

REMEMBER THE PLYMOUTH FAIR DATES--SEPTEMBER 17, 18, 19 AND 20, 1895.

Plymouth
HAS NO EQUAL
AS A PLACE OF
RESIDENCE.

The Plymouth Mail.

\$10.00
FOR MONTHLY
FARE DETROIT
AND RETURN
EVERY DAY.

VOLUME VIII, NO. 51.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., AUGUST 23, 1895.

WHOLE NO. 415

Here We Are Again!

Matchless Bargains in all Departments!

Many Line Prices Being Cut in Two!

They Must Go.

Too Many Goods for this Time of the Year!

You Want Them.

We Want the Money.

Men's Suits, Boys' Suits, Odd Pants, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Dress Goods, Domestic, Neglige Shirts, Summer Underwear, Neckwear, Hosiery, Parasols, Gloves,—In fact Everything to wear at Unheard-of and Matchless Prices.

Look at These Bargains

Men's Good Work Shirts,	19c
Men's Extra Good Work Shirts,	35c
Men's Sweaters,	50, 65, 75c
Best Shoes in the Market,	19c
Boys' Good Cassimere Suits,	\$1 48
Men's " "	1 37
Straw Hats,	5 98
Elegant Neckwear,	1-2 Price
Extra Heavy Unbleach'd Cotton,	25c
Good Gingham,	5c
	6c

Cannot be Duplicated

Remember, Everything in Summer Goods now Regardless of Cost. We must have the room for our Mammoth Fall Stock soon to be coming in. We have just purchased from one of the Leading Manufacturers one of the Finest Stocks of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Cloaks for Fall and Winter ever shown in a country town. LOOK OUT FOR THEM. THEY ARE HUMMERS.

E. L. RIGGS,

The Plymouth Cash Outfitter.

DONT BE FOOLED

With number 2 seed—
Try it under a Magnifying Glass.
Strictly Prime New Timothy
\$2.75 a bushel.
Come and See it, we will furnish the glass to test it. Will others do this?

Homestead Fertilizer \$26 a ton Cash
IT WILL DO YOU GOOD.
L. C. HOUGH & SON,
F. & P. M. Elevator.

LADIES

Just step in for a few moments and I will show the largest and most complete line of WASH DRESS GOODS in town.

GENTS

I can say to you that I have a very large line of STRAW and WOOL HATS, not second but first in quality, but prices as cheap as second in grade.

BOYS

To you I can sell a SUIT OF CLOTHES cheaper than the cheapest.

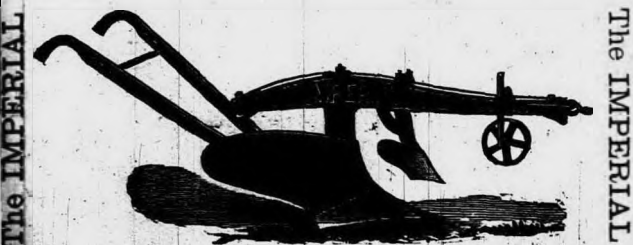
Mexican Braid Edge Hammock 75c.

CALL AND CONVINC YOURSELVES.

A. A. TAFFT.

A new Top Carriage for sale

Buy it and be Mappy



We Sell

Farm Implements and Windmills, also the Best Wagons and Buggies ever sold for the money.

J. & H. E. BRADNER,

West of Fair Grounds Entrance. PLYMOUTH.

KILLED HIMSELF.

AN OLD MAN WEARIES OF LIFE AND HANGS HIMSELF TO THE LIMB OF A TREE.

His Lifeless Body Discovered a Few Hours afterward by Parties who had Gone in Search of Him.

Wm. Grant, a farmer 70 years of age, living about a mile and a half southwest of town, came to the conclusion that life was a burden to him and that his lot was an unhappy one. Consequently last Friday morning he took a rope halter from the barn, wended his way to A. D. Ford's woods, a short distance from his home, selected a secluded spot and hung himself to the limb of a fallen tree. Mr. Grant had been making his home with his niece, Mrs. Henry Bissel, whose husband rents the farm. Mr. Pierce, who also makes his home there, owns the farm, while Mr. Grant has a life lease of it. Between the two the best of feeling did not prevail. The day before he died Mr. Grant wrote his sister in another state to see if he could not come and make his home with her.

On Friday morning Mr. Grant went to work as usual in a field not far from the house. He returned about 9 o'clock after some water and said to Mrs. Bissel that he was going away in the afternoon and that she could sell his horse and buggy, pay his debts and keep the rest. He then went out to the barn, got the rope halter which he used on his horse and returned to the field. He had not been gone long before Mrs. Bissel missed him from the field, and feeling that something was wrong, she called her husband and told him he had better go and look for him, which he did with the result as above mentioned.

Justice Lombard, who was at once notified, issued a venire and Officer Weeks impelled a jury, who proceeded to the woods to hold an inquest. After a thorough investigation the jury rendered their verdict that Wm. Grant came to his death by his own hands, hanging himself while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity. The funeral was held from his late home on Sunday afternoon, Rev. J. B. Oliver officiating. Interment at Riverside cemetery.

An Affidavit.

This is to certify that on May 11th, I walked to Melick's drug store on a pair of crutches and bought a bottle of Chamberlain's pain balm for inflammatory rheumatism, which had crippled me up. After using three bottles I am completely cured. I can cheerfully recommend it.—Charles Wetzel, Sunbury, Pa.

Sworn and subscribed to before me on August 10, 1894.—Walter Shipman, J. P. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Dr. J. G. Meier, druggist.

Very low rates will be made for the ten day excursion to Petoskey August 29th, via D. L. & N. and C. & W. M. lines. Good chance to see Northern Resorts with little expense. Ask agents for particulars. (411-15)

Ellen M. Berdan.

It again becomes our sad duty to chronicle the death of one highly respected and esteemed by all. On Friday, Aug. 16th, Ellen M., beloved daughter of J. B. Berdan, passed to that world beyond. For some time she had been a great sufferer with consumption, although never complaining, but continually thinking of others until death released her from pain.

The funeral was from her late home, on Sunday, Aug. 18th, Rev. J. B. Oliver officiating. The large attendance and beautiful flowers presented showed the esteem in which she was held by her many friends and neighbors. She was laid to rest in the Presbyterian cemetery.

Miss Berdan was born in Plymouth township 36 years ago, and had always lived at home on her father's farm a short distance west of the village. She received her education in Plymouth where she attended school for a number of years. Two years ago her mother passed away leaving her to superintend the household duties, which she cheerfully attended to until sickness prevented. Besides a father, she leaves one sister, Mrs. George Durfee, of Plymouth, and two brothers, D. M. Berdan, living in Dakota, and H. L. Berdan, of Detroit.

Card of Thanks.

We gratefully acknowledge and hereby extend our sincere thanks to those, who in our recent sad bereavement, gave words of comfort and sympathy, and performed the many acts of kindness.

J. B. BERDAN
AND FAMILY.

Weekday Detroit Excursion.

Will be run by the D. L. & N. R. R. on Monday, Sept 2nd, (Labor Day). Train will leave Plymouth at 8:15 a. m. and arrive at Detroit at 10:1. Returning leave at 7 p. m. Round trip rate, \$0.50.

Big celebration in Detroit will add to the interest and form an additional inducement to go. L. M. FELLER, C. C. (415-16)

Council Notes.

At the regular meeting of the council Monday evening two crossings were ordered, one at H. Willis' house and one at M. Conner's house. The F. & P. M. were to be given notice to build plank walks where they have made cinder walks, also repair the walks at crossings. The special assessors were notified to inspect the work done on the creek running through the Fuller place and assess cost, same to be placed on the tax roll against the property.

Health Officer Merriman reported that a nuisance existed in lower town, which caused considerable complaint. The clerk was instructed to notify A. J. Lapham, who owns the property where the nuisance exists, to abate the same at once. Water Commissioner Root reported that the iron pipes had arrived and men were busy laying same.

Adjourned two weeks.

The official directory of Northville, issued by F. S. Neal, of the Record, has been received. It is an improvement on last year's, by a good deal. In fact Neal always improves with age. If you want to know all about the "Village among the hills," you will find it in the little directory.

Sunday Excursion to Detroit.

It won't be the last excursion to Detroit however, but don't wait on that account.

You know, of course, what a delightful day may be spent in Detroit with the opportunities for boating, visiting beautiful Belle Isle and other attractions. It costs very little to go, and you need the recreation.

Special train will leave Plymouth Aug 23 at 10:00 a. m. and leave Detroit at 6:30 p. m. Round trip rate to Detroit \$0.50
L. M. FELLER,
Chief Clerk
(415)

Chinese napkins at the Mail office.

A new line of calling cards just received at the Mail office. Latest styles.

Business Chance.

The Ball brick store for rent in the bustling village of Northville. Plate glass front, elevator, etc. Low rent; nice location. Good opening for grocery or general business. Address or apply to F. S. NEAL, Northville, Mich.

Grape and Bark Bitters for Malaria.

Every one knows the value of the grape as a luscious and healthy fruit. Aunt Rachel's malarial bitters is the ultimate of the grape juice; in its properties, mildly diuretic, sudorific and tonic. More than seven-eighths is the pure juice of the grape, simply made bitter by Peruvian bark, chamomile flower, snake root, etc., and will cure malarial fever if used as directed.

GALE'S

To start up the fall and winter trade, I am going to give every family in the town and surrounding country

ONE DOZEN WATER TUMBLERS.

These tumblers come one dozen in a box and are very handsome, there being six different styles for you to select from. Any family who buys

\$10 Worth of Goods

before Nov. 1st will receive one dozen of these tumblers. They do not cost you a cent. Why? Because you have got to buy that amount of goods somewhere and you can buy the goods as cheap at GALE'S as any store in the county.

The tumblers will be on exhibition in a few days. COME IN AND SEE THEM.

Commencing with Saturday, August 24th, all trade will count on the \$10. Remember, all goods in the line of

**DRUGS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,
SCHOOL BOOKS, PAINTS and
OILS, WOODEN WARE,**

and all other goods in the store count on this sale, excepting Sugar, Cloves and Timothy Seed. The quicker you buy the \$10 worth, the quicker you get your tumblers

GALE'S

WITH WOLVERINES.

BRIEF ITEMS ABOUT MICHIGAN PEOPLE AND THINGS.

The Situation of the Striking Miners in the Upper Peninsula Grows Worse.—Many of the Men Want to Accept Owners' Proposals but Leaders Prevented.

Striking Miners Ask for Help.—The miners of Ishpeming and Negaunee who are out on a strike have appointed a committee to solicit aid from outside sources in the way of supplies and provisions. The cash system adopted by the business men has cut off the credit of the miners and many of them are in distress.

Camden's Business Section Burned Out.—Fire broke out in a saloon at Camden and there is no fire protection there. The flames swept through the business section very rapidly. Reading sent a hand engine which saved the residence portion of the village. Nine buildings were consumed with their contents entailing a total loss of \$30,000.

The Mob Put a Rope Around His Neck.—Mrs. Geo. Smith, of Otsego, was awakened by a Negro who held a revolver to her head and demanded her money and valuables. She gave them up and the Negro then attempted to assault her, but her screams brought assistance. The brute was pursued and captured and after being identified was taken to jail where he gave the name of Sam Sheeler. Soon afterward a mob surrounded the jail and dragged Sheeler out with a rope around his neck. As preparations were being made to swing him up the cowardly brute made a confession and said that he and two others had committed various thefts and other crimes about Otsego. Sheeler was taken back to jail and the mob started to capture his two pals.

An Aged Woman Attempts Suicide.—Mrs. Alvina Smith, aged 80, residing with her son near Ithaca, tried to commit suicide by cutting her throat with a razor. She held her head over a vessel and let the blood run into it. She was nearly exhausted when discovered and although a physician was called promptly and he took nine stitches, her age is against her recovery. This was her second attempt in two weeks.

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MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

Pontiac is in the midst of a Sunday blue law craze.

The grand lodge of Michigan of the Sons of St. George met at Marquette.

Will Longtine, aged 22, was killed on a lumbering road near Lake Linden.

Rowland Douglass, aged 14, was drowned at Portage Lake near Houghton.

Geo. Owen, of Nadeau, charged with rape, saved his way out of jail at Menominee.

Lenawee and Hillsdale county farmers hold their annual picnic at Devil's lake, Aug. 20.

Mrs. Emily Harkness, of Dalhousie, Ont., was instantly killed in a runaway at Blissfield.

A loss of \$2,500 was sustained by the burning of Elijah Miller's barn and crops near Greenville.

Fr. Bruck was sentenced to pay \$800 for slandering Eugene Provost from his pulpit at Tawas City.

Peter McLain was fatally injured by being caught in the cog of a moving traction engine near Hudson.

Nathan Sauborn, aged 75, prosperous farmer near Sturgis, quarrelled with his family and suicided with laudanum.

Juan De Gonzalez, a Grand Rapids barber, was drowned at Holland by his boat being capized by a ferry tug.

Albert Ruehle, a gardener of Detroit, was found dead with his shotgun by the side. May have been accident or suicide.

Frank Bauer, a prominent brewer of Waterloo, Ont., was locked up at Mt. Clemens because of insanity from drink. He died in the cell.

None of the 100,000 acres of Agricultural college lands were sold at the recent auction; as the minimum price placed upon them was too high.

Several hundred men employed in the mills of the Metropolitan Lumber Co., at Iron Mountain, have struck for more wages, and the mills are idle.

Will Little, aged 9, was drowned in Muskegon lake. He came very near carrying down his brother and a boy named Morse who tried to save him.

Mrs. Ellen Beebe was locked up at Flint on the charge of forcing her 13-year-old daughter to maintain intimate relations with an unknown man.

Farmers in the immediate vicinity of Galesburg are seriously alarmed for fear of a total loss of crops. None of the recent rains have come their way.

The soldiers and sailors of the Seventh and Twenty-second Michigan infantry of Lapeer county will hold their annual reunion in Lapeer, Aug. 21 and 22.

While trying to scare him vermin away Chas. Price, near Hudson, set fire to his barns, which were consumed together with stacks, etc., including 700 bushels of wheat.

The Northwestern Normal school, at Standish has been very successful having about 60 students from Bay, Gladwin, Arenac, Ogemaw, Iosco, Saginaw, and Alpena counties.

John Pearson, of Marcellus, threw himself from the third-story window of the Galt house at Niles and was fatally injured. He was losing his sight and said he preferred death.

Detroit's new directory shows that the metropolis of Michigan is still growing, as its population has increased 12,843 and now reaches toward the half million mark thus—352,731.

The sensational Thayer-McEuen slander suit at Leslie, in which Sheriff McEuen sued Thayer for accusing him of criminal conduct with Mrs. Thayer, resulted in Thayer being fined \$135.

Chas. and John Arbee and E. L. Martin planted potatoes on shares at Gladwin. Arrov resulted over the division, and Charles drew a revolver and shot Martin in the back, but he will recover.

The jury in the case of young George Chesebory, charged with the murder of Mrs. Pierce, brought in a verdict of guilty in the first degree at Grand Haven. The jury was out seven hours.

The huge water power canal at Sault Ste. Marie has been sold to a Philadelphia syndicate for \$63,000. The new owners will build extensive docks on the water front and will use 100 acres for mill sites. It is said that 50,000 horse power will be developed. A big pulp mill will be erected at once.

Detroit was visited by the first cyclone in 20 years which stayed only two minutes, but when it had gone a United Presbyterian church, in course of construction, was almost in ruins; several houses and barns had been somewhat damaged, one man had been killed and two men were badly injured.

Battle Creek has dropped out of the state base ball league and Jackson parties have purchased the Findlay, O., team and will fill the gap.

