

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

Published Weekly.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

It is harder to be happy with riches than it is without them.

These are still people who strain at gnats and swallow camels.

How easy it is to find a reason for doing what we want to do.

Lord Dunsen's lead water line probably will not be so low this time.

It is possible to fail a thousand times in the eyes of men, and yet succeed.

"Clothes do not always make the man." Sometimes they make a bloomer girl.

There is reason to believe that Lord Dunsen shifted his liquid ballast too often.

"Up the Elevator Shaft; or Old Weaver Fly's Wheat Deal," is a cereal story sure.

It is now feared that the tobacco trust has contracted the deadly cigarette habit.

The more your enemy hates you, the warmer you can make it for him by treating him kindly.

The man who has not decided that he will never drink, has more than half decided that he will drink.

St. Louis is always hot in June, but it will be cold enough for all the candidates but one next summer.

No; John L. Sullivan is not the champion pugilist of the world. He is merely the champion prize fighter.

If you are in the habit of going to sleep in church, you do not help the preacher any by occupying a front seat.

Twenty-seven policemen now do duty guarding the White House in Washington, and not one of them is kicking on his job.

We are convinced that lynching never can be stopped in this country until a few of the lynchers have been lynched.

New York now proudly boasts of a genuine leper bootblack. In certain particulars that town certainly is ahead of Chicago.

If Senator Tillman goes wandering about Washington with a pitchfork we expect the White House sentries to do their duty.

Let a few millionaires go to giving like the woman who gave the two mites, and how soon the devil would begin to limp.

That Oswego bookkeeper who embezzled \$11,000 did not spend it as usual on "wine and women." She is a new woman herself.

The officials of Webster City, Ia., have been trying for a long time to compel everybody to use the city hay scales. But the courts say there are others.

Pod Dimskue and Dink Botts will not be missed at Washington so long as Ed Sauerbering of Wisconsin and Joel Heatwole of Minnesota are in Congress.

The Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette thinks that "the butter business apparently is in a healthy condition." And yet one can hardly say that it is good and strong.

The Boston Herald prints an able article on "How Prunes are Cured?" What this country really needs, however, is directions for curing the terrible boarding-house prune habit.

An Indianapolis paper says that Governor Cumback is the coming man in this state. We don't know the gentleman, but we would like to see him placed on the same ticket with Carrie Chapman Catt.

Since a couple of students were married in one of the rooms of the Chicago University, perhaps President Harper has had occasion to revise his opinion that "sur co-eds do not take enough interest in each other."

Young husbands are quoted high in Indiana. Recently Mrs. Sarah Ray, of Laporte, 74 years old, made an offer of \$30,000 to the young man who best pleased her. George Brown, 26 years of age, paid such assiduous court that she consented to marry him, it being shown that he was of good character and a representative of a good family.

Mrs. Ray's relatives attempted to prevent the wedding by instituting proceedings, declaring Mrs. Ray of unsound mind. After an exciting trial a jury ruled in her favor. Fearing that there might be further efforts to break the match, Mr. Brown and Mrs. Ray ran away to Westfield, where the knot was tied. True to her promise, she gave the bridegroom a check for \$20,000.

J. Alexander MacGillcuddy writes to the New York Sun to inquire why Editor Dana "mutilates the vernacular in a heinous and barbarous manner."

If Brother Dana ever does such a thing as that we hope he will be disciplined as he deserves.

These Atlanta fellows evidently don't know much about running a big expedition. They propose to issue diplomas and medals at the expiration of the show. John Boyd Thatcher never did business in such a scandalous way as that.

ONE GREAT QUESTION.

IT IS: WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Crying Need of the Times—People Are Starving for that They Know Not What It Is Religion.



WASHINGTON, Dec. 29, 1895.—For the closing discourse of the year, Rev. Dr. Talmage chose a subject which appeals to the unconverted everywhere, viz: "The Philippian Jailor." The text selected was: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Acts 16:30. Incarcerated in a Philippian penitentiary, a place cold, and dark, and damp, and loathsome, and hideous, unillumined save by the torch of the official who comes to see if they are alive yet, the two ministers of torture, their feet fast in instruments of torture, their shoulders dripping from the stroke of leather thongs, their mouths hot with inflammation of thirst, their heads faint because they may not lie down. In a comfortable room of that same building, and amid pleasant surroundings, is a paid officer of the government whose business it is to supervise the prison. It is night and all is still in the corridors of the dungeon save as some murderer struggles with a horrid dream, or a ruffian turns over in his chains, or there is the cough of a dying consumptive amid the dampness; but suddenly, crash! go the walls. The two clergymen pass out free. The jail-keeper, although familiar with the darkness and the horrors hovering around the dungeon, is startled beyond all bounds, and flambeau in hand he rushes through amid the falling walls, shouting at the top of his voice: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

I stand now among those who are asking the same question with more or less earnestness and I accept you in this crisis of your soul with a message from heaven. There are those in this audience who might be more skillful in argument than I am; there are those here who can dive into deeper depths of science, or have larger knowledge; there are in this audience those who before whom I would willingly bow as the inferior to the superior; but I yield to no one in this assemblage in a desire to have all the people saved by the power of an omnipotent Gospel.

I shall proceed to characterize the question of the agitated jail-keeper. And first, I characterize the question as courteous. He might have rushed in, and said: "Paul and Silas, you vagabonds, are you tearing down this prison? Aren't you satisfied with disturbing the peace of the city by your infamous doctrines? And are you now going to destroy public property? Back with you to your places, you vagabonds!" He said no such thing. The word of four letters, "Sirs!" equivalent to "lords," recognized the majesty and honor of their mission. Sirs! If a man with a captious spirit tries to find the way to heaven he will miss it. If a man comes out and pronounces all Christians as hypocrites and the religion of Jesus Christ as a fraud, and asks irritating questions, about the mysterious and the inscrutable, saying, "Come, my wise man, explain this and explain that: if this be true how can that be true?"—no such man finds the way to heaven. The question of the text was decent, courteous, gentlemanly, deferential. Sirs.

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper by saying that it was a practical question. He did not ask why God let sin come into this world, he did not ask how Christ could be God and man in the same person, he did not ask the doctrine of the degrees explained or meant to know whom Cain married, or what was the cause of the earthquake. His present and everlasting welfare was involved in the question, and was not that practical? But I know multitudes of people who are bothering themselves about the non-essentials of religion. What would you think of a man who should, while discussing the question of the light and heat of the sun, spend his time down in a coal cellar, when he might come out and see the one and feel the other? Yet there are multitudes of men who, in discussing the chemistry of the Gospel, spend their time down in the dungeon of their unbelief, when God all the while stands telling them to come out into the noontide light and warmth of the Sun of righteousness. The question for you, my brother, to discuss is not whether Calvin or Arminius was right, not whether a handful of water in holy baptism or a baptism of the heart, or whether foreordination and free-agency can be harmonized. The practical question for you to discuss, and for me to discuss, is, "Where will I spend eternity?"

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one personal to himself. I have no doubt he had many friends, and he was interested in their welfare. I have no doubt he found that there were persons in that prison who, if the earthquake had destroyed them, would have found their case desperate. He is not questioning about them. The whole weight of his question turns on the pronoun "I." "What shall I do?" Of course, when a man becomes a Christian, he immediately becomes anxious for the salvation of other people, but until that point is reached the most important question is about your own salvation. "What is to be my destiny?" "What are my prospects for the future?" "Where am I going?" "What shall I do?" The trouble is we shun the responsibility off upon others. We prophesy a bad end to that inebriate and terrific ex-

posure to that defaulter, and awful catastrophe to that prodigal. We are so busy in weighing other people we forget ourselves to get into the scales. We are so busy watching the poor garden of other people that we let our own doorway go to weeds. We are so busy sending off other people into the lifeboat, we sink in the wave. We cry "fire!" because our neighbor's house is burning down and seem to be uninterested although our own house is in the conflagration. O wandering thoughts, disappear today. Blot out this entire audience, except yourself. Your sin, is it pardoned? Your death, is it provided for? Your heaven, is it secured? A mightier earthquake than that which demolished the Philippian penitentiary will rumble about your ears. The foundations of the earth will give way. The earth by one tremor will fling all the American cities into the dust. Cathedrals and palaces and prisons which have stood for thousands of years will topple like a child's blockhouse. The surges of the sea will submerge the land, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans above the Alps and the Andes, clap their hands. What then will become of me? What then will become of you? I do not wonder at the anxiety of this man of my text, for he was not only anxious about the falling of the prison; but the falling of a world.

Again, I remark: I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one of incomparable importance. Men are alike, and I suppose he had scores of questions on his mind, but all questions for this world are hushed up, forgotten, annihilated in this one question of the text: "What must I do to be saved?" And have you, my brother, any question of importance compared with that question? Is it a question of business? Your common sense tells you that you will soon cease worldly business. You know very well that you will soon pass out of that partnership. You know that beyond a certain point, of all the millions of dollars' worth of goods sold, you will not handle a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a penny's worth of after that, if a conflagration should sweep all Washington into ashes, it would not touch you, and would not damage you. If every cashier should abscond and every bank suspend payment, and every insurance company fail, it would not affect you. Oh, how insignificant is business this side of the grave compared with business on the other side of the grave! Have you made any purchase for eternity? Is there any question so broad at the base, so altitudinous, so overshadowing as the question: "What must I do to be saved?" Or, is it a domestic question, is it something about father, or mother, or husband, or wife, or son, or daughter that is the more important question? You know by that universal and inexorable law that relation will soon be broken up. Father will be gone, mother will be gone, children will be gone, you will be gone; but after that, the question of the text will begin to harvest its richer gains, or deplore its worst losses, or roll up its mightiest magnitudes, or sweep its vaster circles.

