking," writes Mr. W. E. Simpson of Legompe, La. "I want to go on record that tobacco has robbed me of many years of life and a great deal of happiness. I realize it now as I compare my feelings and my condition with that of a year ago, when I was a tobacco saturated cigarette fiend. Many and many a time did I try to quit smoking myself into eternity, but I could not put through a day without suffering extreme nervous torture, which would increase hour by hour till finally, to save myself as it seemed, from almost flying to pieces, I had to light the little, white pipe stick and swallow the smoke. One day I read in my paper 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away,' just what I was doing, it came to me like the warning of the man who waves the red flag of danger at the railroad crossing, and said that No-To-Bac was an absolutely guaranteed relief from tobacco slavery. I did not believe it, but like a drowning man grasping at a straw I commenced taking No-To-Bac. The effects were magical, it destroyed the nerve craving, and desire for cigarettes. Two boxes, would you believe it, made me well and strong. I have gained mentally, physically, in vigor and manhood, and with the brain free from the nicotine and a breath no longer befouled with tobacco smoke I am so happy to-day to write No-To-Bac did it all a year ago, so the cure is time tested and tried, not only in my own case, but several of my friends who have been also cured."

"We have a baby boy now. My wife and I feel that all this happiness started from the time when I first used No-To-Bac, and in evidence of our appreciation and in order that the memory of the happiness may be perpetuated in a living form, we want to name our baby boy after the man who wrote the line 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.'"

"No-To-Bac is popular here and all our druggists sell it. Hardly a day passes but somebody asks me about No-To-Bac, so I don't want you to hesitate to use these lines in any way that you think will make known to suffering humanity the happiness that there is in store for the many men with nicotine-brained and weakened resolutions. If they will only make up their mind to save the waste of vital power—to say nothing of the money—now going up in smoke and out in tobacco spit."

If man never forget he would eventually become a polyglot.

GOT A PAIN IN YOUR BACK?

If You Have It Well That You Should Know the Cause, and Better Yet, the Remedy to Cure It.

A great many people have what their common term "a Bad Back." It is lame, and many pains and aches across and up and down the back make their life a burden. Some try plasters, others liniments; few strike at the cause; perhaps it is that few know it. Let us explain: If the kidneys are out of order the first warning is from the back, and no organs of the system are so susceptible to derangement as the kidneys. Read what Mr. Water, of 789 Michigan avenue, Detroit, Mich., has to say about it. He says: "I have been afflicted with kidney trouble for as much as 15 years; the pain across my kidneys and back was so intense at times that I had to give up work; the suffering was continual as the pain never left me. I have doctored, taken patent medicines, and worn plasters until I lost all confidence in everything, as nothing seemed to give me any relief. I have taken any quantity of buchu, but all to no avail. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised, and thought I would try them; so procured a box of the Detroit Pharmacal Co. and began their use. I can truly say they have done me a world of good. The pain from my kidneys across the back has left me entirely, and my whole system has to have been toned up; I am feeling better now than I have felt for years."

This is only one of many cases that here in Detroit. No modern medicine can show so many cures in so short a time as Doan's Kidney Pills. It can truly be said that the modern wonder for kidney and urinary troubles. For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., B. O. Box 233, Sole agents for the United States.

A man's sins find him out far more readily than his best detective.

Deafness Can Not be Cured by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous membrane. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

When meanness has been baptized and called religion it is as deadly as small pox.

DROUGHT PROOF FIELD CORN. Here is something new. Despite 110 days without a drop of rain, Salzer's new Yellow Dent corn yielded on a large acreage over sixty-eight bushels per acre, while the department of agriculture reports the average yield on corn but a trifle over twenty bushels per acre in the United States. Now think of the possibilities of this corn in a good corn season! It will go double this yield then or 130 bus.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It with 14c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed company, LaCrosse, Wis., you will get free a package of this Drought Proof Corn and their mammoth catalog wru

You cannot stop a vile man's tongue, but you can stop your own ears. In Holland, Mich., C. J. Doesbury publishes the News, and in its columns strongly recommends Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for coughs, colds, sore throat, catarrh and asthma. Man is not lost by doing wrong, but by being wrong. I could not get along without Pilo's Cure for Consumption. It always cures. E. C. MOUTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, 91. Golden opportunities do not fly in clouds.

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 25cts.
Resolutions of Condolence 50cts.
Paid notices not a word in local acts a word.
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Friday MARCH 1 1895.

BEATEN BY GHOSTLY HANDS.

Miserable Existence of a Bridegroom in a Haunted House.

In one of the broadest, cleanest, best-paved, and most fashionable of Jersey City's avenues there stands a handsome four-story brick house which the eye singles out at first glance as a desirable place of residence. To begin with, it is exceptionally broad and solid looking, says the Chicago Times, with a hundred little details of construction which say to the initiated eye it was built by some one who meant to live in it rather than sell it. There is a queer sort of tower in front, with a balcony running around the foot of it. Altogether the whole air of the place is what the real-estate men call a desirable residence for gentlemen.

That is what a Southern gentleman thought. He was in search of a house to buy and was taken with the looks of this one. After he had looked it over his wife went to see it, in company with a woman friend, long resident in the avenue. As the door opened to them the Southerner clatched her companion's arm.

"Let's go back," she said. "Some thing—a feeling I cannot explain—tells me I cannot live in this house."

Her companion insisted that they go through it. It was broad daylight, the house had a tenant, and no harm could possibly befall them. So through the house they went, sliding much that was desirable, though the Southerner kept looking nervously over her shoulder. When the inspection had finished and the pair were again on the street, she said with a shudder:

"I would not live there if they gave me the house. Of all places I was ever in it is the one that feels most haunted. I expected all the time to feel a ghost clutch my hair."

The other woman laughed dryly. "It is a haunted house," she said, "the worst one in the city—though I was resolved not to tell you until after you had seen it. No tenant lives in it longer than three months—that is why it is offered at such a bargain. Lights flit through it at night, there are screams and ghostly footfalls, and floating hands that catch at you as you pass. The story of it is this: Old Mr. J. built it, after he had his fortune, intending to live there the rest of his days. He furnished it magnificently—among other things he got a fine young wife. Six months after he was found dead in bed—and three months after that his widow married a handsome young fellow of whom gossip said that he was her old lover."

"Anyway, before the honeymoon ended he left his bride alone in her fine house, and said openly it was because he could get no peace there; that he was beaten by ghostly hands, cursed by ghostly voices, tormented by ghostly lights, until he must either leave or go crazy. Though that was a dozen years ago, the noises continue; the ghosts will not down. The wife has been dead for years; the house passed to the husband, which to my mind explains the persistence of the visitation."

Examples might be endlessly multiplied. There is not a nook or corner of the land that has not its own sufficiently authenticated apparition. The real marvel lies in finding out that the most advanced modern thought no longer reckons these apparitions such stuff as dreams are made of.

Profits of Middlemen.
"There is a mystery in the profits of middlemen," said a householder. "I had been paying from fifty to fifty cents a peck for sweet potatoes from my suburban grocer when I accidentally learned that they were selling at fifty cents a barrel in Southern Virginia. By way of experiment I ordered a barrel. Here is what they cost me: Potatoes, at steamboat wharf in Virginia, 50 cents; barrel, 20 cents; freight by boat and rail, \$1.64; cartage to my house, 25 cents; total, \$2.59. My grocer would have charged me at retail from \$4.80 to \$6 a barrel for sweet potatoes not so good as those I thus imported, and I have noticed that his sweet potatoes often rotted on my hands, while these are keeping in perfect condition."