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What at first looked like a disastrous fire broke out in the shaving room of the Holland furniture factory at Holland. It was put out with small loss. Night watchman Kramer was badly burned.

Since the Calumet & Hecla mine raised wages to the scale of 1903 the Tamarack Junior, the Osceola and the Kearsarge at Houghton, have done likewise and other copper mines will do so soon.

About 250 commercial lawyers from all parts of the U. S. met at Detroit and after discussing many important questions effected a permanent organization of the "Commercial Law League of America."

The Association of Edison Illuminating companies composed of the men who own plants all over the world, working under the Edison patents met at the Hotel Cadillac, Detroit, in annual session.

Michigan spiritualists have closed a season of a picturesque park between Pere Marquette lake and Lake Michigan, opposite Ludington, where they intend to hold a 30-days assembly each year during July.

The miners at the Badger mine, near Florence, struck without warning and Manager Davidson says he will make no concessions or advance in wages as he is paying the largest wages of any mine on the range.

Waltz village was greatly excited over the finding of a partially decomposed body of a babe in the garret of Chas. Brandes' residence, which was occupied by A. J. Stevenson, who disclaims all knowledge of it.

The Calumet & Hecla Mining Co., employing 3,000 people at Calumet and Lake Linden and 250 at Buffalo, will restore a cut of 10 per cent made in wages two years ago. Other big copper mines will do likewise.

Surveyors are now engaged in running the line out for the extension of the D. B. C. & A. railroad through Arenac county, touching Au Gres, Omer and Standish, starting at Emery Junction and terminating at Bay City.

Wm. Stoll, aged 39, a prominent Detroit German suicided by hanging himself. On January 14 his father suicided because of failure in business. The estate paid only 10 cents on the dollar and this preyed upon the son's mind.

About 60 veterans of the Fourth Michigan cavalry held a reunion in Ypsilanti. The regiment will send a large delegation to Chickamauga. Officers elected: President, Jas. T. Hurst, of Wadonette; vice-president, E. C. Crane, of Kalamazoo; secretary, H. A. Backus, of Detroit.

Fishermen on the east shore of Lake Michigan have given up in disgust. At Sagateak a few years ago 30 to 40 families were supported by fishing, while nine tugs were used. Now there is not a net spread. Things are just as bad at St. Joseph and Grand Haven. On the west shore, however, fishing is reported as good as ever.

A servant girl was cleaning a bedstead in Sweet's hotel at Grand Rapids with gasoline, and lighted a match. An explosion followed and in an instant the room was filled with flames. The loss on the building, owned by Martin L. Sweet, is estimated at \$5,000, mostly from water and on the furniture, \$1,000. The hotel guests were badly alarmed, and many of them evacuated with their effects, but nobody was injured.

Nick Becker, aged 35, was drowned in the river at St. Joseph.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Pratt, of Battle Creek, celebrated their golden wedding.

Bulgarians attacked and burned the Mohammedan village of Kustendik. Many were killed on both sides.

Mary Korstange, aged 22, met instant death in a runaway accident at Kalamazoo. She was thrown from the carriage striking the back of her head on the pavement and fracturing her skull.

Leroy Cardiff, aged 9, committed suicide at Warsaw, Ind. His mother recently obtained a divorce on sensational grounds, and the boy said he could not stand the taunts of his playmates about it.

Chicago's Brotherhood of Carpenters adopted resolutions protesting against the appointment of any representative or attorney of a corporation or monopoly as supreme court justice to succeed the late Justice Jackson.

A large colony of Negroes returning to Texas from Mexico were quarantined at Eagle Pass, Texas, because some of the 350 people had small pox. Since that time four deaths have occurred daily and there are 150 cases.

The farmers of Nebraska who were on the verge of starvation last winter, and only pulled through on supplies sent from the east, are now in want of room to store their immense crops.

This year's crops would feed the world for 12 months. The grain yield will not be less than 225,000,000 bushels. Of this 15,000,000 bushels will be of wheat, 30,000,000 of oats and 180,000,000 bushels of corn. Miscellaneous crops are equally as large.

The Pacific mail steamer Empress of Japan brings advices which tell of very disastrous storms on the south and west coasts of Japan. Over 1,000 fishermen of the single province of Satsuma were drowned. Three steamships were driven ashore and few of the crews or passengers escaped alive. Railway accidents have been numerous in consequence of heavy floods. Several villages on the seacoast have been literally destroyed. The list of deaths will exceed 3,000.

It is estimated from the returns of the eleventh census that 95 per cent of the wage-earners of this country own less than \$10,000 each.

During the years between 1860 and 1870 the wealth of the northern states advanced 56 per cent, while that of the southern diminished 34 per cent.

The greatest difficulty in estimating the wealth of the United States lies in ascertaining the value of the personal property, which constitutes a very considerable item of our national wealth.

Between 1850 and 1860 the wealth of this country increased 126.5 per cent; in the next decade, between 1860 and 1870, it had increased 85.5 per cent; between 1870 and 1880, the increase was 45 per cent, and between 1880 and 1890 the increase amounted to 43.6 per cent.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

INTERESTING CHRONICLE OF GENERAL NEWS MATTERS.

Gen. Maceo, of the Cuban Revolutionary Army, Writes Encouragingly of Their Prospects—Scheme for Hawaii to Get Under the Eagle's Wing.

Cubans Feel Confident.

New York: Gen. Maceo, leader of the Cuban forces in the field, has written a letter to Gen. Do Quesada, secretary of the revolutionary party in America. He reports the Cubans in good health and spirits and is satisfied with the progress being made by the revolutionists. The Spanish soldiers are panic-stricken and surrender to their besiegers who spare their lives.

In an interview Gen. Do Quesada says: "It would not be surprising if Gen. Campos carried out his oft-repeated threat of throwing up the command of Cuba. Information from Cabañero tells of the success of Gen. Gomez and of daily reinforcements to his ranks. The city is in a panic and the Spanish troops are afraid to venture beyond its limits." In the hospital at Puerto Principe there are over 400 Spanish soldiers, and the deaths average 12 per day. From Madrid I am informed that the reserves of 1891 are so disgusted at being ordered to Cuba that the government is afraid of a mutiny. The reserves declare that they will join the revolutionary forces when they are disembarked in Cuba."

A recent arrival from Havana says: "Capt. Gen. Martinez Campos called together all the volunteer organizations, and demanded the transfer to the regular army of 100 men from each camp. General indignation prevails among these organizations, but the order will be enforced. The insurrection is more widespread than the people of Havana are allowed to believe. The insurgents win in every fight. In the past four months the Spanish forces have lost fully 15,000 men. No reports are allowed to be circulated concerning losses in battle. Thirty thousand insurgents are known to be in the field. A large majority of the people are hoping for concession from Spain in preference to independence as the feasibility of a republic without Negro domination would be difficult to obtain."

Seven Drowned While Sailing.—By the overloading of a small pleasure boat near Ocean City, Md., an entire family was drowned and two other families are in mourning. A party of farmers from the neighborhood had a fish fry on Grey's Creek, with boating, fishing and amusements. Wm. Hudson carried a party of nine out sailing and as the boat was about to come back the women of the party jumped screaming on the high side, capsizing the little craft. The capsizing occurred within 20 yards of the shore and in water seven feet deep. Mr. Storr had only one hand and was blinded in one eye, but was an expert swimmer. He succeeded in getting his two daughters on the bottom of the boat and was getting his wife when the girls became scared and slipped off the boat and went to their parents and together the four perished. Hudson, who was sailing the boat, got the two girls on the boat and was trying to save another when they slipped off and were drowned before he could get to them. Two other young ladies were rescued by a fisherman.

A Scheme for Hawaii to Join U. S.—Capt. Judson H. Cross, a prominent attorney of Minneapolis, has written to President Dole, at Honolulu, a letter containing a novel suggestion as to how Hawaii might annex herself to the United States without presidential intervention. His proposition is that Hawaii elect delegates to the American congress and demand that they be seated on the same basis as the territorial delegates. Congress, Capt. Cross says, would seat them and that would settle the matter. He maintains that there are historical precedents and logical reasons for such a course of procedure.

English Parliament Opened.—London: The fourteenth parliament of Queen Victoria opened with the customary ceremonies. Mr. Hatch was the first of the members to arrive. He reached the house at five o'clock and sat in the door for an hour before it was opened. Wm. Court Gully was re-elected speaker of the house without opposition. Among those in the galleries of the house of commons were the Hon. Charles Crisp, ex-speaker of the U. S. house of representatives; Hon. Thos. F. Bayard, U. S. ambassador to England, and the Hon. Edwin F. Uhl, assistant secretary of state.

Holmes Chicago "Castle" Burned.—H. H. Holmes' "castle" at Sixty-third and Wallace streets, Chicago, which is said to have been the scene of his numerous murders, was discovered to be fireproof. It did not extend beyond the "castle." This famous building has for some time past been tenanted only on the ground floor, by a drug store and small restaurant, and it was in the latter that the fire originated. The interior of the building was practically ruined. The loss will aggregate \$15,000.

Hailstones as Large as Cannonballs.—A tornado swept over Steele county, Minn., doing immense damage. It centered at Belle Plain. Hail stones from 4 to 6 inches in diameter fell, breaking all glass fronts in the business places, all the windows in dwellings and churches. Smaller buildings were unroofed and overturned. Horses standing on the streets were knocked senseless. The corn crop in that region is totally destroyed.

Theophy claimed the life of George Robie, whose body was found in the Calumet river at Chicago. He thought of nothing but this doctrine for months and finally drowned himself to see if there was anything beyond. He was 24 years of age.

An explosion and resulting fire entirely consumed the plant of the Peerless refinery at Findlay, Ohio, with \$50,000 loss, half insured. Two still men, Wm. Adams and Wm. Bemis, were probably fatally burned. A mammoth tank of 20,000 barrels was fired into with a cannon letting the oil run out, where it caught fire, so that the tank would not explode.

SIXTY PEOPLE KILLED.

Five Story Hotel Collapses After a Terrible Explosion—Hot Fire Follows.

The Gurney Hotel, Denver, Colo., was wrecked by a terrific explosion at 12:30 a. m. The rear half of the building, a five-story brick and stone structure, went down with a crash. The hotel was crowded with guests, and many of them must have been killed as well as the entire force of hotel employees who were sleeping in the portion of the building which fell. The hotel structure for 100 feet along the alley, and extending 75 feet toward the front, was a mass of debris. Brick and plaster was piled in heaps 20 feet high, and from this mass of wreckage could be heard the moans of the injured are dying. Within 20 minutes five badly injured people were removed from debris which had composed the upper floors. The ruins then began burning fiercely and the firemen had to cease the work of rescue to subdue the flames. Only 15 people who are known to have been in the building at the time of the explosion were accounted for three hours after the disaster. This leaves 60 people supposed to be dead.

The cause of the explosion is uncertain, but it is supposed that the battery of boilers in the hotel basement must have exploded. The sound of the explosion was heard throughout the city, awakening people in bed a mile from the scene. The force of the explosion carried away a large portion of the rear of the building adjoining the hotel. One wall crushed a stable and a small frame house, but no one was injured. A piece of the cornice of the Cheesman block, fully a block from the Gurney hotel, was torn out and fell to the street, narrowly missing several passersby. It weighed at least a ton.

The Gurney was a five story brick with stone front and was built about six years ago. It was of the better kind of second-class hotels, catering largely to the transient family patronage. Thus, many ladies and children were among the guests. The building was built as the Eden Musee by the widow of General Tom Thumb, and was so occupied later, being remodeled for use as a hotel.

John Lindsey is in jail at Pomeroy, O., charged with murdering Wm. Cundiff, a crippled miner.

One person was burned to death and a score of others injured in a recent collision at Camden, N. J.

At the Germania dock yards at Kiel a gang plank gave way with a large number of men and 10 were drowned. George Ellsbee's home, near Lewis Center, O., was totally consumed by fire, and Mrs. Ellsbee perished in the flames.

Ex-Mayor Van Horn, of Denver, was killed by falling from a third-story window of the Grand Central hotel, of which he was the proprietor.

M. Urukoff, chief of police of Sofia, Bulgaria, was taken into custody on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of ex-premier Stambouloff.

Senator Peffer announces that he has come to the conclusion that the country's currency should be based on land values instead of upon either gold or silver.

The Japanese forces in Formosa made a concerted attack on the headquarters of the rebels and after a severe two days' fight won a complete victory.

Ex-State Treasurer W. W. Taylor, of South Dakota, who defaulted last January with \$375,000, was sentenced the limit of the law—five years at hard labor in the penitentiary.

Cholera is working frightful havoc in Japan. The military have suffered a loss of thousands during the past few months. The Formosa expedition has proved especially disastrous.

It has practically been decided that H. B. Holmes, the alleged murderer of Minnie and Nannie Williams, B. F. Pitzeel and half a dozen others, will go to Chicago for trial for the murder of the Williams girls.

The dead body of August Schlisser, aged 60, was found hanging from a tree near his home in the outskirts of Cleveland. He had badly injured his wife in a quarrel and evidently thought he had killed her.

The executive committee of the Republican National League in session at Chicago, chose Aaron T. Bliss, of Saginaw, Mich., as treasurer of the league, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late E. D. Harper, of New York.

The prize drill of the uniform rank K. O. T. M. took place at Euclid beach park at Cleveland. The H. A. Chandler division of Sandusky won the first prize; Toledo second, and Saginaw third. Next year's meeting at Saginaw.

The organ of the Spanish government, makes the announcement that Spain will have 150,000 soldiers under arms in Cuba by Sept. 5. This includes the 35,000 soldiers to be dispatched from Spain at once. When those reinforcements arrive there will be 76,273 regulars and 80,000 volunteers.

At a dance at Crown Point, Ind., a number of persons were poisoned, four fatally, by drinking from a pail of water in which strychnine had been placed. Mrs. Chas. Williams has confessed the crime. She says she wanted to put her husband out of the way so that she could get his heavy life insurance.

Seven missionaries left Toronto, Ont., bound for China. They were Rev. R. A. Mitchell, Mrs. Goforth, Miss MacKenzie, Miss Harriet Hastings, of Toronto; Miss M. E. Manchester, of Edmondson, N. Y.; Miss Jennie Davis, of Elyria, O., and Miss Julia A. Smith, of McIndoes Falls, N. Y. A large crowd gathered to see them off.

The board of United States engineers appointed by the war department to consider whether the Chicago drainage canal will affect seriously lake levels is making a trip over the route of the canal. They will make a thorough inspection of the capacity of the canal and the amount of water it will carry away from Lake Michigan. Gen. Poe, of the board, says it will lower the level of the lakes considerably, but whether it will be enough to become serious cannot yet be determined.

The members of the Spanish reserves have been called out for service in Cuba, but they protest and several companies are on the verge of mutiny.

WAS CLANCY MURDERED?

A Tragedy Which is Attracting a Great Deal of Attention.