Oh, what a question, what an important question. Is there any question that compares with it in importance? What is it now to Napoleon III, whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan, whether he died at the Tuilleries or Chislehurst, whether he was emperor or exile. Because he was laid out in the coffin in the dress of a field marshal, did that give him any better chance for the future than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? What difference will it soon make to you or to me whether we were bowed to or maltreated, whether we were applauded or hissed at, welcomed or kicked out? While laying hold of every moment of the future, and burying in every splendor of every grief, and overaching or undergirding all time and all eternity, will be the plain, startling, infinite, stupendous question of the text: "What must I do to be saved?"

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one crushed out by his misfortunes, pressed out by his misfortunes. The falling of the penitentiary, his occupation was gone. Besides that the flight of a prisoner was ordinarily the death of the jailer. He was held responsible. If all had gone well, if the prison walls had not been shaken of the earthquake, if the prisoners had all stayed quiet in the stocks, if the morning sunlight had calmly dropped on the jailer's pillow, do you think he would have heeded this red-hot question from this soul into the ear of his apostolic prisoners? Ah! no; you know as well as I do it was the earthquake that roused him up. And it is trouble that starts a great many people to asking the same question. It has been so with a multitude of you. You apparel is not as bright as it once was. Why have you changed the garb? Do you not like soldiering, and crimson and purple as well as once? Yes, but you say: "While I was prospered and happy, my colors were accordant with my feelings; now they would be discordant to my soul." And so you have plaited up the shroud into your apparel. The world is a very different place from what it was once for you! Once you said: "Oh, if I could only have it quiet for a little while." It is too quiet. Some people say that they would not bring back their departed friends from heaven even if they had the opportunity; but if you had the opportunity, you would bring back your loved ones and soon their feet would be heard in the family, and the old days would come back just as the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving—days gone forever. Oh, it is the earthquake that startled you to asking this question—the earthquake of domestic misfortune. Death is so cruel, so devouring, so relentless, that when it swallows up our loved ones we must have some one to whom we can carry our love and bleeding hearts. We need a

balsam better than anything that exuded from earthly tree to heal the pain of the soul. It is pleasant to have our friends gather around us and tell us how sorry they are, and try to break up the loneliness; but nothing but the hand of Jesus Christ can take the bruised soul and put it in his bosom, hushing it with the lullaby of heaven. O brother, O sister! the grave-stone will never be lifted from your heart until Christ lifts it. Was it not the loss of your friends, or the persecution of your enemies, or the overthrow of your worldly estate—was it not an earthquake that started you out to ask this stupendous question of my text?

In the troubled times of Scotland, Sir John Cochrane was condemned to death by the king. The death warrant was on the way. Sir John Cochrane was bidding farewell to his daughter Grizel at the prison door. He said: "Farewell, my darling child! I must die." His daughter said: "No, father, you shall not die." "But," he said, "the king is against me, and the law is after me, and the death warrant is on its way, and I must die; do not deceive yourself, my dear child." The daughter said: "Father, you shall not die," as she left the prison gate. At night, on the moors of Scotland, a disguised wayfarer stood waiting for the horseman carrying the mail-bags containing the death warrant. The disguised wayfarer, as the horse came by, clutched the bridle and shouted to the rider—the man who carried the mail-bags: "Dismount?" He felt for his arms, and was about to shoot, but the wayfarer jerked him from his saddle and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mail-bags, put them on his shoulder and vanished in the darkness, and fourteen days were thus gained for the prisoner's life, during which the father confessor was pleading for the pardon of Sir John Cochrane.

The second time the death warrant is on its way. The disguised wayfarer comes along, and asks for a little bread and a little wine, starts on across the moors, and they say: "Poor man, to have to go out on such a stormy night; it is dark and you will lose yourself on the moors." "Oh, no," he says, "I will not." He trudged on and stopped amid the brambles and waited for the horseman to come carrying the mail-bags containing the death warrant of Sir John Cochrane. The mail-carrier spurred on his steed, for he was fearful because of what had occurred on the former journey, spurred on his steed, when suddenly through the storm and through the darkness there was a flash of firearms and the horse became unmanageable, and so the mail-carrier discharged his pistol in response, the horse flung him, and the disguised wayfarer put upon his shoulders the mail-bags, leaped upon the horse, and sped away in the darkness, gaining fourteen more days for the poor prisoner, Sir John Cochrane; and before the fourteen days had expired pardon had come from the king. The door of the prison swung open, and Sir John Cochrane was free. One day when he was standing amid his friends, they congratulating him, the disguised wayfarer appeared at the gate, and he said, "Admit him right away." The disguised wayfarer came in and said: "Here are two letters; read them and cast them into the fire." Sir John read them. They were his two death warrants, and he threw them into the fire. Then said Sir John Cochrane: "To whom am I indebted? Who is this poor wayfarer that saved my life? Who is it?" And the wayfarer pulled aside and pulled off the jerkin and the cloak, and the hat, and lo! it was Grizel, the daughter of Sir John Cochrane. "Gracious Heaven!" he cried, "my child, my savior, my own Grizel!" But a more thrilling story. The death warrant had come forth from the king of heaven and earth. The death warrant read: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The death warrant coming on the black horse of eternal night. We must die! But breaking the storm and putting out through the darkness was a disguised wayfarer who gripped by the bridle the on-coming doom and flung it back, and put his wounded and bleeding foot on the overthrown rider. Meanwhile pardon flashed from the throne, and, Go free! Open the gate! Strike off the chain! Go free! And to-day your liberated soul stands in the presence of the disguised wayfarer; and as he pulls of the disguise of his earthly humiliation and the disguise of his thorns, and the disguise of the seamless robe, you find he is none of your bone, flesh of your flesh, your Brother, your Christ, your Pardon, your Eternal Life. Let all earth and heaven break forth in veneration. Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

A guilty, weak and helpless worm. On thy kind arms I fall; Be Thou my strength and righteousness. My Jesus and my all.

The Abuse of Reading. Northwestern Christian Advocate (Meth.): Bacon tells us that reading makes the "full man." The value of that fullness depends upon the contents. A treasury may be full of gold, or a thin bladder full of "wind." We have heard of a man and wife, who, being relieved by some sort of an engagement that provided for their support, aimed to read every novel that issued from the press. The story represents them sitting or lounging all the day and evening, while they filled themselves with that which is worse than wind. Little children are always ready to hear a story, and happy is he who can combine instruction with amusement for the little folks. It is well that children should be amused, but an adult has become very weak and childish when he reads solely for amusement. Now and then one meets a person who squanders long hours in mere staring out from a window in sheer idleness. Some people read books with the same aimless motive.

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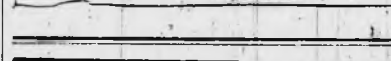


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Office of THE PIONEER PRESS COMPANY, C. W. HORNICK, Supr., St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 7th, 1894. Eureka Chemical and Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis. Dear Sirs—I have been a tobacco fiend for many years, and during the past two years have smoked fifteen to twenty cigars regularly every day. My whole nervous system became affected, until my physician told me I must give up the use of tobacco for the time being, at least. I tried the so-called "Keely Cure," "No-To-Bac," and various other remedies, but without success, until I accidentally learned of your "Baco-Cubo." Three weeks ago to-day I commenced using your preparation, and to-day I consider myself completely cured. I am in perfect health, and the horrible craving for tobacco, which every inveterate smoker fully appreciates, has completely left me. I consider your "Baco-Cubo" simply wonderful, and can fully recommend it. Yours very truly, C. W. HORNICK, [463-488]

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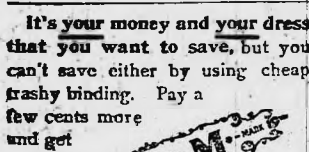
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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

A Bureaucrat, Incarcerator's Punishment.
The city was in a perfect uproar last night, caused by the Bachelors' club being out in force to "haze" A. H. Gillespie, a member of the club, who recently was married, in violation to the club's solemn rules and obligations. He was boxed up in a queensware crate and hauled up the main streets of the city; had his face blackened with a common shoe-brush. The band played a solemn march as the procession went up the street. He was then taken to the hall, where the degree of "knight of the orient" was to be administered to him, but when about half way through he was overcome by the shock of the initiation ceremonies and requirements and became unconscious. He is all right this morning.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mother of Pearl.
Mother of pearl is the hard, silvery, brilliant substance which forms the internal layers of several kinds of shells. The interior of our common oyster shells is of this nature, but the mother of pearl used in the arts is much more variegated with a play of colors. The large shells of the Indian sea alone have this pearly substance of sufficient thickness to be of use.

Tennessee Juniors are circulating pledges among the mothers, asking that all the eggs laid by the fowls on Sundays be given to them for missionary purposes.
Thirty-seven members of the Christian Endeavor society in the Texas state prison have asked to be enrolled as links of the World's Christian Endeavor Prayer Chain.

OUT OF THE CITY. A STORY OF THE NEW WOMAN.



BY A. CONAN DOYLE

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION. CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

His way now led towards the river-side regions, and a cleansing whiff of air was to be detected in the stagnant atmosphere. Men with the blue jersey and peaked cap of the boatman, or the wide duck of the dockers, began to replace the corduroys and fustians of the laborers. Shops with nautical instruments in the windows, rope and paint sellers, and slop-shops with long rows of oilskins dangling from hooks, all proclaimed the neighborhood of the docks. The Admiral quickened his pace and straightened his figure as his surroundings became more nautical, until at last, peeping between two high, dingy wharfs, he caught a glimpse of the mid-colored waters of the Thames, and of the bristle of masts and funnels which rose from its broad bosom. To the right lay a quiet street, with many brass plates upon either side, and wire blinds in all the windows. The Admiral walked slowly down it until "The Saint Lawrence Shipping Company" caught his eye. He crossed the road, pushed open the door, and found himself in a low-ceilinged office, with a long counter at one end and a great number of wooden sections of ships' stock upon boards and plastered all over the walls.

