

# The Plymouth Mail.

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

VOLUME IX, NO. 21.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., JANUARY 24, 1896.

WHOLE NO. 437

## H. DOHMSTREICH & CO THE GENERAL MERCHANTS.

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,**

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.

Awarded 54 First Premiums at World's Fair.

Money Orders—The best medium for sending money in letters by mail to any place in the world, can be obtained at the American Express Office.

**H. DOHMSTREICH, Agt.**

You Bring the Beans, We do the Rest.

We have just added the latest Bean Machinery to our elevator, and stand ready to pay the Highest Market Price for Beans at all times.

Get our prices and see how we handle Beans before you sell.

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

Your Attention, Please!

I have a large assortment of both ladies' and gents' Handkerchiefs, Art Denims and Chenille Table Spreads, gents' Silk Scarfs and Neckties, Silk Suspender, Fleece Kid Mitts, Silk and Yarn Mitts for both ladies and gents, Fancy Towels, a large line of those celebrated Rochester Nickle Lamps and various other articles which I have not space to mention.

I also have a large line of Staple Goods such as Yonks' Clothing and Overcoats, Hosiery for both ladies and gents, Underwear of all descriptions, a large line of gents' and boys' Plush and Wool Caps at all prices, Dress Goods, Gloves and Mittens of all kinds. Any of the above articles will make a very suitable present.

Thanking you all for past favors and hoping that I may increase my business with you all in the year to come, I remain,  
Yours,

**A. A. TAFFT.**

A piece of Silverware given away with every \$30.00 in Cash trade.

### BALL TOURNAMENT.

A BASE BALL SCHEME THAT WILL BENEFIT PLYMOUTH.

It Should Not Lack Proper Support—One Week's Pleasure and Big Crowd Would Result.

At the close of the baseball season last fall there was some talk of a base ball tournament for Plymouth during the coming season, but as later set in our club sports had begun to decline, it was thought best to let it rest until a later date. This idea, in the rough, was this: Organize a stock company with a capital of \$500—say 25 shares at \$20 per share—offer a purse of \$300 as first prize, and \$150 or \$200 as second prize. This would be large enough to induce any amateur club within a radius of 50 miles to compete. Have the tournament extend over three days and play two or three games a day.

If such an event could take place here during the summer it would be a gala week for Plymouth. The town would be filled with visitors during the entire week, and no small benefit would be the result. It would, without doubt, be a success to the stockholders financially, the winning team would have a nice round sum to their credit and nearly every business house in town would receive a share of the benefits.

We think the scheme a good one, and we know of a number who stand ready to take hold of it. We may seem premature in bringing the matter up, but the sooner a decision is reached regarding it, the more perfect will be the plans and the greater will be the success of the scheme.

Let all interested in our national game and all interested in the success of any enterprise that will in any way benefit our village think this matter over, and if you have any ideas on the subject, pro or con, let us know what they are and we will gladly publish them.

#### Traveled in a Man's Garb.

A woman clad in man's garb was among the steerage passengers of the American line steamship New York, which arrived here from Southampton recently. The woman's name is Hannah Nyström. She is a Russian Finn and she purchased a ticket at the Southampton office of the company, giving the name of Henry Nyström. She wore high-topped boots and a long, double-breasted frock coat, and for headgear she had tied a bright-hued handkerchief over her locks. Her sex was not discovered until the ship's physician, who was making a round of the steerage, vaccinating all the between-decks passengers who could not show recent vaccination marks, ordered her to bare her arm. She refused, and it was through the attention the refusal attracted that her sex was discovered. Then she admitted her real name, and said she had adopted the disguise in order to escape from a cruel husband. She was removed to the women's quarters at Ellis island, and will be allowed to land as soon as she is provided with suitable clothing. New York Times.

#### An Observing Child.

There is a singer in this city who has a very knowing little girl. The child has never had a nurse, but has been cared for all her five years by her mother. She took the little girl with her one day to see a friend. "She will be down in a minute," was the message, after they had taken seats in the parlor. As soon as the servant disappeared again little Katharine leaned over and said to her mother: "Mamma, how long are her minutes?" The mother stopped to think an instant, then said: "Why do you ask such a question, dear?" "Well," answered the little one, with a deep sigh, "papa says your minute is an hour, and I just wondered how long hers is?"

#### She Knew Him.

Henry Irving, whose face has, through advertisement and illustration, become familiar to many people, was one day at a seaside resort, when he noticed a little girl looking at him fixedly.

"Well, my dear," said he, "do you know who I am?" "Yes, sir," was the shy reply. "Well, whom I, then?" "You are one of the 's pills.'" And indeed, his face had figured in an advertisement of the widely spread pills. Minneapolis Journal.

#### Theory and Practice.

"Prof. Slumberg, next door, causes me constant annoyance by the way in which he keeps on playing the piano for hours at a stretch." "But you know the professor is a leading authority on the theory of music." "I don't care for his theory in the least. It's his practice."

#### When He Got Closer Than Ever.

"You think pretty well of your self, don't you? He—? I think I am not far from an angel." Indianapolis Journal.

#### FOR WOMEN ONLY.

The theater bodice grows more elaborate. Green roses are much seen in black velvet hats.

Seal and monogram fans are a fad among very young women. They are made by decorating a plain white or light colored fan with the monogram and seals used by different friends.

The newest fancy laces for trimming dainty evening toilets and separate waists for silk and satin, for the winter, vie in delicacy and dainty beauty with the costly hand-wrought designs. New capes of cloth or black pique make hang straight and loose from yoke to skirt trim. The yoke collar and full sleeves are of black velvet richly spangled and jetted, and edged with narrow fur.

In mending a tear in delicate fabrics if one's hair is of the right color, it is much better to use it in the place of thread. It will make stitches that are almost invisible and the darn will scarcely show at all.

Recesses of many of the new waists are not only bound with braid, but almost entirely covered with a braided design. While bosques are elaborately braided and sleeves receive their share of this trimming. Black and narrow gold braids are wrought together in effective design, and silver braid is also used in combination with black to good advantage, while braided designs showing two different colors are one of the novelties of the season not to be ignored.

A Parisian fancy in the way of a finish to the neck of a gown was of the old white striped ribbon, made first into a draped collar with a large bow in the back. Then on the other side of the front were sewed little ruffles of the ribbon edged with lace—that is to say, cut your ribbon, such as the collar is made of, in half, sew on a narrow Valenciennes around the two points, frill it and sew it inside your collar so that the two points in front will come a little back of the chin on each side and stand up on either side of the face.

#### BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

It costs four times as much to govern American cities as is spent for the same purpose in English cities.

A new steamboat, just launched for the Hudson river service, will cost \$1,000,000 and be provided with engines of 8,000 horse power.

There are nearly 16,000,000 children in school in the United States, nearly 14,000,000 in public schools, and nearly 400,000 teachers.

During the 900 years that the Pekin Gazette has been in existence 1,800 of its editors have had their heads taken off for having exceeded instructions.

The children of the poor in Japan are nearly always labeled in case they should stray from their homes while their mothers are engaged in domestic duties.

The longest paved street in the world is Washington street, Boston, which is seventeen and a half miles long; the shortest is the Rue Ble, Paris, which is barely twenty feet long.

In England and Scotland milkmaids believe that if they forget to wash their hands after milking their cows will go dry. This superstition is diligently fostered by the owners of the cows.

In Nebraska farms average 100 acres; in Massachusetts 80. But in proverbially thrifty Holland the average is thirty acres. Seventeen-twentieths of all the farms in Holland are less than 20 acres in extent.

Japan claims the oldest wooden building in the world. It is a log storehouse in Yara, which is now used to shelter some of the Mikado's art treasures. A age of 1,200 years is claimed for it. Some of the logs are nearly worn away by the weather.

To send a telegram to London from New York and get an answer takes two hours. The message goes through Canada, Nova Scotia, and Penzance. When special arrangements have been made to clear the wires, fifteen seconds will suffice for a message one way.

#### RAM'S HORNS.

Any kind of an unrepentant sinner is a lost one.

Bible promises were made for Bible loving people.

Only those who love souls can learn how to win them.

A negative sinner is as sure to be lost as a positive one.

The slave is no less a slave who chains is made of gold.

In a cold prayer meeting the back seats are the warmest.

The office of temptation is to tempt our need of Christ.

There is no greater commandment than "love one another."

The grateful heart has music in it that angels cannot sing.

Whoever believeth God's truth get God's reward for doing it.

Whoever reads his Bible prayerfully will read it carefully.

Do the best you can, and God angels will want to help you.

To have no sin in life is to sooner or later fall into the ditch.

No man can be made rich whose happiness depends on money.

Joy has a new meaning when we have learned what sadness is.

**ONE - QUARTER OFF**

now is the time for a few days we will offer our entire stock of

**BOOTS AND SHOES**

**AT 1.40 OFF**

From our Regular Low Prices. You have never before had such an opportunity to buy

**honest, reliable footwear** for such prices

**25 per cent discount.**

All Rubber Goods, Arties, Alaskas, Felt Boots and Rubbers, Sox and Rubbers will be sold at Actual Cost. This is a bonafide sale and we shall do just as we advertise. Terms Strictly Cash, all goods charged will be at Regular Price.

**call on us and inspect.**

**BENNETT & CO.,**  
Leading Shoe Dealers.

**Dohmstreich Building.**

P. S.—When we advertise a one quarter off sale we mean that we give you an actual rebate of 25c on every dollar.

**Drugs! Drugs!**

The Largest and Finest Stock

of Drugs in Plymouth will be found at Gale's.

New Goods

received every day. Great Care is taken in buying

Drugs and Chemicals

to get the Best. It takes years of Experience to be able to detect adulterated drugs and chemicals. We are giving particular attention to the

Dispensing of Prescriptions

and as we do not depend entirely on drugs for our trade, we are enabled to sell you Pure Drugs at a less price than an exclusive drug store.

**J. L. GALE.**



To work without a plan is a waste of strength.

The start toward the bad always begins in short steps.

Only the wicked are anxious to prove that the devil is a myth.

Marriage makes different men of some fellows and indifferent men of others.

Death is so swift that it overtakes everybody, and yet so slow that anyone can catch it.

If abuse of Americans is to be rewarded, Mr. William Astor will be able to secure that coveted title.

The business man who advertises hasn't any time to worry about the fluctuations of the gold reserve.

It is very much in Healer Schlatter's favor that he doesn't have to be driven out of any town where he locates.

Some people seem to overlook the fact that there is such a thing as keeping cool and patriotic at the same time.

Canada is disposed to emulate the example of the small child who cries for the sole purpose of inducing some one to coax it to stop.

By increasing the price of beer \$1 per barrel it looks as if the brewers were preparing to go to the rescue of the United States treasury.

Poet Laureate Austin will have to reel off some very soothing lullabies if he can make the British lion feel happy when his tail is full of kinks.

The distressing feature of Kaiser Wilhelm's impudence in making faces at his dear old grandma is the fact that Wilhelm is too big to spank.

The retirement of Richard Mansfield may take from the stage a star, but the apparatus for producing thunder and lightning and moonlight is still there.

The people wanted clear headed, patriotic American men on the Venezuelan commission, and they got them. Now let them act wisely and promptly.

A man in Houston, Tex., who murdered his wife, was sentenced to the penitentiary for ninety years. Such a fellow should have been sentenced for life.

Since a man who committed suicide has been identified as J. L. Good it is settled that suicide is not a sin. If it were the suicide would not have been Good.

The Schomburgk line is now said to be worthless. This can hardly be the case if it has been the means of teaching Britain the danger of making its lion play the hog.

Germany seems to have a kind of Monroe doctrine of its own. It is a little harder to pronounce, perhaps, than Uncle Sam's, but it is likely to answer the purpose in South Africa.