Speculation in Stamps.
Just before the Zulu war there was in Mauritius a stamp collector who was a friend of the local postmaster. One day he learned that there was to be a clearance of old stock and obtained permission to buy it all as waste. It occurred to him that he might do the same at other small colonial postoffices and acquire stamps without difficulty. One of his Mauritius stamps he sold not long ago for \$4,250, and, according to the Manchester Courier, he has already made between \$100,000 and \$150,000 by his investment.

Mommsen's Latest Mission.
Theodore Mommsen, the historian, has been appointed vice chancellor of the German order, "Pour le Merite." The order was established by Frederick the Great as a reward for military services. In 1810, during the war against Napoleon, it was restricted to those who had done some deed of valor in battle. In 1842 a second class was instituted, consisting of persons eminent in science and in civil life.

Come now, stationary for almost nothing at the MAIL office.

GEORGE'S SECRET.

What George's secret was we shall never know, because George has lost it as irretrievably as you lose the Nice Rapids at the Gare de Lyon, if you are unwise enough to take the Centure railway round Paris. But Tom and I saw George in the full possession of his secret for two, long June days, that secret which set him on a pinnacle higher than the kings of the earth, and as Tom can never hear it alluded to much less allude to it himself, without becoming blasphemous, it is left for me to recount its manifestations. It was on this wise:

Tom is fonder of fishing than any one else I have ever seen, and I am much more devoted to fishing than Tom. Therefore, it happened that one long vacation we rushed away from Cambridge as soon as term was over to a stream which I shall call Euphrates, because it is a river of Paradise. Pison, the first river of paradise in Ross-shire and the salmon of Pison are as strong as bullocks and as pink as the rosy-fingered morn. Gihon is in Norway, and the salmon there are as strong as the four-year old bulls and as nobly born as the Lady Clara Vere de Vere, and the salmon trout are as the sand of the sea for number.

Hiddekel is in Hampshire, and the trout of Hiddekel are as shy as the red deer on the mountains over Gihon; yet if you go like Agag, delicately, they will yield themselves over to the dry fly, that glen in whose hands even Ulysses would have been as wax.

But Euphrates in Devonshire, and the man who has not yet finished Euphrates in June knows not the joys of the rivers of Paradise. Brawling down between the knees and elbows of Exmoor it goes, and it knows not drouth nor dearth. Here it burrows between walls of good bed rock, chafing for the sea, and here it lies with a stretch of meadow land on each side, and overhung with alders and slim poplars, loitering along from shallow to wader in the flat meadow land, and all down to the pool, and it is below the wader in the flat meadow land, and all down the pools to where they begin to break into foam and ripple again that the big trout lie.

Far be it from me to speak against the dry fly—for I have not fished in Hiddekel?—yet in many moods, wet fly fishing pleases me more. With the dry fly, you spy your trout as if he were a stag, and then proceed to inveigle him. What you gain in diplomacy you lose in mystery. But in the Euphrates you may cast your fly upon the waters blindly and at random. There are many trout in all the pools, and big ones in each, and who knows but that each cast may not be just over the snout of some giant intent on feeding? But though the trout of Euphrates will take the wet fly well and eagerly they are no fools.

The fly must be cast to their liking; it must touch the water with less noise than the echo of a dream. Its noise must be as light as Titania's kiss, or they will have none of it, and the gut must be as fine as gut can be, for there is nothing finer than gut. Such at least were the demands of Euphrates trout, before George's secret revolutionized their habits, and such are their demands now that George has lost his secret. But for two days the laws of the Medes and Persians were repealed. George repealed them, and the annoying thing about it is that he has not the least idea what laws he substituted for them.

George had never fished before, he told us, and when we saw him begin we saw no reason to doubt his word. The first evening we were there we rushed out for an hour or two, but George said he would only come and watch us. He attached himself to me and hardly took the trouble to conceal his contempt when I caught nothing for ten minutes. He also began pitching pebbles into the water until he was stopped. However, in the course of an hour I caught six, and George said he thought I looked pretty easy. Next morning after breakfast we all went down to the stream. I was a few minutes behind the others, and when I got down George had put on his waders and was just stepping into the water. I asked him what flies he had on, and he said he didn't know their names. My horror was intensified, when I saw attached to a rope of gut a blue bottle, a thing like a hornet, and a sort of tortoise-shell butterfly. At the same time I excused him for not knowing their names, for they were unnamable. He said he had bought them in Manchester.

I told him he might as well fish with a couple of kittens and a retriever puppy; but he laughed scornfully. Next moment the tortoise-shell butterfly whisked by my nose, and the blue bottle and the hornet fell sonorously on the water. I took off my boots in order to get into my waders. Then I heard George calling to me.

"I've just caught something," he said. "What am I to do?"

"It's a snag," I called out. "If your flies won't come loose, you must wade out and disentangle them."

I heard him splashing about in the stream, and thanked my stars I was going to fish above him, and, having got to my waders on, I went into the water to cross over to the other side. George was just poking about with a landing net a few yards below me, and I waited.

Something splashed on the top of the water, and George swooped at it as if he were catching butterflies. I stumbled down to him, seized the landing net from him, and landed his fish. It was one of the finest fish I had ever taken in Euphrates, and its upper lip was firmly impaled on the tortoise-shell butterfly.

elder. He wrenched it free—the gut would have held the sea serpent—and the three nameless insects fell into the water in a lump, with a large piece of green leaf garlanding the tail of the hornet. I suggested to George that he should take it off, and George answered that it didn't matter. Three times more he hurled the flies at the unoffending water, like Zeus hurling a thunderbolt, and then another fish rose to him, but missed the flies. George chuckled his merriment at it and hooked it. It had taken the hornet.

I stood and watched George for an hour on that creamy June morning, when the water was in beautiful condition and the fish were on the feed, although I would not have waited one minute of it to look at the finest fisher living. He rattled his flies on the water; he churched the still pool into foam; he knocked at it as if it was the closed door of my, with the five foolish virgins; he struck it as with a rhinoceros whip; he beat it; he flogged it; he banged it; he slapped it; he did everything but fish it. The unnamable insects flew this way and that through the astonished air. They swooped on to the water like cruel hawks, or lions springing at unsuspecting fawns, but what made it worse was that George caught fish. He caught many heavy fish.

For two days George continued to catch many heavy fish, and I was seriously thinking of writing to the "Flood" about him, illustrating my article with photographs of the water as the flies struck the surface, and with full-sized tracings of the flies themselves. The first day he caught thirty-five fish, and the second day only five. Then the end came. No man can catch good baskets of fish without wishing to catch better, and George's evil genius prompted him to practice fishing with somewhat lighter hand. After dinner that night we were smoking on the lawn, and George brought out his fishing rod and asked us to show him how we cast without making such a splash. If he mastered the rudiments of fishing, that if to his unquestionable genius for catching fish there was added art, he would at once rise to a position which had never yet been attained. So, until it grew quite dark, George made the quiet air hideous with the blue-bottle, the hornet and the tortoise-shell butterfly.

Next morning he fished steadily from breakfast time to lunch, and caught nothing. The fish were on the rise for a full hour and a half that morning, and Tom and I both caught a fair lot. At lunch George was morose, and inveighed against Art, saying that Nature was the only guide, and that he would go back to his state of innocence and ignorance. So all that day after he fished as no man but he had ever fished before; his flies fell heavily in a lump, and cruelly and vindictively beat upon the stream, yet no fish rose. The secret was gone.