"Is Mr. Henry in?" asked the Admiral.
"No, sir," answered an elderly man from a high seat in the corner. "He has not come into town to-day. I can manage any business you may wish seen to."
"You don't happen to have a first or second officer's place vacant, do you?"
The manager looked with a dubious eye at his singular applicant.

"Do you hold certificates?" he asked.
"I hold every nautical certificate there is."
"When you won't do for us?"
"Why not?"
"Your age, sir."
"I give you my word that I can see as well as ever, and am as good a man in every way."
"I don't doubt it."
"Why should my age be a bar, then?"
"Well, I must put it plainly. If a man of your age, holding certificates, has not got past a second officer's berth, there must be a black mark against him somewhere. I don't know what it is, drink or temper, or want of judgment, but something there must be."
"I assure you there is nothing, but I find myself stranded, and so have to turn to the old business again."
"Oh, that's it," said the manager, with suspicion in his eye. "How long were you in your last billet?"
"Fifty-one years."
"What?"
"Yes, sir, one-and-fifty years."
"In the same employ?"
"Yes."
"Why, you must have begun as a child."
"It was twelve when I joined."
"It must be a strangely managed business," said the manager, "which allows men to leave it who have served for fifty years, and who are still as good as ever. Whom did you serve?"
"The Queen. Heaven bless her!"
"Oh, you were in the Royal navy. What rating did you hold?"
"I am Admiral of the Fleet."
The manager started, and sprang down from his high stool.
"My name is Admiral Hay Denver. There is my card. And here are the records of my service. I don't, you understand, want to push another man from his billet; but if you should chance to have a berth open, I should be very glad of it. I know the navigation from the God Banks right up to Montreal a great deal better than I know the streets of London."
The astonished manager glanced over the blue papers which his visitor had handed him. "Won't you take a chair, Admiral?" said he.

"Thank you! But I should be obliged if you would drop my title now. I told you because you asked me, but I've left the quarter deck, and am plain Mr. Hay Denver now."
"May I ask," said the manager, "are you the same Denver who commanded at one time on the North American station?"
"I did."
"Then it was you who got one of our boats, the Comus, off the rocks in the Bay of Fundy? The directors voted you three hundred guineas as salvage, and you resigned them."
"It was an offer which should not have been made," said the Admiral sternly.
"Well, it reflects credit upon you that you should think so. If Mr. Henry were here I am sure that he would arrange this matter for you at once. As it is, I shall lay it before the directors to-day, and I am sure that they will be proud to have you in our employment, and I hope in some more suitable position than that which you suggest."
"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said the Admiral, and started off again, well pleased, upon his homeward journey.

CHAPTER XV.
STILL AMONG SHOALS.
NEXT day brought the Admiral a cheque for £5,000 from Mr. McAdam, and a stamped agreement by which he made over his pension papers to the speculative inventor. It was not until he had signed and sent it off that he fully realized the significance of all that he had done, and how broken up he had sacrificed everything

His pension was gone. He had nothing save what he could earn. But the stout old heart never quailed. He waited eagerly for a letter from the Saint Lawrence Shipping Company, and in the meanwhile he gave his landlord a quarter's notice. Hundred pound a year houses would in future be a luxury which he could not aspire to. A small lodging in some inexpensive part of London must be the substitute for his breezy Norfolk villa. So he is, then! Better that a thousandfold, than that his name should be associated with failure and disgrace.

On that morning Harold Denver was to meet the creditors of the firm, and to explain the situation to them. It was a hateful task, a degrading task, but he set himself to do it with quiet resolution. At home they waited in intense anxiety to learn the result of the meeting. It was late before he returned, haggard and pale, like a man who had done and suffered much.

"What's this board in front of the house?" he asked.
"We are going to try a little change of scene," said the Admiral. "This place is neither town or country. But never mind that, boy. Tell us what happened in the city."
"God help me! My wretched business is driving you out of house and home!" cried Harold, broken down by this fresh evidence of the effects of his misfortunes. "It is easier for me to meet my creditors than to see you two suffering so patiently for my sake."
"Tut, tut!" cried the Admiral. "There's no suffering in the matter. Mother would rather be near the theaters. That's the bottom of it, isn't it, mother? You come and sit down here between us and tell us all about it!"

Harold sat down with a loving hand in each of his.
"It's not so bad as we thought," said he, "and yet it is bad enough. I have about ten days to find the money, but I don't know which way to turn for it. Pearson, however, led, as usual, when he spoke of £12,000. The amount is not quite £7,000."
The Admiral clapped his hands. "I knew we should weather it, after all! Hurrah, my boy! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Harold gazed at him in surprise, while the old seaman waved his arm above his head and belted out three stentorian cheers. "Where am I to get seven thousand pounds from, dad?" he asked.
"Never mind. You spin your yarn."
"Well, they were very good and very kind, but of course they must have their money or their money's worth. They passed a vote of sympathy for me, and agreed to wait ten days before they took any proceedings. Three of them, whose claim came to £3,500, told me that if I would give them my personal I. O. U., any pay interest at the rate of five per cent, their amounts might stand over as long as I wished. That would be a charge of £175 upon my income, but with temerity I could meet it, and it diminishes the debt by one-half."
Again the Admiral burst out cheering.

"There remains, therefore, about £2,200, which has to be found within ten days. No man shall lose by me. I gave them my word in the room that if I worked my soul out of my body every one of them should be paid. I shall not spend a penny upon myself until it is done. But some of them can't wait. They are poor men themselves, and must have their money. They have issued a warrant for Pearson's arrest. But they think that he has got away to the states."
"These men shall have their money," said the Admiral.
"Dad!"
"Yes, my boy, you don't know the resources of the family. One never does know until one tries. What have you yourself now?"
"I have about a thousand pounds invested."
"All right. And I have about as much more. There's a good start. Now, mother, it is your turn. What is that little bit of paper of yours?"
Mrs. Denver unfolded it, and placed it upon Harold's knee.
"Five thousand pounds!" he gasped.
"Ah, but mother is not the only rich one. Look at this!" And the Admiral unfolded his cheque, and placed it upon the other knee.
Harold gazed from one to the other in bewilderment. "Ten thousand pounds!" he cried. "Good heavens! where did these come from?"
"You will not worry any longer, dear," murmured his mother, slipping her arm round him.

But his quick eye had caught the signature upon one of the cheques. "Doctor Walker!" he cried, flushing. "This is Clara's doing. Oh, dad, we cannot take this money. It would not be right nor honorable."
"No, boy, I am glad you think so. It is a something, however, to have proved one's friend, for a real good friend he is. It was he who brought it in, though Clara sent him. But this other money will be enough to cover everything, and it is all your own."
"Your own? Where did you get it, dad?"
"Tut, tut! See what it is to have a city man to deal with. It is my own, and fairly earned, and that is enough."
"Dear old dad!" Harold squeezed his gnarled hand. "And you, mother! You have lifted the trouble from my heart. I feel another man. You have saved my honor, my good name, everything. I can not owe you more, for I owe you everything already."
So while the autumn sunset shone ruddily through the broad window these three sat together hand in hand, with hearts which were too full to speak. Suddenly the soft thudding of tennis balls was heard, and Mrs. Westmaccott bounded into view upon the lawn with brandished racket and short skirts fluttering in the breeze. The sight came as a relief to their strained nerves, and they burst all three into a hearty fit of laughter.

"The is playing with her nephew,"

said Harold at last. "The Walkers have not come out yet. I think that it would be well if you were to give me that cheque, mother, and I were to return it in person."
"Certainly, Harold. I think it would be very nice."
He went in through the garden. Clara and the Doctor were sitting together in the dining-room. She sprang to her feet at the sight of him.
"Oh, Harold, I have been waiting for you so impatiently," she cried; "I saw you pass the front windows half an hour ago. I would have come in if I dared. Do tell us what has happened."
"I have come in to thank you both. How can I repay you for so kind a deed? Here is your cheque, Doctor. I have not needed it. I find that I can lay my hands on enough to pay my creditors."
"Thank God!" said Clara fervently. "The sum is less than I thought, and our resources considerably more. We have been able to do it with ease."
"With ease?" The Doctor's brow clouded and his manner grew cold. "I think, Harold, that you would do better to take this money of mine, than to use that which seems to you to be gained with ease."
"Thank you, sir. If I borrowed from any one it would be from you. But my father has this very sum, five thousand pounds, and, as I tell him, I owe him so much that I have no compunction about owing him more."
"No compunction! Surely there are some sacrifices which a son should not allow his parents to make."
"Sacrifices! What do you mean?"
"Is it possible that you do not know how this money has been obtained?"
"I give you my word, Doctor Walker, that I have no idea. I asked my father, but he refused to tell me."
"I thought not," said the Doctor, the gloom clearing from his brow. "I was sure that you were not a man who, to clear yourself from a little money difficulty, would sacrifice the happiness of your mother and the health of your father."
"Good gracious! what do you mean?"
"It is only right that you should know. That money represents the commutation of your father's pension. It has reduced himself to poverty, and intends to go to sea again to earn a living."
"To sea again! Impossible!"
"It is the truth. Charles Westmaccott has told Ida. He was with him in the City when he took his poor pension about from dealer to dealer trying to sell it. He succeeded at last, and hence the money."
"He has sold his pension!" cried Harold, with his hands to his face. "My dear old dad has sold his pension!" He rushed from the room, and burst wildly into the presence of his parents once more. "I can not take it, father," he cried. "Better bankruptcy than that. Oh, if I had only known your plan! We must have back the pension, Oh, mother, mother, how could you think me capable of such selfishness? Give me the cheque, dad, and I will see this man to-night, for I would sooner die like a dog in the ditch than to touch a penny of this money."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

A Bright Little Newsboy Answers a Lady in a Smart and Caustic Manner.