The Society of the Cincinnati after years of debate has decided to erect a monument to Washington at the Green street entrance to Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. It is to cost \$250,000.

Senator Quay is encouraging the Pittsburg reform movement. As Chris Magee is the man the reformers are after it will be seen that Mr. Quay is not a reformer for reform purposes only.

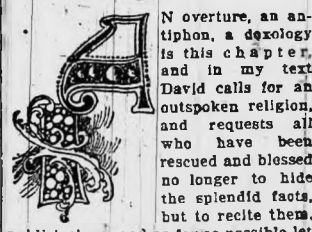
Uncle Sam can buy the island of St. Thomas from Denmark "low for cash or country produce." The question is, Does he want it? It is an island three leagues miles long and has a perfect land-locked harbor.

When the revised version of the New Testament was completed, it was telegraphed as news to Chicago. When it was found that hell had not been translated out of it, there was much disappointment. Men leading bad lives are always unbelievers in future punishment. The language of their hearts is: "Fate him because he doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil."

Says the Grocery World: "Some people say that advertising is all a matter of luck; that you cannot tell what advertising is going to do, or whether or not it is going to pay. This may be true; but it is very strange that the man who gives intelligent thought to his advertising, and does it in an intelligent, earnest, straightforward way, usually has the luck on his side. He is lucky in his advertising because he reduces it to a science. Advertising is just as certain as paying rent. Advertising is governed by the same common-sense business lines that govern buying a lot of tomatoes or codfish."

Our commiseration is extended to our esteemed contemporary, the Vossische Zeitung, on its sudden change of base. A few days ago it was wildly condemning the United States for pretending to have any interest in the welfare of Venezuela, and now it is demanding that the German government shall "take energetic steps to protect endangered German interests, and at the same time those of her kinsmen, the Boers." We should like to know what Germany has to do with a sovereignty of Great Britain. There never was a case of presumption.

Golden Text: "Let the Redeemed of the Lord say so"—Psalm 107:2—The Apostle of Prayer the Great Conqueror of All Evil.



An overture, an antiphon, a dextology is this chapter, and in my text David calls for an outspoken religion, and requests all who have been rescued and blessed no longer to hide the splendid facts, but to recite them, publish them, and as far as possible let all the world know about it. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." There is a stately reticence which has been almost canonized. The people are quite as outspoken as they ought to be on all subjects of politics, and are fluent and voluble on the Venezuelan question, and bimetalism, and tariffs, high and low and remodeled, and female suffrage, and you have to skillfully watch your chance if you want to put into active conversation a modest suggestion of your own; but on the subject of divine goodness, religious experience, and eternal blessedness they are not only silent, but boastful of their reticence. Now, if you have been redeemed of the Lord, why do you not say so? If you have in your heart the pearl of great price, worth more than the Koh-i-noor among Victorian jewels, why not let others see it? If you got off the wreck in the breakers, why not tell of the crew and the stout life boat that safely landed you? If from the fourth story you are rescued in time of conflagration, why not tell of the fireman and the ladder down which he carried you? If you have a mansion in heaven awaiting you, why not show the deed to those who may by the same process get an emerald castle on the same boulevard? By the last two words of my text David calls upon all of us who have received any mercy at the hand of God to stop impersonating the asylums for the dumb, and in the presence of men, women, angels, devils, and all worlds, "say so."

In these January days, thousands of ministers and private Christians are wondering about the best way of starting a revival of religion. I can tell you a way of starting a revival, continental, hemispheric and world-wide. You say a revival starts in heaven. Well, it starts in heaven just as a prosperous harvest starts in heaven. The sun must shine and the rains must descend, but unless you plow and sow and cultivate the earth you will not raise a bushel of wheat or a peck of corn between now and the end of the world. How, then, shall a universal revival start? By all Christian people telling the story of their own conversion. Let ten men and women get up next week in your prayer meeting and, not in a conventional or canting or doleful way, but in the same tone they employ in the family or place of business, tell how they crossed the line, and the revival will begin then and there, if the prayer meeting has not been so dull as to drive out all except those concerning whom it was foreordained for all eternity that they should be there. There are so many different ways of being converted that we want to hear all kinds, so that our own case may be helped. It always puts me back to hear only one kind of experience, such as a man gives when he tells of his Pauline conversion—how he was knocked senseless, and then had a vision and heard voices, and after a certain number of days of horror got up and shouted for joy. All that discourages me, for I was never knocked senseless, and I never had such a sudden burst of religious rapture that I lost my equilibrium. But after awhile a Christian man got up in some meeting and told us how he was brought up by a devout parentage, and had always been thoughtful about religious things, and gradually the peace of the Gospel came into his soul like the dawn of the morning—no perceptible difference between moment and moment—but after awhile all perturbation settled down into a hope that had consoled and strengthened him during all the vicissitudes of a lifetime. I said, "That is exhilarating; that was my experience," and so I was strengthened. In another prayer meeting a man got up and told us how he once hated God, and went through all the rounds of iniquity, until we were all on nettles lest he should go too much into the particulars, but one day he was by some religious power hurled at, and then got up a Christian, and had ever since been going around with a Baxter Bible with large flaps under his arm, a floating evangelist. Well, under this story many are not helped at all, for they know they never hated God, and they were never dissolute. But after awhile some Christian woman arises and says, "I have nothing extraordinary to tell; yet I think the cares of life, the anxieties about my children, and two graves opened in our family plot, made me feel the need of God, and weak and helpless and heart-broken, I flung myself upon his mercy, and I feel what the Bible calls the peace of God which passeth all understanding." And I ask your prayers that I may live nearer to the Christ who has done so much for me." I declare that before that woman got through we were all crying, not bitter tears, but tears of joyful emotion, and in three days, in that neighborhood, all the loe had gone out of the river in a springtime freshet of salvation. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

What a record for all time and eternity was made by Gelladius, the play-actor, in the theater at Heliopolis! A burlesque of Christianity was put upon the stage. In decision of the ordinance or baptism a bath-tub, filled with

water, was put upon the stage, and another actor, in awful blasphemy, dipped Gelladius, pronouncing over him the words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." But coming forth from the burlesqued baptism, he looked changed, and was changed, and he cried out to the audience, "I am a Christian; I will die as a Christian." Though he was dragged out and stoned to death, they could not drown the testimony made under such awful circumstances. "I am a Christian; I will die as a Christian." "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

What a confirmation would come if all who had answers to prayers would speak out! If all merchants in tight places because of hard times would tell how, in response to supplication, they got the money to pay the note. If all farmers in time of drought would tell how, in answer to prayer, the rain came just in time to save the crop. If all parents who prayed for a wandering son to come home would tell how, not long after, they heard the boy's hand on the latch of the front door.

There lingers on this side of the river that divides earth and heaven, ready at any time to cross over, the apostle of prayer for this century, Jeremiah Calvin Lanphier, the founder of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, and if he should put on his spectacles and read this, I salute him as more qualified than any man since Bible times in demonstrating what prayer can do. Dear Brother Lanphier! The high heavens are full of his fame. Having announced a meeting for 12 o'clock, September 23, 1857, he sat in the upper room on Fulton street, New York, waiting for people to come. He waited for a half hour, and then a foot fall was heard on the steps, and after awhile in all six persons arrived; but the next day twenty, and the next day forty, and from that time to this, for over thirty-eight years, every day, Sabbath excepted, that Fulton Street Prayer Meeting has been a place where people have asked prayer and answers to prayers have been announced, and the throbs of that great heart of supplication has thrilled not only in the heavens, but clear around the world, more than any spot on earth. That has been the place where the redeemed of the Lord said so!

Let the same outspokenness be employed toward those by whom we have been personally advantaged. We wait until they are dead before we say so. Your parents have planned for your best interests all these years. They may sometimes, their nervous system used up by the cares, the losses, the disappointments, the worriments of life, be more irritable than they ought to be, and they probably have faults which have become oppressive as the years go by. But those eyes, long before they took on spectacles, were watching for your welfare, and their hands, not as smooth and much more deeply lined than once, have done for you many a good day's work. Life has been for them more of a struggle than you will ever know about, and much of the struggle has been for you, and how much they are wrapped up in your welfare you will never appreciate. Have you by word or gift or behavior expressed your thanks? Or if you cannot quite get up to say it face to face, have you written it in some holiday salutation? The time will soon pass and they will be gone out of your sight, and their cars will not hear and their eyes will not see. If you owe them any kindness of deed or any words of appreciation, why do you not say so? How much we might all of us save ourselves in the matter of regrets if we do not delay until too late an expression of obligation that would have made the last years of earthly life more attractive. The grave is deaf, and epitaphs on cold marble cannot make reparation.

There are hundreds of ministers who have hard work to make sermons because no one expresses any appreciation. They are afraid of making him vain. The moment the benediction is pronounced they turn on their heels and go out. Perhaps it was a subject on which he had put especial pains. He sought for the right text, and then did his best to put the old thought into some new shape. He had prayed that it might go to the hearts of the people. He had added to the argument the most vivid illustrations he could think of. He had delivered all with a power that left him nervously exhausted. Five hundred people may have been blessed with it, and resolved upon a higher life and nobler purpose. Yet all he hears is the clank of the pew door, or the shuffling of feet in the aisle, or some remark about the weather, the last resort of insanity. Why did not that man come up and say frankly, "You have done me good?" Why did not some woman come up and say, "I shall go home to take up the burden of life more cheerfully?" Why did not some professional man come up and say, "Thank you, dominie, for that good advice. I will take it. God bless you." Why did they not tell him so? I have known ministers, in the nervous reaction that comes to some after the delivery of a sermon with no seeming result, to go home and roll on the floor in agony.

But to make up for this lack of outspoken religion there needs to be and will be a Great Day, when amid the solemnities and grandeur of a listening universe God will "say so." No statistics can state how many mothers have rocked cradles and hovered over infantile sicknesses and brought up their families to manhood and womanhood, and laughed them upon useful and successful lives; and yet never received one "Thank you" that amounted to anything. The daughters became queens in social life and are affianced in highest realms of prosperity; the sons took the first honors of the university and became radiant in monetary or professional spheres. Now the secret of all that uplifted maternal influence must come out. Society did not say so; the church did not say so; the world did not say so, but on that day of all

other days, the Last Day, God will say so.

There are men to whom life is a grind and a conflict, hereditary tendencies to be overcome, accidental environments to be endured, appalling opposition to be met and conquered, and they never so much as had a rose pinned to their coat lapel in admiration. They never had a song dedicated to their name. They never had a book presented to them with a complimentary word on the fly leaf. All they have to show for their lifetime battle is scars. But in the Last Day the story will come out, and that life will be put in holy and transcendent rhythm, and their courage and persistence and faith and victory will not only be announced, but rewarded. "These are they that come out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!" God will say so!

We miss one of the chief ideas of a Last Judgment. We put into the picture the fire, and the smoke, and the earthquake, and the descending angels, and the uprising dead, but we omit to put into the picture that which makes the Last Judgment a magnificent opportunity. We omit the fact that it is to be a day of glorious explanation and commendation. The first justice that millions of unrewarded, and unrecognized, and unappreciated men and women get will be on that day, when services that never called forth so much as a newspaper line of finest pearl or diamond type, as the printers term it, shall be called up for coronation. That will be on the day for coronation for those whom the world called "nobodies." Joshua, who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, needs no last judgment to get justice done him, but those men do need a last judgment who at times, in all armies, under the most violent assault, in obedience to command, themselves stood still. Deborah, who encouraged Barak to bravery in battle against the oppressors of Israel, needs no Last Judgment to get justice done her, for thousands of years have clapped her applause. But the wives who in all ages have encouraged their husbands in the battle of life, women whose names were hardly known beyond the next street or the next farmhouse, must have God say to them, "You did well! You did gloriously! I saw you down in that dajry. I watched you in the old farmhouse, mending those children's clothes. I heard what you said in the way of cheer when the bread winner of the household was in despair. I remember all the sick cradles you have sung to. I remember the backaches, the headaches, the heartaches. I know the story of your knitting needle as well as I know the story of a queen's scepter. Your castle on the heavenly hill is all ready for you. Go up and take it!" And turning to the surprised multitudes of heaven, He will say, "She did what she could." God will say so.