Another of those cold-blooded murders for which Michigan is becoming famous is interesting the citizens of Ann Arbor, Kalamazoo and Toledo, and incidentally the newspaper reading public all over the state. Frank Clancy was an Ann Arbor boy and seven years ago married Edith Stevens, of White Pigeon. They lived at Kalamazoo and Chicago, but were not happy as Clancy was a rather hard drinker and a poor provider. Three children were born to them. The fore part of July Mrs. Clancy disappeared from their home at Kalamazoo with two children. Pat Boyle, with whom it was known she was very friendly, dropped from sight at the same time. Clancy surmised that they had eloped and with John Stevens, the woman's brother, followed a clue to Toledo. A few days later he was arrested there. The police thinking he was drunk, but on examination found him to be very sick and so they shipped him to Ann Arbor, where Clancy said was his home. At Ann Arbor he was again arrested, but being ill was sent to the poorhouse where he died. Clancy's mother lives at Ann Arbor and it was only by accident that she learned of her son's death and by the time she arrived at the poorhouse the body had been sent to the college and placed in the pickling vat. When a demand was made for the body the one in charge of the vat brought out a body and claimed that it was the one that came from the poorhouse. This was not Clancy and it would have been considered all a mistake had not a friend of the old lady insisted that an error had been made. The sheriff took hold of the matter and Clancy's body was produced. A postmortem examination resulted in finding that Clancy had died from the effects of heavy blows on the head. The Toledo police, with the aid of a Kalamazoo reporter, finally found Boyle and he was locked up on suspicion, but he claims that he had not seen Clancy, but had been caring for Mrs. Clancy, to free her from a brutal husband, and, notwithstanding the fact that he had deserted his own family for over a month, he said that there was nothing improper in his relations with Mrs. Clancy. The latter woman could not be found for a time, but was finally located at Windsor, Ont., with her brother John Stevens. She says she knows nothing of Clancy being injured or killed, and Stevens protests his innocence.

Spain Will Pay the Mora Claim.—Madrid: At a meeting of the cabinet ministers it was decided to pay the Mora claim in a lump sum, in September, without interest. The Mora claim was for about \$1,500,000 and the interest amounted to about \$800,000. It has been a subject of dispute between Spain and the United States for many years, and grew out of the confiscation of the Cuban estates of Mora, a naturalized citizen of the United States. Secretary Olney vigorously pressed the claim and insisted on an early settlement of it.

The Missouri Democratic convention committed itself to the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1.

The entire business part of Pikeville, Tenn., was destroyed by an incendiary fire. Only one store is standing. The loss is \$35,000; insurance only \$800.

Louis Gimlin, the crack long-distance bicyclist of Cleveland, smashed the American 24-hour record by making 453 miles and 1,700 yards, and rode the last 10 miles in better than a 2:30 clip. The previous record was 408 miles and 84 yards, by W. B. Twyman, of Chicago.

Anxiety is felt for the safety of American missionaries at Marsovan, a small town in Armenia, owing to the campaign of Armenian agents against suspected spies. Five professors of the American college have been marked by the committee owing to suspicion of their connection with the Armenian movement. United States Minister Terrell, has protested to the porte and received the promise of a prompt inquiry into the affair.

THE MARKETS.

Table with columns: LIVE STOCK, New York, Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, Hogs. Includes prices for various grades and locations like Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati, etc.

Table with columns: GRAIN, ETC., Wheat, Corn, Oats. Includes prices for various grades and locations like New York, Chicago, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: REVIEW OF TRADE, Bradsfreet's says: Midsummer quiet is more conspicuous than a week ago, though less so in industrial than in commercial lines. As a rule, leading manufacturing industries are exceptionally busy for the season, and it is worth adding that the increase in output of demand and prices for iron and steel continues. Gross and net railroad earnings returns for the first half of the present year shows very satisfactory aggregate gains over last year, a period of great coal and railroad strikes and of financial and industrial depression and management. Jobbers in the more important staple lines at Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and St. Paul report an improved demand. The outlook at all these points is for an active fall business.

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A SINGULAR LOVE.



It was in the Rue du Luxembourg, opposite one of the gratings of the Garden. Every time I passed there, after lectures, accompanied by my friend and professor, Dr. Rebaud, I saw the latter raise his head and send a smiling, affectionate little salute toward a window on the second floor of a particular hotel. A hand then waved there for an instant and a young girl's pale visage, pretty in spite of its sickly languor, appeared between the purple curtains.

The vacation came on. My professor left Paris and I grew so busy in preparing for my medical examination that I entirely forgot his youthful patient of the Rue du Luxembourg.

In the month of November, however, I happened to pass there again. The little hotel, so coquettishly aristocratic, had a mournful look. It was closed up.

The first time I saw the doctor I asked him about his patient. His brow at once darkened and he burst out with: "You must have seen in the papers the arrest, not long ago, of the famous cosmopolitan swindler whose real name is still a mystery, but who called himself Don Jose, Comte de Pena-Veja."

Noticing my astonishment, he added: "You don't see the connection, but how could you? It's a strange story. Listen:

"The Comte de M—— and his wife had everything that could make a family happy. They were rich and loved each other. The husband was a retired general of division whose perfect manners had the strong serenity of those born to command. The Comtesse was somewhat haughty, but imposing.

"They had one child, a daughter, born during the Franco-Prussian war, at their chateau in La Touraine, whither the Comtesse had retired. The Prussians occupied the whole country, and the General was a prisoner in Germany and news was obtained with the utmost difficulty. The child, born under these terrible circumstances, came into the world deaf and dumb. In the clutch of this incurable infirmity, her poor little intelligence was very tollsomely developed, so that, after long years of effort, the young girl could barely manage to read and write.

"The General and his wife concentrated all their love on this sore spot of their life. He was admirable, she stoical. They passed their existence with their daughter, winter in the hotel you are acquainted with, summer partly at their chateau, partly at a Norman seaside resort where they rented a villa.

"It was at this seaside villa that the tragedy began.

"As life in such localities exacts less constraint than in Paris, the infirm young girl was allowed to go out attended only by a governess. I had recommended long walks in the wholesome, strengthening sea air.

"One day it was noticed that she had grown sad and languid. The cause of this strange condition was sought for; it was found in the pocket of one of her dresses. It was a laconic note: 'I have loved you since I first set eyes on you. How happy I should be, if you would love me a little.' This note was signed Jose, Comte de Pena-Veja.

"It was a thunder clap in the villa. 'Never had the parents thought that their daughter could be loved and marry like the rest. They questioned her by means of a slate. She wrote: 'I love him and want to be his wife.' The father made inquiries about this Don Jose and the information was deplorable. Fearing a scandal, the family hurriedly departed for Paris.

"That winter the young girl had a joy



"THE END HAS COME," I SAID SOLEMNLY.

cough which made me uneasy. I was afraid of consumption. The ensuing summer it was decided on my advice not to quit Paris, as traveling was dangerous for the patient. It was then you noticed her at the window.

"A detail struck the parents. At certain hours, as she sat there amid the cushions of her extension chair, flashes of life would suddenly pass through her. A reaction would be produced, but it was only temporary, for, after a few instants, the patient would fall back upon her pillows, more pallid and mournful than before.

"During one of these reactions, her mother chanced to look out of doors. Don Jose was standing behind the gratings of the Garden, very handsome and elegantly dressed, keeping his eyes steadfastly directed toward the hotel. The Comtesse closed the curtains and removed her daughter to another room on the opposite side of the house.

"Some days later, as I was finishing my examination, the results of which were far from satisfactory, the General said to me:

"I cannot see my daughter die. This Don Jose is an adventurer, but he holds my child's life in his hands. Well, I will buy it of him. There will be no marriage portion, for he would scatter it to the winds, but I will give my daughter—his wife—an allowance large enough to satisfy him. To-morrow, as soon as the man appears in the Luxembourg, I will go down and bring him here. My poor child must live!"

"The Comtesse gave a start.

"Tomorrow," she exclaimed excitedly, then, calming herself, added: "My dear, wait a week. It would be so sudden! We must accustom the poor child by degrees to the realization of her unfortunate dream."

most always out—making family chits, as her husband told me.

"The fatal period came at last. We were all assembled around the patient. The general had that grave air which is caused by the approach of a sacrifice that cannot be avoided. His wife stood as if frozen in her resignation. She had just come home, having spent the morning in those mysterious visits which had occupied her for the past week. The deaf mute was seated at the window, crushing the lace of her pillows with her frail bust. Her gentle face was radiant with joy. She knew that she was going to see Don Jose, that soon nothing would separate him from her any longer. It was to her father—she knew that too—she owed this happiness. And her tender glance thanked the old soldier, who felt the tears trembling on his eyelashes.

"Don Jose appeared, as usual, at the turn of a path in the garden; the general put on his hat and was stiffening himself as a preliminary to going on his fateful errand.

"But, at that moment, a din arose from the street. Instinctively he halted. We hurried to the window and looked out.

"A crowd had formed close to the grating of the Luxembourg. In its midst Don Jose, held by four men, was struggling and shouting. His elegant garments were soiled and torn; his hat was gone and his hair was in confusion.

"He was thrown into a flaccid. Two policemen got inside the vehicle with him; another sprang upon the seat with the driver. All this had lasted but an instant.

"I can still see Don Jose, with his eyes full of hate, shaking his clenched fist threateningly in the direction of the hotel as the policemen were dragging him away.

"At the same instant the General uttered a cry:

"My daughter!"

"He sprang towards her."

"Doctor, look!" cried he: "what ails her?"

"The poor child's head had fallen to one side and her face was white as chalk. A slender thread of blood marked her mouth with a red line. I felt no throbb of either pulse or heart.

"The end has come!" I said solemnly.

"The Comtesse had sunk on her knees and was weeping, as she held in her hand the dead girl's hand. The General stood as if in a dream, without a tear. With a cold look, she was talking to the crowd outside, who was talking of what had happened as it dispersed.

"It was you who warned the police," said he, "it was you who prepared that arrest; you have killed our child!"

"I have saved her!" firmly returned the mother, as she still knelt, repeatedly kissing her daughter's hands.

Dr. Rebaud had finished his story. He added:

"Don Jose de Pena-Veja is accused of the crime of the Rue Rodier and will soon be tried at the Cour d'Assises."

REWARDED BY ROTHSCHILD.

"He that giveth to the Poor lendeth to the Lord."

Dining on one occasion with Baron James de Rothschild, Eugene Delacroix, the famous French painter, kept his eyes turned upon his host in so marked a manner that, when the company rose to leave the dining-room, Baron James could not help asking his guest what it was that so attracted his attention. The painter confessed that for some time past he had vainly sought a head to serve as a model for that of a beggar he intended to hold a prominent position in a painting on which he was then engaged, and that, as he gazed at his host's features, the idea suddenly struck him that the very head he desired was before him. With this explanation he ventured to ask the baron whether he would do him the favor to sit for him as the beggar.

Rothschild, being a great admirer of art in all its forms, and pleased to be considered one of his chief patrons, readily consented to assume a character never before undertaken by a millionaire. The next day found him at the painter's studio. Delacroix placed a turban round his shoulders, put a stout staff in his hand, and made him pose as if he were resting on the steps of an ancient Roman family. In this attitude he was discovered by one of the artist's favorite pupils, who alone had free access to the studio at all times. Naturally concluding that the model had only just been brought in from some church porch, and never dreaming of the character assumed by him was far from the true one, he seized an opportunity when his master's eyes were turned to slip a piece of money into the beggar's hand. Baron Rothschild thanked him with a look, and kept the money. The pupil soon quitted the studio. In answer to inquiries made, Delacroix told the baron that this young man possessed talent, but no means that he had, in fact, to earn his livelihood by giving lessons in painting and drawing. Shortly after, the young fellow received a letter stating that charity bears interest, and that the accumulated interest on the amount that he had so generously given to one whom he supposed to be a beggar was represented by the sum of 10,000 franc, which was lying at his disposal at the Rothschild office.

Told to Admiral Meade.

(From the San Francisco Argonaut.)

When William E. Chandler was secretary of the navy, Admiral Meade was commandant of the Navy Yard in Washington. They got into trouble somehow, and the commandant was summoned before the secretary one day on a matter of importance. The secretary told the commandant that if he kept on, or words to that effect, he should be obliged to punish him by sending him to sea. "Mr. Secretary," said Meade, "I haven't anything to say except that when it is punishment for an officer of the navy to be ordered to sea, what is your service coming to? I should like to go to sea, sir. Good day."

The Amused Honorable.

Indignant Citizen—See here, sir! You reported in your paper that I was going around with a black eye. It's abominably false sir. I am suffering from granulosis, and have to wear a patch to keep the light out.

Editor—I don't like to make corrections, my friend, but I'll fix it all right in the paper to-morrow. I'll announce that your antagonist is in bed with two black eyes.

THEY WRITE MUSIC.

NEW YORK WOMEN WHO PROFIT BY MELODY.

They Are, However, Forced by Prejudice to Use the Names of Men—Their Productions Would Not Sell So Well Otherwise.

(New York Correspondence.)

NEW YORK has an extensive list of women who compose music. This assertion will make the average music dealer open wide his eyes, for he little knows that he is carrying in stock the compositions of women, and that these same compositions are "first-rate sellers."

Music written by a woman? No, indeed. The music dealer would refuse to buy from the publisher anything that bore the name of a woman on the title page. "The public won't buy music written by women," he says, and the publisher caters to this sentiment. So this simple announcement will be a revelation to many a retail dealer.

The prospective Atlanta (Ga.) exposition, so extensively heralded, will disclose the secret, and it is confidently expected by those having the matter in charge that after the fact is out the existing prejudice will be eliminated. So great has been this prejudice that when a woman offers to her publisher a manuscript she has been invariably asked to make her name appear on the title page as though the work had been written by a man. The New Woman has grown tired of masquerading under false pretenses and proposes through the medium of a music room at the Atlanta exposition to show the world how gullible it has been in buying music.

New York is in the lead with its women composers, and will be represented by a long list of names which will be at once recognized in society. Who are these women composers? Mrs. Theodore Sutro, the wife of the Tax Commissioner and leader of the German Reform Union, is one who has achieved success in musical compositions. She is also a graduate in law, and because of her attainments was requested by the managers of the exposition to take charge of the Law and Music Committee for New York, and she has thrown herself heart and soul into the duties required to be performed.

"When I began the work," says Mrs. Sutro, "I took the quickest method, as I imagined, to find out the names of the women composers of music in New York. I went to the dealers in sheet music. There are no women composers; if there are I never heard of them; it was the invariable answer, but I knew there were many of them. I've found them."

And Mrs. Sutro's apartments at the Berkeley, No. 20 Fifth avenue, bear witness to the truth of her statements.

Adelaide North.

They are filled with music written by women, but the casual observer would not know it unless told, for in almost every instance all trace of the sex of the author is carefully obliterated.

Mrs. Sutro, who was Miss Florence Edith Clinton, a member of the family descended from Governor Clinton, has ever been a patron of music and art. A devotee herself of the science of melody and harmony, she has gained a mead of praise that is often denied to the amateur. Certificates of excellence in the various departments of music have been granted her by such acknowledged authorities as Dr. William Mason, Dudley Buck, Harry Rowe Shelly, Ernest and the Grand Conservatory of Music, from which she graduated with the highest honors.

"The highest compliment to her skill, however, was when a fugue—one of the most difficult forms of composition—that she had written was publicly played in Steinway Hall by a full orchestra under the direction of the celebrated Dr. Ernst Eberhard. This makes a proud record for a woman, but she has also composed many songs that have met with popular acclaim.

Another woman who has given to the music-loving populace a large number of musical compositions is Mrs. Edward Lawson Purdy, wife of the noted single tax leader. Mrs. Purdy publishes her songs under the name of "M. McCracken Purdy." She is a prolific writer, and all her compositions are noted for originality and are popular.

The greater portion of her musical education was received abroad, in Stuttgart and other musical centers, and her works show strongly the impress of the French and German schools. Some of her best known songs are "The Stars," "A Serenade," "Kathleen," "Good Day," a quartet for mixed voices. She is a member of the Manuscript Society, as well as of various other organizations.

Her musical abilities were inherited, as her mother, Mrs. Melvin Copeland, is a well-known amateur harpist, and for a number of years the musician in Mrs. Copeland's drawing rooms, both in America and Europe, were events of the society season, and invitations were seldom declined save from the utmost necessity, as there was ever a chance that the hostess might be persuaded to bring forth her favorite instrument.