A small and dirty newsboy worked a paying game for a week or so down in the shopping districts, says Chicago Tribune. He would don a most pathetic expression, go up to a woman and say, "Missis, won't you buy a paper? Dis is my birthday and I ain't sold hardly any." Of course he would sell one in nine cases out of ten and would generally get a nickel and be told to keep the change. He must have kept this up fully a week and reaped a bountiful harvest. At last one young woman who had tired of the same story and who became rather skeptical on the subject of the "birthdays," stopped the young genius and remarked in tones clear enough to be heard some little distance, "See here, little boy, what did you say about your birthday?"
"Lady, please buy a paper; dis is my birthday, and I ain't sold but one paper to-day," whined the young rascal.

"Now, little boy, to my certain knowledge you have had a birthday every day this week. Aren't you ashamed to tell such stories?"
He was cornered for a minute and stood with head cast down and every appearance of remorse. At last he looked up with a most innocent expression and said: "Well, you see, lady, you en me we're different. I ain't very old, en I thought I'd have a lot of birthdays to come; en den I could quit havin' 'em, like you. See?"
She concluded he was past reforming and, slipping a dime in his hand, moved on sighing over the wickedness of the generation, while the young stinner executed a pas seul of his own invention.

Thinks He Is an Engine.

There is now in the county jail at Ann Arbor, Mich., awaiting a vacancy in the Pontiac asylum, a young man who imagines he is a train of cars. He spends nearly all his time in imitating the noises attendant on starting up and stopping a railroad train. Every sound and movement he produces with startling fidelity and detail. When the officer found him he was on the railroad track, and from his actions was just getting up steam. Soon he said it was time to start, ordered the fireman to fill the tank with water and the tender with coal, imitating every act perfectly. Then he pulled out the lever and started the train, running so fast that it was necessary to head him off with a horse. His whistle for "down breaks" can be heard a mile. He is about 17 years old.

The Very First.

Briggs—The first fight on record was between Cain and Abel, wasn't it?
Riggs—Nah! The first occurred when the serpent took a fall out of Adam.

Well Situated.

There is in North Carolina a post-office called "Troublesome," not so very far from "Matrimony."

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., of La. Cross, Wis., have recently purchased the complete catalogue of the Northrup, Braslan, Goodwin Co., of Minneapolis and Chicago. This gives the Salzer Seed Co. the largest catalogue mail trade in the world and they are in splendid shape to take care of same, as they have recently completed their mammoth new seed houses. The 1896 catalogue is just out and the largest ever issued. Sent to any address for 5 cents to cover postage.

Doing good will be found more profitable in the end than digging gold.

\$100 Reward.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address: P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Hall's Family Pills, etc.

The devil never feels ashamed of himself in the company of a stung man.

Saves a Fortune.

Monterey, Tenn., (Special)—One of our prominent citizens here, Col. James E. Jones, secretary and treasurer of the Cumberland Mountain Coal Co., is on the high road to make his fortune, and attributes the fact to his recent cure from the tobacco habit. He was an inveterate user of tobacco for many years, consuming so much as to make serious inroads on both his purse and his health. One box of No-To-Bac completely cured him, and he gained seven pounds in less than two weeks. Within three days after starting to use No-To-Bac the desire for tobacco was entirely gone. Col. Jones says to all tobacco users that No-To-Bac will do as recommended and is worth by far more than its weight in gold.

A man who has never had the toothache does not know the real pleasure there is in having it.

TO CALIFORNIA.

In Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars. The Burlington Route (C. B. & Q. R. R.) run personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc., every convenience. Special agent in charge, Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

When the hens get the same care that the stock do they will generally be found to be better.

County Map of the South, Free.

If you are interested in the South and would like to have a county map showing the principal cities in detail in the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and a portion of Mississippi and Florida, send your address to P. Sid Jones, Pass. Agent, Birmingham, Ala., or C. P. Atmore, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky. This map is made to fold up in convenient form, and contains letters written by several Southern people who have settled at different points on the Louisville & Nashville R. R.

A young man has an abundance of principle if he can say his sweetheart: "I mean afordit."

Cheap Rates to Atlanta and Return.

On Dec. 21st, the Monon Route will sell tickets to Atlanta at the exceedingly low rate of \$15.15 for the round trip, tickets good ten days.
For full information call on an address Sidney B. Jones, City Passenger Agent, 232 Clark St., Chicago, or L. E. Sessions, Traveling Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

Laws' Wheat Report.

John Bennett Laws has revised his estimates, recently issued of the wheat crop of the United Kingdom. He now places the quantity of wheat that will be available for consumption at 5,271,286 quarters, necessitating the import of 24,250,000 quarters.

ONE MAN'S SUFFERING.

The Trials and Tribulations of a Battle Creek Citizen—How He Comes to Tell His Story.

(From the Battle Creek Moon.)

Among the moulders at the works of the Michigan foundry company can be found Mr. Amos Maynard; he has lived in Battle Creek for over ten years, is honored and respected by all who know him; such is the man who makes this statement, he says: "I have had kidney trouble for years, and it has made my life miserable. The heavy lifting, necessary in my business, made me worse. I have been compelled to lie in bed in a helpless condition for as long as nine days at a time; the greatest pain was from my back, which sometimes felt as though a bayonet was being run through me in the region of my kidneys; many citizens of Battle Creek knew how bad I was. I could not move without the greatest caution, for as soon as I attempted to stoop over, bend to one side, or even turn in bed, the pain was simply unbearable. I wore porous plasters constantly for the little temporary relief they brought me. Whenever I caught the slightest cold it went straight to my kidneys and made me worse. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and got some. I have taken in all four boxes of them, and I now feel as active as ever. A few months ago I would have ridiculed the idea of being cured so quickly, and being able to work as I can now. All the long-standing pains are gone, and the former tricks of kidney disorders found in my urine have disappeared. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to many friends who were troubled as I was, and in every case I have lessened their pain, and in several cases I have cured them. Doan's Kidney Pills would be cheap to me at almost any price."
To satisfy all doubts, price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. U. S. Patent Office. Doan's, and take care.

ST. JACOBS OIL

It matters little of how long standing the pain has been; chronic cases yield readily to RHEUMATISM of many years' standing has been cured by it.



BATTLE AX PLUG

The largest piece of Good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents.

Great Prize Contest.

- 1st Prize, KNABE PIANO, style "P" \$800
- 2d Prize, Cash, 100
- 3d Prize, Cash, 50
- 10 Cash Prizes, each \$20, 200
- 15 Cash Prizes, each \$10, 150
- 28 Prizes, \$1300

The first prize will be given to the person who constructs the shortest sentence, in English, containing all the letters in the alphabet. The other prizes will go in regular order to those competitors whose sentences stand next in point of brevity.

CONDITIONS.

The length of a sentence is to be measured by the number of letters it contains, and each contestant must indicate by figures at the close of his sentence just how long it is. The sentence must have some meaning. Geographical names and names of persons cannot be used. The contest closes February 15th, 1896, and the results will be published one week later. In case two or more prize-winning sentences are equally short, the one first received will be given preference. Every competitor whose sentence is less than 146 letters in length will receive Willie Collins' works in paper cover, including twelve complete novels, whether he wins a prize or not. No contestant can enter more than one sentence nor combine with other competitors. Residents of Omaha are not permitted to take any part, directly or indirectly, in this contest.

This remarkably liberal offer is made by the WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD, of which the distinguished ex-congressman,

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, is Editor,

and it is required that each competing sentence be enclosed with one dollar for a year's subscription. The WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD is issued in grand weekly editions, and hence is nearly as good as a daily. It is the champion of free silver coinage and the leading family newspaper of Nebraska. Address,

Weekly World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.

Do You eat Meat?

If not, this announcement will be of no particular interest to you.

IF YOU DO

We want you to know that our reputation for "Good Meat at Reasonable Prices" is away up.

Sirloin Steak 12 1/2
 Round Steak 10
 Boil Beef 7, 8 and 10
 Best Pork Roast 9 and 10
 Best Pork Steak 10
 Lard 11
 Lard by the jar 10
 Fresh Oysters in bulk and all varieties of Meat constantly on hand.

We carry the Most Select Brands of Oysters.

HOOPS & HARRIS,
 Plymouth, Mich.

Look at This!

We now have on hand the 18 in. and 20 in. Well Crock, also a new lot of Fence Pickets already sawed.

Strictly No. 1 Bill Stuff, \$14 per M.
 Norway Sliding, \$13.50 per M.

And all other grades in proportion. It will pay you to call on us.

Also all sizes Sewer Pipe Hard and Soft Coal.

My lot on Ann Arbor street for sale.

C. A. FRISBEE,
 Plymouth.

Gentlemen!

If you want a really first-class, high grade job of Laundry work done, try LOU HILLMER'S

HOME LAUNDRY.

It's there you get High Gloss, Medium or Domestic Finish as you may desire. Shirts with Percales, Brocade or Plaited fronts will be laundered right.

We make a Specialty of Gentlemen's work, and if you have a fine Suit that has become soiled or out of shape, we can make it look about as good as new.

Try the "HOME LAUNDRY."

Next door to Cable's "Star Grocery."

CHAS. BREMS

Is the place to buy A Good Buggy

AND IF YOU WANT

General Blacksmithing

Done on

Shortest Notice,

Call and See Him.

He keeps all kinds of Farming Tools.

CHAS. BREMS.