And now I close with giving my own personal testimony, for I must not enjoin upon others that which I decline myself to do. Born at Boundbrook, N. J., of a parentage as pious as the world ever saw, I attest before earth and heaven that I, have always felt the elevating and restraining influences of having had a good father and a good mother, and if I am able to do half as well for my children as the old folks did for me I will be thankful forever. The years of my life passed on until, at about eighteen years of age, I felt the pressure of eternal realities, and after prayer and religious counsel I passed into what I took to be a saved state, and joined the church, and I attest before earth and heaven that I have found it a most helpful and inspiring association. I like the companionship so well that I cannot be satisfied if I have a day less of it than all eternity. After graduating at collegiate and theological institutions I had the hands of ten or twelve good men put upon my head in solemn ordination, at Belleville, New Jersey, and I attest before earth and heaven that the work of the gospel ministry has been delightful, and I expect to preach until my last hour. Many times I have passed through deep water of bereavement, and but for the divine promise of heavenly reunion would have gone under, but I attest before earth and heaven that the comfort of the gospel is high, deep, glorious, eternal. Many times have I been maligned and my work misrepresented, but all such falsehood and persecution have turned out for my advantage and enlarged my work, and I attest before earth and heaven that God has fulfilled to me the promises, "Lo! I am with you always," and "The gates of hell shall not prevail against you."

For the cheer of younger men in all departments, let me say you will come out all right if you mind your own business and are patient. The assault of the world is only being rubbed down by a rough Turkish towel, and it improves the circulation and makes one more vigorous. While the future holds for me many mysteries which I do not pretend to solve, I am living in expectation that when my poor work is done I shall go through the gates and meet my Lord and all my kindred, who have preceded me, a precious group whom I miss more and more as the years go by, and I attest before earth and heaven that the glories of the heavenly world illumine my pathway. In courts of law the witness may kiss the Bible or lift his right hand in oath, but as I have often kissed the dear old Book, I now lift my right hand and take oath by him that liveth forever and ever that God is good, and that the gospel is a mighty consolation in days of trouble, and that the best friend a man ever had is Jesus, and that heaven is absolutely sure to those who trust and serve the blessed Redeemer; to whom be glory and dominion and victory and song, and chorus of white-robed immortals standing on seas of glass mingled with fire. Amen and amen!

When men live as Christ lived, they will not find it hard to die as he did.

You Can Churn Inside of 9 Minutes with  
**FUNK'S FOLDING DASH CHURN.**  
MORE and BETTER BUTTER can be made with this Churn, from same amount of cream than any other in the market. No Iron Bearings to Color Butter. Every Churn warranted as represented. There are only two motions in Churning, one is the dash motion, up and down, and the other is the circular motion. The dash motion keeps the cream turning round without much effect, not breaking the globules; while the dash motion gives it a perfect hammering; hence the success of the dash churn over all others.  
All Churns sold by the best of Good Salesmen wanted to sell for farmers. For exact profitable and permanent position. Exclusive territory given. Agents sell from 100 to 1,000 churns a year. Making \$1,500 to \$5,000 a year. No Capital Necessary.  
**The CHAMPION CHURN COMPANY,**  
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**EAGLE BRAND**  
Ready Mixed Paints.  
Try it once and you will use no other. For sale by all the LEADING DEALERS.  
**CHESTERTON PAINT MFG. CO.,**  
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IT'S INJURIOUS TO STOP SUDDENLY and don't be imposed upon by buying a remedy that requires you to do so, as it is nothing more than a substitute. In the sudden stoppage of tobacco you must have some stimulant, and in most all cases, the effect of the stimulant, be it opium, morphine, or other opiate, leaves a far worse habit contracted. Ask your druggist about BACO-CURO. It is purely vegetable. You do not have to stop using tobacco with BACO-CURO. It will notify you when to stop and your desire for tobacco will cease. Your system will be as free from nicotine as the day before you took your first chew or smoke. An iron-clad written guarantee to absolutely cure the tobacco habit in all its forms, or money refunded. Price \$1.00 per box or 3 boxes (30 days treatment and guaranteed cure) \$2.50. For sale by all druggists, will be sent by mail upon receipt of price. SEND SIX TWO-CENT STAMPS FOR SAMPLE BOX. Booklets and proofs free.  
Eureka Chemical & Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis.  
Office of THE PIONEER PRESS COMPANY, C. W. HORNIK, Supt. Ft. Paul, Minn., Sept. 7th, 1904.  
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 "Kery Cure," "No-To-Bac," and various other remedies, but without success, until I accidentally learned of your "Baco-Curo." Three weeks ago today 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-Curo" simply wonderful, and can fully recommend it.  
Yours very truly,  
C. W. HORNIK.

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\$150.00 every month given away to any one who applies through us for the most meritorious patent during the month preceding.  
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I wish to inform the public that I am prepared to do anything in the line of  
**PLUMBING**  
Good Rigs Day or Night  
Also Omnibus and Dray Line in Connection.  
12 Bus Tickets for \$1.00  
**H. G. ROBINSON,**  
PLYMOUTH, MICH.  
**FRANKLIN HOUSE**  
DETROIT, MICH.  
It is well before leaving home, whether for business or pleasure, to deposit upon a hotel and thereby avoid confusion. When you visit Detroit we would be pleased to have you stop at the old Franklin House, cor. Larned and Beuten Sta., where you will have a good meal and a clean bed at moderate rates. The house has been renovated from top to bottom, and is now in first-class condition.  
Respectfully,  
**H. M. JAMES,**  
Main, 26, Ludgate, 54.  
Per Day, \$1.50.  
**James Hewett**  
General Plumber and Contractor.



# Nerves

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Depend upon the blood for sustenance. Therefore if the blood is impure they are improperly fed and nervous prostration results. To make pure blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; 6 for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

America has 39,000,000 farmers.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only genuine medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, M.D., Buffalo, Pa. Dec. 11, '90.

London has over 60 stations for women.

Go's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Chicago is to have a hotel with 6,114 rooms.

Hansen's Magic Corn Salve. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Gold was discovered in the Transvaal in 1886.

**WITS**—All Wits stepped free by Dr. Kline's Great Kidney Remedy. No matter how long you have suffered from this disease, you can be cured by Dr. Kline's Great Kidney Remedy. The Transvaal has been independent since 1852.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Dr. Wauson's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

What and tobacco are the chief crops of the Transvaal.

The soothing, healing effects of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is felt almost instantly. There is no other cough medicine that combines so many virtues. Sold by all dealers.

Johannesburg, the metropolis of the Transvaal has 15,000 inhabitants.

Anyone who suffers from that terrible plague, Itching Piles, will appreciate the immediate relief and permanent cure that comes through the use of Doan's Ointment. It never fails.

Bricklay has graduated from the law school, hasn't he? Yes, practicing. "Not yet. He's looking for somebody to practice on."

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

Look after the Back: A Fall, a Strain, a Constant Sitting or Stooping Position Brings Backache—Do You Know This Means the Kidneys are Affected?

How few people realize when their back begins to ache that it is a warning provided by nature to tell you that the kidneys are not working properly. You have a severe fall, you strain yourself lifting or perhaps you are compelled to maintain a sitting or stooping position for long intervals at a time, your back begins to ache, then your head, you become listless, tired and weary, but do you understand the real cause? We think not, else you would not use plasters and liniment on the back, which only relieve but do not reach the cause. If you would rid yourself of the pain and cure the root of the trouble, at the same time save many years of suffering and perhaps life itself, you will take a kidney remedy that has been tried and proven that it will cure.

Mr. John Robison of 661 Russell Street, Detroit, says: "As a result of exposure during the war I have suffered ever since with rheumatism and kidney trouble. Pains would start in my hip and go around to my back. Highly colored urine denoted kidney disorder. The pain in my back was often so bad I had to give up work until the severity of the attack passed away. I have used many liniments and other things, but received very little relief. Some time ago I started using Doan's Kidney Pills and they have worked a wonderful change in me. My back is all right now and I owe it all to the almost magical influence of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Mr. Robison was a member of the Fifty-first Illinois Regiment, which served through the war with honor and distinction. Doan's Kidney Pills are 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.

A Very Desirable Calendar. Calendars of all kinds and sizes herald the coming year. Many are to be had for the asking—many without asking—but to them as to other things the rule might be applied that what costs nothing is worth about what it costs. The calendar we always welcome has just reached us. We refer to the one published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia. This issue seems if possible even better than its predecessors. Handsome enough for the library, and yet carefully adapted for every-day use, it is naturally a great favorite. The firm's well-known motto, "Keeping Everlastingly At It Edging Success," appears this year in a new and very attractive form. The daily presence of this inspiring motto is worth far more than the price of any calendar. The date figures are so large and clear that they can easily be seen across the room. The reading matter on the flaps will also possess interest to the progressive. Those who have used this calendar in other years will not be surprised to learn that the demand for it is constantly increasing. Once introduced it becomes a welcome friend. Its price (25 cents), includes delivery, in perfect condition, postage paid, to any address.

Spoons of wood, horn, metal or stone have made in every country from prehistoric ages.

**THE WORLD'S EARLIEST POTATO.** That's Salzer's Earliest, fit for use in 28 days. Salzer's new late tomato, Champion of the World, is pronounced the heaviest yielder in the world, and we challenge you to produce its equal! 10 acres to Salzer's Earliest Potatoes yield 4000 bushels, sold in June at \$1.00 a bushel—\$4000. That pays. A word to the wise, etc.

Now if you will cut this out and send it with 10c postage you will get, free, 10 packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Lathyrus, Sand Vetch, Giant Spurry, Giant Clover, etc., and our mammoth seed catalogue, w.n.

It is hard for some men to believe that a sin can be black as long as it pays well.

**Parker's Ginger Tonic.** Of the many good things to be found in American homes, we do not believe that any are held in higher esteem, or have done better service than Parker's Ginger Tonic. It has grown to be a household necessity, and is serviceable in almost every case where there is weakness and infirmity. There are forms of female debility that make life a burden. The same is true of persistent coughs and colds, and distressing stomach and nervous ills. They have held high revel in many homes until banished by Parker's Ginger Tonic and we are proud of the record that has made so many hearts grateful.

A blow aimed at the devil often strikes a church member square in the face.

**Rich, Low Jack.** The ice means very cold weather, then comes a high tide in sea-level rinks, and skating upon slides and rinks, and we go home tired and overworked. It is the same old story of being out of our wits and on with all sorts of aches and pains, rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, lumbago, including frost-bites, backache, even toothache. They who dance must pay the piper. We set up Jack and are brought low by our own folly. What of it, the dance will go on all the same. It is generally known that St. Jacobs Oil will cure all such aches and pains separately or collectively, and the cry is out with the dance.

Morocco leather may be restored with a varnish of the white of an egg.

"I was completely covered with sores. Every limb in my body ached. I had been sick for five years. Doctors could do me no good. Most of my time was spent in bed; was a complete wreck. Burdock Blood Bitters have completely cured me in three months." Mrs. Annie Zoegen, Crookstown, Minn.

In the race of life every man carries a little of some other man's weight.

"If taken into the head by the nostrils two or three times a week, Thomas' Electric Oil will positively relieve the most offensive case of catarrh." Rev. E. F. Crane, Dunkirk, N. Y.

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

Walking would often be a pleasure were it not for the corns. These pests are easily removed with Hindercoats. See ad. druggists.