Music has power to more than charm the savage ear—it can fascinate the base members of society, and this fact is proven by the successes of Mrs. Hiram Cleaver Von Kroh in the field of composition. Mrs. Von Kroh is a member of the Board of Managers of the West Side Society.

She uses the name of "Jean Gilbert

Von Kroh" on all her published musical compositions, which are many, and include the "Gypsy Caprice," "Little Queen Waltz," and the song "My Wish." Mrs. Von Kroh was a New Jersey girl, and as such holds a warm place in her heart for Princeton College, to which she has dedicated a number of her compositions. The "Little Queen" was played at the recent tableaux vivants for the benefit of the Atlanta Exposition.

She also took part in those "living pictures" which were the cause of so much discussion between Miss Helen Gould and Mrs. Sutro. A talented pianist also is Mrs. Von Kroh and a charming hostess. It is only with extreme reluctance that she consents to play in her own house at her musicales, which are justly famous for the skill of the musicians present.

Mrs. Adelaide North is one of the few names that publishers and dealers have been forced to recognize among the women composers of New York. Her work is of such a high character that by sheer force of merit she has

made a lasting name for herself. But at first it was hard work. The usual objection was offered—that is, the dealers stated to her their inability to sell the compositions of a woman musician, but with characteristic pluck she insisted, and, as the old Irish saying, "Patience and perseverance,"

"Made a bishop of his riverence," has it, she succeeded. She will be interested in the exposition and will be represented by a number of her works.

Mrs. Lillie Siegfried is one of the versatile composers of New York. Her song, "Under the Mistletoe," was a pronounced hit, and the quaint Chinese music set to the jingle, "Li Hung Chang," was a popular creation. Mrs. Siegfried loves music, and a friend of hers once remarked: "I think that woman thinks in sharps and flats."

Miss Carrie Roma, whose pleasing soprano voice has been heard at many musicales, is rarely suspected of being a composer, but she is, and one of merit also, for her songs have sold well.

Everyone who knows much of modern music has heard of Miss Emma Steiner, but hardly one-twentieth part of those who know her as an able and skilled musician could tell of the many compositions made by her that are popular.

Miss Steiner has composed and had performed over a dozen comic operas, has conducted orchestras, and exhibited a fine musical talent.

Mrs. Marcy-Raymond, daughter of Dr. Edgerton E. Marcy, also writes music, and what is more, has it eagerly sought for by publishers. Mrs. Raymond understands music; she thoroughly enjoys it, and the result is seen in her compositions. Mrs. Laura Sedgwick Collins is still another member of the same band of women-composers. She has done some excellent work in composition and has received much praise from the public.

The Atlanta Exposition's music room for women composers will show to all who care for music just how greatly she has contributed. There Mrs. Mary Knight Wood will have a fitting display of her many compositions, which, as a rule, are beautiful, full of melody, and of a class to touch the hearts of

those who hear them. Will the people recognize some familiar airs when her music is played? Undoubtedly, but they will be surprised when they learn that they were written by a woman, and, in rushing to see her picture in the music room, will find there the photographs of many more New York women who have made music that has been enjoyed by countless thousands.

Keeping Baby Quiet.

"Great heavens," roared the policeman, springing upstairs three steps at a jump, and dashing with uplifted truncheon into the photographer's studio, "what are you fighting about up here? Are you all in this row?"

"Grabs up and Uncle John and Aunt Sarah and pa and ma and Cousin Bess and young Mr. Thinlegs, her young man, and the two cousins from Birmingham and Uncle Charles and grand-ma all looked kind of silly and were quiet, but the photographer said:

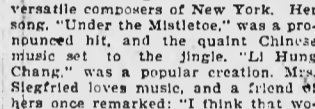
"Oh, that's all right, officer, there's no row; we're just trying to keep the baby quiet while we take its picture, bless it!"

Exit policeman.

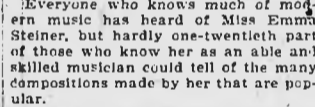
Chorus—Ram, bang, smash, jingle, whistle, crash, slam, slam, toot to toot, bang, bang, smash! Picture is taken.

ulu (who has been very ill and suddenly awakes)—Am I in heaven, mamma? Mother—No, dear, we are still with you.—Tammany Times.

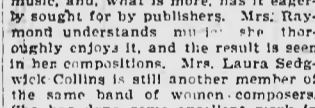
EMMA STEINER.



ADELAIDE NORTH.



MRS. H. C. VON KROH.



Do You Desire to Adopt a Child?

Address the International Children's Home Society, 234 La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois. Rev. Dr. Frank M. Gray, General Manager. Such a child as you may desire, of any age, will be sent you on six days' trial. Enclose stamp.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the bubble.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel rheumatism, colds or fevers use Syrup of Figs.

Music makes the people milder and gentler, more moral and more reasonable.

The wise man is the man who puts a blank wall of silence between himself and the world. The wise woman is the woman who tries so do it.

DO YOU EXPECT To Become a Mother? If so, then permit us to say that Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed a true "Mother's Friend," FOR IT MAKES Childbirth Easy

by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "Labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also shortened, the mother strengthened and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

Send twenty-one (21) cents for The People's Medical Adviser, 1000 pages, over 300 illustrations, giving all particulars. Several chapters of this great family doctor book are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women with suggestions as to successful home treatment of same. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

THE STRONGEST AND PUREST LYE

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

AROUND THE WORLD TOGETHER

A Los Angeles Couple Have Started on the Greatest Trip on Record.

W. T. Williams, Jr., and his bride of a week have left their Los Angeles home on a novel trip around the world. They left without luggage or money or food, with nothing but the clothes on their backs and a few things in their pockets. Mr. Williams is a son of District Attorney W. T. Williams. Like his father he is a big, stalwart man, capable of withstanding all sorts of hardships. Some ten days ago he surprised his friends by announcing his intention of getting married, and about a week ago turned up with a lovely bride and spent his honeymoon at the Rusa house. The story now goes that he made a wager of \$5,000 with his uncle that his wife had courage enough to undertake a journey about the world without either of them having any money or luggage. The condition was imposed that not more than two years should be occupied in the trip and that the travelers must not receive any help from friends, but must earn every cent they get from the time of departure until their return. The conditions were promptly agreed to, and as no particular preparations were necessary, it was decided to commence the long journey at once. The friends of the bride and groom assembled at the hotel, and the crowd was increased by a number of curious spectators, so that when the last good-byes were said and the plucky little woman and her big husband took the first step from the doors they were greeted by cheers from an assembly of several hundred people. They bowed their thanks, and trudging along were soon at the city limits and fairly started on their way. San Francisco and Seattle being visited then the road lies straight for the Orient. The undertaking is actuated by a desire for sight-seeing and adventure as well as by the \$5,000 purse which is made up on the venture.

Tobacco-Twisted Nerves.

Millions of men keep asking for stimulants because the nervous system is constantly irritated by nicotine-poison. Chewing or smoking destroys manhood and nerve power. It is not a habit, but a disease, and you will find a guaranteed cure in No. 7, 100c. Sold by Druggists everywhere. How to use: Address the Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

A friend of Rudyard Kipling says that during the three weeks which preceded his departure for Europe, the novelist lived in a New York boarding-house under an assumed name.

Comptroller of the Currency Eckles was an excellent base ball player before he assumed his present high office, but now he does not indulge in his fondness for the national game.

Minister Le Chat, who has been recently recalled by Belgium, was the most popular of the Washington diplomats. Like the rest of Washington, he and his son were smitten with the bicycle craze.

HAL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally and acts directly on the blood. It is the only cure for Catarrh. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CLEGG & CO., Toledo, O.

Virtue alone outbids the pyramids; her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

Do You Desire to Adopt a Child?

Address the International Children's Home Society, 234 La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois. Rev. Dr. Frank M. Gray, General Manager. Such a child as you may desire, of any age, will be sent you on six days' trial. Enclose stamp.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the bubble.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel rheumatism, colds or fevers use Syrup of Figs.

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THE STRONGEST AND PUREST LYE

Can help you to secure valuable information in regard to lands for farming, manufacturing, mining and home purposes. Descriptive pamphlets will be sent on application, and lowest rates quoted for passengers and household goods. We want to help you find a pleasant home, and sell you tickets when you move. Write to H. O. McCOMBICK, D. E. MARTIN, Passenger Traffic Mgr., Gen'l Pass & Ticket Agt., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

W. N. U. D.—XIII—34.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

Spinach is a Persian plant.

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

Filberts came from Greece.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WALKER'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Quinces came from Corinth.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

The turnip came from Rome.

Hegemman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chubbiness, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New York, N. Y.

The ideal husband is still a bachelor.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Nervousness, Trembling and Shaking, Headache, St. Vitus' Dance, Scurvy, &c. Sold by Dr. Kline, 233 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Every trade in China has its patron saint.

Hindercoorns is a simply remedy, but it takes out the corns, and what a consolation it is! Makes walking a pleasure. Loc. at druggists.

Wife selling is still common in central Russia.

Mothers who have used Parker's Ginger Tonic for years insist that it benefits more than other medicines; every form of distress and weakness yields to it.

Affinity is the chief reliance of the divorced courts.

Itching Piles, night's horrid plague, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by Doan's Ointment. Your dealer ought to keep it.

The strongest influence is always exerted at short range.

Even chronic diarrhoea succumbs quickly to Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, nature's own specific for all bowel complaints.

Belgium was the first country to make hypnotism a crime.

Have you earache, toothache, sore throat, pains or swellings of any sort? A few applications of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil will bring relief almost instantly.

Observe the effects of rage on those who deliver themselves up to the passion.

"Burdock Blood Bitters entirely cured me of a terrible breaking out all over my body. It is a wonderful medicine." Miss Julia Elbridge, Box 35, West Cornwall, Conn.

Some people refuse to try to climb the slippery hill of prosperity because it isn't sprinkled with ashes.

In matrimonial angling, which every maid delights, 'Tis often found the "catches" in the end are only bites.

Metal Wheels for your Wagons

Do You Want a... FARM

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M. FRED GRAY, - EDITOR.
\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.
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 Cards of Thanks gratis.
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 Paid notices set a word; in locals set a word.
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Friday, August 23, 1895.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS
 Advertisers will please bear in mind that on and after the 1st of September, the advertising rates of this paper will be:
 Per column, on 1st page, \$1.00
 Per column, on 8th page, .75
 Per column, on any other page, .65
 Present contracts carried until completed.

ONE YEAR OF CO-OPERATION.
 Their Motto is "United to Relieve; Not Combined to Injure."

The experiment of organizing a society on the co-operative plan in Knoxville and Allentown is now a year old. The other night the first anniversary of the Integral Co-operative association, composed of people in that community, was celebrated with an entertainment in the Allentown Turner hall. While the association has a membership of only 123, there were 700 people at the celebration. The programme consisted principally of vocal and instrumental music by good local talent. President J. Edward Chesley made a speech, in which he told of the progress the movement had made. Mr. Chesley is an enthusiast, who believes the world is slowly but surely resolving itself into one mighty social organization, in which the Golden Rule will be universally practiced, and in which everybody will buy groceries at one common supply house at cost. During his talk the president called attention to a large streamer stretched across the hall, on which was painted this motto: "United to Relieve; Not Combined to Injure." In fact, this sentiment was the keynote of his short speech. He declared that the "old boat of competition is sinking, and the lifeboat of co-operation is coming to the rescue." He explained the value of co-operative effort, as illustrated by the grocery owned and conducted by the association at 43 Washington avenue, Thirty-first ward. He said that all the store-rooms now occupied by stores in excess of those absolutely necessary to supply the people was a waste of rent. His theory is that all profit made by the stores which the community could get along without is a species of robbery, and that the patrons are the people robbed. In connection with the printed programme was a statement of the condition of the co-operative grocery. From these figures it would appear that the weekly sales are \$385, and that there has been a gain in the assets of the grocery of \$115.42 since it has been running. The balance sheet shows that the store invoices \$1,022.33 in merchandise and \$384.30 in fixtures, with \$134.79 cash on hand. The Belamy association, which is an outgrowth of the Integral association, now owns a toy factory and employs sixteen people.—New York Sun.

MINKS IN AN ODD BATTLE.

They Fought Each Other Violently in the Water and Out.
 An unusual battle was witnessed at Greenwood lake on Wednesday by Mr. Silas Pickering, of Newark, and old Steve Garrison, the veteran guide, says New York Sun. Steve was rowing, and Sil was catching frogs for bass along the east shore of the lake, a short distance below the Brandon house. Suddenly they heard a remarkable squealing, and as they turned a point of rocks they saw on the shore of a little cove two full-grown minks in combat. The usually shy animals were so busy that they paid no attention to the approach of the boat, and Steve rowed up to within fifteen feet of them. The minks seemed each to be fighting for a threshold, and the way they sparred and scratched was highly interesting. Finally, one caught the other by the back, and they rolled from the rock into the water, where they continued to fight as energetically as on the shore. Soon they emerged, separately, but clung as soon as they were on the rock, and the fight waged sharper than ever. Both minks squealed almost continuously as they sapped and scratched at each other. Three times they pitched from the sloping rock into the water and crawled out to renew the fight ashore, but after another dip only one came up. The other had evidently tired of the fight and sneaked away under water. The victor crept upon the rock, and not seeing his adversary, began to strut to and fro as if much pleased with himself. Suddenly he caught sight of Pickering's striped blazer and fled into the bushes.

A Hen That Kills Mice.
 Councilman Samuel Bell, a horse importer of Wooster, O., has a Minorca pullet that takes as much delight in catching rats and mice as a rat dog. The hen was raised with a litter of fox terriers, and from being associated constantly with the dogs has acquired their hatred for rodents. She will tackle the largest kind, and while she has never killed a large one, will keep them at bay until the dogs come to her relief. She has killed many half-grown ones. She seems to know that the big rats are too much for her. It is in dispatching mice that she is at home, and two to four picks from her bill always lay the mouse out. A funny part of the hen's accomplishment is that she will stand for hours on watch for mice, and when one appears, pounce on it with the fury of a cat.

LIVE IN SNOW HOUSES.

Winter Dwellings of Adventurous Miners on the Yukon River.
 Many adventurous prospectors have been making their way in the last year toward the Yukon River valley, in Alaska, and they have had to live very much after the fashion of the natives. Caribou and moose abound, though it's not much sport hunting them when the thermometer registers 50 degrees below zero. The natives construct snow huts in about the time that would be required to pitch a wall tent. They select a place where the snow is about four feet deep. A space 6 by 9 feet is marked out. Blocks two feet square are cut from the surface snow and set on edge around the excavation for side walls. At one end three feet of space is dug down to the ground; in the balance about two feet of snow is left for a couch. The sides and ends are built up tight and the whole is roofed with broad slabs of crusted snow cut in proper dimensions to form a flat gable roof, and loose snow is thrown over all to chink in. At the end, which is dug down to the ground, a hole is cut just large enough to admit a man crawling on his hands and knees. The hut is now finished and sleeping bags and provisions are packed inside. The arms and ammunition are generally left outside. After the outside work is finished everybody crawls into the hut and the opening is stopped up from the inside with a plug of snow that has been fitted carefully, and no one is expected to go out until it is time to break camp. The combined heat from the lamp they use, soon raises the temperature, and a degree of comfort is obtained, no matter how cold it may be on the outside. The Alaska Mining Record says that a similar degree of warmth is obtained by no other manner of camping in that region. Snow tents that are occupied for a month or more are more elaborate, and are usually built when the snow is six or eight feet deep, as the roof can be made higher and the hut entered by a covered way and through an ante-room in which the dogs sleep and the sleds and other articles are stored.