South Village, Plymouth.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS AND PERSONAL MENTION.

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

Frank Polly is on the sick list. Mrs. Mary Kellogg returned from Albion Wednesday evening.

Miss Lulu Roberts, of Lansing, is the guest of Mrs. Ben Sprague.

Miss Belle Palmer, of St. Clair, has been spending the holidays at E. L. Riggs'.

Mr. and Mrs. Chute, of Chicago, have been visiting Mrs. Merriman and other friends.

Oscar Larkins returned New Year from a week's visit with his sister, Mrs. H. K. Roberts, of Lansing.

Gene Jones, a nephew of Barber Jones is attending college at Jones' institute. in the Lyndon block.

We are pleased to report that Mrs. D. C. Shattuck has recovered sufficiently to enable her to be around the house.

Mrs. Hemes, who has spent the past two years with her daughter, Mrs. F. Polly, has returned to her home in Pennsylvania.

Dr. Kimble returned to Mobile, Ala., Monday accompanied by Mrs. Kimble, Mrs. L. C. Hough and Marguerite, who will spend the winter there.

Dr. Bell has vacated the rooms in the Coleman block and his office will be at his house for 10 days. He will then go to Seattle, Wash., and locate in business.

Cyrus A. Pinckney has accepted a position as drug clerk with Hunter & Park, in place of Fred Kelly, who returned to Wayne last Saturday. "Si" is an old hand at the business and needs no introduction to Plymouth people.

Alfred and Lucious Shattuck, of Pontiac, returned home after spending a few days with Charley Shattuck. Before leaving Mr. Shattuck and wife tendered them a party New Year's night, and invited a number of young people. A very enjoyable time was spent.

Baker Jacobs had the misfortune to sprain his right wrist last week, and as a consequence bread was a little shy for a few days at his bakery. He is all right again, and the public will find his bread and pastry first-class.

H. B. Severance, a former resident of Plymouth township, but now a manufacturer of tanks at Lansing visited his sister, Mrs. James Chase, of Northville during the holidays. He reports business lively, as sales have been \$37,000 for the past season, an increase of \$15,000 over last year's sales.

The fore part of the week an officer accompanied by a prisoner enroute for Detroit, let his charge get away from him between here and Northville on the F. & P. M. He allowed the prisoner to go to the window, and he had sense enough to throw up the window and drop out. We could not learn the name of either party.

Chas. Berdan has been visiting in town for the past week. Mr. Berdan has been traveling salesman for the Scotten Tobacco Co. for the past five and one-half years, but has severed his connection with that firm and will go on the road for a firm in Detroit who are manufacturing chairs.

Mrs. R. F. Johnstone, more familiarly known as "Beatrice," at the head of "household department" of the Free Press, Robt. Gibbons, of the editorial staff of the Michigan Farmer, and Geo. C. Peterhans, will address the farmers' institute at Wayne, Jan. 28 and 29. Mr. Peterhans' subject will be "Treatment of Impoverished Soil."

An auction sale will take place one-half mile north and one mile west of Beech station on the Schoolcraft road in the township of Livonia, on Wednesday, Jan. 28th, beginning at 10 a. m. sharp. The sale will consist of live stock, implements, machinery, hay, grain, etc. Joseph Webber, proprietor, John Bennett, auctioneer.

C. G. Draper, our enterprising jeweler, hit the nail on the head when he told a MAIL scribe that "while he did not feel as if he could afford to advertise very heavy, yet he felt as if he should carry some kind of an ad. and show his appreciation of the MAIL doing all in its power for Plymouth business men, for while outside papers will carry any and all ads., for any and all towns, the MAIL does not go back on its home merchants, nor carry outside ads. If all would show the same spirit, and advertise as they could afford, the MAIL would hum, and Plymouth would derive the benefit.

The K. P. party New Year's night was a general success, especially so socially. Over 200 were present and enjoyed the festivities of the pleasantest dancing party held here for some time. The "boys"—and they did it all else—had the hall decorated to perfection, with K. P. regalia, lace curtains, pictures, etc. They also had a dozen canary birds and two parrots, that helped Finney's orchestra. The music was fine, and received many flattering comments. Supper was served in the K. P. hall, and was thoroughly enjoyed. The boys used every means at their command to enliven the proceedings and make people feel at home. Visitors from Detroit, Ionia, South Lyon, Northville, Wayne, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor and other places, were in attendance. The next annual K. P. ball will be looked forward to with pleasure.

We are indebted to the following subscribers for the amounts set opposite their names, since Jan. 1st:

Ira Klynes	\$1 00
H. Walker	35
L. Haber	1 35
J. H. Hanford	1 00
Rose Wherry	1 00
Mrs. L. Merriman	1 30
Mrs. J. B. Cary, Ogden, Utah	1 00
Henry Blade, Grandin, Dak.	1 00
Mrs. C. B. Van Dyne, Eaton, Colo.	50
A. S. Duntley, Grandin, Dak.	1 00
A. K. Wheeler, Grand Rapids	1 00
S. Harwood	1 00

Each week we will publish an honor roll of subscribers.

Art Cable was in town last week. Feed grinding six cents a bag at Phoenix mills.

Feed grinding six cents a bag at Phoenix mills.

Miss Jacox, of Ypsilanti, was at the K. of P. party.

Julius Wills, of Ionia, is spending a few days in town.

Dr. Merriman was in town the later part of last week.

Mrs. Wheeler, nee Westfall, visited friends here last Friday.

Miss Anna Scotton, of Detroit is visiting friends here this week.

Miss Burke, of Ionia, attended the K. of P. party Wednesday evening.

Will Scotton, of Detroit, made Plymouth friends a flying visit Tuesday.

Miss Lucy Springs, came out from Detroit Wednesday to attend the party.

"Wink" Scott, who has a position in Manistee, is home for a week or 10 days.

Chas. Moon has been staying in and around Plymouth during the past three weeks.

Miss Emma Nunn, of South Lyon, is assisting W. J. Rosebrugh in his tailoring establishment.

Claude Briggs, who is working for Lee & Cady, wholesale grocers, has been promoted to city buyer.

J. N. Eaton and family, of Ypsilanti, and O. N. Baker and wife spent New Year's with the editor's family.

Mrs. Sarah Sprague, of Pontiac, and Mrs. Libbie Smith, of Detroit, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Terry.

Arthur Luak, who has been working for W. J. Rosebrugh left for his home in Thameville, Ont., Monday evening.

One noticeable feature of the K. P. ball is that a large percentage of out-of-town people were present than has been seen here in many a day.

The W. C. T. U. will give a photograph social, Saturday evening Jan. 18, at the home of Mrs. C. A. Frisbee. Prizes will be given and a good time is anticipated.

Presiding Elder Allen preached in the M. E. church last Sunday morning. The discourse was an hour long, but the attention of the congregation was with him from first to last.

Miss Kate Penniman, Miss Eldred, Mrs. C. Wilcox, Miss Minnie Fowler, Miss Emilee Howlett, W. O. Allen, Robt. Mimmack, and Hiram Roe attended the opera at Detroit Wednesday afternoon.

The Universalists will hold regular services at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. in the opera house. The pastor, Rev. Olivia J. Carpenter, will speak on the following subjects: Morning—"The Christmas Gift"; evening—"Living Words." Seats free. All are invited.

James Gunmore and Hulda Stoewhase, of Livonia Center, were married at the residence of Rev. C. E. Church, New Year's afternoon. They will reside in Stark. Mr. Gunmore is one of Stark's bright young men. The MAIL wishes them abundant success.

To the friends of our church:

Your kindness and hearty co-operation in the assisting of our Christmas exercises, the music and the efficient work, we wish to most heartily thank you for your labors. We appreciate and trust that in the future you may all be the recipients of our thanks in a more hearty matter.

Baptist Sunday School.
 JOHN SAWE, Supt.

UPPER PLYMOUTH.

Mrs. French and son, Clayton, of Veron, Mich., are spending the holidays with Mrs. F.'s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Church.

The contract for milk going to Detroit expires Tuesday. The union has cut prices so low that Julliffe Bros. say they are unable to sell at fair prices. Consequently the milk will go back to Howell, beginning Jan. 1st.

G. A. Starkweather spent Tuesday in Detroit.

Henry Robinson made a flying visit to Northville Monday evening.

Horace Smith spent New Year's with his son, Herbert, of Ypsilanti.

L. Ingersoll, wife and daughter, of Farmington, visited R. Moiden this week.

Harry Julliffe and daughters, Pearl and Minnie, started for Avon, Ont., Wednesday morning for a few day's visit with his parents.

Wanted, not later than Jan. 1st—A nice young woman to keep house. Apply to Louis Reber, barber.

Mrs. D. Julliffe and son are spending New Year's with D. Leitch and wife at Elm.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

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

WANTED—Teachers or Professional men out of employment, for an easy and profitable business. Apply at 371 Woodward Ave. Detroit.

W. C. T. U.

1896
 The swift revolving wheels of time,
 With all their subtle tricks,
 Have carried us, alas, beyond
 The mile stone "96."
 'Tis useless that we backward look
 Along the road we've sped
 The car of time, with lightning speed,
 Goes spinning straight ahead.
 Goes straight ahead, and never back,
 Nor does it e'er delay.
 The engine bears this motto, true,
 "We pass but once this way."

Behind us are life's golden days,
 Behind life's precious years,
 Behind us are life's joys and hopes,
 Its sadness and its tears.
 The past is lost, yes lost for aye
 To rich and poor, the same,
 The present, only, is our own;
 The future none can claim.

Then let us cease our vain regrets
 And stifle conscience' pricks,
 And strive to live a better life
 In eighteen ninety-six.