For two more days he persevered, and even now, though he fishes well, sometimes the sweet madness of the secret comes on him again, and he hurls large flies at the tender trout, but without result. The secret is irretrievably lost. I do not attempt to explain George's secret. Whether the fish were all mad, or whether they were so much surprised that in mere absence of mind they rose at George's thunderous attack, I do not know. I can only state that for those two days they rose at him like one man, when, to judge by all we know about the habits of fish, they ought to have hidden themselves under stones until the tempest was overpast. In any case their conduct for these two days only confirms my opinion of the Euphrates trout, that you can get quite exceptional fishing among them.—E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," in The Sketch.

ALL KINDS OF QUEER PETS.

Frogs, Owls and Cockroaches Trained by a Maryland Scientist.

Harry C. Hopkins one of the youngest members of the Maryland Academy of Science has a special fondness for animals, says the Baltimore Sun. Among his earliest pets were three frogs, which he raised from tadpoles. They became so tame that they would recognize his voice and hop eagerly to him whenever they heard him speak. His next pets were five screech owls, which he kept in the corner of his home. One of the owls which he called Bob, because so accustomed to his voice that it would screech back a reply when called, and would haste to join Mr. Hopkins in the lower rooms of the house. Mr. Hopkins had at other times raccoons, opossums, foxes, white mice and white rats for pets. The latest pet in his collection was the unique of all, and was perhaps the only pet of the kind ever heard of. It was a roach—an ordinary brown roach that ran out of his desk one day and took a sip from a drop of ink that had fallen on the desk. Mr. Hopkins let the little creature indulge itself undisturbed, and one day induced it to take a sip from the point of his pen. After that to tame the roach was an easy matter, and he soon had it so tame that it would come from its hiding place when called, and would follow the pen over the paper while Mr. Hopkins wrote. Mr. Hopkins did not enjoy the society of his little pet long. A new servant with a mania for "cleaning up" and antipathy to roaches saw the pet on the desk one day and killed it.

Damare Done by One Shell.

What a single shell can do — one modern projectile flying true to its mark—was manifested at the battle between the Chinese and Japanese fleets off the Yalu river in September. One Canet shell weighing nearly 1,000 pounds of the Holtzer make, struck the Chinese battle ship Ping Yuen, crushing through the after part of the armored deck, tearing a vast hole, through which the water poured in such volumes that the vessel went down, carrying most of her officers and crew with her. The cost of such a shell is somewhere between \$500 and \$1,000, but the cost of a battle ship is \$3,000,000 up. Such evidence of the power of a single shot so far to support Admiral Farragut's belief that in the race between projectile and plate the former was bound to win, and the result would be that armor would come off ships as it came off men, and for the same reason, the ceasing to be a protection it became a burden.—London Engineering.

Salem.

The "caw, caw" of the returned corn puller is again heard abroad in the land, and soon will be heard the voice of the festive frog as he balances himself upon his finger tips and shouts "knee deep, knee deep, better go round."

A severe cold, together with some very painful boils, makes our otherwise good-natured townsman, Henry Doane, feel rather "off his base" as the saying goes, he having had something less than a hundred boils in the last few months, or as our Irish friend expressed it, "three duzzin and ten of 'em."

Memorial services for the late Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. were held in the Congregational church of this place last Sabbath evening. The exercises, which consisted of readings, recitations, etc., were excellent throughout.

Mrs. Mary P. Wright, a returned missionary from Turkey, will deliver an address in the Congregational church Sunday evening, March 10th.

Nearly one hundred persons were in attendance at the social held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Thayer on Friday evening last.

On account of sickness, Mrs. Chas. Ross was unable to recite her beautiful poem which she had written for the Mary T. Lathrop memorial services. It was presented, however, by Mrs. Rosa Smith.

Miss Jessie and Emily Bronson, who have been working in the factory at Ypsilanti, were visiting relatives and friends in Salem and vicinity a part of this week.

Mr. Wm. Winans and wife, from near Ann Arbor, were the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Doane, one day this week.

The Womens Missionary Society of the Baptist church will hold their annual meeting in the church parlors Saturday of this week. On account of the election of officers which will occur at this time a full attendance is desired.

A brakeman on the D. L. & N. R. R., while coupling cars at this station, had the misfortune of having one of his fingers so badly crushed that amputation was necessary.

Mr. Calvin Wheeler is confined to the house with la grippe.

Pride will often keep a person warm on a very cold day, especially if the person is a young man who expects to be greeted at the end of his drive by a vision of loveliness in the form of a young lady who would declare herself comfortable on a drive with only one cloak and no protection to her head and ears even though the mercury was shivering several degrees below zero.

We are informed that little Mildred Nollar is convalescing from her recent severe illness.

Miss Matilda Giegler is visiting at Pinckney.

Rev. D. H. Conrad and family visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. Simmonds on Wednesday of this week.

GUESS.

MARVELOUS RESULTS.

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

John VanTyle, of Edwardsburg, Mich. doctored for 30 years for fits, but got no help till he used Adirondas, Wheeler's Heart and Nerve Cure, which completely cured him. Sold by John L. Gale.

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

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.



Mrs. J. P. Bell, Ossawatimie, Kas., wife of the editor of The Graphic, the leading local paper of Miami county, writes "I was troubled with heart disease for six years, severe palpitations, shortness of breath, together with such extreme nervousness, that at times I would walk the floor nearly all night. We consulted the best medical talent. They said there was no help for me, that I had organic disease of the heart for which there was no remedy. I had read your advertisement in The Graphic and a year ago, as a last resort, tried one bottle of Dr. Miles' New Cure for the Heart, which convinced me that there was true merit in it. I took three bottles each of the Heart Cure and Restorative Nervine and it completely cured me. I sleep well at night, my heart beats regularly and I have no more smothering spells. I wish to say to all who are suffering as I did; there's relief untold for them if they will only give your remedies just one trial."

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it in 1, 3, 6 bottles for \$1, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Restores Health

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

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.

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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.

GOING EAST	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Grand Rapids	7:00	1:20	5:55
Howard City	8:50	4:50	
Union	7:30	5:55	
Grand Ledge	8:30	4:45	7:02
Lansing	8:54	5:06	7:25
Williamston	9:14	5:29	7:58
Webberville	9:28	5:43	
Fowlerville	9:38	5:44	8:10
Howell	9:53	5:59	8:25
Howell Junction	9:56		
Brighton	10:11	6:14	8:41
South Lyon	10:26	6:28	8:56
Salem	10:36		9:05
PLYMOUTH	10:51	6:47	9:20
Detroit	11:40	5:30	10:10
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

GOING WEST.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Detroit	7:40	1:16	6:00
PLYMOUTH	8:25	1:58	6:43
Salem	8:36		6:54
South Lyon	8:48	2:07	7:04
Brighton	9:03	2:21	7:18
Williamston	9:14	2:29	7:28
Howell	9:28	2:36	7:38
Fowlerville	9:38	2:50	7:50
Webberville	9:48	3:00	8:50
Williamston	9:56	3:08	8:58
Lansing	10:27	3:36	9:37
Grand Ledge	10:33	3:53	9:50
Imula	11:50	4:45	10:05
Howard City	1:30		11:45
Grand Rapids	12:40	5:20	10:45
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

All trains week days only.

Parlor cars on all trains between Detroit and Grand Rapids. Seats decent.

Chicago and West Michigan Ry.

Trains leave Grand Rapids

For Chicago 7:15 a. m., 1:25 p. m., and 4:10 p. m.

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

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

ED. PELTON, Agent, General Passenger Agent, Plymouth.