THE VOICE.

A Few of the Opinions of Waldstein Pegg, Musical Doctor.
 Dr. Pegg, who was once an associate of Abbe Liszt, entertains the opinion that the voices of singers may be affected by their diet. In those parts of Europe where fish is the chief article of food, there are few fine vocalists, and the voice in ordinary speech there is apt to lack delicacy of timbre and also dignity. Dr. Pegg has come to the conclusion that the food most desirable for singers is of a granivorous kind, yet they may properly include a moderate quantity of meat in their daily repast. He discards the idea that malt liquors give strength to the voice, though they may stimulate its action for a brief time. They had better be avoided by those singers who desire to keep their tones fresh and rich. The smoking habit is not necessarily injurious to the voice, if the indulgence is well restrained and temperate. Dr. Pegg has no patience with those French composers professing to be symbolists who would mingle with music the "potent spirit of perfume." The ancient Romans believed that in perfume there was a subtle power to create emotion, but it ought not to be used in combination with music to intensify an artistic impression. The music alone would be all-powerful.

A HUNTING TRIP IN ALASKA.

Chris Henne's Expedition Against Moose and Caribou in Alaska.
 Chris Henne, of Los Angeles, Cal., who has hunted all sorts of game the world over, arrived in Alaska a month ago to spend the summer hunting caribou and moose in the ranges adjoining the Yukon river and its tributaries. He started at once for the interior, taking with him a guide and two Indians as packers. His route will be up the Tanov, thence over the divide to Lake Teslin, where he will make his first halt. Mr. Henne carries with him a 14-foot canvas canoe which weighs but fifty-five pounds and is guaranteed to carry 500 pounds with safety. Mr. Henne takes with him a Sharp's expedition, which he has used in hunting tigers and elephants. It weighs fifteen pounds and has a barrel thirty-two inches long. He expects to reach Fort Reliance in time to take the steamer down the river connecting with the last boat to leave St. Michael's, and to take back a lot of heads with him.

Only Doing Their Duty.

The New York World is still standing on the sidewalk howling itself red in the face over the enforcement of the Sunday liquor law. How little headway our contemporary has made with its crusade became manifest through its own columns last Sunday. There appeared in the last Sunday edition of the World interviews with a number of prominent liquor dealers in this city, who frankly admitted that, though the law was obnoxious, the police commissioners were only doing their plain duty in exacting obedience to the law.

The Distinction.

Alley—"Cholly, I am shocked, don't you know. You said 'pants.' You said the gov'nor always wears black 'pants.' Why don't you say 'trousers'?"
 Cholly—"The gov'nor does'nt wear trousers. He wears pants. Buys 'em weddy-made."

Rather Rough.

Ragged Robert (at Stony Point)—
 "It's poor Christians these folks is."
 Jagged Jake—"When ye ask for bread they give ye a stone."
 Ragged Robert—"I wouldn't mind if they'd just give th' stone to me; but they throw it."

MYSTERY OF A MAINE ISLAND.

A Hermit Englishman Who Ended His Misery by Cutting His Throat.
 "Some years ago, up at North Haven Island, on the Maine coast," said a New Yorker, "I came across a mystery that haunts me still. A bare rocky joint juts out into the sea on one side of the island, and the first year that I visited the place there was a rude cabin on the rock. Having gone out there from curiosity one day, I found a man in shameful rags trying out the oil from the refuse of a fish-canning factory. When I came to examine the man his appearance astonished me. He was an extremely handsome, well-made Englishman of forty or thereabouts. His hands, soiled with the material he worked in, were small and well-shaped. When I tried to draw him into conversation, he first answered in monosyllables, and was almost sulky in his reserve. He gradually thawed, however, and I found that he spoke rare and beautiful English, and that of a well-read and well-read man. Glancing into the door of his cabin, I could see perhaps a score of well-thumbed volumes in library binding. His reserve was such that I could not ask him about himself, but I left the island deeply interested in him."
 "I turned up at North Haven the next year, and one of the earliest things I did was to go out to the point in search of my acquaintance. The rock was bare again, and there was no trace of him and his cottage. I asked about him of some persons I met on the island, and here is what I learned: He had come to the place mysteriously some years before, having been dropped by a schooner. He found work at the fish cannery, but later quit the place, built his cabin on the rock, supplied himself with food chiefly by fishing, and obtained from the factory the privilege of trying oil from the refuse. From the products he obtained a little ready money for tobacco and other luxuries. At some time between my two visits his cabin was discovered to be on fire late one night, and hurrying down, his neighbors saw him amid the flames dead, with his throat cut. The fire had so seized upon the hut that his body could not be removed until it was nearly consumed. He was buried, and no solution of the mystery discovered. Life had evidently become insupportable to him, and he had taken the way of suicide as the easiest one out of misery."

A FIRE CURTAIN OF WATER.

An Effective Device to Save Buildings from Destruction by a Spreading Fire.
 An effective device for the protection of buildings from fires in adjacent structures has been successfully tested in Boston. The idea worked out in the apparatus is to maintain a sheet of water between the fire and the building to be protected. This is done by placing on every open side of the building near the top a line of perforated piping for carrying the water. The complete apparatus consists of a five-inch stand-pipe, extending over the upper story. From it runs another pipe around the sides and front, from two and one-half to four inches in diameter. On the front are three revolving sprinklers, and one is placed at each exposed side, in the center. The arms are of bronze metal, slightly curved. At each end of the arms is a ball nozzle, such as is used by fire departments on regular hose lines. At the Boston test a fire department steamer furnished the power, and for about fifteen minutes poured through the sprinkler a delivery of 1,000 gallons a minute, completely drenching the walls, and keeping a continuous sheet of water from top to bottom.

A New Rapid-Growing Rose.

M. de Vilman, says Cosmos, has produced a new rose, distinguished for marvelous rapidity of growth. The blossom measures not more than forty to fifty centimetres in diameter, and is a cross between a Japanese variety and a hybrid perpetual rose. The bush bears roses all summer, single, double, and semi-double, and they have the form of pom-poms, and tend to grow in clusters. The most striking thing about the new rose is its astounding rapidity of growth. Plants from seeds sown in the middle of January may be counted upon to blossom by the middle of April. Even more remarkable was the development of two plants from seeds sown on March 1 of this year. One of these began to blossom March 15, and the other three days later.

New Orleans Sewerage.

New Orleans is to have a new and complete system of sewerage, which is to cost about \$3,000,000. The city council has adopted the plans and voted the funds. It will at least take four or five years to complete the work, but probably within two or three years most of the conspicuously unpleasant and unhealthy features of the present system will be done away with, and the city thereby made very much more attractive to visitors.

Self-Sustaining Aquariums.

Aquarium tanks are made self-sustaining by the introduction of just the right amount of plant life, by which the water is aerated and kept sweet for a considerable time, even in such small bodies. Ulva, or sea lettuce, a beautiful green plant, is often used for this purpose. When it is undisturbed air collects under the ulva and buoys it up.

Above and Below.

Husband—"We must be more economical in the use of coal."
 Wife (a Vassar graduate)—"There are untold billions of tons of coal just beneath the earth's surface, and—"
 Husband—"And one or two big corporations just above it."

Free Ticket to the Fair
AND
THE MAIL
FOR THE
Balance of 1895
AND TO
January 1st, 1897,
 all for **\$1.00**

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BIG PREMIUMS
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Meat Market.
 I wish to inform the people of Plymouth that I am still in the business, and keep constantly on hand a full line of **Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats,** And everything else that is usually found in a first-class market.
 Our meats are not stale at our prices are right.
 Orders called for and delivered to any part of the city.
 Resp'y,
WM. GAYDE,
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 If so, Go the best route. In order To be on the sure side. Ask your nearest Railway Agent To give you a ticket via the **Great Northern R. R.**

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ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, DULUTH and WEST SUPERIOR.
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DETROIT, Lansing & Northern R. R.
 JUNE, 1895.

STANDARD TIME	STANDARD TIME	STANDARD TIME	STANDARD TIME
Grand Rapids	7:00	7:20	7:35
Howard City	7:10	7:30	7:45
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Howell	6:20	6:40	6:55
Howell Junction	6:30	6:50	7:05
Howell	6:40	7:00	7:15
Howell Junction	6:50	7:10	7:25
Howell	7:00	7:20	7:35

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS AND PERSONAL MENTION.

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

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers will please bear in mind that on and after the 1st of September, the advertising rates of this paper will be: Per column, on 1st page, \$100.00 Per column, on 8th page, 75.00 Per column, on any other page, 65.00 Present contracts carried until completed.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Services held in Safford's Hall every Sunday morning at 10:30. All are most cordially invited to attend.

Clay Hoyt is visiting relatives at Ann Arbor.

S. Chadwick, of Grand Lege, was in town last Saturday.

Miss Pitcher, of Monroe, is spending a few days with Maud Millsbaugh.

Paul Voorhies, of Ann Arbor, was visiting in Plymouth the first of the week.

Another *beaut* was witnessed at Northville last Saturday—Yale 27; Northville 9.

Mary Rogers was in Wayne Sunday to attend the funeral of Mrs. F. H. Hubbard.

B. & H. whirled their merry-go-round at Ypsilanti Wednesday. It was German Day.

E. P. Lombard and family are visiting relatives in the vicinity of Belleville and Milan this week.

J. R. Rauch returned Monday evening from his trip to the "Soo" and reports a very pleasant time.

George L. Robinson and wife, and A. A. Robinson and wife, all of Detroit, spent Sunday at the home of H. C. Robinson.

Dr. Adams has rented the suite of rooms over A. H. Dibble's store, the front ones for an office, the back ones for sub-renting.

Miss Rosa Baxter, who has been visiting relatives and friends here for the past three weeks, returned to her home in Milford, Monday evening.

Rev. Olivia J. Carpenter, of Dimondale, Mich., will preach at village hall, Sunday, Aug. 25, at 7:30 p. m., under the auspices of the Universalist society.

The Wayne Stars will meet the Pearls at the fair grounds next Wednesday, Aug. 28. If you want to see a good game, attend, as the clubs are very evenly matched.

A traveling men's ball club, of Detroit, will play ball with Plymouth's business men tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon. Admission, gents 20 cents, ladies 10 cents, boys 5 cents.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will give a chicken pie supper and entertainment in the new chapel Friday evening, Aug. 30th. Tea served from 5 to 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cents.

Dr. Adams and family left Wednesday morning for Fitchburg, Mass., to visit the doctor's mother and brother. Sept. 15 they go to New York City to visit Mrs. Adam's family, and the doctor to study in the hospital there. They will return Oct. 3rd.

Rev. J. H. Fleming, of Erie, Mich., will preach in the Presbyterian church at 10:45 o'clock, the usual hour of service. All interested in the welfare of that society are cordially invited to be present. Strangers spending the day in the village are heartily welcome.

Messrs. Draper, Fisher and Lamphere returned Monday evening, none the worse for their trip to the Falls. They rode their wheels to within a few miles of Toronto and went the rest of the way by boat, returning to Detroit by train. Rob. Mimmack, who was one of the party, stopped off at St. Marys to visit his mother and returned Thursday morning.

The Pearls played ball with the Young Americans, of Detroit, last Saturday. A fair sized crowd witnessed the game, which was an interesting one. For the first 5 or 6 innings the Y. A. only succeeded in getting one run. Then our boys lost their nerve for an inning and allowed the visitors to pile up a few. The Pearls won, however, by a score of 19 to 14. The Young Americans will play another game here Monday, Sept. 2.

"The Globe Furniture Company Band, of Northville, has just closed a contract to play at the state fair in Grand Rapids. This happy result was attained wholly through the efforts of Editor F. S. Neal, of the Northville Record. The band boys were so tickled about it that they marched up to Brother Neal's house at midnight Wednesday and serenaded him with some of their choicest tunes. He is their manager."—*Detroit Journal*.

At a meeting of citizens held at the Berdan house Thursday evening, it was decided to give the old soldiers of the 16th Michigan, who will hold a reunion here on Oct. 29th, a big banquet. Messrs. Markham and Pelham were appointed a finance committee. Here is a chance where the same patriotic love of country and those who fought for its freedom can assert itself, and it should not be lost.

Married, at the home of Mrs. Kellogg, A. Pickrin, of Sumpter, and Miss Theresa Miller, of Plymouth. Rev. Church performed the ceremony. While the ceremony was being performed some person took their horse and rig, which was tied in front of the house, and put it in the church shed, and it was not found until a late hour.

Union service Sunday evening at the M. E. church.

Miss Mary Phillips, of Bay City, has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Draper.

George Kellogg and sister are camping with friends at Straights Lake.

May Starkweather and Ethel Johnson were guests of Auntie Millard Tuesday.

Dr. Oliver, of Detroit, was in town Monday and made this office a call.

Clerk Nichol, of Northville, was a pleasant caller at the MAIL office Friday.

Rev. R. H. Beals, of Northville, will occupy the Baptist pulpit Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Shattuck have returned from a few days' camping at Straights Lake.

14 to 9 was the tale of woe our business men's club related on their return from Salem last Friday.

Anna Lyon leaves Saturday morning for a three week's visit with friends at Toledo, Ohio, and Elkhart, Ind.

Robt. Rutter was in town this week with a load of cucumbers and found a ready market for the same.

Whatever does not appear in the Detroit Courier is scarcely worth noting.—*Courier*. Now what do you think of that.

Itoy Lyndon, Will Peck, Reginald Oliver, Floyd Allen, Arthur Hood, Sam Spicer and Bert Rea are camping at Straights Lake.

The editor's desk was graced with two lovely bouquets, the gifts of Miss Cora Pelham and Mrs. Millard, for which we are truly thankful.

Dr. Bell and family have returned, and we are in receipt of some very fine turtle. The doctor reports an elegant time and the catching of hosts of fish.

The E. L. S. met at Dr. Merriman's last Monday evening and spent a very pleasant and profitable evening. The group meeting will not be held in Wayne until a later date.

The Plymouth fair premium list is nearing completion. A few of the books are finished and the rest are being bound. Leave your order for one with F. D. Holloway, Plymouth, Mich.

Mr. Benjamin, of the Granite State Provident Association, appears to be doing a splendid business in our town, having already secured 12 members, who have each subscribed to from \$500 to \$1,000 of stock.

Dr. Thos. H. Oliver, who has been in connection with the Grace Hospital for the past five years at Detroit, has opened an office here. Dr. Mina Oliver, his wife, will also practice with him. Dr. Oliver has purchased the McTraw homestead and will occupy same about Oct. 1st. For the present the doctor has located over Plymouth Savings bank.

L. C. Hough & Son have just received a car load of strictly prime, new timothy seed. It cost upwards of \$1,500 cash. The firm has established an enviable reputation for furnishing first-class seeds of all kinds, and by buying in very large quantities they are able to sell the very best seeds for the same price other dealers charge for inferior grades. They advise every farmer to examine all seeds with a microscope, and furnish their customers with one for this purpose. In addition to their large retail trade they have a wholesale department and ship large quantities of seeds all over the state.

S. W. Everett's gray horse took it into his head the other day to have a frolic. Starting in the lumber yard, he ran down into Starkweather's field, up on to Main street, and made for the barn. Mr. Everett was there at the gate, but did not succeed in catching the horse, which took another circuit through the lumber yard over the same ground to the barn again. Mr. Everett was still there to catch him, but did not succeed. The horse started down Main street but came in contact with the hydrant in front of Mr. Lyon's and left the rear part of the wagon. Then the circus commenced. The horse made for the barn again with the fore part of the wagon, sometimes on the ground, sometimes on his back, and doing some tall kicking. He ran into the barn through the small door and the mystery is how he got in with the balance of the wagon attached to him, and without getting hurt.