Yes, the past is gone. Be our records
 what they may, they must remain forever
 unchanged. Then let us bury the past
 and live in the present. Let us strive now
 that the world shall be brighter and better
 because we are in it. Only two days
 ago the joyous voices of the children cried
 out, "Wish you happy New Year!" The
 grown people caught the spirit of the hour
 and, with one accord, echoed the merry
 cry of the little ones, "Wish you happy
 New Year!" You and I joined our voices
 with the rest and helped to swell the glad
 refrain, "Happy New Year! Happy New
 Year!" But will it be a happy new year?
 Ah, who shall say? The world is what
 we make it. Each is a part of God's great
 plan. It is your duty and mine to strive
 to make the year of '96 a happy one, not
 only for ourselves but all humanity.

When you and I with kindly words
 Each brother's heart shall cheer
 Then shall we make, in every truth,
 A glad and happy year.

NETTIE H. PELHAM,
 Plymouth, Mich.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Francis P. Bogardus is the new postmaster at Ypsilanti.

One thousand newspapers have recently noticed that "perfumed butter is becoming fashionable at breakfast and tea tables." Ah, yes, so it is—at the dinner tables also. Every fashionable restaurant and \$7 a week hotel and boarding house has adopted it. The aroma arising from a perfumed butter recipe is calculated to inspire veneration in the hearts of every lover of antiquity. "What though the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," or the rose of Sharon seduce with its dewy fragrance the delicate sensibilities of the mystical factory? These charm but few, while the activities of perfumed butter lead the entire hotel world by the nose. It possesses language for the deaf and sight for the blind. It will make the lame walk and fill the most laborate heart with passages of Scripture. Yes, perfumed butter speaks for itself, and heaven knows it ought to—it's old enough.

—Argus.

No sensible man should get mad because the newspaper man duns him for money. A dun is not an impeachment of a subscriber's integrity, but is simply an outcropping of a publisher's necessities. For instance, 500 men owe a man from one to four dollars each. He has to dun them all in order to pay expenses. Instead of getting mad and stopping his paper for what is honestly due, the subscriber should thank the editor for waiting upon him so patiently, and pay up like a man.—Ex.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

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

SPECIFIC FOR SCROFULA.

"Since childhood, I have been afflicted with scrofulous boils and sores, which caused me terrible suffering. Physicians were unable to help me, and I only grew worse under their care. At length, I began to take

AYER'S

Sarsaparilla, and very soon grew better. After using half a dozen bottles I was completely cured, so that I have not had a boil or pimple on any part of my body for the last twelve years. I can cordially recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the very best blood-purifier in existence."—G. T. REINHART, Myersville, Texas.

AYER'S
 THE ONLY WORKS FAIR
 Sarsaparilla
 Ayer's Cherry Pate and Cream Soap and Salve

Hunter & Park

"93" PHARMACY,

Wish you all A Happy and Prosperous New Year

And beg leave to announce their willingness to aid in making it such by selling you anything in their line at

"Live and Let Live" Prices

We have everything the appetite craves in Fancy and Staple Groceries

All the best the market affords.

FRESH, NEW, CLEAN, PURE DRUGS!

Everything in Patent Medicines. All the Latest Perfumes.

In this department we are prepared to give our customers Prompt, Careful and Efficient Service. WHY? Because this branch of our business is in care of

MR. C. A. PINCKNEY,

Known to all to be the most experienced, careful and competent druggist and chemist in the state.

Our Drug Motto—"Not how much, but how good"

Watch this space for list of inducements which we shall offer for Cash trade.

Hunter and Park.

Leave your name and have your orders called for and delivered.

WAR

Is a terrible thing But in dealing with us you will find nothing but PEACE, SPLENDID GOODS and a right good WELCOME.

Never better prepared to satisfy your wants, Never so many customers who go away satisfied, than now.

If you want a WATCH, CLOCK, or some SILVERWARE, now is the time to buy, and the place to buy is at

C. G. DRAPER'S, Jeweler,

All watch and clock repairing warranted. PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Dohmstreich & Co.

Sutton Street, Plymouth, Is the Place to get

LARGE VALUES FOR SMALL MONEY.

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, Gents' Furnishings, Groceries, Etc.....

We are Agents for the

SINGER SEWING MACHINE,

DOHMSTREICH & CO.,
 American Express Agents.

The Best Made, And are prepared to deliver you any style at almost any price to suit. We take pleasure in showing you the machine and leaving it on trial, whether you purchase or not. We will test it against any machine on the market.

WARS AND RIOTS OF '95

LARGE ARMIES HAVE BEEN IN MOTION EVERYWHERE.

News from Japan to Jackson's Hole
—Cuba and South America Convulsed
—Bloody Revolutions—Unceasing
—Mutinies in Armenia

FROM Japan westward to Jackson's Hole, bloodshed has encircled the globe. The governments which have not employed their armed forces to wage war or to suppress rebellions or disorders are few.

It is true that the great European military powers have not engaged in conflict with one another, but most of them have employed their forces in some way. They are keeping their hands in, as it were.

The war in Madagascar has been the most disastrous for France since that of 1830-31. The fact that disease was responsible for most of the mortality cannot be very consoling.

The history of the wars, riots and massacres of 1895 is here told in concise and simple form.

Jan. 6—A rebellion of Hawaiian royalists is suppressed by the government. Ten men are killed and 150 taken prisoner. Charles L. Carter, annexation commissioner to the United States, killed.

Jan. 8—Engagement between French troops and natives in Tonquin; six Frenchmen and many natives killed.

Jan. 9—The French bombarded Farafira, near Tamatave, the chief port of Madagascar, killing several hundred Hovas and routing their army.

Jan. 11—The Japanese capture Kaiping, killing 200 Chinese.

Jan. 12—Engagement between Uruguayan troops and Brazilians in pursuit of Brazilian rebels. Four Uruguayans killed.

Jan. 18—Attempted revolution in Greece.

Jan. 18—The Chinese defeated at Newchwang; 900 killed.

Rayonet Charges in Brooklyn.

Jan. 20—The great street railroad strike in Brooklyn reaches its height. Seven thousand troops are in duty in the streets. They make numerous bayonet charges and fire volleys into the strikers. Two men are shot dead, many wounded and several subsequently die of their injuries at home.

Jan. 25—The rebels in Colombia, South America, are defeated by the government forces, with considerable loss of life in the state of Cauca.

Jan. 20—The Japanese capture the Chinese port of Weihaiwei after a brief blockade, during which several hundred Chinese were killed.

Jan. 31—Rebels defeated at Bogota, Colombia; 200 killed.

Natives attack Portuguese settlements on Delagoa Bay.

Feb. 1—Rebels inflict slight defeat on Venezuelan government soldiers, killing six and wounding ninety.

Feb. 2—Colombian rebels again defeated, with heavy loss.

Feb. 4—Disorders among military students in Rio Janeiro suppressed by troops.

Feb. 5—Portuguese surprised by rebellious Kaffirs at Lourenza, Marquês, South Africa; seventy Portuguese killed.

The British commissioner, Sir Claude Macdonald, attacked at Brass, on the Niger coast, West Africa, defeats the natives with loss of several hundreds.

Feb. 7—Two Chinese warships sunk by the Japanese, with all on board.

Feb. 8—Three Chinese warships sunk by the Japanese, with all on board.

Feb. 14—Engagement between French and Slamese troops on the Mekong river; several Frenchmen wounded, about fifty Slamese killed. The sultan of Morocco receives 500 human heads as an evidence of his general success in suppressing the Rahanama rebellion.

Feb. 15—Rebellion against King Mallet's government in Samoa.

Feb. 16—Prisoners taken in late Hawaiian rebellion tortured by the government.

Feb. 21—Thirty French soldiers killed by natives in Tonquin.

Feb. 21—Chinese defeated at Hainan; 100 Chinese killed, 6 Japanese.

Feb. 22—Natives Frenchedmen killed.

Feb. 23—News received that Commodore Mantel's expedition into Central Africa has been dispersed and 300 French soldiers killed.

Feb. 24—Chinese disastrously beaten at Tapingshan; 200 Chinese killed, 90 Japanese.

Feb. 25—Muscat, Arabia, captured by rebels, with severe losses; foreign residents fly for their lives. France seizes the customs receipts of San Domingo and orders to pay herself an indemnity.

Feb. 27—Rebellion breaks out in provinces of Santiago de Cuba and Matanzas, in Cuba.

Feb. 27—Riots at Savannah, Ga., caused by ex-Priest Slattery's attacks on the Roman Catholic church; militia called out.

Feb. 28—Japanese victory at Hainan; more than 150 Chinese killed.

March 2—United States cruiser Alert ordered to Panama on account of disorders here.

March 4—Dr. Robertson, British political agent, is besieged in the fort of Chitral, on the northwest frontier of India, with 600 men.

Japanese capture Newchwang, killing 1,800 Chinese.

Insurgents defeated at Jaguey Grande, Cuba, with loss on both sides.

March 5—Cuban insurgents dispersed in the provinces of Santa Clara and Santiago.

March 6—A relief force on the way to Dr. Robertson at Chitral is defeated; Capt. Ross and 46 men killed.

March 7—Massacre by Yaqui Indians in Sonora, Mexico, in the region of gold discoveries.

Spectators at bull-fight in City of Mexico, being dissatisfied with class of bulls provided, engage in fight; eight persons killed.

March 27—In a battle at Enso, Colombia, the Government troops lose 700 men, the Rebels 1,200.

March 8—Spanish Chamber grants unlimited credit for prosecuting war against Cuban revolutionists.

Colombian insurgents defeated with great loss at Boca del Toro; their leader killed.

Two Thousand Chinese Killed.

March 9—Japanese capture Tenchan-tai, killing 2,000 Chinese.

March 10—Spaniards defeat Mahometan Malays on Mindanao Island, in the Philippines, killing 150.