It is hard membership only could have heaven would be full of hypocrites.

The more one uses Parker's Ginger Tonic the more its good qualities are revealed in dispelling colds, indigestion, pain and every kind of weakness.

# SISTER ROSE.

## A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

### CHAPTER I.

ELL. Monsieur Guillaume, what is the news this evening?"

"None that I know of, Monsieur Justin, except that Mademoiselle Rose is to be married to-morrow."

"Much obliged, my respectable old friend, for so interesting and unexpected a reply to my question. Considering that I am the valet of Monsieur Danville, who plays the distinguished part of bridegroom in the little wedding comedy to which you refer, I think I may assure you without offense, that your news is, so far as I am concerned, of the steepest possible kind. Take a pinch of snuff, Monsieur Guillaume, and excuse me if I inform you that my question referred to public news, and not to the private affairs of the two families whose household interests we have the pleasure of promoting."

"I don't understand what you mean by such a phrase as promoting household interests, Monsieur Justin. I am the servant of Monsieur Louis Trudaine, who lives here with his sister, Mademoiselle Rose. You are the servant of Monsieur Danville, whose excellent mother has made up the match for him with my young lady. As servants, both of us, the pleasantest news we can have any concern with is news that is connected with the happiness of our masters. I have nothing to do with public affairs; and being one of the old school, I make it my main object in life to mind my own business. If our homely domestic politics have no interest for you, allow me to express my regret, and to wish you a very good evening."

"Pardon me, my dear sir, I have not the slightest respect for the old school, or the least sympathy with people who only mind their own business. However, I accept your expressions of regret; I reciprocate your good evening; and I trust to find you improved in temper, dress, manners, and appearance the next time I have the honor of meeting you. Adieu, Monsieur Guillaume, and vive la bagatelle!"

These scraps of dialogue were interchanged on a lovely summer evening in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, before the back door of a small house which stood on the banks of the Seine, about three miles westward of the city of Rouen. The one speaker was lean, old, crabbed, and slovenly; the other was plump, young, oily-mannered, and dressed in the most gorgeous livery costume of the period. The last days of genuine dandyism were then rapidly approaching all over the civilized world; and Monsieur Justin was, in his own way, dressed to perfection, as a living illustration of the expiring glories of his epoch.

After the old servant had left him, he occupied himself for a few minutes in contemplating, superciliously enough, the back view of the little house before which he stood. Judging by the windows, it did not contain more than six or eight rooms in all. Instead of stables and outhouses, there was a conservatory attached to the building on one side, and a low, long room, built of wood gaily painted, on the other. One of the windows of this room was left uncurtained, and through it could be seen, on a sort of dresser inside, bottles filled with strangely-colored liquids, oddly-shaped utensils of brass and copper, one end of a large furnace, and other objects, which plainly proclaimed that the apartment was used as a chemical laboratory.

"Think of our bride's brother amusing himself in such a place as that with cooking drugs in saucapans," muttered Monsieur Justin, peeping into the room. "I am the least particular man in the universe, but I must say I wish we were not going to be connected by marriage with an amateur apothecary, Pan! I can smell the place through the window."

With these words Monsieur Justin turned his back on the laboratory in disgust, and sauntered towards the cliffs overhanging the river.

Leaving the garden attached to the house, he ascended some gently-rising ground by a winding path. Arrived at the summit, the whole view of the Seine, with its lovely green islands, its banks fringed with trees, its gliding boats, and little scattered waterside cottages, opened before him. Westward, where the level country appeared beyond the further bank of the river, the landscape was all aglow with the crimson of the setting sun. Eastward, the long shadows and mellow intervening lights, the red glory that quivered on the rippling water, the steady ruby-fire glowing on cottage windows that reflected the level sunlight, led the eye onward and onward, along the windings of the Seine, until it rested upon the spires, towers, and broadly-massed houses of Rouen, with the wooded hills rising beyond them for background. Lovely to look on at any time, the view was almost supernaturally beautiful now under the gorgeous evening light that glowed upon it. All its attractions, however, were lost on the valet: he stood yawning with his hands in his pockets, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but staring straight before him at a little hollow, beyond which the ground sloped away smoothly to the brink of the cliff. A bench was placed here, and three persons—an old lady, a gentleman, and a young girl—were

seated on it, watching the sunset, and by consequence turning their backs on Monsieur Justin. Near them stood two gentlemen, also looking toward the river and the distant view. These five figures attracted the valet's attention, to the exclusion of every other object around him.

"There they are still," he said to himself discontentedly. "Madame Danville in the same place on the seat; my master, the bridegroom, dutifully next to her; Mademoiselle Rose, the bride, bashfully next to him; Monsieur Trudaine, the amateur apothecary brother, affectionately next to her; and Monsieur Lomaque, our queer land-steward, officially in waiting on the whole party. There they all are indeed, incomprehensibly wasting their time still in looking at nothing! Yes," continued Monsieur Justin, lifting his eyes wearily, and staring hard, first up the river at the setting sun; "yes, plague them, looking at nothing, absolutely and positively at nothing, all this while."

Here Monsieur Justin yawned again, and returning to the garden, sat himself in an arbor and resignedly went to sleep.

If the valet had ventured near the five persons whom he had been apostrophizing from a distance, and if he had been possessed of some little refinement of observation, he could hardly have failed to remark that the bride and bridegroom of the morrow, and their companions on either side, were all, in a greater or less degree, under the influence of some secret restraint, which affected their conversation, their gestures, and even the expression of their faces. Madame Danville—a handsome, richly dressed old lady, with bright eyes and a quick, suspicious manner—looked comely and happily enough, as long as her attention was fixed on her son. But when she turned from him towards the bride, a hardly perceptible uneasiness passed over her face—an uneasiness which only deepened to positive distrust and dissatisfaction whenever she looked towards Mademoiselle Trudaine's brother. In the same way her son, who was all smiles and happiness while he was speaking with his future wife, altered visibly in manner and look, exactly as his mother altered whenever the presence of Monsieur Trudaine specially impressed itself on his attention. Then, again, Lomaque, the land-steward—quiet, sharp, skinny Lomaque, with the submissive manner, and the red-rimmed eyes—never looked up at his master's future brother-in-law without looking away again rather uneasily, and thoughtfully drilling holes in the grass with his long sharp-pointed cane. Even the bride herself, the pretty, innocent girl, with her childish shyness of manner, seemed to be affected like the others. Doubt, if not distress, overshadowed her face from time to time, and the hand which her lover held trembled a little, and grew restless, when she accidentally caught her brother's eye.

Strangely enough there was nothing to repel, but, on the contrary, everything to attract in the look and manner of the person whose mere presence seemed to exercise such curiously constraining influence over the wedding party. Louis Trudaine was a remarkably handsome man. His expression was singularly kind and gentle; his manner irresistibly winning in its frank, manly firmness and composure. His words, when he occasionally spoke, seemed as unlikely to give offense as his looks; for he only opened his lips in courteous reply to questions directly addressed to him. Judging by a latent mournfulness in the tones of his voice, and by the sorrowful tenderness which clouded his kind earnest eyes whenever they rested on his sister, his thoughts were certainly not of the happy or the hopeful kind. But he gave them no direct expression; he intruded his secret sadness, whatever it might be, on no one of his companions. Nevertheless, modest and self-restrained as he was, there was evidently some reproving or saddening influence in his presence which affected the spirits of every one near him, and darkened the eve of the wedding to bride and bridegroom alike.

CHAPTER II.

As the sun slowly sank in the heavens the conversation flagged more and more. After a long silence, the bridegroom was the first to start a new subject.

"Rose, love," he said, "that magnificent sunset is a good omen for our marriage; it promises another lovely day to-morrow."

The bride laughed and blushed.

"Do you really believe in omens, Charles?" she said.

"My dear," interposed the old lady, before her son could answer, "if Charles does believe in omens, it is nothing to laugh at. You will soon know better, when you are his wife, than to confound him, even in the slightest things, with the common herd of people. All his convictions are well founded—so well, that if I thought he really did believe in omens, I should most assuredly make up my mind to believe in them too."

"I beg your pardon, madame," Rose began, tremulously, "I only meant—"

"My dear child, have you so little

knowledge of the world as to suppose that I could be offended?"

"Let Rose speak," said the young man.

He turned round petulantly, almost with the air of a spoiled child, to his mother, as he said those words. She had been looking fondly and proudly on him the moment before. Now her eyes wandered disconcertedly from his face; she hesitated an instant with a sudden confusion which seemed quite foreign to her character, then whispered in his ear:

"Am I to blame, Charles, for trying to make her worthy of you?"

Her son took no notice of the question. "He only reiterated sharply—'Let Rose speak.'"

"I really had nothing to say," faltered the young girl, growing more and more confused.

"Oh, but you had!"

There was such an ungracious sharpness in his voice, such an outburst of petulance in his manner as he spoke, that his mother gave him a warning touch on the arm, and whispered, "Hush!"

Monsieur Lomaque, the land-steward, and Monsieur Trudaine, the brother, both glanced searchingly at the bride, as the words passed the bridegroom's lips. She seemed to be frightened and astonished, rather than irritated or hurt. A curious smile puckered up Lomaque's lean face, as he looked demurely down on the ground, and began drilling a fresh hole in the turf with the sharp point of his cane. Trudaine turned aside quickly, and sighing, walked away a few paces; then came back, and seemed about to speak, but Danville interrupted him.

"Pardon me, Rose," he said; "I am so jealous of even the appearance of any want of attention towards you, that I was nearly allowing myself to be irritated about nothing."

He kissed her hand very gracefully and tenderly as he made his excuse; but there was a latent expression in his eye which was at variance with the apparent spirit of his action. It was noticed by nobody but observant and submissive Monsieur Lomaque, who smiled to himself again, and drilled harder than ever at his hole in the grass.

"I think Monsieur Trudaine was about to speak," said Madame Danville. "Perhaps he will have no objection to let us hear what he was going to say."

"None, madame," replied Trudaine, politely. "I was about to take upon myself the blame of Rose's want of respect for believers in omens, by confessing that I have always encouraged her to laugh at superstitions of every kind."

"You a ridiculer of superstitions!" said Danville, turning quickly on him. "You who have built a laboratory; you who are an amateur professor of the occult arts of chemistry, a seeker after the Elixir of Life. On my word of honor, you astonish me!"

There was an ironical politeness in his voice, look, and manner as he said this, which his mother and his land-steward, Monsieur Lomaque, evidently knew how to interpret. The first touched his arm again and whispered, "Be careful!" the second suddenly grew serious, and left off drilling his hole in the grass. Rose neither heard the warning of Madame Danville, nor noticed the alteration in Lomaque. She was looking round at her brother, and was waiting with a bright, affectionate smile to hear his answer. He nodded, as if to reassure her, before he spoke again to Danville.

"You have rather romantic ideas about experiments in chemistry," he said, quietly. "Mine have so little connection with what you call the occult arts, that all the world might see them, if all the world thought it worth while. The only Elixirs of Life that I know of are a quiet heart and a contented mind. Both those I found years and years ago, when Rose and I first came to live together in the house yonder."

### CANNIBAL PLANTS.

Some of the Characteristics of These Anomalies of the Vegetable Kingdom.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer: It has been proved time and again that the so-called "cannibal plants," of which the Venus flytrap is the type, are much more healthy when allowed their regular insect food than when they are reared under netting or in any other manner which excludes them from their regular meat diet. The above is an oddity of itself, especially when we consider the fact that there is a certain school of botanists which teaches that cannibal plants make no use whatever of the insect prey captured by them, but it is nothing compared with the bold assertion made by Francis Darwin. That noted scientific gentleman bravely meets the "vegetarian botanists" with the assertion that all kinds and classes of plants, whether known as "meaters" or not, bear more and heavier fruits and seeds when fed on meat than those that are not allowed a flesh diet. He grew two lots, comprising various varieties of the different common plants. One lot was regularly fed (through their roots, of course) with pure juices compressed from meat, the other with water and the various fertilizers. The final figures on this odd experiment proves that the plants which were fed pure meat juice bore 168 fruits of the different kinds, while the unfed plants of the same number and original condition bore but twenty-four. Also that the pampered plants bore 246 seeds to every 100 borne by the plants that were not given a chance to gratify cannibalistic tastes. This is certainly a discovery worthy of much careful study and extensive experiment.