GEO. DEHAVEN, Agent, Grand Rapids.

F. & P. M. R. R.

TIME TABLE.

In effect Nov. 18 1894.

Trains leave Plymouth as follows:

STANDARD TIME.

GOING SOUTH

GOING NORTH

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

Train 1, 3:35 a. m.

Train No. 5, 2:23 p. m.

Train No. 8, 9:00 p. m.

Train No. 10, 6:45 a. m.

Train No. 9, 5:25 p. m.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of Sarah M. Ireland, 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, and on Saturday, the third 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 15th 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. 388 261

BACKACHE AND RHEUMATISM relieved by Dr. Miles' Nerve Plasters.

Dr. Miles' Nerve Plasters 25c. at all druggists.

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

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First Glass Rlqs Reasonable Charges.

PATRONS ACCOMMODATED DAY OR NIGHT.

GZAR PENNEY, Plymouth, Mich.

The Wherry Mole Trap.

THE BEST TRAP MADE.

It Does the Work if Properly Set.

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

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

INTERESTING GOSSIP FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Some Pen and Ink Sketches of Popular Costumes—For a Widow—A Tea Gown or What?—The Pajama—Kitchen Recipes.

WOMAN HAS MADE another invasion into the province of dress heretofore exclusively monopolized by man, and her great desire to avail herself of every opportunity to appropriate each and every article of his wardrobe to her use is shown again in a feminine adaptation of the useful pajama. To be sure, this negligé costume appears in a new guise, transformed into a thing of beauty, to gratify her more æsthetic taste, by the use of lace, yards of satin ribbon, and a blouse waist of the latest Parisian proportions, but it is a pajama still, with all the elements of comfort possessed by its more severe

A Saving Instance.
"Tell me, honestly," said the novel reader to the novel writer, "did you ever see a woman who stood and tapped the floor impatiently with her toe for several moments, as you describe?" "Yes," was the thoughtful reply; "I did once." "Who was she?" "She was a clog dancer."—Washington Star.

A Practical Dress Reform.
Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery is a practical dress reformer. For her three little girls she invented garments called "trouserloons," and during their early youth kept them attired in them. "I dress them in trouserloons," she said, "because it is so much safer. They play about the floor a great deal at home, and among the draughts that prevail in country houses they would catch cold all the time were it not for the trouserloons. It's the most splendid way ever invented to dress children. I suppose I shall have to give it up, though, when they enter school and mix with other children who are dressed differently."

Cabbage Fried with Cream.
Chop a quart of cold boiled cabbage. Fry it five minutes with sufficient butter or drippings to prevent burning. Season it lightly with pepper or salt

Pikes Peak.
The social at Wm. Herr's last Thursday eve, for the purpose of buying an organ for the district, was well attended and all enjoyed a pleasant evening. The proceeds were something over \$7.00.

Mr. Warren Brown is better at this writing.

Mr. C. G. Brown, who has been visiting at Saginaw and other northern towns for the last four months, has returned.

Mr. Wm. Parmelee will soon begin fixing over the old church to be used as a store.

Mrs. A. Stephenson is convalescent.

Mr. Geo. Barnes and Geo. Cooper went to Detroit on Wednesday.

A very large crowd assembled last Saturday to hear the "turkey" suit of Lathers and Stewart which was held in the upper story of A. Robinson's shop. A support was put under the center of the floor, which broke and let the floor sag, so the court adjourned to the P. of I. hall.

C. J. Nollert went to Detroit on business last Wednesday.

Mr. L. R. Osband has been quite sick but is better at this writing.

Ed and Will McKinney spent Sunday afternoon and evening with friends at this place (but they often do).

Mr. Dea Robinson and family are moving into A. Stephenson's house. He has been employed by Wm. Ewing at Orchard Lake as engineer in the latter's saw-mill, for the past year and a half.

The law suit on Monday between P. Radelt and I. Lewis to recover damages to the former, resulted in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$125 and costs.

Mrs. Marvin Cummings is down with the "grip".

Mr. C. Westfall and son, formerly of this place but late of Wayne, were at this place on Monday.

"Mew sick" entertainments are quite frequent evenings of late. You see the cats begin to congregate.

Dr. Jalap hasn't been out very much of late.

ADIRONDA
TRADE MARK
Wheeler's Heart Cure AND Nerve Cure
—Positively Cures—
HEART DISEASE, EPILEPSY, NERVOUS PROSTRATION.
Noselessness and all derangements of the Nervous System.

Unexcelled for Restless Babies.
Purely Vegetable. Guaranteed free from Opiates. 100 full size doses, 50c.

Rev. R. M. Middleton, M. E. Clergyman, Spring Lake, Mich., says: "Sleep and rest were strangers to me after preaching all I could '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**

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

Dr. Miles' **Pain Pills** are guaranteed to stop **Headache** in 20 minutes. "One cent a dose."

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.



SOME STYLISH EVENING GOWNS.

and unattractive prototype. It may be made of silk or a new material of silk and wool, white striped with pale blue, and tied in at the waist, ankles, wrists and neck with blue satin ribbon. Lace frills give it a feminine touch of daintiness, and altogether it has much to recommend it for real service, especially in taking long journeys.

This for a Widow.
Every woman in the opera house longed to be a widow in the "emerg-



BLACK SATIN AND WHITE CORDED SILK.
ing" period when she saw that opera cloak. There was a yoke of black satin heavily embroidered in pearls and finished with a collar of ostrich feathers. Ostrich feathers also trimmed the bottom of the yoke. From this yoke a long, full cloak of white corded silk fell to the ground. Two deep shoulder flounces of the white finished the cloak, one reaching the waist line, the other half as long. Both of these were outlined by a narrow band of jet embroidery. The cloak itself and the shoulder ruffles were lined with pale lavender.—New York World.

Almond Macaroons.
Pound four ounces of blanched almonds fine in a mortar, with one tablespoonful of rose water. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and then gently stir into them half a pound of powdered sugar and the pounded almonds. Drop them by the teaspoonful upon buttered pans or on white paper, dust them lightly with powdered sugar and bake them slowly for about twenty minutes in a rather cool oven. Almonds are blanched by letting them lie in boiling water for a few moments until the skins run off easily with a cloth.

and stir into it a half a cupful of cream or of milk, with a teaspoonful of flour mixed with it, then let the cabbage cook five minutes longer and serve hot.

American Duchesses.
There are two American duchesses in the British peerage, her grace of Manchester and her grace of Marlborough. Both are widows, both are young enough to marry again, and both are of attractive person. Now comes the rumor that one of them is to wed a young New Yorker, rich, handsome, and of good position. I have no idea how much truth there is in the statement, but I do know who are meant by this, mysterious description. Who is the man, do you think? I will not tell you now, nor if I did would you be able from that to guess which of the duchesses it is. But I will say that I am not satisfied that the event is likely to come off soon. On the contrary, I am very skeptical about the whole thing. Either of these ladies would be welcome again among us, and as it is to be expected that a New York husband would persuade his bride, even though a duchess, to live here. I trust the tale may come true.—New York Mail and Express.

A Tea Gown—on What?
The modiste, being a person of expansive ideas, called it a tea gown. To every one else it appeared to be a particularly magnificent frock for a hostess to wear at any particularly magnificent function except, perhaps, a ball. It was made of old rose crepe



OLD ROSE CREPE AND LACE.
and very heavy cream lace. A deep round yoke of the lace formed the top of the bodice. From it in the back the crepe fell away in a Watteau train—one of those triple Watteau trains with reinforcements.—New York World.