Revolutionary force at Bayamo, Cuba, routed with loss of 300 on both sides.

March 11—White strikers on the New Orleans levees fire on the negroes.

Chinese routed on Korean border.

Colombian insurgents defeated at Baranosa.

March 12—Renewed rioting on the New Orleans levees; two negro workmen and one white striker killed; many wounded.

Four Italians accused of complicity in the murder of an American killed by a mob of miners at Walsenburg, Colo.

March 13—Two Italians, in jail, killed by the mob at Walsenburg, Colo.

March 14—Militia called out to protect negro workmen at New Orleans.

March 16—A mob of Spanish army officers sack two newspaper offices in Madrid.

Colombian rebellion finally crushed.

June 5—City of Guayaquil, in Ecuador, South America, captured by rebels.

A revolutionary expedition under Gen. Ronoff lands in Cuba, and is joined by 2,000 men.

June 24—Fighting between Turkish troops and rebels in Macedonia.

Paris Riot in Boston.

July 4—Rioting in East Boston on the occasion of an A. P. A. parade; one man killed and several wounded.

July 6—Riot between Hindoos and Mahometans at Kalywar, India, three killed and 193 wounded.

July 11—Japanese defeat Chinese in Formosa.

July 17—United States troops ordered to Wyoming to restore order, the settlers having murdered 15 Bannock Indians while hunting in Jackson's Hole.

July 19—The Turks lose 600 men in battle with rebels on Macedonia frontier. The condition of Macedonia menaces the peace of Europe.

Aug. 2—Massacre of Christians at Kucheng, China, reported. Twelve Christians killed.

Twenty persons killed in a bread riot at Tabreez, Persia.

Aug. 20—Renewed fighting reported on the Congo between native troops in the Belgian service and dervishes; several hundred killed. English Missionary Stokes hanged by Capt. Lothar.

Aug. 31—The Michigan militia is called out to suppress miners' riots at Ishpeming.

Sept. 4—Gen. Alfaro and his troops enter Quito, capital of Ecuador. Another revolution accomplished.

Sept. 23—Great slaughter of Hovas by the French on the road to Antananarivo, Madagascar. French troops die by hundreds from disease.

March 21—Provisional Peruvian Government organized after five days' fighting at Lima, during which more than 1,500 people were left dead in the streets.

March 26—Riot at Baltimore during an election for councilman; several seriously injured.

March 28—An army of 14,000 men un-

der Robert Low sent to Chitral to relieve Dr. Robertson and punish the natives.

March 28—Japanese bombard and capture Hainan, killing 250 Chinese.

April 4—The British defeat Umrah Khan, who is invading Chitral, killing 50 of his followers.

April 9—Apaches go on the warpath near Phoenix, Ariz.

Two bands of Cuban revolutionists dispersed.

April 10—Gen. Duchegne leaves to take command of troops in Madagascar.

The Spanish defeat the Cubans under Maceo at Palmirito; two rebel leaders killed and many followers.

April 11—Race riot between railroad laborers at Siloam Springs, Ark.; four men killed.

Hot Fighting in Cuba.

April 13—Cubans defeated at Palmarinos, with loss of 20 men.

April 16—Gen. Martinez Campos arrives in Cuba and takes vigorous measures to suppress the revolution.

April 20—Five negroes lynched, three being women, for the murder of a white man near Greenville, Ala.

April 21—Chitral relieved by the British expedition; besieging force dispersed with slaughter.

April 22—Three British warships arrive at Corinto, capital of Nicaragua, to enforce England's ultimatum.

April 27—British troops occupy Corinto.

May 4—The French capture a town in Madagascar, killing 500 Hovas.

The British evacuate Corinto, having

obtained guarantee that indemnity will be paid within two weeks.

May 5—Virginia militia called out to keep the peace in the coal regions.

May 17—Swedish Chambers vote \$4,000,000 for use in case of war with Norway.

May 24—Portuguese suppress a native revolt on the Incomati River in South Africa, killing over a hundred men.

May 25—A mob takes two men from jail at Danville, Ill., and lynches them.

May 26—Battle between French expedition and Brazilian adventurers in French Guiana; 65 Brazilians killed.

May 29—A mob storms and occupies the Vienna City Hall.

Japanese Imperial Guards defeat rebels in Formosa, killing 200.

May 30—Belonins attack foreign consuls at Jeddah, in Arabia; British Vice-Consul killed.

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Sept. 23—Antananarivo taken.

Oct. 2—Italian troops under Gen. Baratieri defeat Abyssinians, killing 630.

Oct. 13—Native revolt in Goa, Portuguese India.

Oct. 19—Natives attack and destroy British missions at Changtu, island of Amoy, China, killing several persons.

Nov. 7—Five leaders in the massacre of the Christian missionaries at Kucheng hanged.

Dec. 16—Cleveland's message presaging war with Great Britain delivered to Congress.

Dec. 18—Street car strike in Philadelphia. Troops called out.

Dec. 23—Sultan orders wholesale slaughter of Armenians in Asia minor.

RAIDED THE POSTOFFICE.

An Incident in the Career of Lord Wolseley in India.

To illustrate some of the disagreeable things which the soldiers suffered in the Sudan, Mr. Nourse tells the following anecdote of the postal service, which also well shows how democratic was Lord Wolseley, the commandant, says the Springfield Republican.

Nourse went into the postoffice at Kort to look for some letters. The postmaster was a native and not very much at hand, and said that there was nothing for him after a superficial glance at a big pile of papers and letters. Nourse asked to see the pile of letters and while he was looking them over a man with nothing to designate his rank came into the office in company with another. He took in the situation at a glance and said: "Let's clean this thing out."

Whereupon they jumped over the counter and bundled the postmaster out, neck and heels. Then they began the examination of the office and found it congested with mail for the army. They searched every nook and cranny and threw the letters for one regiment into one corner, those for another into another, with all the newspapers in the center of the floor.

Then they went through each pile and separated it into companies, and before night every letter was in camp and distributed, and the next day the papers were out. Nourse at the time did not know who his companion in the good deed was. He asked him his name and his answer was: "They call me Charley."

Some time afterward Nourse was going to see the commandant and, sitting near his tent, saw his companion at the post-office.

"Hello, Charley," he said, "I'm looking for the commandant; where'll I find him?"

"Well," said "Charley," "you won't have to look very far. I'm the commandant. Come inside and have a bit to eat and drink."

It was Lord Wolseley, and a man worthy of the title.

BEGGAR'S RUSE SUCCEEDS.

Two well-dressed men were playing a game of billiards in one of the well-known halls of the city the other evening when they were approached by a little newsgirl with a pitifully pinched face and unnaturally large and hollow eyes.

"Won't you buy a paper, sir?" she said in a tremulous voice, to one of the men.

"No," was the curt response.

"I'm going to be stuck awful to-night, sir; won't you please buy one," persisted the little maiden in a voice full of tears.

"Get out," said the man. Can't you keep out of the way?"

The little girl said no more, but sat down in a corner.

"Only way to treat the little beggars," said the man who had given her the rebuff, apologetically. "Give the little devils an inch and they'll take an ell every time."

Still the little girl sat quietly in her corner. The man who had spoken so roughly looked in her direction from time to time and finally perceived that tears were chasing each other down the girl's cheeks, although there was no sound of a sob. Pretty soon the man clipped a half dollar into the girl's hand and resumed his game with a philosophical air of satisfaction. The little one's tears were instantly dried and, without uttering a word of thanks, she ran to the door.

Another hungry looking little girl was waiting for her, and called out: "Any luck, Bess?"

"You bet!" responded Bess. "I touched de guy for fifty stamps. You got to work de next jint and en we'll get some feed and go to de theater. That fellow was dead easy."

The Bismarck Tower.

The Bismarck tower in Göttingen, where the chancellor studied and fought most of his thirty-one duels, is fast approaching completion. Germans from all over the world are aiding in its erection. A few days ago two granite blocks arrived at Göttingen from this country, one of them being from New York and the other from San Francisco. Inscribed on the New York block were the words: "High upon the watch tower may Germania ever remain the herald and guardian of peace, as thou, the empire's iron chancellor."

In Honor of Gutenberg.

The corporation of Mayence has decided to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the birth of John Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, with great pomp and splendor. The celebration will take place in 1897, though it is not agreed whether he was born in 1397 or in one of the three years following.

This Is Proper.

A member of the legislature of Mississippi has introduced a bill providing that persons who make money by dealing in cotton futures shall be fined the full amount of their profits, and that persons losing money in such transactions shall be compelled to advertise their losses in some newspaper.

A NOVEL TRAVELING EXHIBIT.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., always on the alert for something good, have struck a novel idea to introduce, exhibit and advertise their famous northern grown seeds. This is done by means of an advertising car, an illustration thereof appears herewith. This car is in charge of three experts who are thoroughly familiar and versed with seed growing. The car inside and out is a marvel of beauty and elegance and is not out of regard of cost and is being run and exhibited in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and other states. Upon entering it

ANNUAL JANUARY CLEARING SALE.

Commencing Saturday, January 4th, and continuing all through the month, our entire stock at Actual Cost. Everything Goes. Nothing Reserved.

January finds us with an unusually large stock on hand, caused by buying large quantities of goods to get rock bottom prices, and are all new, bright merchandise. No old back-number stock.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks, Jackets, Fur and Cloth Capes, Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Men's and Boys' Suits, Dress Goods and Trimmings, Laces, Ribbons, Yarns, Underwear, Quilts, Comforts, Bed Blankets, Flannels, Outing Flannels, Curtains, Shades, Draperies, Gloves, Mittens, Hosiery, Corsets, Silks, Velvets, Cottons, Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishings, Boots, Shoes, Felts, Rubbers, Night Robes, Ladies Wrappers, Pants, Overalls, Shirts, Trunks, Valises, in fact the entire stock at actual cost for the month of January.