A load of trouble is not lightened by a load of liquor.

**GROW RICH, EVERY FARMER.**

The editor thinks it to be the wish of everybody to grow rich, not for the sake of the money, but for the good that can be done with the money. Now, there are three new cereals recently created that will make money for the farmer. One is Silver King Barley, the most wonderful creation of the age, yielding 90, 100 to 116 bu. per acre in 1895, and there are thousands of farmers who believe they can grow 150 bu. per acre therefrom in 1896!

Then there is Silver Mine Oats, yielding in 1895 209 bu. per acre. Every farmer who tested it, believes 250 bu. possible.

Then there is Golden Triumph Corn, which produced over 200 bu. per acre, and 250 bu. is surely possible.

And potatoes, there is Salzer's Earliest, which was fit for table in 28 days in 1895, yielding tremendously, while the Champion of the World, tested in a thousand different places in 1895, yielded from 8 to 1,600 bu. per acre.

Now, in Salzer's new catalogue there is a wonderful array of new varieties of wheat, oats, barley, rye, potatoes, grasses, clovers and forage plants, and the editor believes that it would pay every farmer a thousand-fold to get this catalogue before buying seeds.

If you will cut this out and send it with 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive, free, 10 grain and grass samples, including above and their mammoth catalogue. Catalogue alone, 5 cents postage. w.n.

It appears that some housekeepers moderate the acidity of the curd, and consequently by mixing them with the mulberry, giving a compound rivalling the raspberry.

**How's This!**

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

If you keep your milk and cream in the cellar along with turnips, potatoes, and rotten pumpkins, and have no other place to keep the milk and cream, sell your cows.

**In Olden Times**

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

The most easily digested meats are: Cold mutton, mutton chops, venison, tenderloins, sirloins, steak, lamb chops, roast beef, rabbit and chicken.

Throat Troubles. To allay the irritation that induces coughing use "Brown's Bronchial Trochiscs." A simple and safe remedy.

**A Distinction.**

The right and wrong of the question of the nude in art was never more forcibly put than by Dr. Samuel Johnson 100 years ago. "Sir," said the pestered James Boswell to him, "do you consider Mr. Ogle's naked Venus indecent?" "No, sir," thundered the sturdy old moralist; "but your question is!"

# shake it off

The general belief among doctors is that consumption itself is very rarely inherited. But the belief is becoming stronger that the tendency to consumption is very generally transmitted from parent to child. If there has been consumption in the family, each member should take special care to prepare the system against it. Live out doors; keep the body well nourished; and treat the first indication of failing health.

**Scott's Emulsion**

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a fat-producing food and nutritive. Its use is followed by improved nutrition, richer blood, stronger nerves and a more healthy action of all the organs. It strengthens the power of the body to resist disease. If you have inherited a tendency to weak lungs, shake it off.

JUST AS GOOD IS NOT SCOTT'S EMULSION.

**SWAMP ROOT**

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

All Druggists, 50c a Bottle. Address Dr. J. C. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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## The Personal Side Of George Washington

Not the General nor President, but the lover, the man, the husband and neighbor. Three of such articles by General A. W. Greely, the famous Arctic explorer, will shortly begin in the

## LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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PLYMOUTH MAIL.

M. FRED GRAY, - EDITOR.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

Single copies 3 Cents.

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

Cards of Thanks sets.

Resolutions of Condolence sets.

Paid notices set a word; in local acts a word.

Reading notice where charges are made sets a line.

Friday, Jan. 24, 1896.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Thousands of kind hearted parents are unconsciously educating their children in habits of selfishness. The boy for whom everything is done, and who is not required to do anything for himself or for anybody else, is effectually spoiled for all the higher uses of life unless, indeed, his natural disposition is so kindly as to neutralize the effect of his vicious training.

Mayor Pingree has appointed D. W. H. Moreland a member of the Board of Public Works of Detroit.

A number of our exchanges are wondering what has become of the Boston Concert Co.

Washtenaw County paid nearly \$200 for sparrow hawks during 1895.

The latest acquisition to the industries of Keweenaw is a roller flour mill which commenced operations about the 15th inst.

Milford's waterworks system is completed and a test has been made which has proven satisfactory. They have 12 water-takers over there, all told, and expect more when spring opens up.

A woman by the name of Slocum disturbed a Salvation Army meeting at Pontiac last Sunday and Captain Barlett attempted to eject her from the barracks thereby brutally injuring her as she alleged. The woman made a complaint against the Captain, but the prosecution failed to indorse her course in the matter and as yet nothing has been done towards punishing the offender.

Our townsman, Frank J. Korpetki who was appointed by the Water Works Committee last September to look after the water works, is an excellent man for the position and thoroughly understands the working of the complicated tapping machine that cost the village \$100. He is quick to respond to all calls to repair breaks, tap the mains or lay pipes. He is a hustler and does a big day's work and takes pride in doing it. When digging trenches, to lay pipes from mains to dwellings, he is very careful when passing trees, bushes or shrubbery, about injuring the roots, favoring them in every way possible. In filling up trenches after pipes have been laid he always leaves the filling up neat and tidy. He is a good plumber and careful when putting pipes in dwellings to have it properly done and with as little litter as possible. It is to be hoped he will be kept in this position right along as he looks carefully after the interest of both the village and patrons and is reasonable in his charges. Mr. Korpetki is a courteous and companionable gentleman and particularly kind and considerate toward old people, in which he sets us all a good example. He was born in Prussia and served in the artillery during the Franco-Prussian war. He participated in the battles of Strassburg, Metz and the siege of Paris. He came to America in 1880 and to Plymouth in 1883, and thinks the United States is a glorious country. He speaks three different languages and is devoting all his spare time to thoroughly mastering the English language as well as to store his mind with other useful knowledge. F. H. in Belleville Enterprise.

It is not always what goes into the paper, but what is kept out that proves the fitness of the editor for his position.

If the editors of the leading British newspapers have any friends at all in this country, the best service these friends can do is to get it into the heads of the British editors, with a chisel and mallet if necessary, that the straggle among the Americans on the Venezuelan matter is not a mere election dodge, neither a political twisting of the British lion's tail. On the contrary, there is only one tangle among the American people—and this is a very serious and earnest one—that Great Britain shall not have everything her own way with a weak and helpless Venezuela. Moreover, the hearts of all the American people are moved as the heart of one man to fight if necessary, fully aware at the same time of the serious consequences of a declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States: They would hate it, but they would do it. The sooner the British press makes its readers aware of this solid and solemn fact the better.—Ez.

Two shrewd, sprightly young chaps are more than coining money in Oakland county. One fellow with plausible excuse, calls at every house, shaking hands with everybody and gives him the itch. The other fellow follows up in a few days selling a cure for the disease, in the way of an ointment.—Ez.

He always attracted attention as he marched up the main aisle of the church

with his sleek silk hat in his left hand, his hair faultlessly combed, his face smooth as a billiard ball, and his clothes as faultlessly brushed as though just from the tailor shop. When services were concluded, and he was passing to the Sabbath school room, an old lady asked him for the health of his wife. "Oh, she is not very well." The fact was, the poor woman had built the fires, prepared breakfast, brushed his clothes, combed his hair, and was left at home to wash dishes, do the housework, and prepare that man's dinner, but was not well. Conscientious man that.—Ez.

It pays to trade with home merchants. It begets loyalty to the town, it makes a better feeling and in the long run will save you cash. Don't be fooled by any nonsense, legitimate prices. Remember that when you want help for any public enterprise in the town, you don't go to Detroit merchants for it, you just go to these same people that you've been robbing of legitimate trade. It is your privilege to trade where you please, but you ought to remember to look your favors at the same place.—Ez.

Why is it we so easily forget that the little things of life are what make it easy or hard? A few pleasant words, a warm hand clasp, a cordial letter, are simple things, but they are mighty in their influence in the lives of those about us, adding a ray of hope to many disconsolate hearts, giving a bit of courage to disappointed, weary ones and helping to make our own lives sweeter at the same time. Few people realize how much the little attentions of everyday life mean to their associates in the home, the church, the business place. It is generally a lack of consideration, which makes one forget the tiny pleasures, but lack of consideration is one form of selfishness, and selfishness is not considered a desirable quality. Remember that the little things in life, either good or bad, count for more with those we love than we ever know, and we should be watchful in our actions and our words.—Home Life.

MASHERS IN NEW YORK.

Women of the East About to Inaugurate a Crusade Against Them.

That peculiarly despicable creature, the New York Masher, is destined to have a decidedly and deservedly unpleasant time if a movement now being discussed in the eastern metropolis is carried forward as at present intended. A crusade against men who make insulting advances to women who appear in the streets without escorts is soon to be begun. This habit will be undertaken by women. They propose to exhibit what they consider a greater evil than the soliciting of men by women. My heart fairly burned with indignation when I heard of the proposed plan of the City Vigilance League to encourage unfortunate women to make advances and then to cause their arrest," said a prominent woman physician, "and at the same time pass unnoticed the dozens—yes, scores—of men, who insult women openly. Are women—the sisters, wives and mothers of New York's best citizens—to be left unprotected, while the men are hedged around and protected from the advances of designing women? It seems to me that it is a pretty weak-kneed man who cannot take care of himself. Women, not men, need protection. As the police and the men seem to care so little about making any organized effort to rid the streets of these wolves who go about in sheep's clothing," said the doctor, "we women propose to take the matter in hand. I cannot give any names at present, but within a short time there will be an organization of women who will take the matter up for their own protection."

"How do you propose to go about this work?" "We will employ some strong nerved women and send them out in various thoroughfares, followed by a detective or policeman in plain clothes. The first man who speaks to them, the policeman will arrest. They would not have to go very far. No, indeed, and I tell you that a few expeditions of that sort would lead to the arrest of men in the best social and financial circles. It would be a revelation to New Yorkers to know who these insulters are."

When Captain Pickett of the West Thirtieth street station was spoken to in regard to the proposed crusade, he said: "There is nothing that would give me more pleasure than to see such a thing undertaken. There is one great hindrance to our work in that line at the present time. This is the dread women have of appearing in a police station, or, worse still, in a police court, as complainants. Under such a plan as is proposed, however, the complaint will be made, and a few of those loafers will be run down. The police would like to have a hand in such a crusade."

She Thought of It. Maud—You are frightfully extravagant. You never seem to think of a rainy day." Marie—"Don't I? I bought a dozen pairs of silk stockings yesterday."—New York World.

The Old Kind. "Let's go on a bust," said one man at Key West to another.

"What kind of a bust?" "Fillibust"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

He always attracted attention as he marched up the main aisle of the church

SOME-POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

After all, love does not appeal to a woman's heart like cut glass.—Aitchison Globe.

It takes a young man many years to distinguish himself from a genius.—Adams Freeman.

No wife should make her husband feel that he is on an Arctic expedition every time he starts home.—Galveston News.

It must be that bicycle bloomers are cold on the—there are very few of them to be seen these bracing days.—Denver Post.

Minicmeat isn't made right, unless you have a headache within two hours after eating the pie.—North East (Pa.) Breeze.

The woman who is not afraid of a man would have been a hard citizen if she had happened to be a boy.—Milwaukee Journal.