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

SCHOOL NOTES.
Our Virgil class, although exceedingly small, is progressing finely, making up in enthusiasm and energy what it lacks in numbers, having read two more books than the Ann Arbor high school class in the same length of time.

Election of officers will take place next meeting. All members will please attend.

Our geometry class leads, by one book, the geometry class of Milford high school.

Last Wednesday evening the Arena club held the most lively and exciting meeting of its whole existence. The prime feature of the long and interesting program was the debate on the following question: "Resolved, that woman ought to exercise the political privileges of man." Chief on the affirmative being absent, her place was taken by the first colleague who performed his part well. When all matters were carefully considered, the judges gave the victory to the affirmative, although it was conceded by many that the negative made the best points, many of their arguments being unanswered by the other side. After the regular debate the society discussed the question informally. The sympathy of the majority was with the woman suffragists. Toward the close of the meeting an exciting discussion of parliamentary law took place.

Foreign Money Orders at half price at Dohmstreich's.

The Plymouth laundry is a home institution. Support it.

Reduced Rates to Detroit and Lansing.
For the conventions named, the C. & W. M. and D. L. & N. lines will sell round trip tickets, as follows:
DETROIT—Republican State Convention—One Fare.
Sell Feb'y 20 and 21—Return limit Feb'y 23d.
LANSING—Prohibition State Convention—One and one third.
Sell Feb'y 20 and 21—Return limit Feb'y 22d. 388-389

WITH INTENT TO PLEASE.
"Why has Snoozer quit going to church? Is he out with the new minister?" "Yes; he doesn't like his sermons; he keeps everybody awake."

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.

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 Barbary 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 ninth day of May, A. D. 1895, and on Thursday, the eighth 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 fifth 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. 384-392

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 May, A. D. 1895, and on Saturday, the third 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 fifth 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. 385-393

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. Dwyer, 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 HILL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DWYER, Judge of Probate.
(A true copy) HOMER A. FLINT, Registrar.
386-40

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

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

OVER EIGHT THOUSAND!
and are still selling them. They are the best cistern that is made, and give complete satisfaction. Although lumber is nearly twice as high, the old price remains, *et cetera*.

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.

Stop Thief!
Any one whose Watch has a
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.

Don't Stop Tobacco.

How to Cure Yourself While Using It.

The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected...

Livery AND SALE STABLE

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

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

TRY JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM.

It is the largest package and the finest flavored gum on earth. BABY'S BIRTHDAY

BEST ON EARTH



1 lb. Can 35c. CLEVELAND BROTHERS, 103 Murray St., New York.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

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

We shall never know if we are really a brutal nation until a Spanish bull meets up with a college rush line.

THERE are 71,895 grass widows in the United States. No figures are at hand as to the number of widows who have been able to keep off the grass.

STOP advertising when your business gets too heavy for you to handle, but until that happy climax is reached you'd better continue talking to the people.

THE idea that Miss Anna Gould's future husband is without intrinsic worth should be dismissed. He is pronounced the best cotton leader in all France.

THE Brooklyn trolley cars appear to be running again as usual. They ran into three funeral processions in one day last week, and it wasn't any of their funerals either.

ONE sure effect of the hypnotic fall is a tendency to confuse parais with the new favorite. The new title is quite as euphonious as the old, and is much more satisfactory to the victims.

IN making changes in its game and fish laws, Wisconsin has done one of the funniest things ever known in preservation—that of adding the state professor of "geology" to the commission.

THIRTY years ago Lord Kelvin calculated that the earth is about 100,000,000 years old, basing his figures on the loss of the internal heat of the globe.

THE ascent of the Jungfrau will be a simple matter when the climber can walk up to the line of vegetation and then board a railway car to be drawn to the top through an inclined tunnel cut in the rocky side of the mountain.

THE semi-annual engagement of Miss Anna Gould is announced, and this time confirmed by her brother George.

THE Japanese are having all the glory and excitement of war without any of the hardships and without very much of its dangers.

MARINE disasters seem to be worse than they have been in years. Luckily, the men of the sea take these things tolerably easily—if not contemptuously.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT makes a most liberal offer to American writers. He will donate \$10,000 to the best serial story of from 50,000 to 75,000 words by an American author.

IN a suit for divorce recently tried in Kentucky the defendant, replying to the charge of drunkenness solemnly averred that he never drank anything but water.

PENNSYLVANIA wants to bribe people to put out forest fires. A clause in a new forestry bill now under consideration at Harrisburg is as follows:

IN building nests birds invariably avoid the use of bright colored materials, which would add to the chances of the enemy in locating them.

LAST year counted thirty-four victims of the Brooklyn trolley cars. Since the inauguration of the system, two and a half years ago, ninety-two persons have been killed by them.

THREE children of Edwin Winnecker of Wheeling died within an hour of each other of diphtheria and were buried in one grave. They were six, eight and ten years old respectively.

IT is a common belief among women that the moth will not attack any green material. Green dyes often contain arsenic and that may account for the antipathy of the moth to the color.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX—MARCH 3—THU RAINING OF LAZARUS. Golden Text: I Am the Resurrection and the Life—John XI: 30-45.

Introductory. When Jesus received the message that Lazarus was sick, he was on the other side of Jordan, and lingered there two days before starting out for Bethany.

1. The Interview With Mary, vs. 30-37. "Jesus was... in that place where Martha met him."

2. "The Jews then which... comforted her." Jewish usages regulated with great precision the visits of condolence.

3. "Weeping." Not shedding tears, but weeping. "He groaned in the spirit." Was oppressed both with grief and with anger.

4. "Where have ye laid him?" The only case in which Jesus is said to have asked for information.

5. "Could not this man... have caused that even this man should not have died?" It was the friendly Jews that asked the question.

6. "The Miracle, verses 38-45. 'Again groaning.' The repetition of this statement shows how deep his feeling was.

7. "Take ye away the stone." If he would not do what others could do.

8. "Thou hearest me always." God's will and Christ's are in perfect and perpetual harmony.

9. "With a loud voice." Lazarus, come forth. As if he had been awaking a man from a deep sleep.

10. "Bound hand and foot." So that his movements were awkward and constrained.

11. "Then many of the Jews... believed on him." That any failed to do so is only another proof of the hardness of the human heart.

12. "In this raising of Lazarus there was a threefold miracle; there was the reversal of the corruption of the body, so that it should come forth in health and soundness.

13. "Bombast was originally cotton padding for the clothes, to make them stand out from the figure.

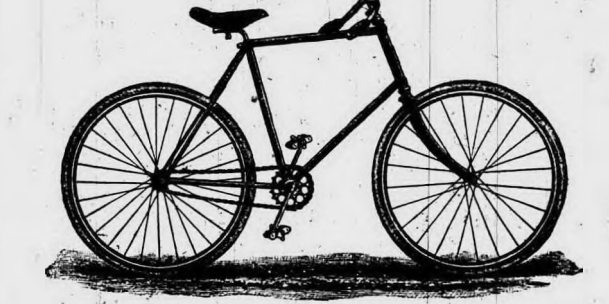
14. "In building nests birds invariably avoid the use of bright colored materials, which would add to the chances of the enemy in locating them.

15. "Last year counted thirty-four victims of the Brooklyn trolley cars. Since the inauguration of the system, two and a half years ago, ninety-two persons have been killed by them.

16. "Three children of Edwin Winnecker of Wheeling died within an hour of each other of diphtheria and were buried in one grave.

17. "It is a common belief among women that the moth will not attack any green material. Green dyes often contain arsenic and that may account for the antipathy of the moth to the color.