On Sunday evening Dr. Collier was called to attend the 13 year-old daughter of Hopkin Williams, who had been kicked in the face by a colt. Lottie and her mother had been to Superior and were returning home. They stopped at a friend's house, and the child noticed that the fly net was out of order, so reached over the dash board to adjust it, without first speaking to the horse. The horse kicked, lodging between the girl's eyes and smashing the nose to a pulp. Every bone was broken in splinters and the skin lacerated so that the doctor could lay the nose back on the forehead while dressing it. The bones were driven under the skin and the eyes somewhat injured, but the doctor hopes to save the sight of both. The injury is a painful one and one that will disfigure the girl for life. Dr. Collier said he never saw such a sight in his life. The child he reported as doing nicely.

Labor Day Excursion.

Monday, Sept. 2nd, will be a big day in labor circles in Detroit, and to enable every one to attend the celebration, the D. L. & N. will run a low rate excursion, leaving Plymouth at 9:15 a. m. and arriving at Detroit at 10:00 a. m. Returning leave at 7:00 p. m. Round trip rate, \$0.50.

A delightful day may be spent seeing the sights and helping the Detroiters celebrate. (415-16) L. M. FULLER, C. C.

Frank E. Hooker, representing the Hemmeter Cigar Co., Saginaw, arrived in town last Thursday and was taken sick at the Berdan house with what the doctors call stoppage of the bowels. Every remedy was applied, and as a last resort Dr. Collier gave a dose of turpentine. This not seeming to have the desired effect, Dr. Collier and Dr. McGraw, of Detroit, who had been sent for, prepared for an operation. The table was brought in and the patient made ready, and was about to be laid on the dissecting table, when the patient said he felt as if his bowels would move. The opportunity was given, and a happier man than Mr. Hooker was cannot be found. Mr. Hooker desires to return thanks to the friends who were so kind in registering to him, especially the Berdan house people and Dr. Collier. Mr. Hooker is a very fine gentleman, and has the same happy, patient disposition when sick as when well. He left for Saginaw on Wednesday.

Annual low rate excursion to Potoskey this year via D. L. & N. and C. & W. M. Rys. will be on August 29th. Tickets good until Sept. 7th to return. Rate from Plymouth is \$3.00. Ask agents for particulars or write to

L. M. FULLER,

Chief Clerk,

Grand Rapids.

(411-15)

N. Y. Board of Health on Wine.

Dr. James, of the New York Board of Health, says:

"I take great pleasure in testifying to the superior qualities of the port wine produced by Alfred Speer, of New Jersey. After a prolonged trial I recommend it as a superior wine for the sick and debilitated."

It is kept in casks to a great age before bottling, and though higher in price is far superior and more reliable than other wines.

OLD PEOPLE.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey or other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at John L. Gale's drug store.

You need a Vacation.

The best place to spend it is in Northern Michigan. Take advantage of the D. L. & N. and C. & W. M. excursion to Potoskey August 29th. Rates are very low and tickets good ten days. Ask agents about it. (411-15)

823 Hammond Bldg. Phone 1587

Irving W. Durfee,

Attorney-at-Law,

DETROIT, MICH.

TO THE PATRONS

OF THE

Plymouth Laundry,

I have been obliged to

change my location in the

Dohmsreich basement on

account of my health.

Hereafter you will find me at

my Residence, just east of

Wills' Blacksmith Shop,

For the convenience of my patrons, Laundry may be left at

J. R. Rauchs, and will

receive prompt

attention.

A. F. Wilkinson,

Ann Arbor St.

Wanted

Good reliable men, to sell our

Choice and Hardy Nursery

Cults, such as Fruit Trees, Roses,

Shrubs, and Ornamentals.

Ladies make this business a success. Easy work,

pleasant, light and profitable. OUTFIT FREE. Apply at once,

with references, and secure choice of territory. F. H. MAY COMPANY, Nur-

serymen and Seedmen, Rochester,

N. Y. (415-16)

State Care of School Children's Teeth.

Quebec, Special: Canada may be the

first country to introduce regular dental

inspection of the teeth of children in

her public schools, with a view to

remedying the results of neglect on the

part of parents. The Countess of Aber-

deen has pressed the matter upon the

attention of the National Council of

Women of Canada who are about to

take it in hand. The countess said that

a medical man of standing in Toronto

who had carried on dental hospital

work among the poor for many years,

had suggested this movement, which

she approved, and had reported that

the degeneration of the teeth of the

children of today was quite alarming.

Matter of Equity.

She—I think it's absurd for a man

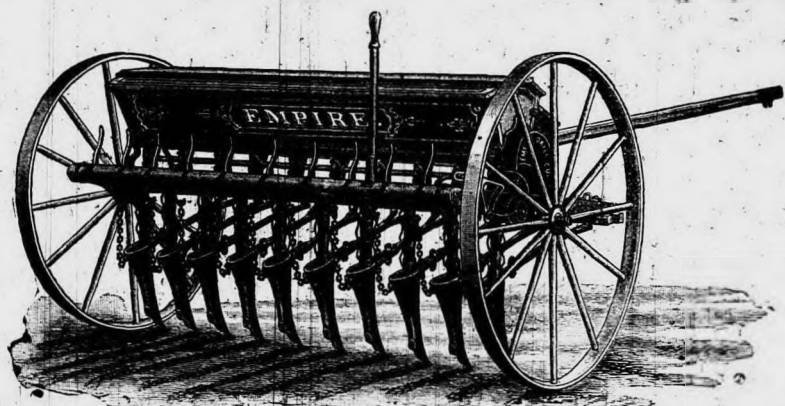
to expect his wife to share his troubles.

He—I don't know. He wouldn't have

many if it wasn't for her.

There is nothing too good for our customers

The Best Is



The Cheapest

And we are bound they shall have the Best.

The EMPIRE Drill

Sows all sizes Seed Grain and Beans with or without fertilizer attachment

For Sale By **W. J. & H. E. BRADNER, PLYMOUTH.**

Two Doors West of Fair Grounds Entrance.

CYCLE REPAIRING

and Extras for Cycles.

Pneumatic Tires, Inner Tubes, Outside Casings, Valve Stems, Valves, Steel Balls, Nipples, Air Pumps, Spokes, Tire Cement in bulk or liquid, Tire Tape, Rubber Solution to repair Tires and Tubes, Plungers, Caps, Springs, Patching Rubber, Linen Thread, Cork Handles, Wrenches.

W. N. WHERRY,
PLYMOUTH, MICH.

104 papers. \$1. a Year.

4 Months on trial for 25 Cents

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Haying Tools.

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Mowing Machines and Binders.

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A Good Buggy

Call and See Him.

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Conducts a general Banking business in both Savings and Commercial Departments, and offers its customers every banking facility. Liberal treatment, prompt and careful attention to all business intrusted.

4 Per Cent paid on Saving deposits. Money loaned on real estate and other collateral security.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE SOLD.

E. K. BENNETT, Cashier.

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

A General Banking Business Transacted.

4 PER CENT

Interest paid on Savings and Time Deposits

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED. O. A. FRASER, CASHIER

COAL! COAL!

Now is the time to put in your winter's supply. We handle Best Grades of Scranton and Lehigh Valley. Also a Complete Stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, etc.

See us and get our prices and you will go no farther. Full Line of Tile and Sewer Pipe. Special Rates on large bills.

C. A. FRISBEE,
Plymouth.

\$1000 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY AS PRIZES

For the Best Pictures Taken.

On November 15th, 1895, we shall give away One Thousand Dollars in gold for the best pictures taken by the La Crosse Camera.

The prizes will be awarded as follows: \$300 in gold will be given for the best picture taken by this camera; \$100 for the second best; \$50 for the third best; \$25 for the fourth best; \$15 for the fifth best; \$10 for the sixth best; and for the next forty best \$5 each will be given; for the next eighty best \$2.50 each will be given; and for the next 200 best pictures taken by the La Crosse Camera \$1 each will be given, making in all \$1000 given away.

We shall do this for two reasons, viz: The first to introduce the La Crosse Camera for 1895; the second to educate the amateurs in photography. This contest closes November 1st, 1895.

This Camera can be used by any one and is sold under a positive written guarantee to do the work or money refunded.

Sent by express with full instructions and rules governing this contest upon receipt of Express money order for \$1.75. Remember a Written Guarantee Goes With Every Camera. Address: LA CROSSE SPECIALTY CO., La Crosse, Wis. 425

A. PELHAM,



DENTIST.

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Shirts with Percales, Brocade or Plaited fronts will be laundered right.

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Try the "HOME LAUNDRY." Next door to Cable's "Star Grocery."

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

M. F. GRAY, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Kansas also promises 400,000,000 bushels of corn.

China gets even with Japan by sending cholera with the troops as they return to their homes.

Female bandits are terrorizing Oklahoma. The new woman really must learn to restrain herself!

An English paper estimates the population of hell at 200,000,000. The editor could find a good job as a census statistician in Chicago.

The immense corn crops of the United States and the increased foreign demand are among the encouraging signs of the times.

Several Chicago liverymen are quietly working off their stock of horses and substituting bicycles. They have more calls for bikes than they do for nags.

A colored man in Champaign, Ill., has sued a colored barber of that town because he refused to shave him on account of his coal-black skin. Next!

When the Mora claim is paid it is reported that the lawyers will get the big end of the pile. It is easier to believe this than reports of Spanish victories in Cuba.

A Wichita man drowned himself because his wife scolded him. It may be necessary for the new woman to reprove her husband, but she should do it gently and kindly.

Clarkson Palmer, aged 12, of Plainfield, N. J., tried to open a dynamite cartridge with a hairpin. It is hardly worth while to add that Clarkson will never attempt it again.

The white people of Jackson's Hole were not massacred, but several Indians were. If the authorities do not make diligent efforts to arrest the murderers they will do scant justice.

Senator Blackburn has just declared that "he never did apologize for having been in the Confederate army, and he never will." Is there any one who cares whether he does or not?

Mrs. Clara McGill was married to Mr. Edward McGill in New York a few months ago in fine style. After a short season of housekeeping she concluded that Edward was not the man for her after all. So she skipped out to Perry, Okla., got a divorce, and is now on her way back with it. She says Perry is the place where they come real easy.

An Allegheny clergyman thinks he has found a scriptural arrangement of the bloomer costume in the text from Deuteronomy, which reads: "There shall not be the garment of a man upon a woman, and a man shall not wear the garment of a woman, for an abomination to Jehovah thy God is every one doing these things." There is nothing in this contention, for bloomers were never worn by men.

After all, would bull fights in Georgia be any worse than man fights in Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas?—Louisville Times. They would. When your Corbetts and Fitzsimmons fight, they do it voluntarily. In a bull fight the brutes on one side are at the mercy of the brutes on the other side, by whom they are tortured and slaughtered. Atlanta cannot afford to discredit her exposition with such atrocities.

Platt B. Walker and W. H. Ellis, two Minneapolis gentlemen, while making a tour through northern Iowa on wheels, rode up to a big tavern at Spirit Lake, hitched their bicycles out in front and went in to dinner. At the dining-room door they were met by the proprietor, who politely informed the wheelmen that they would not be allowed in the room with bicycle suits on. Walker and Ellis thought at first that the hotel man was joking, but when they discovered that he wasn't they got dinner elsewhere and then started damage suits. We will soon know which kind the landlord likes best.

In all the rejoicing and general prosperity the poor coal miner is left out of the calculation. He is a thing apart. There is none of the good times for him. Wages have been advanced in the mills and factories, for the builders and finishers, but the coal miner is ground beneath the heavy millstone and the company store. The best that is offered to him is abolition of the store swindle in return for a further reduction in his wages, and he is rather glad to accept that. A few operators have abolished their company stores—all honor to them—and are dealing honestly with their workmen in the matter of weights and settlements. It is a good time for others to follow a good example.

Army bicycles in France are now being manufactured of leather. They are reported as lighter, not so easily injured, and more easily repaired. A horseman with a drawn sword after the rider of a disabled bicycle is not pleasant.

The governor of Texas has read the riot act and the law to prize fighters, but the Corbett-Fitzsimmons crowd goes right along making great preparations for the fight. The chances are that there will be a lively time in Texas.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"COMFORT" THE SUBJECT OF LAST WEEK'S TALK.

Golden Text: And God Shall Wipe Away All Tears from Their Eyes—Revelation, Chapter VII, Verse 17—A Stirring Appeal.



TRAVELING across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine; and I thought, What a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas! me! they are falling all the time. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well, and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual northwest? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live?—the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is; it is agony in solution. Hear then, while I discourse of the uses of trouble.

First. It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me!" You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture-galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "What is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall he do it? He cannot afford to deface his horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water-lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discard his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of his own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where the trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no little-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly; now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who lives there, and how they dress. He reads

Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and mansions built.

Yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after awhile you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal son got tired living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our dependence upon God. Men think they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay out great plans, and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swelling of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked me if she might drive. I said, "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after awhile we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children; and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one the appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after awhile we meet some obstacle and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to catch hold of, that we catch hold of God only. Why, you do not know who the Lord is! He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament in life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotelkeeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital!"

The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage-stamp and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear Mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody, but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyers for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O Lord, I come to thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is in the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet, and head; and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning, she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At twelve o'clock

of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman! Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwreck, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit today, than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance.

I am a herb doctor. I put into the caldron the Root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life, and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The dandelion shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there—parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land; but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never more appreciated that thought than when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred," and I thought to myself, "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile." I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone.

My friends take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Dear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended. There we shall march up the heavenly street, and ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

God is Doing His Best. Is not God doing the best He can for us? Can any Christian disciple have a doubt on this point? And if God is doing His best for us why should we complain of any ordering of His? Sickness and bereavement, disappointment and sorrow, as well as health and happiness and joy, are all ordered or permitted by Him in wisdom and love. He knows what is best for us, and He sees that we have it. In view of this, why are those cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?

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Yours very truly,
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WE WANT TO TELL YOU

Why Your Back is Lame—Why it Aches and Pains, and How to Cure it.

Do you know what it is to have a back that is never free from aches and constant pain, a lame back, a sore back, an aching back, in fact, a back that makes your life a burden? What have you done for it? And does it still keep you from the happiness that perfect health brings to all? We know full well if such is your condition a cure for it will be a blessing you no doubt desire. Plasters won't do it, but may assist in bringing strength. Liniment won't do it, for, while it may give temporary relief, it does not reach the cause. The cause, there's the point; there's where to make the attack. Most backaches come from disordered kidneys, therefore you must correct their action if you would be cured. Read the following from D. D. Cook, whose address is No. 18 Michigan Street, Grand Rapids. He says:— "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills and wish to say it is a truly great medicine. Thirty years ago I had nervous prostration while in the army, where I served for over four years. I think it was during this service that the seeds were sown which have caused all my trouble. Severe bilious attacks bothered me, and at such times my kidneys were worse. It is almost impossible to describe the pain which so often lamed me. I have been so lame that to stand up after I had been sitting down required a great exertion. Walking was at times an impossibility, even at night I did not rest, being forced to get up during the night. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and wondered if they could make an almost lame man well. I got some, and soon after taking them began to feel their good effects. I used them for some time, my lameness all left me and I have not felt it since. Doan's Kidney Pills have done me an inestimable amount of good." For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

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CHAPTER X—(Continued.)

Old Aunt Ruthy was there, but "Aunt Ruthy's husband" had paid the penalty of painful cleanliness by dying of cholera.

Dr. Ross was there, and he entertained all who would listen by recounting his early prophecy that Little Joe was "living a double life," and would some day come to his senses; and by philosophizing upon Joe's cure in the Infernal Regions.