That ambition costs heavily is evidenced in the fact that there is to-day but one living ex-president and vice-president.—Boston Globe.

Li Hung Chang wants more missionaries sent over to China, but they haven't finished killing those they already have yet.—Rochester Times.

The sting of a bee, according to a scientific journal, is only one-thirty-second of an inch long. Your imagination does the rest.—Philadelphia Record.

The first gun in the battle between Great Britain and the United States has been fired. A Jersey poet has tried to make a rhyme of Venezuela and influenza.—Yonkers Statesman.

The man who is always cheerful under the greatest stress of adversity gets along pretty well himself, no doubt, but he is a great trial to his pessimistic neighbors.—Somerville Journal.

Young Max Lebaudy, who has just died in Paris, was bequeathed \$6,000,000 by his father a few years ago, and the young man has managed to get rid of \$5,000,000 of it. A coroner's inquest appears to be superfluous.—Boston Herald.

Why is it that "lines" always cause so much trouble? There was Mason and Dixon's and now our friend Schomburgk's, and then there's the clothes line which always makes a man mad, and "a few lines" that people send to the newspapers under the impression, heaven alone knows how they get it, that it is poetry.—Minneapolis Journal.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Scales are now made of such a nice adjustment that they will weigh anything, to the smallest hair plucked from the eyebrow. In fact, they will weigh a pencil mark.

Sir John Lubbock describes an ant, which can support a weight three thousand times heavier than itself, or equal in proportion to a man holding 210 tons by its teeth.

Thunder is sometimes one great crash, because the lightning cloud is near the earth and as all the vibrations of the air (on which the sound depends) reach the ear at the same time.

The air is clear at Arequipa, Peru. From the observatory at that place, 6050 feet above the sea, a black spot one inch in diameter, placed on a white disc, has been seen on Mount Chachani, a distance of eleven miles, through a thirteen inch telescope.

Geological specimens brought home recently from the Antarctic region by a Norwegian explorer has been analyzed and found to contain microlene granite, with garnets and tourmaline and mica schists. As these have never been seen in an ocean island, the conclusion is that a continent exists around the south pole.

A few drops of benzoin placed on cotton and put in or around a tooth that is aching will almost invariably stop the pain.

Raisins can be easily seeded if put in hot water and allowed to stand fifteen minutes before beginning to seed.

Clear, black coffee, diluted with water and containing a little ammonia, will clean and restore black clothes.

A treatment that may be relied on for removing spots of iron rust from white fabrics is the following: Pour boiling water into a bowl, stretch the cloth that is spotted over it, and drop on the spot of rust a drop of hydrochloric or muriatic acid. Leave it there half a minute, then dip the place in hot water. Wash out thoroughly afterwards in water softened with ammonia. Soap must not be used, as the acid will decompose it and leave a grease spot on the cloth.

USEFUL ITEMS.

Books with clasps or raised sides damage those near them on the shelves.

To Remove Iron Mould.—Apply first a solution of sulphuret potash, and afterward one of oxalic acid. The sulphuret acts on the iron.

To Polish Old Book Bindings.—Thoroughly clean the leather by rubbing with a piece of flannel; if the leather is broken fill up the holes with a little putty, heat up the yolk of an egg, and rub it well over the covers with a piece of sponge; polish it by passing a hot iron over.

To Loosen Glass Stoppers.—Apply salad oil to the mouth of the decanter by means of a feather; the bottle should then be placed about one-half yard from the fire. When warm the stopper should be gently struck on all sides, and attempts should be made to move it. If it still remains fast, apply more oil. A few sharp taps on the stopper, all the way round, with a key is also very effectual.

Dress of Nurses.—Nurses in the sick room should always dress in light colored clothes, and these should be of cotton, so that they may be less liable to harbor infectious matter, and more easily cleaned.—Free Silver Knight.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage bearing date the 16th day of July, 1888, executed by Oscar J. Panches and Mary Panches, husband and wife, to Dwight Berdan, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wayne County, Michigan, July 24th, 1888, in Liber 219 of mortgages, on page 17, by which default the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, and whereas the said mortgage is due on said mortgage at the date of this notice the sum of four hundred and forty-two dollars and sixty-six cents (\$442.66), principal and interest, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof. Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statutes in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 21st day of April, 1896, at 12 o'clock, noon, of said day, the premises hereinafter described, together with the building thereon, situate on the westerly front door of the city hall, in the city of Detroit, county of Wayne, state of Michigan, (said city hall being the building in which the circuit court for the county of Wayne, Michigan, is held) the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder the lands and premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said amount due and interest, and costs and expenses of sale, together with an attorney fee of twenty-five dollars (\$25) as provided for in said mortgage and allowed by law.

Said premises are situated in the Village of Plymouth, county of Wayne, state of Michigan and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing in the center of South Main street, formerly the Plymouth Plank road, ten (10) rods north-easterly from the northeast corner of a piece of land formerly owned by David Thirkman, and now owned by the heirs of Abraham Thirkman, deceased, on the southwest corner of section twenty-two (22) and at the southeast corner of land formerly owned by the estate and heirs of the late B. Van Slyke, deceased, running thence north-westerly to the northern line of said lands formerly owned by the estate and heirs of said Van Slyke, deceased, and thence south-easterly along the southern line of said land about fifty (50) rods to the center of South Main street (formerly the Plymouth Plank road); thence south-westerly, along the center of said street about seven (7) rods to the north-east corner of said Van Slyke land and to the pole; thence running about one hundred and five (105) rods of land, more or less, covering therefrom about twenty (20) acres of land, to the rear end, thence conveyed to said Van Slyke, deceased, by a deed for a driveway to the shade of said society; the lands hereby conveyed being the same lands owned and conveyed to Henry Fallick and wife to Daniel Panches by deed recorded in Liber 21 of deeds, on page 87, to which said deed and the said records no reference is made for a particular description of the lands hereby conveyed, and the same are made a part hereof for that purpose, as aforesaid, however, the twenty-five feet in width reserved as aforesaid to said Presbyterian Society for a driveway.

DWIGHT BERDAN, Mortgagee. GEO. A. STARK WEATHERS, Auctioneer.

Articles of Co-Partnership of McClure, Kelsey & C.

This is to certify, that the undersigned, being of lawful age and sane mind, have entered into the provisions of an act of the legislature of the state of Michigan, approved May 18, 1894, and of the act amendatory thereof, being chapter 29 of the Revised Statutes.

1. The name of the firm under which the partnership business is to be conducted is McClure, Kelsey & Co.

2. The general nature of the business to be transacted by said partnership is buying and selling lumber.

3. The names of the general and special partners in said partnership are as follows: General partners—Albert V. McClure, John Kelsey, resident of Detroit, Michigan; special partners—Warren G. Vinton, resident of Detroit, Michigan.

4. The amount of capital stock which said special partner has contributed to the common stock is fifteen thousand dollars.

5. The said partnership is to commence on the twenty-second day of January A. D. 1896 and terminate on the twenty-second day of January A. D. 1900.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the said parties have hereunto set their hands and seals this twenty-second day of January A. D. 1896.

ALBERT V. MCCLURE, (S.) JOHN KELSEY, (S.) WARREN G. VINTON, (S.) State of Michigan ss.

I, this twenty-second day of January A. D. 1896, before me, the subscriber, a notary public and for said county, personally appeared Albert V. McClure, John Kelsey and Warren G. Vinton, persons known to me to be the persons who executed the foregoing instrument, and severally acknowledged that they executed the same for the uses and purposes therein set forth.

ALBEN C. ANGELL, Notary Public, Wayne County, Michigan. 437-441

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE In the matter of the estate of MICHAEL CONSER, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court, for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that a meeting of the creditors of G. A. Frisbee, on Sutton street in the village of Plymouth, in said County, on Thursday the 20th day of February, A. D. 1896, and on Tuesday, the 25th day of July, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock a. m. of each said day, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 5th day of January A. D. 1896 were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

R. L. ROOT, C. A. FRISBEE, Commissioners.

Dated January 16th, 1896.

A. LYLE, AUCTIONEER, PIKES PEAK, MICH.

DETROIT, Lansing & Northern R. R. NOV. 24, 1895.

GOING EAST. GOING WEST.

Parlor cars on all trains between Detroit and Grand Rapids. Seats 25 cents.

Chicago and West Michigan Ry. Trains leave Grand Rapids.

For South 5:30 a. m., 1:35 p. m., and 7:00 p. m. For Marquette, Traverse City, Charlevoix, and Petoskey 7:30 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 5:25 p. m. For Muskegon 8:30 a. m., 1:25 p. m., 6:25 p. m.

GEORGE PELTON, Agent, Plymouth. GEO. DE HAVEN, G.P.A. Grand Rapids.

F. & P. M. R. R. TIME TABLE.

In effect Nov. 24, 1895. Trains leave Plymouth as follows:

GOING SOUTH. GOING NORTH. Train No. 4, 10:05 a. m. Train 1, 3:35 a. m. No. 6, 2:25 p. m. " 5, 10:10 a. m. No. 8, 8:50 p. m. " 9, 2:00 p. m. No. 10, 6:28 a. m. " 7, 8:56 p. m.

Train No. 8, connects at Ludington with steamer for Milwaukee, (during season of navigation) making connections for all points West and Northwest. Sleeping Parlor Cars between Bay City, Saginaw and Detroit. Train No. 8 runs daily, from Bay City to Detroit. On Western Division it runs 6:25 a. m. every Monday. Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit. Union depot for all points South, Canada and the East. For further information see Time Card of this company. ED. PELTON, Local Agent.

1896 Is here and we are ready to make it the Happiest One of Your Life. Very truly yours, W. J. & H. E. BRADNER, Up to date Implement Dealers. Two Doors West of Fair Grounds Entrance. PLYMOUTH.

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.

Putting your Shoulder to the Wheel is unnecessary when your wagon is greased with WADHAM'S GREASE. It makes the heaviest wagon run light, and relieves the horse of all useless work. It's the all-time grease you ever saw. Sold by all dealers. Wadham's Oil and Grease Co. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Thanking the Public for past favors, I invite your patronage at my new quarters in the Dohmstreich block. W. J. ROSEBRUGH. 77 Sutton St.

PLYMOUTH BAKERY. WE CARRY A FINE LINE OF CONFECTIONERY. We make our own Candies and can Guarantee them to be Fresh and Clean. Our Bread and Cakes are Fresh Every Day. WARM LUNCHES AT ALL HOURS. GEORGE M. JACOBS, PROPRIETOR.

Huston & Co., Will Sell at 10 Per Cent off on All Hard Coal Heaters and Wood Heaters. We mean 10 per cent off from regular price. No change in former price. Be sure and see us before you buy. Yours resp'y HUSTON & CO. CASH HARDWARE.



# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS AND PERSONAL MENTION.

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

Claude Briggs was home over Sunday. Chancey Rauch spent Sunday with relatives at Wixom.

Miss Maud Markham entertained her cousin, Miss May Markham, of Mayville, Mich., this week.

Clarence Stevens was in Wayne Tuesday to make arrangements to put his concert on there in the near future.

The Daisy Manufacturing Co. are sending their patrons some very attractive advertising matter in the shape of calendars. The calendars were made by the Calvert Lith. Co., of Detroit, and are a very fine piece of work.

W. J. Rosebrough is now located in his new quarters on Sutton street, near the post-office, and has as finely equipped tailoring establishment as one will find outside the large cities. Mr. Rosebrough is a practical, all-around tailor, and will do your work right and at right prices.

A union service of the Loyal Temperance Legion will be held Sunday evening in the Methodist church. A pleasing program has been arranged, and it is hoped the people will show their interest in the children's work by filling the church. The service will be held at the usual church hour, and a collection will be taken at the close.