DO YOU RIDE A VICTOR?



The grandest outdoor sport is cycling; the best bicycle is a Victor, made in the largest and finest bicycle plant in the world.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO. Boston, Detroit, New York, Denver, Chicago, San Francisco, Pacific Coast, Los Angeles, Portland.

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.

WARREN EXTENSION TABLE CO., WARREN, PA.

WHAT YOUR THUMB TELLS

The thumb is an unfailing index of character. The Square Type indicates a strong will, great energy and firmness.

gentler sex, every one of whom should subscribe to Demorest's Magazine.

SELL OR TRADE! A THIRTY ACRE FARM FOR PLYMOUTH PROPERTY.

I have a farm of 30 acres, situated in Salem village, that I will exchange for Plymouth residence property.

PATENTS

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a patent on any new and original invention...

AMERICAN Heater Lamp



NO COAL, NO ASHES, NO ODOR. Will Light, Heat and Cook at a cost of 5 CENTS PER DAY.

THE AMERICAN LAMP & BRASS CO. MANUFACTURERS, TRENTON, N. J.

FREE! GENUINE SOLID GOLD FILLED WATCH

This Genuine SOLID GOLD FILLED WATCH, OR LADIES' SIZE. A genuine American made solid gold filled watch containing an all jeweled nickel or gilt movement.

GLOBE CORSETS

"Past Prestige is Our Present Power." Faultless Shapes! Superb Styles! Beautiful Designs!

Citizens

Of Plymouth and Vicinity I wish to inform the public that I am prepared to do anything in the line of

PLUMBING

Steam Fitting Gas Fitting and Sanitary work of all kinds.

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

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

James Hewett

General Plumber and Contractor.

FRANKLIN HOUSE

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

H. H. JAMES, Meals, 35c. Lodgings, 50c. Per Day, \$1.50.

FEATHERBONE CORSETS AND WAISTS.



FOR SALE BY E. L. RIGGS, Dry Goods and Notions, Plymouth

DON'T STOP TOBACCO

IT'S INJURIOUS TO STOP SUDDENLY and don't be imposed upon by buying a remedy that requires you to do so, as it is nothing more than a substitute.

Office of THE PIONEER PRESS COMPANY, C. W. HORNICK, Supt. 81 Paul, Minn., Sept. 7th, 1904.

MY OWN.

Brown heads and old around my knees
Dispute to sit or play
Sweet child-like voice in my ear
Are sounder all the day
Yet sometimes in a sudden hush
I seem to hear a tone
Such as my little boy's had been
If I had kept my own.

That Winter Night.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

"After all," he said, "the country is in no immediate want of soldiers; and, as you say, mademoiselle your daughter has only one natural protector. Perhaps you had better remain at home."

"While France does not lack soldiers, she is in urgent need of good officers. The war, unlike most wars, is a righteous one, in so far as it is a war of defense only. Other noblemen are making sacrifices, as you are aware. It is now my turn to take my place among the defenders of my country."

"Unable to restrain his enthusiasm any longer, Father Andre reached out his hand and grasped that of his entertainer."

"It is a noble determination! Mademoiselle Blanche will order no obstacles, I am sure."

"I do not think she will," returned the chevalier, "when I have made my duty plain to her; for though she is a child, she has rare courage."

"Ah! has she not? Why look you, it has often sent my heart into my mouth to see her ride along the sea-wall. Do you remember, too, how she swam out to sea last summer and brought in little Pipot, the gardener's son, when he was sinking for the last time?"

"Mere Fèveureau, the housekeeper, is her old nurse, almost her foster-mother; she will never neglect her charge. For the rest, you, old friend, will look in from time to time, to see that all goes well. Should she be low-spirited and anxious, you will comfort her, will you not? And should I never return—" Tears rose in his eyes; but conquering his emotion, and brushing the moisture away with his hand, he proceeded: "Should I never return you will watch over her and protect her. Her worldly position will be secure—I have attended to all that—and she will remain the mistress of the chateau."

"Nay, nay," cried the priest, good-humoredly; "the good God will bring you safely back to mademoiselle. You will kill a few rascally Germans, and return like a hero when the war is done!"

"But you promise to do as I have asked you? You accept the commission as a sacred trust?"

"As a sacred trust, chevalier."

Presently the priest rose to go; for the evening was well advanced, and he was an early bird. Before departing, he accompanied his host to the drawing-room, a large chamber furnished in the style of Louis Quatorze, and here they found Blanche all alone, seated at the harmonium, and singing one of the sweet old hymns once so popular in Normandy. They entered quietly and stood listening. When the hymn was finished, the chevalier bent over her and kissed her fondly.

"I shall tell her to-night," he whispered to Father Andre, as they parted at the porch.

He returned slowly in the drawing-room, and found that his daughter had drawn back the heavy window-curtains, and was gazing out upon the garden, hooded by the rays of the full moon. The moonlight crept in, shone softly upon her face, and clung round her tall, slight form like a robe of magnetic brightness. Quietly and silently the chevalier joined her in the recess of the oriel-window, and they gazed out upon the night together.

"Hubert says—he has just heard it at the farm—that there has been another great battle. As I was looking out I was thinking—But what is the matter, dear father? Are you cold?"

"No, my child; go on. You were thinking—"

"I was thinking how the battlefield must look, with the peaceful moonlight shining down upon it, and lighting the faces of the dead. Ah! how grateful should those be who dwell in peace at home, and never look upon such sights as that! And how grateful should I be that I have my own dear father always with me, while so many daughters weep and mourn!"

The chevalier shivered again as if with cold. He tried to speak, but could not find words. At last he could bear the suspense no longer. Not withdrawing his hands, he looked down upon the face of his daughter, and said, in a low voice:

"Blanche, I have something to say to you—something, my child, that may cause you some surprise, and perhaps a little pain. In a few days, my darling I must leave you, and go upon a journey."

"Father, what is it? Something has happened. Going upon a journey? Where are you going?"

He took her head between his two

trembling hands, and kissed her gently on the forehead, before he replied:

"To the frontier, Blanche. The country is in danger, and I am going to take my place among the soldiers of France."

CHAPTER II.

Blanche.

It was some minutes before Blanche could realize the full significance of her father's words; and even when she did so, she did not weep and wail in the manner of hysterical damsels. Her father had not misestimated her character; she possessed both courage and self-control. Yet it would have been seen, had the sunlight been shining upon her, that the life-blood had fled from her cheeks, leaving them white and cold as marble, and that in her eyes there was a fixed expression of utter horror and pain. Trembling violently, she clung to her father, as if she already felt the iron hand which was about to snatch him from her.

"Father, you will not go! France has thousands upon thousands of soldiers, and I have only you! Promise me you will stay—promise, and I know you will keep your word."

"My word is already given," replied the chevalier, gently, "and it pledges me to accept service in the defense of my country. My darling, I have hesitated a long time in my great love and care for you; but the events of the last few days have decided me, and if I now delayed, I should feel myself little better than a miserable coward."

"No one would think you that!" exclaimed Blanche. "All the world knows you are brave."

"I should be a coward at least in my own estimation. Blanche, there are moments in the lives of nations, as there are moments in the lives of men, when life hangs hovering in the balance, when the slightest thing may decide the sufferer's fate for good or evil. One of these moments has now come to France. Yesterday she was a sinner, justly punished; to-day she is a martyr, barbarously outraged. Would you have your father stop here, useless and despised, while other men, his countrymen, are sacrificing life and fortune for their country's sake, and when the sword of every true Frenchman is needed to repulse the invader and secure an honorable peace?"