And a dozen or twenty old-time friends—men and women—were there, besides a few young men and maidens, anxious to witness a ceremony in which each hoped, ere long, to play a part, as principal.

But "the star of that goodly company" was Vivette Molier. Self-controlled, unselfish and striving to make others happy; ready of speech, with pleasant words for all, she won the good-will of old and young alike, and even drew words of praise from Aunt Ruthy, who declared her "nice enough for her own parlor, without spot or blemish."

When the minister had called attention to the now publicly renewed marriage vows of Joseph and Mary Gust, he departed, somewhat from his usual course, to deliver a homily on the marriage state.

"Dear beloved friends," said he. "God has never before permitted me to illustrate genuine marriage with such a living example of what it is. Here the fires of love burn bright, as they burned thirty-five years ago. Here is the heathenish phrase of 'honeymoon' made meaningless by a lifetime of conjugal love, ever fresh as in the hour of first affiance. Each has lived for the other, seeking to win, and willing to be won, with all the freshness and all the delicacy of love's young dream. May God continue to bless you, Joseph with Mary, and you, Mary, with your loving husband, as he has ever blessed you in the past—giving you a son without the pains of maternity, and lifting that son from mental darkness by his own swift agent that flashes in the thunder-cloud. I pronounce you husband and wife forever. Amen!"

There were tears in many eyes as that deep amen came up from the heart of the minister, and the low echoing amens that were heard in response came also from the heart. And yet Father Hurky, like the other, guests had known only the outer life of Joseph and Mary Gust—so easily assumed and apt to deceive. They should have known the inner life, where there are no masks and no make-believes. They should have known Joseph and Mary on the threshold of married life, in poverty, in sickness, in long watchings at the bed of pain without neighbors and without counsel; in the forest cabin, with savages prowling round; in the lonely waiting at home by the one for the other absent, making surveys for a future empire; in the alternate wrestlings with ague, and the long struggle with miasma; in storm and cold, and mutual support, when none but God could see.

And under the nurturing care of such hearts as these, no mystery that "Little Joe" had grown to manhood to illustrate the loving household, which made him one of its members, from very excess of loving-kindness.

The company remained late, talking of early days, or gossiping in the bright sunshine of youth, as each should number the years. On their way to the home of Vivette, the affianced couple arranged that Gust was, on the first favorable opportunity, to make formal application to Molier for his daughter's hand in marriage. If he consented, well; if he refused, they could wait. But, "neither life, nor death, nor angels," should separate them in heart—here or hereafter.

CHAPTER XI

A CLAIMANT FOR THE SULLY SPRINGS ESTATE—LAWYERS AND CLIENTS.

"I kept it because my father, before we started for Ohio, warned me to take care of it if any accident happened; and I have done so."

"Where did your father tell you to put it in case of accident?" asked Myra.

"In my shoe."

"Oh, Sam! that is true; and nobody heard it but Joe and I. Can this man be my dear little Joe? Please let me look a your ear, sir?"

The man hesitated a moment, and then said:

"No, sir; if I must go to the courts to establish my rights, I must retain all proper advantages. Every possible thing your son ought to know, I know, and at the proper time, will answer to the law of the land. I answer no more now."

"That is just where you fail," said Sam Blake. "You know a little too much; and in trying this case, I will stump you in five minutes."

"Good-bye, mother," said the man, "until you become satisfied of the truth. This uncle of mine I expected would oppose me. You will hear from

me through the proper officers of the law."

me through the proper officers of the law."

me through the proper officers of the law."

JOE'S REMARKABLE CASE

The first result of this remarkable conference was jealousy and suspicion between Sam Blake and Myra. Myra's request for permission to examine the man's ear indicated to Sam either that she wavered in her doubts as to the strange man's identity, or that she was disposed to favor his false claims for the sake of accruing advantages to herself. Myra on her part pondered Sam's statement, that "he had reason to know" that the proffered medal was not that of "Little Joe." How could he have any reason to know that, and why had he concealed from her any such reason? Then she remembered the memorandum, so carefully confided to her by old Mr. Blake on Sam's return from Cincinnati. That memorandum was carefully copied from the genuine medal, as she well knew. Why was not that memorandum given to Sam instead of to herself, and that secretly? And where did the second memorandum, which referred to other dates than this, come from? Surely the story of the idiot boy was an invention; and reluctant as she was to at last believe Sam Blake base enough to rob her of her son by concealing his whereabouts for his own private gain, she could arrive at no other conclusion. All night she could not sleep. She had no one to advise her, no discreet friend to consult. She decided at last for herself—whether wisely or not the event alone could determine.

Next morning she wrote a brief note to an attorney living at the county town, and dispatched it to him by a confidential servant. The note merely requested the presence of Zera Colburn, Esq., "for consultation."

In the afternoon, when Mr Colburn arrived, the following conversation occurred:

"I have sent for you, Mr. Colburn, to ask your professional advice."

"Yes, madam; about your son's estate. The case is a difficult one. Which side do you take?"

"Which side of what, Mr. Colburn?"

"The young man's lawsuit."

"Have you seen him?"

"He called upon me yesterday. Do you recognize him?"

"Oh, no, no. He is not my son, I am quite sure of that; but—"

"But—" echoed Colburn, anxious to be sure of his ground before committing himself.

"But, Mr. Colburn, I wish to know whether it will prejudice my interests should I aid him in his suit—without recognizing his claim, or without being a party to his pretensions."

Colburn knew now just where he stood.

"No, madam; not at all," he replied. "I can prosecute the claim wholly in your interest, madam. You need not be known in the matter at all."

"But it troubles my sense of propriety, Mr. Colburn, to act in secret; and only a mother's desire to learn what can be known of a lost son could induce me to do so. I care nothing for the estate."

"Let us understand each other, madam. You wish me to aid this claimant to the estate to the best of my power for the love of your lost son; not for the claimant's sake but yours, and without regard to your own claims upon the property?"

"Thank you, Mr. Colburn; that's what I wish you to do. I trust to your discretion as to what has passed and may pass between us. Mr. Colburn, you are my attorney."

"And as your attorney, Mrs. Blake, your communications will be sacredly confidential. But I must know all, you understand—even your most secret thoughts in this matter. You must not let me labor in the dark."

"I have nothing to conceal, Mr. Colburn. Could it turn out that this man is indeed my son, much as it would shock me to believe it, let him have his rights. But I am not a party to any fraud. Please remember that, Mr. Colburn."

"I understand you perfectly, madam. And you must trust me implicitly. Possibly the claimant will have no other attorney—he has no money; and that must not surprise you, I will prepare the bill and petition and show them to you for approval. Good-morning."

When Colburn reached his office he dispatched the following note:

"JOSEPH BLAKE, Esq.:
"You will find it to your interest to call upon me at my office at 2 p. m., to-morrow."
Z. COLBURN,
"Att'y at Law."

At 2 p. m. next day "Joseph Blake, Esq.," called as suggested.

Said "Joseph Blake" had already consulted Mr. Z. Colburn, told his story and requested that able and honest attorney to undertake his case. But Mr. Z. Colburn hoped to be on the other side, where he knew there was both money and power. The claimant had no money, and Colburn did not choose to fight Sam Blake for a contingency—unless the alleged mother could be enlisted on behalf of the claimant. Now that was all arranged to Colburn's entire satisfaction.

MISS WILLARD'S ROMANCE.

The W. C. T. U. President Was Once Coined by a Young Minister.

The recent rumor regarding the engagement of Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to an elderly English gentleman of means, who uses a large part of his annual income in the furthering of reform movements, has recalled to the minds of many of Miss Willard's friends in this country the romance of her early womanhood. Miss Willard's devotion to the temperance cause is by no means coyval with the great crusade of the early 70's, whose outcome was the organization of hundreds of Woman's Christian Temperance Unions. Miss Willard's parents were among the pioneers of the great northwest, and brought up their daughter with very strict, not to say narrow, views as to the use of liquor and tobacco. Miss Willard prepared herself for teaching, and while pursuing her studies met a young man who was studying for the ministry and who gave promise of attaining great prominence in his chosen calling. Their common love of study attracted them to each other, and the young man felt that in Miss Willard he had found the one woman who, as his wife, would help him upward and would gracefully share the honors of the lofty position at which he was aiming. Nor was Miss Willard's heart untouched, and the young man's matrimonial hopes might have been realized but for her discovery that he was addicted to the use of tobacco. She very promptly told him he could choose between tobacco and herself, and to all his pleadings opposed the one cry:

"If you love tobacco more than you do me find some other woman who will tolerate such a habit."

At length he ceased to urge her, and they went their separate ways, she to remain single and become president of the National Woman's Temperance Union, and one of the best parliamentarians in the United States, and he to marry some one else and become one of the most prominent bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church.

CAUGHT CHEATING.

Newsboys Scourge Another Who Violated Queensberry Rules.

A band of bare-legged and leather-lunged newsboys were "shootin' craps" in City Hall Park the other night when one of them caught another cheating. The two, after raucous argument, set at each other to settle the matter after the code of Queensberry. During the argument of limb and muscle some one yelled shrilly:

"Kiggy, Here comes de cop!"

When the party reassembled in Spruce street both combatants stripped and went at it tooth and nail. When they grappled the others pulled them apart. Both finally clinched with a desperation that defied unraveling and fell squirming to the pavement, where they swore between gasps at the others who trod upon their heads. Presently one of them writhed from the other's embrace.

"The golnam sniker's bit me!" he shrieked. "He's chawed off me arm."

"Dat's right," sniffed the other. "He was a-tumpin' me in de stomach. No bloke ain't golt' to do dat to me."

"We ain't!" yelled a sympathizer of the bitten boy. "We ain't hey? SWY, I'll tump yer in de 'roat." And he sailed in. The rest of the boys sailed in with him, and between them they were murdering the biting small boy when a policeman pounced upon them.

"What's the trouble here," he demanded.

"WY, dat bloke bit a chunk out o' me pal's arm," one of them piped up. And while the policeman put in hot pursuit of the boy who had bitten the other the rest of the newsboys fled up a side street, bearing as spoils the evening papers of the pursued.—New York World.

WAYS OF PUTTING IT.

It was a Bath poultryman's little daughter who asked him if when the sun sets it hatches out all the little stars.

A Kansas City restaurateur announces his provision of catfish for his patrons by hanging out a placard, "Baked Cat To-Day."

When the Shah of Persia left Berlin some years ago, the garrison watch-dog given out was "Schweinfurth." This means, or is a pun upon, "The pig is gone." The Shah was a nasty cuss. The Hot Springs, Ark., Thomas Cat says that "never since the sphinx raised its head out of the desert, and the cave-dwellers dangled their feet from the tips of dizzy precipices, the surface of the earth rolled in waves of flames and four-legged birds paced the streets of lost cities, have cheap theatrical caravans been praised and puffed and slobbered over as they have by the daily press of this city."

DOINGS OF WOMEN.

The Princess of Wales, her three daughters and the Princess May are good swimmers.

Mrs. Deacon, since her divorce, does not encourage exhibitions of friendship or sympathy toward her.

Having taken up golf, football and cricket, the ladies of a town not a hundred miles from Glasgow propose to go in for the good old game of quoits.

The Empress of Germany, with her children, will pass the greater part of the summer at Wyk, on the Island of Fohr. Four villas have been rented for the visitors.

Miss Mary Green, daughter of Dr. Joseph Green, of Whitewater, Wis., is an artist of a high order of talent and is giving her natural bent, the benefit of the best instruction and practice.

The Empress Eugenie, before leaving Paris for Cape Martin, gave Lieut.-Col. Bizot the campaigning kit of the Prince Imperial, and also that which she herself used in her sad pilgrimage to the scene of her son's death in Zululand.

ONE DOCTOR SAID JAUNDICE

ANOTHER SAID NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

But it Was His Back and the Patient Diagnosed His Own Case Correctly and Prescribed for Himself.

WHAT HE UBED—FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE CASE.

(From the Moon, Battle Creek, Mich.)

The people of Battle Creek, Mich., are talking of the wonderful cure of Henry Weston of 68 South Avenue, who doctoried so long with some of the best physicians in the country, and only to find that Dr. J. R. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People was and was permanently cured. John R. Linihan, of the drug firm of Morehouse & Linihan, proprietors of the White Drug Store, was seen by a reporter in regard to the cure and many others that had been reported. Mr. Linihan stated that the case of Mr. Weston was only one of a hundred or more in this city. "Every day," said the drug man, "we hear of someone that has been cured by these pills. We sell a large amount of them and have yet to find a person that has not got his money's worth. No one ever comes back and says they were not helped, but, on the other hand, dozens of persons have called who have been really benefited by their use. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are as staple as flour and no first-class druggist is ever without them. They are so cheap, only 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. They are within the reach of all and we never have any hesitancy in recommending them."

Mr. Weston was seen at his home on South Avenue by the reporter and asked there was any truth in the rumor that he had doctoried with some of the best physicians in the state, found no relief, and after spending hundreds of dollars in medicine that had not cured him, had, as a last resort, taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and was cured. "Yes," said he, "the rumor is true, and after spending several thousands of dollars for the best physicians in the state, found no relief, and after spending hundreds of dollars in medicine that had not cured him, had, as a last resort, taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and was cured. He was asked several questions by the reporter and then volunteered the following story:

"Four years ago I was troubled with my back. I went to my local physician and he gave me some medicine. It helped me for a time, but after a while I grew worse and was obliged to go to another doctor for help. He sent me to a Detroit specialist, who has a state reputation. I had the utmost confidence in this doctor and believed that I would be speedily cured. He pronounced my case as jaundice. I was under his care for eight months. His medicine did not go to the spot, and after spending no small amount with him, I gave it up and tried another local physician. He pronounced my case nervous prostration and gave me a stimulant. Of course I was better for a time, but as soon as the effects of the drug wore off I was left in a worse condition than before. I doctored along the way for about four months. I did not get any permanent relief. My back pained me and for the past four years I have not been able to do any work. One day I saw the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and, after reading it over, I decided to try it. I bought a box of the pills and found that the pills would help me. I knew that the pills would come as near my case as any of the doctors had and so took them. In four or five days my back became better. The pains stopped. I felt as if I had not for four years. I kept right on taking the medicine and every day I felt better. My whole system seemed to be purged of all the disease and poisons there were in it and I felt like a new man. I do not know how many boxes I took. I think it was eight when I pronounced myself well. It was only a short time between the day I took the first pill and the day I felt well. Think of the few dollars I spent on this medicine and was cured, and then think of the many dollars that I spent in Detroit with the specialist and with the local physicians. Think of the many months I suffered while under the care of the doctors and found no relief, and then I took the pills and I was cured. I do not feel after taking the Pink Pills. I consider the pills a household remedy and are never without them. I did not take any of the pills for several months and found that I felt all right. This proved to me that I was cured and not braced up for a short time, as in the case with many patent remedies and the prescriptions that doctors put up. For four years I suffered and could not work. Today I am well and ready to work. I have recommended the pills to dozens of persons and in every case they have done just as they were guaranteed to do. No one who has ever taken any of this wonderful remedy will hesitate to speak a good word for it. I find that when I tell a person that Pink Pills will help them and they take them they have nothing but praise for the medicine and are grateful to me for telling them of it. The pills which cure when doctors fail. My wife takes the pills—in fact, every one I know who is sick takes the pills—that is, if I can get them to. People who know how I suffered need no other recommendation for the remedy than to see me writing around again. I know the condition that I was in and are aware what it was that produced the change. My case alone has caused the sale of hundreds of boxes of the pills and there are many more who have been cured and who would be willing to tell their story if they were interviewed. A remedy like this should be known. People who should be made aware of the wonderful cures that have been effected by it. Everyone who has been cured should be only too willing to tell of it so their neighbor might find relief. We swear by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Dr. Weston certainly looked well. He is fifty-two years old and looks hearty and healthy. He is very enthusiastic over his cure and cannot say enough in favor of the Pink Pills. The reporter might add that the name of the Detroit physician in the article, but that he is well known in this city and has a large practice here now. He has made a fortune out of his practice. These little pills accomplished a cure that he was powerless to cope with.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

John Black & Sons were threshing near Morganstown, W. Va., when the boiler of the engine exploded, killing three men and injuring four others.