Take advantage of this sale at once. Don't wait until the best have been picked out. Remember first choice is always the best, and first come first served. You will never buy cheaper. Don't take your trade to Detroit thinking you can save money, for we will guarantee you a saving on every article you buy over Detroit prices.

E. L. RIGGS. The Plymouth Cash Outfitter. E. L. RIGGS.

Newburg.

The husking bee at the hall Saturday evening was a grand success. Everyone pronounced it the best show of the season. The receipts were about \$9.

Miss Nettie Holsington is entertaining her friend, Miss Ida Hamer, of Detroit.

Miss Grace Simms, of Detroit, is a guest at Clarence Rutter's.

The presiding elder delivered the sermon here last Sunday and also administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

The Sunday school took its first written examination last Sunday.

Chas. Guinness will give an entertainment at the hall Saturday evening, Jan. 4.

The box social at Jas. LeVan's was well attended, and the young people spent the evening playing games, etc. The boxes were all sold at good prices, and their contents enjoyed by the young people, who watched the old year out and the new year in.

FROM YOUNG AMERICA.

There was a pleasant gathering at the residence of C. W. Rutter last Wednesday evening in honor of the Misses Rutter, Nettie Tuttle, and Grace Simms, of Detroit. After partaking of a sumptuous supper a liberal program was offered for the amusement of the party, and a good time was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Geney has so far recovered from her recent illness as to be able to attend church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chate, of Chicago, and Mrs. Giles, of Detroit, spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong.

Miss Grace Simms, Fred Geney, George King, T. Davey and Fred Smith spent the holidays here.

Presiding Elder Allen preached a very interesting sermon to a large congregation last Sunday.

Wm. Pankow has finished his duty as a circuit court juror.

The box social at Jas. LeVan's New Year's eve was a success, and the hall association now find themselves entirely out of debt for the first time since organization.

B. Harwood is having a serious time with inflammation in his eyes.

The Christmas tree at O. Richard's was a decided success. A number of relatives and neighbors met with them and celebrated with old St. Nick.

The husking bee last Saturday evening shows we have plenty of talent for husking a number of entertainments this winter.

White on their way to church last Sunday.

Mrs. J. L. Smith and Miss Nora Smith met with a misfortune. Their carriage broke down and they were thrown to the ground. They were not seriously injured, however.

The elocutionist and dramatic man, Guinness, will give an entertainment at our hall next Saturday evening, under the auspices of the hall association.

Pikes Peak.

A Robinson is somewhat better at this writing, but is still very low.

Quite a number gathered at the P. of I. hall last Monday evening to hear Mr. Knight Guinness, but were disappointed, as he did not come on account of the inclement weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Kerr entertained a St. Clair friend Monday and Tuesday.

A happy crowd gathered at A. Stephenson's on New Year's day to eat oysters for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid society.

F. P. Sherman, J. F. Brown and Dan Stabler went to Detroit with poultry last Tuesday.

C. G. Brown is on the sick list.

THE PARSON.

In a recent letter to the manufacturers Mr. W. F. Benjamin, editor of the Spectator, Rushford, New York, says: "It may be a pleasure to you to know the highest esteem in which Chamberlain's medicines are held by the people of your own state, where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Dexter, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years since, and leaving home wrote me, asking if they were sold here, stating if they were not she would bring a quantity with her as she did not like to be without them."

The medicines referred to are Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds and croup; Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy for bowel complaints. These medicines have been in constant use in Iowa for almost a quarter of a century. The people have learned that they are articles of great worth and merit, and unequalled by any other. They are for sale by Dr. J. G. Meiler, druggist.

By using Hall's Hair Renewer, gray, faded, or discolored hair assumes the natural color of youth, and grows luxuriant and strong, pleasing everybody.

STATE FARMERS' INSTITUTE AT WAYNE.

Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 28 and 29, 1898.

Lecturers furnished by the State Board of Agriculture: Prof. C. D. Smith, conductor, Prof. of agriculture, Ag'l. Col. Topics—1st. "How shall we meet the drought?" 2nd. "Modern Methods of Butter-Making."

Mr. Thos. Gunson, Florist, Ag'l. Col.—"Forcing Vegetables Under Glass."

Prof. W. O. Herick, Prof. History and Political Economy, Ag'l. Col.—"Taxation."

Hon. C. G. Luce—"The Farmer's Contribution to Society."

A. W. Haydon, general farmer and breeder of Percheron horses—"The Horse as a Factor in Civilization."

John D. Breck, dairy inspector and food commissioner—"Adulteration of Food."

Dr. Howard Edwards, English Literature and Modern Languages, Ag'l. Col.—"The Morrill Idea."

J. H. HANFORD, Sec. Plymouth, Mich.

Send it to His Mother in Germany.

Mr. Jacob Ebbensen, who is in the employ of the Chicago Lumber Co., at Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, that I know from personal use to be the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, having used it in my family for several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for by J. G. Meiler, druggist.

Livonia.

Fred Rice and family moved to Kansas last week. We are sorry to lose such good neighbors, and wish them good luck.

E. S. Rice, of Kansas, has been calling on old friends in this town.

George Bentley, the Sunday school superintendent at this place received a set of six books from his friends as a present last Sunday.

There will be another wedding in this vicinity before this goes to press.

Mrs. Dell Millburn, of Lansing, visited friends in this vicinity last week.

Wm. Newton and wife, who have been visiting friends at this place, returned to their home in Genesee county last Saturday.

Married, on Dec. 27th, Fred Landan and Miss Bertha Pinow, both of this town.

Wm. Sump has rented the Stavehass farm one mile west of the Center.

C. L. Ferguson has been laid up for some time by a horse stepping on his foot.

J. C. Myhr has bought 30 acres of standing timber three miles east of the Center.

Salom.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Doane and W. B. Mosher and family attended the Doane family reunion at the home of Franklin Smith, of Brighton. They report a very pleasant time.

The K. of P. and K. O. T. M. lodges are thinking of building a new hall. If they do it will add considerable to the looks of our neat little village.

Will Austin and wife, of Clarkston, were the guests of E. B. Stambro and wife a part of this week.

The Salom Gun Club held a shoot at Lapham's Corners last Saturday. As usual a good time was enjoyed by those who delight in this kind of sport.

This writing. She was first taken sick at the home of a neighbor and was afterward taken to her own home.

Salem tent K. O. T. M. is booming. Rev. Frank Hoyt was here the 23rd and gave his brilliant lecture on Macabeesism, ancient and modern, illustrating his lecture with views both pleasing and instructive. The lantern used is a Colt's 3,000 candle power calcium light. At the same time a Great Camp deputy was here, who so enthused the Sir Knights with life that there is talk of a new hall. During the stay of the deputy several new members were added to the tent, and more will join in the near future. Now is the time to join if you want cheap rates. Meetings are held every Tuesday evening.

At Plymouth, Michigan, at the close of business, December 13, 1898.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts \$132,212.21 \$173,518

Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc. 41,325.79 362.45

Overdrafts 3,600.00 5,798.88

Banking house 2,193.86

Furniture and fixtures 2,193.86

Due from banks in other cities 21,791.61

Due from other banks and bankers 15.00

Exchange for clearing house 1,448.07

Checks and cash items 2,948.35

Notes and coins 54.07

Gold coin 1,705.00

Silver coin 2,193.86

U. S. and Nat'l Bank Notes 2,912.00 32,329.54

Total \$211,999.85

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in \$50,000.00

Surplus funds 10,000.00

Undivided profits, less expenses and interest paid 673.04

Dividends unpaid 3.20

Commercial bills in course of collection 27,697.16

Certificates of deposit 43,131.58

Savings deposits 80,207.75 151,321.81

Total \$211,999.85

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Exchange Bank.

At Plymouth, in the State of Michigan, at the close of business, December 13, 1898.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts \$8,979.93

Overdrafts, secured and unsecured 292.21

U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 12,500.00

Premiums on U. S. Bonds 1,375.00

Banking house, furniture, and fixtures 7,982.16

Due from approved banks in other cities 6,925.54

Notes of other National Banks 3,751.00

Fractional paper currency, nickels, and coins 61.21

Specie 4,970.00

Legal-tender notes 1,000.00 8,270.00

Interest on U. S. Treasury, other than 5 per cent redemption fund 532.50

Total \$140,257.20

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in \$50,000.00

Surplus fund 8,000.00

Undivided profits, less expenses and interest paid 673.04

Dividends unpaid 3.20

Commercial bills in course of collection 27,697.16

Certificates of deposit 43,131.58

Savings deposits 80,207.75 151,321.81

Total \$211,999.85

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, I, E. K. BENNETT, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

E. K. BENNETT, Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of December, 1898.

EDGAR O. DERFEE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: E. C. LEACE, L. H. BENNETT, L. C. HOUDESS, Directors.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE. In the matter of the estate of DAVID TULLER, deceased, we, the undersigned, being the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, Michigan, do hereby give notice that we have received from the estate of said deceased, the sum of \$10,000.00, and we have set aside therefrom the sum of \$5,000.00 for the payment of the debts of said deceased, and we have ordered that the balance of said sum, to-wit: \$5,000.00, be paid to the heirs of said deceased, to-wit: JAMES W. TULLER, and we have ordered that the said sum of \$5,000.00 be paid to the said James W. Tuller, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1899, at ten o'clock a. m. of each said day, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that if no claim is made by the 15th day of December, A. D. 1898, we will pay said sum to the said James W. Tuller, and we have ordered that the said sum of \$5,000.00 be paid to the said James W. Tuller, on the 15th day of January, A. 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