As he spoke, he clasped her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly again and again. Both were strongly moved; both seemed to feel the shadow of an eternal separation. But with a strong effort the noble girl conquered her agony before it could conquer her, and sought with all her power to lighten the burden of her father's sorrow. Almost for the first time the chevalier realized the full strength and intensity of that tender nature. The next morning, when they met she was calm and resigned, though very pale. She had spent the greater part of the night in prayer, and sacred strength had come to her from the divine source of all our smiles and tears. Two days later came letters from the administration accepting his voluntary services, and bidding him to repair at once to headquarters.

Quietly, almost calmly, Blanche saw to the preparations for his departure; but on the last night before the separation the anguish became too much for her, and she fairly broke down, and sobbed upon his breast. Then taking from her bosom a small golden medallion attached to a slender golden chain, she placed it in his hands, saying:

"Father, see! It contains my mother's portrait and mine. You will wear it, will you not? Perhaps—God knows—it will be a charm to keep you safe, to bring you back to me. Oh, father, father!" she added, wildly, "what shall I do when you are gone away?"

"Trust in God, my darling," he answered. Then raising the medallion to his lips, "Place it round my neck with your own hands. So long as I am spared it will rest where you have placed it; and if I fall—"

"Ah, do not speak of it! God will bring you safe back to me. Ah, yes, dear father, I have faith. He will not part those who love each other so much."

He drew her softly to him, smoothing her hair with his hand and looking into her eyes.

"Blanche, my child," he said, "do not let us be selfish in our sorrow; do not let us forget that ours is a common misery, shared by thousands upon thousands, not only here in France, but yonder in Germany, beyond the Rhine. It is the curse of war that spares no man, and is cruellest to the helpless and innocent. Even our enemies have children who live and pray for them—remember that."

She looked at him in wonder, vaguely understanding, yet scarcely realizing the largeness of his noble compassion.

"Ah, my father, you are good. Even in your great sorrow you feel for others more than for yourself. But all the world knows—even Father Andre has said it in the pulpit—our enemies are monsters without pity and without love."

"Nay, Blanche," he answered gently, "they are only unfortunate men like ourselves, speaking a different tongue, but capable of the same holy affections. They are not to blame, but the evil rulers who urge them on. It is with a sad heart, my child, that I draw the sword against any fellow-creature; but the peril of France is my justification, and whatever blow I strike will be a blow of self-defense."

CHAPTER III.

An Adventure.

When it became known that the Chevalier de Gavrolles was about to throw in his lot with the defenders of France, there was great local enthusiasm. Father Andre, both in public

and in private, discoursed eloquently on the glories of patriotism, and pointed to the lord of the chateau as a shining example. The immediate result was seen in the formation of a large number of volunteers from the district, many of them being men who had already served their time, and were otherwise exempt from conscription. The excitement knew no bounds, and even Blanche began to share it. Fondly as she loved her father, she rejoiced in the last proof of his nobility and self-sacrifice.

"If I were only a man," she thought, "that I too might offer my life for France."

The day of parting arrived, and, followed by those whom his example had inspired, the chevalier left his home. A few days later word came that the Norman recruits, with others from the neighboring districts, had been formed into a company of the line, of which Gavrolles was constituted captain.

"Courage, my darling!" wrote the chevalier to his daughter. "We are ordered to the front at once." He added in a postscript to his letter: "The medallion, with your mother's picture and yours lies on my heart. Every night before I lie down to rest I look at the pictures, and bless both the living and the dead. May God have you in his keeping, and speedily reunite us!"

One morning, as Blanche sat in her boudoir, there was a knock at the door, and Hubert entered, the very picture of consternation.

"News, mademoiselle, horrible news!" he cried. "The Germans are close by!"

Blanche started in amazement. "It is quite true, mademoiselle," continued the old man. "I had it from the mouth of Monsieur Dudevant, the school-master, who has seen them with his own eyes. Oh, that the earth would open and swallow them up alive, the cannibals! They are coming here, and we shall soon be eaten up alive!"

The news was not without foundation. A portion of the advanced columns of the enemy had entered Normandy and taken possession of the capital. The whole district was in a panic. The wildest and most hideous stories were in circulation, and it was asserted on every hand that the Germans were committing the most inhuman crimes. Reports of men massacred, women insulted, villages razed to the ground, arrived every moment. Among the charges made against the enemy, was the one made so frequently against cavaliers in England during the great civil war—that of actual cannibalism. According to old Hubert, it was the common practice of foreign demons to take infants from their mothers' arms, toast them on the end of their bayonets, and devour them! Even Father Andre, an educated man who should have known better, was willing to believe any accusation, however preposterous, against the abominable invaders. They were not men, they were not human beings; but demons, exulting in outrage!

Meantime, Blanche de Gavrolles was agonized with anxiety, for nearly a fortnight had elapsed, and there was neither a letter nor a message from the chevalier. His last letter, hurriedly written on the scrap of an old envelope, had been sent from a distant town in the north, where some sharp business had been going on with the enemy's skirmishers. It had contained one passage, which afterward formed a source of hope and comfort.

"I do not know if this will ever reach you," the chevalier wrote, "but if it does so, do not be alarmed if you do not hear from me speedily again; for it is now exceedingly difficult to pass letters beyond the lines. Keep up a good heart, my Blanche, for I think these horrors will soon be over; it is the beginning of the end."

Another bomb of alarming intelligence was presently exploded by old Hubert.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Little Drops of Water.

The childish ditty beginning "Little drops of water" is very forcibly in the mind of a Boston printer. He occupies rooms just over a dealer in fancy goods, on a side street that runs from Tremont, off the Common. About two weeks ago one of the devils employed by the printer was taken with a fit while he was washing at the sink, and fell in a heap on the floor. The result was that the push department of the down-stairs merchant was deluged, the glove boxes, photograph albums, etc., being badly warped. A storm followed, which was cleared away by the payment of nominal damages. Last week the proprietor of the printing office himself was in the office one evening, and being thirsty went to the faucet. But the water had been shut off, and, no stream following the opening of the stopcock, he forgot to close it, and went home. The water was turned on before morning, and then came a repetition of the former experience. It was no use for the type-man to point to the fact that the second flood had warped the push goods back to their original shape. The printer was moving when last heard from.

Kind Hearted.

"Have you got any waterproof powder?" she asked the druggist in a whisper. "Any—what? Er—beg pardon." "Waterproof powder. I'm sure he is going to propose this evening and I've got to refuse him, and if I shed a few tears it will be easier for the poor boy."—Indianapolis News.

Equal Terms.

Miss Maryseason—Yes, I have consented to marry Mr. Goldbugg. I do not love him, but I respect him. Miss Budd—Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. Most likely his feeling for you is chiefly veneration.

SELF-EXHIBITED MELLONAIRES.

An Astor and a Vanderbilt Have Practically Quit the Country.

By a strange coincidence two representatives of the wealthiest of American families—families that used to be antagonistic, but now are friendly—sailed for Europe from New York the other day, with the purpose practically of expatriating themselves. William Waldorf Astor had been in New York city just one week. He came to attend the funeral rites of his late wife. Of course it was not to be expected that upon such a mission of sorrow he would see many of his old friends. At the same time, says the Philadelphia Press, in his brief stay it seemed to these friends that he made perfectly clear his determination to have no further interest in anything American excepting such as the care of his vast property here entails. Of course, there was public comment because, with the exception of Mr. Drayton, no member of the other branch of the Astor family took part in the funeral ceremonies of the late Mrs. Astor, while some of them, in fact, were in the very whirl of exciting social pleasures.