### Editor Plymouth Mail:

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid society desire to state that the article as published in last week's issue relative to our connection with the concert was not published by authority of the society, but through some misunderstanding, which we deeply regret.

### PRESBYTERIAN L. A. S.

E. A. Cross, of Lyons, Mich., editor of the Sunday School Times, delivered a discourse last Sunday evening at the Presbyterian church on "The Salvation of the Young Men." A large and intelligent congregation was present to hear him and they were not disappointed, as Mr. Cross proved himself a logical reasoner and very interesting talker.

Eugene Rook, living in the Township of Superior, near the Free church, lost by fire on Monday morning, his two large barns and sheds with some 15 or 20 tons of hay, all his agricultural implements, binder, etc., 7 turkeys and 8 ducks. Mr. Rook was up early doing his chores. He hung his lantern up in the barn and went into the loft by the means of a ladder to throw down some hay and the first thing he noticed was the flames and smoke coming up the ladder. He had to go down the ladder, through the fire to get out which he accomplished all right. Insured in the Washenaw Co. Mutual.

Plymouth Grange met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. Dean, Jan. 10th, at 10 a. m. in annual session to report of the doings and success of the past year, to install the officers elect into their respective chairs for the ensuing year, and to listen to the report of the representative to state Grange. Said report was quite complete in showing an increase in numbers as well as a substantial basis in regard to its finances and a good report of the labor done along the different lines of grange work during last year and embracing suggestions for the future. An unusual full attendance of members with visitors from Redford Grange constituted a very pleasant gathering. They have a very interesting topic for the consideration of members at the next meeting to be held at the residence of Ashley Harlow, Feb. 6th, at 10 a. m. H. Hurd is Master and H. Tuttle, Secretary.

Despite the fact that the weather was extremely disagreeable, the photograph social given by the W. C. T. U. last Saturday evening, at the home of Mrs. C. A. Frisbee, called out a good attendance. All seemed in the best of spirits, and newly all brought along their pictures, which were taken in charge by a committee of ladies, numbered and arranged on a table. Each guest after receiving a paper with numbers (1 to 30) written upon it, was allowed to examine the pictures and all out the paper with the names of the originals. The work of guessing proved quite difficult as, in many cases, the pictures had been taken some years before that they bore but slight resemblance to the originals. Miss Mary Rogers, however, with unusually keen perceptive powers, was enabled to fill out her paper, guessing correctly the entire 30 numbers and was awarded the first prize, an excellent picture of Mr. Frisbee, in a dainty, white frame. The booby prize, a cunning little "brownie," was received by Mrs. Wilkinson. Among the pictures offered to guess on, were several of persons not present, among them Mrs. Voorhies, Paul Voorhies, Mrs. Ida Manning, Mrs. Chas. Dunfee and our ex-townsmen, Water Commissioner Moreland, of Detroit. From the appearance of the picture of this named gentleman it was evident that, even in his youthful days, Mr. Moreland had lofty aspirations for he had with him his drum and the proud look upon his face seemed to say to the lookers on, "Don't make a noise in the world!"

Plymouth, E. P. Baker makes cabinet photographs for \$2.00 per dozen every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

## Subscription Honor Roll.

The following subscriptions have been paid in during the week:

Mrs. Fred Elder, Louisville, Ky.	\$ 25
Harry Jolliffe, for friends	3 00
C. A. Roe	1 50
Mrs. Mary J. Kellogg	1 00
Ed. Cook	2 00
Ike Gurnsolly	94
B. F. Tillotson	1 55
A. Pelham	1 00

Rehd Draper's change. Take your beans to the F. & P. M. elevator.

Bennett & Co.'s 1/2 off sale is drawing a big trade.

Martin Kinyon, of West Branch, is visiting in town.

Miss Carrie Brown has been spending the week in Ypsilanti.

Mr. E. Dobbins, of Marshall, is visiting friends and relatives in town.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. Charlotte Smith is in poor health.

Want d—Position at general housework. Enquire at MAIL office.

Joe Eaton, of Ypsilanti, is in town at present doing some fancy freecoeing.

Clay Hoyt who has been confined to the house this week with a hard cold, is improving.

Bart Panches and Fred Shafer are camping at Straight's lake, fishing through the ice, etc.

Mrs. Will Roe entertained a party of friends at her home on Union St., Thursday evening.

Just keep your eyes open and see what the Old-timers have in store for Plymouth people.

Mrs. John Gurnsolly left Wednesday for a three month's visit with her daughter at Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Wm. Reed (nee Miss Cora Westfall), of Hudson, Mich., is the guest of Mrs. A. W. Chaffee.

Miss Ruby Jones was tendered a surprise party by her young friends of Ypsilanti, Tuesday evening.

Messrs. E. Tomlinson, G. Rice, F. Thompson, of Detroit, were the guests of J. W. Jones and family, Wednesday.

Lou Meinhart, of Newburg, has ceased to enjoy single blessedness. He was married Wednesday to a young lady in Detroit.

Mrs. E. C. Leach attended the installation of officers of Holly Chapter O. E. S. on Wednesday evening, January 15th, at Holly.

Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, of Bancroft, Mich., are visiting their daughters and renewing acquaintances in Plymouth and vicinity.

A horse attached to Markham and Co.'s dray became frightened at the cars Thursday afternoon, and broke up five or six cracker cases.

Our friends will please forgive the omission of several news items last week. During the sickness of the editor they were overlooked.

The Detroit Abend Post gives Commissioner Sherwood's report a great send off. In fact all the leading papers commented on it very flatteringly.

J. L. Gale has opened a wall paper depot in the rooms over his store and placed therein one of the finest lines of wall paper ever displayed in Plymouth.

We want to impress on your minds the fact that because you cannot pay all your subscription you should not pay any. We will be just as thankful for half or quarter of it and need it. Just take your place in the long procession and your turn will soon come, as we can write receipts at a lightning rate.

We are informed by the best people in Plymouth that business in that thriving town far exceeds Northville—or words to that effect, says the Record—and we cannot understand why. That's easy Mr. Record. Plymouth business men give bargains that Northville cannot touch, and they even give the Record printers, which is more than the Record claims for its citizens.

### Plymouth Mail:

I have received many pleasant surprises during my ministry, and several of them since coming to Plymouth. But never a more complete one than last Sunday, when Mr. Bert Baker, in behalf of my large Sunday school class, presented me an envelope containing eight dollars. I prize the generous gift, but much more the respect and esteem that prompted it. Many blessings upon such noble hearted young people.

A complete set, consisting of five life-like figures—base ball player, golf player, tennis player and bicycle rider, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents to pay charges. These figures are absolutely perfect, beautifully colored and mounted, and arranged to stand upright, and are an excellent souvenir of our 20 years as leaders of the athletic supply world. Suitable for club, reading room, office or home. A. G. Spaulding & Bros., New York, Chicago, Philadelphia.

The Northville Record doubts our statement that we made a run of over 150,000 in one week, and says the MAIL lies. Well there are others, but—We give three items that surpass that amount and in fact the run reached nearer 200,000: H. M. Currie and Co., 110,000; Daisy Manufacturing Co., 25,000; Markham Manufacturing Co., 20,000. We think there is something wrong somewhere when we do not reach 100,000 every week. Naturally our sympathies are with the Record in its struggle for bread.

The concert last Friday evening was one of the best musical treats ever given in Plymouth, especially so was the chorus parts, in which Prof. C. E. Stevens proved himself a very capable director and teacher. The three choruses rendered were of a very difficult nature and required exceptional ability on the part of instructor and director in order to drill the chorus to a point necessary to give proper tone to the pieces and to convey to the ears of the audience the desired effects incidental thereto. Prof. Stevens received many flattering comments on all sides. The balance of the program was of Plymouth's musical best, and gave the usual satisfaction.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith celebrated her 67th birthday, Jan. 11th, her children all being present with the exception of her son Link, who was prevented by sickness, the total number present being 49, as follows: Mrs. Elizabeth Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bodine, Curleton; Mr. and Mrs. William Mott, Canton; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bunyee, Nankin; Mr. and Mrs. Willard Moore and family, Canton; Mr. and Mrs. John Mott and family, Canton; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Behols and family, Plymouth; Mr. and Mrs. David Mott, Wayne; Mr. and Mrs. Ben Mott, Plymouth; Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Bunyee, Nankin; 15 grand-children, 5 great grand-children, besides friends and neighbors. Many useful presents were made and a grand dinner served, after which dancing and other amusements were indulged in. A jolly good time was had. May Mrs. Smith enjoy many more such birthdays as the wish of the MAIL.

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Services held in St. John's Hall every Sunday at 11:00 a. m. All are most cordially invited to attend.

Feed Grinding six cents a bag at Phoenix mill.

Cabinet photographs \$2.00 per dozen at Plymouth every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, E. P. Baker, photographer.

### A Birthday Gathering.

Wednesday, Jan. 15th, was the 82nd birthday anniversary of Mrs. Jacob Westfall, mother of Mrs. Markham Briggs, of Livonia. Many of Mrs. Westfall's friends planned to surprise her, but the illness of the mother of Senator Markham Briggs prevented this on that day. The following Saturday, however, despite both rain and snow, the guests assembled, 26 in number, from Kansas, Hudson, Farmington, Livonia and Plymouth. All received a hearty and affectionate welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, in whose home Mrs. Westfall now lives.

The occasion was one of pure enjoyment. The generous hospitality of the host and hostess, the brightness and vivacity of her in whose honor we were gathered, and the general good feeling of the guests, all conspired to render this, one of those occasions in which every person finds enjoyment. After a bountiful repast had been served, Mrs. Cora Reed conducted her mother between the two parlors, where she was addressed by one of the guests as follows:

"Mrs. Westfall, realizing as we all do in journeying through this strife land to the life land, that often we are weary, therefore, we, your loving friends, present to you this easy chair. That in it you may find sweet rest in the twilight of life, is the prayer of your Plymouth friends gathered here today in honor of your 82nd birthday."

Tears of joy filled her eyes, while from her heart came the fervent "thank you and God bless you all." The few remaining moments were spent in pleasant conversation, then came the good byes, with the wish in our hearts that many years may yet be left to the open hearted host and hostess, and that those remaining to the mother be full of peace and joy.—Cont.

### FOR SALE.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Stevens wish to sell their house and lot, corner of Kellogg and Wing St. Address or call on said parties.

### A Bonanza for Salesmen.

We want reliable, honest men to sell our Nursery Stock and Seed. Every chance given. Salary or commission. Now is your chance if you want a "Snap." Write us with references.

F. N. MAY COMPANY, Rochester, Y. N.

Chinese napkins at the MAIL office.

A new line of calling cards just received at the MAIL office. Late styles.

Feed Grinding six cents a bag at Phoenix mill.

Speer's Wines and Brandy.

The excellence of Speer's wines and brandy is attested by physicians throughout America and Europe who have used them. They received the endorsement of various boards of health.

Keep out of the crowd where vulgarly passes for wit and humor. It is hard to believe that a sin will bite if it has gold in its teeth.

The day is coming when the man who gives little will feel little. A day spent in bad company, is a long step taken toward the pit.

It costs a great deal more to be proud than it does to be generous. What a mistake, to think we can become rich by keeping all we get.

A word to the wise is enough, when it happens to be the right word.—Bam's Horn.

## 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
Roast Beef	7, 8 and 10
Boil Beef	4 5 and 6
Best Pork Roast	9 and 10
Best Pork Steak	10
Lard	11
Lard by the jar	10

We carry the Most Select Brands of Oysters.

All accounts must be settled the first of every month.

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 saved.

Strictly No. 1 Bill Stuff, \$11 per M. Norway Siding, \$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. FISBE, 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 Plated fronts will be laundered right.

### We make a Specialty

of Gentlemen's suit, 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, North Village, Plymouth.