AT THE SEASIDE.

Enchantments That Pass in Review on the Crowded Board-Walk.
 Upon the promenade at a very fashionable summer seaside resort is daily seen a wonderful view of an ever-changing throng of superbly attired women—a very kaleidoscope of color and movement. Not a few of the costumes are undeniably gaudy—silk that the color-loving Orientals would delight in, and a combination of shades and patterns that cause the eyes to ache as they rest upon them, making it a relief to turn to the quieter lines, which are by no means lacking in that great medley of color. Among many charming toilettes noted was one all black, and the other black and white. The last named was of white lace silk, so narrowly striped with fine hairlines in black that a silvery effect was produced. The skirt was immensely wide at the hem. The sleeves formed one very large puff, terminating above the elbow. The vest front was made of accordion-plaited white chiffon, overlaid with broad black velvet ribbon. A velvet girdle confined the waist and a full plaited ruche of chiffon encircled the throat. The very small toque was of black straw, trimmed with jetted lace and white field daisies. A frilled white silk parasol and long gloves of white suede kid, stitched with black, completed an elegant and most becoming toilet. The black costume was made of crepon of corrugated design. It was extremely full in the back, falling in heavy flutes that tapered toward the waist. The bodice of black satin, softly draped with chiffon, was brilliant with a mass of superb arabesque trimmings of finest French jet that covered its upper half. The sleeves of satin, draped with the chiffon, formed one immense puff to the elbows, above which fell long Vandyke points of the jet. The tiny head covering was a mass of jet, and the parasol of black chiffon. The whole formed a costume that stood out from among the more garish gowns as distinctly elegant and ladylike.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

The Question of Prices of Food, the Wages Paid and the Fees Expected.
 The question of prices in those days, the first quarter of the seventeenth century, as compared to these is of interest to everyone, and it is satisfactory to find that food was not as fabulously cheap in the days of our forefathers as we are often led to believe. Mary Verney writes to Ralph at Blois, complaining bitterly of the dearth of provisions in London. Beef is 4d, veal and mutton 8d, while Pea Verney reckons 8s a week too much for her diet, which is afterward fixed at 16 a year. Twelve pounds a year seems a great deal for willful little Betty, aged 13, to spend on her dress; but country bred as she was, she declines, Mary writes, to wear anything but silk. The sum of £30, claimed by Nancy Denton, who was a spoiled child and rich man's daughter, as far more appropriate to her position. In fact, the fees earned by physicians in those days were far in excess of what we should give now, in spite of the exceeding simplicity—not to say remarkable unpleasantry—of their pharmacopoeia and treatment. Dr. Theodore Mayence, the fashionable doctor, left £140,000 (equivalent to over \$500,000) behind him, and Sir Ralph is miserable because he cannot afford to pay Dr. Denton the £50, which is the ordinary fee for a confinement. A Venetian mirror costs £40, a portrait by Van Dyke £50. A maid's wages come to £3, but the pair of "trimmed gloves," with which it is the fashion to reward any extra work on her part, come to £1 5s—an absurdly disproportionate present. The price of Sir Edmund's Covent Garden house is £100, and many horses fetch as much, while £200 a year is the usual price for a boy's board and teaching in a good French family.

Swam Half a Mile Handcuffed.
 Norfolk, Va., Special: Martin Sullivan, a white sailor on the cruiser Minneapolis, now at the Norfolk Navy Yard, was ironed Saturday night for desertion. He escaped from his cell last night and while handcuffed leaped overboard and swam across the river to Berkeley, half a mile away. He hid under a raft while the cruiser swept the water with her search lights. When they were turned off he made his way to Berkeley, where some negroes fled his handcuffs off. He then exchanged his uniform for citizen's clothes and engaged to work his passage to New York on a barge. When a launch from the yard passed the barge today he hid in a boiler, but was subsequently captured.

Boston's Richest Men.
 The death of Benjamin P. Cheney, the second richest man in Boston, was announced yesterday. He was a citizen who had confined his activity to his business operations, which had been very large in the express company with which he was identified and in railroads. The richest man in Boston, I believe, is still J. Montgomery Sears. Next to the Cheney estate is that of the late Frederick L. Ames, with that of the still living John M. Forbes, supposed to be very large also. Mr. Forbes is in the close vicinity of 80 years of age, but still vigorous.

The Decadence of Falls Church.
 No country village has reached an ideal existence until it can boast of a brass band. Every citizen from the small boy up to his honor, the mayor, takes a personal interest in such an organization and is ready to root for it on state occasions. Once upon a time we had a band that dispensed soul-inspiring music during the long summer evenings, but now these rehearsals, concerts, and serenades are as myths of the past, and Falls Church has degenerated into a banished town.

Meads Mills.

Ray Rogers, of Detroit, spent part of last week with Zrt McRoberts. Frank Millard and Mr. Murphy, of Detroit, spent Sunday with G. P. Benton's people. A number from here expect to attend the farmers picnic at Whitmore Lake Saturday. Mrs. Moore and daughter, Evciens, of Northville, were visitors at H. E. Burdick's last Friday. Master Frank Campbell, who has been visiting his uncle, Harry King, has returned to Ypsilanti. Miss Clara Benton has returned from Detroit accompanied by Miss Mabel Davis, who will make a short visit here. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kent were made happy by the addition of a daughter to their family circle last Friday. Weight, 10 pounds. There is talk of a ball game being played here next Thursday between the farmer boys of this vicinity and those north of Northville, near Mr. Thornton's.

Livonia.

Mr. Kingslow visited Toledo on business last Saturday. Fred Sockow, of Salem, visited his parents, of this town, last Saturday. John Lute, who lives in the northwest part of town, is very sick at present. Fred Punkow and John Baze and wife visited friends in the town of Lyons last Sunday. A number of wells in this town have gone dry this summer that were never known to do so before. Some thief entered the house of Wm. McKinney one day last week and stole a suit of clothes from Mr. McKinney. C. Bentley's team ran away one day last week, injuring H. Wolfrom, the hired man, and breaking the harness and wagon in pieces. David Phillips, of Detroit, visited A. Stringer last week. Mr. Phillips is a son of one of the first settlers of Plymouth township.

TWO LIVES SAVED.

Miss Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her, and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at John L. Gale's drug store. Large size 50 and \$1.00

W. O. T. U.

Twenty five ladies were present at yesterday's meeting: among them our long absent sister, Mrs. Carrie Markham, who was warmly welcomed by the members. Plans were made for attending the Layal Temperance Legion convention at Northville next Monday afternoon and evening. Several of our ladies will drive over, and a number of our young people will take part in the program.

A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Wilder, R. C. Safford, J. H. Noyes and H. C. Robinson for kindly furnishing conveyances for carrying people to the lawn social at Mrs. H. R. Root's.

The president called upon the advertising managers of the FAIR MESSENGER for a report of the work done: everything was progressing finely, they had deputized Mrs. M. A. Patterson to canvass Ypsilanti, and had themselves visited Detroit. Both places had been thoroughly canvassed and the results were encouraging. The editorial staff intend to make the FAIR MESSENGER a paper to be proud of, and one which shall be widely read.

SUPT. OF PRESS.

Sunday Excursion to Island Lake and Grand Ledge.

Probably the last chance to see Grand Ledge on Sunday this year, and surely the last chance to see Island Lake. Spiritualist's camp meeting will close soon, so if you want to attend it you'd better go on this date.

Of course you want to visit Grand Ledge again. It's a delightful place to spend Sunday and the fare is very low. Special train will leave Plymouth Aug. 25 at 8:45 a. m., and leave Grand Ledge at 6:00 p. m. Round trip rates—to Island Lake \$0.85—to Grand Ledge \$0.75. L. M. FULLER, Chief Clerk.

During the winter of 1893, F. M. Martin, of Long Reach, West Va., contracted a severe cold which left him with a cough. In speaking of how he cured it he says: "I used several different kinds of cough syrup, but found no relief until I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's cough remedy, which relieved me almost instantly, and in a short time brought about a complete cure." When troubled with a cough or cold use this remedy and you will not find it necessary to try several kinds before you get relief. It has been on the market for over 20 years, and constantly grows in favor and popularity. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Dr. J. G. Meiler, druggist.

"For Charity Suffereth Long"



Mrs. Laura C. Phoenix, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Matron of a Benevolent Home and knowing the good Dr. Miles' Nervine has done me, my wish to help others, overcomes my dislike for the publicity, this letter may give me. In Nov. and Dec., 1893, The inmates had the "LaGrippe," and I was one of the first. Resuming duty too soon, with the care of so many sick, I did not regain my health, and in a month I became so debilitated and nervous from sleeplessness and the drafts made on my vitality, that it was a question if I could go on. A dear friend advised me to try Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. I took 2 bottles and am happy to say, I am in better health than ever. I still continue its occasional use, as a nerve food, as my work is very trying. A letter addressed to Milwaukee, Wis., will reach me." June 6, 1894. MRS. LAURA C. PHOENIX.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores Health

will be run this year on Thursday, August 29, affording an opportunity for everybody to visit the resorts of northern Michigan with little expense. The train will run as usual via Grand Rapids and the West Michigan "scenic line," the popular route to Charlevoix, Petoskey and Bay View. The beautiful scenery along this line north of Traverse City is alone a sufficient attraction to make the trip a delightful one. Tickets will be good to return on all regular trains until Sept. 7th, inclusive. Train will leave Plymouth at 8:05 a. m., stopping at Grand Rapids 30 minutes for dinner and arriving at Traverse City at 5:45 p. m., Charlevoix 8:15 p. m., Petoskey—Bay View 8:50 p. m. Round trip rate to either point \$5.00. Stops will also be made at Manistee Crossing (for Manistee), Thompsonville (for Frankfort), and at all stations north of Travers: City, to let off passengers. Baggage will be checked accordingly. No stop-off allowed on tickets. There is great fishing along the line north of Traverse City. Take your fish line with you. L. M. FULLER, C. C. P. D. (411-15)

It will be an agreeable surprise to people subject to attacks of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's cholera, cholera, and diarrhea remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. 25 and 50-cent bottles for sale by Dr. J. G. Meiler, druggist.

VACATION DAYS.

A Delightful Place to Spend Them.
 The approach of vacation days is a time for selecting some interesting place for a summer outing. A few places combine so many advantages that will quickly suggest themselves when vacation plans are canvassed. One of these is always Bay View, rich in varied recreative delights, social and educational advantages, and growing more interesting every year. This season's summer announcements are particularly attractive, filling nearly sixty pages of the Bay View Magazine, and beautiful with a hundred halftone views. The Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad has secured a quantity of the magazines, and placed a liberal supply at their ticket office in this place for the public. All persons planning a vacation, or intending to attend some summer school will be interested in the Bay View announcements. The public is invited to call for copies. The F. & P. M. R. R. will as usual make very low rates to Bay View. Besides the low priced summer tourist tickets now on sale, half fare tickets to Bay View will be sold from July 8 to 17, inclusive, return limit August 15th. 416

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, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is too severe a shock to the system, as tobacco, to an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. Baco-Curo is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, in all its forms, carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent British Physician who has used it in his private practice since 1873, without a failure, purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want, while taking Baco-Curo, it will notify you when to stop. We give a written guarantee to permanently cure any case with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent interest. Baco-Curo is not a substitute, but a scientific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first chew or smoke. Sold by all druggists, with our ironclad guarantee, at \$1.00 per box, three boxes, (thirty days treatment,) \$2.50 or sent direct upon receipt of price. SEND SIX TWO-CENT STAMPS FOR SAMPLE BOX, BOOKLET AND PROOFS FREE. Eureka Chemical & Manufacturing Chemists, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

ALL ON THE QUIET

We wish to say that we do not Carry

ÆOLIAN INSTRUMENTS—

But we do carry the most complete line of

- Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes,
- Combs, Toilet Soaps, Tooth Brushes
- Sponges, Chamios, Perfumes,
- Dyes, Tube Paints, Tooth
- Powders, Stationery,
- Confectionery,
- Fruits,

Antiseptic Wall Paper Cleaner, Zenoleum,

In the City.

CHAFFEE, HUNTER & LAUFFER'S.

Groceries, Provisions,

- Canned Goods, Sweet Cakes, Fancy Crackers, Pan Cake
- Flour, Breakfast Flakes, Hornby Steam Cooked Oat
- Meal, Prunes, Jelly Cured Apricots, Salt White Fish,
- Good Friday Mackerel, Codfish, Heinz Bros. Sweet
- Pickles, Olives in Bulk, Rife Nut Ginger Snaps, Re-
- ception Flakes, Sultana Fruit, Family Pretzelettes, Soda
- Crackers, Graham or Oat Meal Wafers, Reception Tea
- Pepsin Crackers, Cracknells, Lemon and Vanilla Wafers,
- Cocanut Taffy, Bannet/Salt Crackers,
- The Finest Mocha and Java Coffee

Best Black, Green, and Ceylon Teas.

Are what you want, we have them.

PRICES RIGHT—GOODS FIRST-CLASS—FREE DELIVERY,

AT

"93" PHARMACY

If You Want

Stale Groceries, High Prices, Poor Treatment, etc.,

Don't

Go to Cable's.

Our stock is Fresh and we aim to please.

"Wonderful Dream" Salve, at our store.

Try our "CC" Prize Coffee.

We are Headquarters for School Supplies.

L. E. CABLE.

\$\$ Saved \$\$

By buying your Gasoline Stoves of Huston & Co.

- Six left, price from \$4 to \$20
- Also two Lawn Mowers at \$2 75
- Ice Cream Freezers from \$1 50 to \$2 25
- 3 ply Rubber Hose 8c per ft.

New Stock of Cook Stoves and Ranges ready to show you any time at

HUSTON & CO.'S Cash Hardware.

M. CONNER & SON

Hardware Merchants.

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 Biles, 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.

DO YOU WANT TO STOP TOBACCO?

You Can Be Cured While Using It.

The habit of using tobacco grows on a man until grave diseased conditions are produced. Tobacco causes cancer of the mouth and stomach; dyspepsia; loss of memory; nervous affections; congestion of the retina, and wasting of the optic nerve resulting in impairment of vision, even to the extent of blindness; dizziness, or vertigo; tobacco asthma; nightly suffocation; dull pain in region of the heart, followed later by sharp pains, palpitation and weakened pulse, resulting in fatal heart disease. It also causes loss of vitality.

QUIT, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

To quit suddenly is too severe a shock to the system as tobacco—to an inveterate user, becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. "BACO-CURO" is a scientific and reliable vegetable remedy guaranteed to be perfectly harmless, and which has been in use for the last 23 years having cured thousands of habitual tobacco-users—smokers, chewers, and snuff-dippers.

YOU CAN USE ALL THE TOBACCO YOU WANT, WHILE TAKING "BACO-CURO." IT WILL NOTIFY YOU WHEN TO STOP. WE GIVE A WRITTEN GUARANTEE to permanently cure any case with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent interest.

"BACO-CURO" is not a substitute, but a reliable scientific cure—which absolutely destroys the craving for tobacco without the aid of will power, and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine, as the day you took your first chew or smoke.

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