Something that Mr. Astor said or did caused the report to be spread about the clubs and in business circles that when he departed from America he departed for good, and very likely would never return, excepting under stress of business engagement. Exactly what the chief influence which led to this determination of expatriation was nobody seems to know. At one time it was thought to be anger at his political failure. But that is impossible, since his failure to be elected member of congress occurred some time before he was nominated minister to Italy by President Arthur. The reasons probably are partly social and partly family ones. Mrs. Astor is said to be very much pleased with his experience as a newspaper magazine publisher, and stories were told of his intention very greatly to enlarge his editorial investments.

William K. Vanderbilt, who sailed on the same day, will, it is believed, spend hereafter very much of his time in Europe. He does not propose to expatriate himself so completely as Mr. Astor does, but he has given over his New York and Newport houses to the use of his wife, has settled a large sum upon her and it is now clear that there is to be voluntary if not legal separation. His resources for himself are very great, and yet after all comparatively modest apartments in the Metropolitan club, keeping them year in and year out for his use whenever he happens to visit New York. But his friends think his coming will be as infrequent and his stays as brief, perhaps, as are those of James Gordon Bennett.

FIRELESS PEOPLE OF TO-DAY.

An Abyssinian Tribe Knows Nothing of Cooking—Primitive Andamaites.

If the eating of flesh food be instanced as a distinction that separates man from anthropoids, it can be urged on the other side that the latter feed on insects and when in captivity by no means despise flesh food. The first man, too, was probably a "vegetarian," but necessity and the absence of sufficient vegetable food for his augmenting species may have driven him to a flesh diet.

The cooking or roasting of meat must be regarded as an acquisition of a later epoch, because in the earliest stages of man's development there was undoubtedly a very long fireless period even in the present day, such as the Dokos, in Abyssinia, observes the Fortnightly Review. The Australians, too, knew nothing of boiling and roasting food until the advent of the Europeans. For the rest, all the savages know how to handle fire by the well known method of friction of two sticks, or what is simpler, they take a torch along with them on their wanderings that never goes out. The Andamaites preserve their fire by consuming the interiors of hollow trees.

Since the Andamaites have come in contact with Europeans they have superseded this method of preserving fire by the use of matches, which are very favorite objects with them. They eat their food either raw or roasted, less frequently boiled, as they have no cooking utensils. Moreover, according to the latest accounts from Otto Lander, of these savages, great mortality prevails among them, and they withdraw themselves into the woods more and more at the approach of Europeans. They go completely or almost completely naked, live in holes in the earth or under overhanging rocks, or build themselves a sort of rough hut with branches and leaves. Their weapons are spears, bows, and arrows tipped with iron, which they seize as booty from the wrecks of stranded ships. Their hatchets and axes, formerly made of stone, are now made of iron, and are bound to the handle with thongs. They only count up to three, and have no conception of God or immortality; they believe in a good and bad spirit only, hide their dead in the ground or throw them into the sea or lay them on wooden scaffolds, dance to the tune of a sounding board, have a very keen sense of vision—with their arrows they shoot fish that no European can see—are of a fierce, suspicious disposition, and, according to Lander, they probably constitute the transition of primitive nations of Indians to Australians, a remnant of an extinct people. They are of nearest kin to the Negriton of the Philippines. Their body height is 56 to 59 inches.

Experiments are being made in France to concentrate wine into tablets for transportation. After the grapes are pressed the juice is pumped into an apparatus, where it is evaporated and the vapor condensed. When it has the consistency of a syrup it is mixed with the grape pulp, producing a marmalade that contains 40 per cent of grape sugar. To make wine the cake is mixed with the right proportion of water.

The French republic has passed through another crisis without the least sign of danger to its stability and prosperity, whereas under previous systems of government a revolution would have ensued.

Accept None of the Pretended Substitutes for Royal Baking Powder. BECAUSE inferior and cheaper made baking preparations are bought at wholesale at a price so much lower than ROYAL, some grocers are urging consumers to use them in place of the ROYAL at the same retail price. If you desire to try any of the pretended substitutes for ROYAL BAKING POWDER bear in mind that they are all made from cheaper and inferior ingredients, and are not so great in leavening strength nor of equal money value. Pay the price of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER for the ROYAL only. It is still more important, however, that ROYAL BAKING POWDER is purer and more wholesome, and makes better, finer, and more healthful food than any other baking powder or preparation. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

NEAR AND AFAR.

The screw alone of an Atlantic liner costs about \$20,000.

Safety matches that can be used without a box are to be placed on the market by a German inventor.

Great Britain owns in Africa an area of 2,570,000 square miles, almost equal to that of the United States.

A man breathes twenty times a minute, except when he is about to put the important question to his best girl. Then he breathes twenty times a second.

The black ostrich stands seven feet high. The speed is that of a horse, and it can carry a man. The cassowary is as large, but has a shorter neck, and feeds on vegetables.

The smoke from smelting furnaces is laden with metals of value, the most notable of which are silver and gold. At an American smelting works mechanical means are being taken to collect the suspended matter from the gases.

About 190 years ago the town of Groton, Conn., separated itself from New London and became a town. Now, after almost 200 years of separation, Groton wishes to again be taken back into the fold and become part of New London.

Hereafter all telegraph and telephone poles which are erected in the streets of Hartford must be of well-seasoned chestnut wood, octagonal in shape, to be painted a dark green uniformly, and not over forty feet in height from the ground.

A knife is being brought out in England "which has a nickel-plated handle. On this handle is stamped in remarkably plain letters the rates for letter and parcel postage, book and foreign postage, money orders, with also the rates for telegrams.

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully separated and refined into a perfect cough medicine. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

Open the door for the penny, and the dollar will come in.

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 Spurry.

Few things are more difficult to handle than first-class credit. He who has less than he desires, has more than he deserves.

If It's a Sprain, Strain, or Bruise St. Jacobs Oil Will Cure It. THE DE LVAL SEPARATOR CO., 74 CORTLAND ST., NEW YORK.

HAVE YOU FIVE OR MORE COWS? THE DE LVAL SEPARATOR CO., 74 CORTLAND ST., NEW YORK.

FREE IT COSTS YOU NOTHING FREE. WOVEN WIRE FENCE. 13 to 20c A ROD?

Irish Nurse, shaking patient vigorously—Come now, sorr, wake up now swallow yer slavin' dose; it's time. "I never give anything to a young, healthy person." Beggar—Do you expect me to become an old cripple just to suit you? "Did you say you wanted Shakspeare's works?" asked the bookstore clerk. "No," replied the haughty girl, "I want his plays."

A SURGEON'S KNIFE gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessary for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting. The Triumph of Conservative Surgery is well illustrated by the fact that RUPTURE or Breach is now radically cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They excite care but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death. TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations. PILE TUMORS, however large, other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife. STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting. STRICTURE also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 1c in stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 665 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

MOTHERS and those soon to become mothers, should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its terrors, dangers and dangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in preparing the system for parturition. The period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child. Mrs. DORA A. GORHAM, of Oakley, Oregon Co., Ore., writes: "When I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I was not able to stand on my feet without suffering almost death. Now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. I am stouter now than I have been in six years. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best to take before confinement, or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered so little with any of my children as I did with my last."

CONRATH BLACK RASPBERRY. 14 days earlier than the drug, nearly 100% more powerful. CONSUMPTION. W. N. U., D—XIII—9.