# 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

## SOMETHING NEW--

In Patterns and Prices

## ---IN SILVERWARE.

Berry dishes	Child's Sets
Butter Dishes	Berry Spoons
Cake Baskets	Table Spoons
Breakfast Casters	Dessert Spoons
Pickle Casters	Jelly Spoons
Individual Casters	Tea Spoons
Syrup Pitchers	Knives & Forks
Card Trays	Sugar Shells
Tooth Pick Holders	Butter Knives
Comb Trays	Cheese Scoops

C. G. DRAPER'S, Jeweler, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

## Public Notice!

CYCLE REPAIRING and Extras for Cycles.

## GRINDING

—AT—

## LEWIS

## New Steam Feed Mill

—FOR—

6cts. Per Bag

WANTED HICKORY

TIMBER.

I will pay \$12.00 per cord, cash, for strictly first quality, second growth Hickory Butts, suitable for Axe Handles, delivered at my shop.

C. W. DICKINSON, YPSILANTI.

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, Lubricant for Chains, and Chains in Stock.

W. N. WHERRY, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Leave Your Laundry At the Plymouth City Laundry, first Door west of Post-Office

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

A. F. WILKINSON, Prop.







CORNER OF ODDITIES.

SOME QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS IN THE NEWS.

Doc Brought His Pardon—The Beglar Was a Woman—Hog Swallows a Watch—Spooks Drive Them Out—Anecdote and Incident.

Is he dead? Is he dead? The children said As the sad word sped along. "Why, it cannot be, for but yesterday You read us his last sweet song."

Then a little maid gave answer Both wise, and tender, and true, "He is not dead, but has gone away To find the 'Little Boy Blue.'"

It may be a child's sweet fancy, but 'twas like the poet dead To turn from the masses of women and men And go where the little child led.

That while he lay dreaming some beautiful dream— Some token the angels knew— His soul was wooed by the same sweet song That awakened the "Little Boy Blue."

How the first at the portals to greet him At the gate where St. Peter stands, Was the child his song had made holy, With waiting outstretched hands.

Then the children asked with trembling voice, With a feeling of kinship new— "Has he told him how faithful those little toy friends— Has he told the 'Little Boy Blue'?"

Doc Brought His Pardon.

The last day of his term of office Governor Brown of Kentucky pardoned O. G. Garden of Louisville, who was sentenced two years to serve a term of eight years for manslaughter. For some time Garden had been employed as a "trustee" at the executive mansion, doing chores and running errands. The governor's dog, a fine-looking specimen of the shepherd breed, is a family pet, and is unusually intelligent. It was part of Garden's duty to look after the animal, and they came to be fast friends. When the prison doors were opened in the morning the collie was there to greet his convict friend and accompany him to the mansion. At night he returned with his striped playmate to the grim portals. When the pardon was made out last Tuesday the paper was enclosed in a stout envelope and given to the animal, which was told to go to the penitentiary. With a wag of its tail it left the mansion and ran down the old accustomed route to the prison. A telephone message apprised the guards of his coming, and he was admitted without delay. Garden was in the yard patiently awaiting the arrival of the governor's messenger, never dreaming that the dog had been selected. Catching sight of the well-known face, the dog ran up to the convict and laid the envelope at his feet. The glad cry of happy surprise that the overjoyed prisoner gave vent to on catching up the official envelope and tearing it open was re-echoed by a succession of joyous barks from the four-footed harbinger of the good tidings. A moment later man and dog were running at full speed toward the governor's office to turn the release over to the warden. The scene was witnessed by fifty or more convicts, who quickly realized the good fortune that had come to their fellow prisoner. Removing their caps they gave three cheers for the lucky fellow.—Ex.

Has Gazed Into Heaven.

Muncie (Ind.) special: Vernon C. Richmond, a 19-year-old boy, has caused considerable excitement within the last few days by going into a trance at least twice every day, and after recovering would tell of the strange sights he had seen. Rev. Coons commenced revival services at the Methodist Episcopal Church a few weeks ago, and Richmond has been a constant attendant. He was converted, and last Tuesday went into a trance and remained in that condition twenty-two hours. His body was cold and rigid, with the exception of his arms. His eyes remained open, and shone like those of a maniac. After recovering from this trance he had nothing to say, only that he was conscious of everything that was transpiring around him. He says that he has gazed into heaven, and that he saw a beautiful scene. He described heaven as one large room filled with angels, all of whom wore crowns. He says Jesus was seated in the center of the room on a throne, and also wore a crown and was surrounded by shining stars. He says that among the angels he noticed a number of his deceased relatives, among them being two of his sisters and an aunt. They clapped their hands and sang when they saw him.

Spooks Drive Them Out.

Last May the bodies of two young men who were drowned in Lake Ontario were taken to a cottage at Sodus Point, N. Y., belonging to George Emery, where an autopsy was held. To keep out the prying eyes of observers, the carpets were torn up and hung at the windows. Then the cooking utensils were used to contain various portions of the bodies as they were dissected, and the blood was spilled all over the furniture, hangings and carpets indiscriminately. Much of the furniture was ruined. But the worst was to come. Time and money cleaned up the cottage, but nothing could drive away the disembodied spirits of the unfortunate young men, as for some reason they took a fancy to the Emery cottage. Several parties of young people rested it, but after remaining there a night or two they decamped. Ugly stories got about. Mischief-makers maled such signs as "Spooks to let," "Ghosts for sale" and "The Morgue" to the premises. Finally Mr. Emery himself moved in, but his family did not care to remain any longer than the others. Just what happened nobody cares to tell, but there are whispers of groans, blows, the splashing of water and blood-curdling screams that are loudest on windy nights. However foolish such stories sound, they are believed by hundreds in and about Sodus Point, and the cottage is rendered worse than useless by them. Mr. Emery has asked the board of supervisors of Wayne county, N. Y., to pay \$187 for damages done by the corner, which amount, he says, is merely nominal.

Cast His Head on the Water. New York special: About four years ago Henry Lewis, a confectioner, who lives with his wife and six children at 52 Floyd street, Brooklyn, found an aged woman sitting on the stoop of his house. She was poorly dressed and evidently without funds. As she showed evidences of culture, he invited her to his home. She accepted, and Mrs. Lewis refused to let her go. The aged visitor remained with them until six months ago when Lewis found it a difficult matter to support his family. Then she told him she would not continue to be a burden on them, and insisted on going to the poorhouse at Flatbush, where she remained until a few weeks ago, when she returned. She had gone away comparatively a pauper, but returned worth \$300,000, which she has turned over to Lewis for his kindness in taking her in and caring for her when she was without a friend. The discovery that she was heir to the money was made when the surrogate of San Francisco inquired for her through the Brooklyn surrogate, and it was discovered that she was an inmate of the poorhouse.

Revival in Prison.

Warden Harley, of the Indiana state prison, tells of a remarkable religious revival in progress in the penitentiary. Since the wave of religious excitement struck the prison more than 100 of the most hardened convicts have professed conversion. A Christian Endeavor Society, with 200 members, has been organized within the prison walls. The warden says the convicts who are at the head of the society are wondering if the society will be entitled to delegate in the next national convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. Various religious forms have been introduced in the prison. Those convicts whose consciences tell them they ought to be baptized are taken to the bath room, where, with solemn ceremony, they are baptized in a bath tub. The warden says there has been a great improvement in the conduct of the 900 convicts since the religious wave took hold on the prison. He is encouraging the chaplain and convicts in the movement.

Barber Shop in a Palpit.

Rev. H. H. Ford, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at St. Louis, Mich., preached Sunday morning to the barbers of the city. His text was Ezekiel, v. 1, "A Barber's Razor." At the right of the pulpit was a barber's chair, towels, two mirrors and the paraphernalia usually seen in a well-equipped shop. Mr. Ford gave a brief history of the profession and its long existence, after which he compared the various paraphernalia to different phases in human life, combining the worldly with the spiritual. The chair he represented as self-examination; the mirror, the bible, the study of which should create a light; shears, truth; how, after a strong application of the truth, false ideas would vanish.

The Burglar Was a Woman.

Robert Powell of Rushville, Ind., was awakened Saturday night by the sound of footsteps on the tin roofing covering his porch and he saw the figure of a man evidently trying to raise a window. Mr. Powell gave chase and captured the intruder some distance away, but not until after a fierce resistance, followed by the startling discovery that his captive was a woman dressed in male clothing. The woman begged piteously for release, but she stubbornly refused to give her name, saying to Mr. Powell that she would be everlastingly ruined and that she had been driven to attempt robbery by want. Her tears and entreaties prevailed and Mr. Powell suffered her to go.

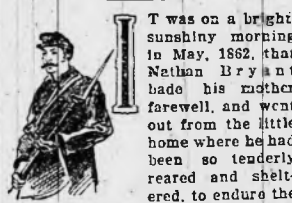
Hog Swallows a Watch.

J. F. Patterson, a farmer living west of Fort Dodge, Iowa, is minus a gold watch, a valuable family heirloom, through a strange mishap. He was out in the hog yard, when he happened to drop the timepiece. The glitter of the gold caught the watchful eyes of the porkers and they made a unanimous rush for the watch. When Mr. Patterson succeeded in driving them away the watch was gone, and it is quite evident that one of the animals swallowed it. As there were nearly fifty hogs in the enclosure it would hardly pay to kill them to secure the timepiece, and that is the only way to secure it.

Three Odd Items.

A man in Howard county, Mo., burns the cobs in his big pen, left after the corn is eaten, and feeds the cob ashes to the pigs, nicely sauced. Mrs. W. H. Miller, of Hunter's Bottom, Ky., had three nice, new babies recently—a pair of girls and a boy. A lady living near there can say, however: "Fuh! That's nothing. I've had four myself." George Muller of Bristol, England, is 99. He has founded orphan's homes and things, has never asked for a cent, yet received \$7,000,000. He just prayed for it.

THE BANNER OVER ME.



It was on a bright, sunshiny morning in May, 1862, that Nathan Bryant bade his mother farewell, and went out from the little home where he had been so tenderly reared and sheltered, to endure the trials and hardships of the camp, the march and the battlefield.

He was a handsome, intelligent youth, a mere boy, having just passed his eighteenth birthday, and as he was all that was left to his widowed mother, it was not at all strange that she gave him up so reluctantly. A year before, when the first call for volunteers roused the slumbering patriotism in hearts all over the north, Nathan had been anxious to offer his services, but his mother had refused her consent, with the promise, however, that if he would wait until he was eighteen her objection should not stand in his way. Like hundreds of others, she thought the bloody strife would cease long before the year was over, and when she gave that promise she had little fear that she would ever be called upon to redeem it. But her word had always been as good as her bond, and when Nathan had come again to her on his eighteenth birthday, seeking her permission to lay his life a sacrifice upon his country's altar, with a breaking heart she told him to go, and when at sight of her grief he began to waver, she assured him that her blessing would go with him.

Nathan inherited his patriotism as well as his sturdy New England principles, for out in the little old-fashioned graveyard on the hill there already slept three generations of soldier ancestors. His own father had been with Taylor at Buena Vista during the Mexican war in 1847, and his grandfather had given his life in helping to win Perry's victory upon Lake Erie in the strife of 1812. A generation earlier his great-grandfather had followed Washington through the eight years of revolutionary struggles, and now, as the descendant of such illustrious names, Nathan dared not turn his back on the call of his country—no, not even if his patriotism should be sealed with his blood. "I understand all this; I understand just how you feel on this subject," sobbed his mother, clinging to him, after he had enumerated some of the brave deeds of his forefathers, deeds which must not be dimmed by the cowardices of the only one left to keep the name stainless. "Yes, I understand everything, but that does not make the parting less bitter," she added. "You are all I have, and in giving you up I surrender everything, everything." "You will still have God left, mother, and he is more and better than the best of earthly friends," remonstrated Nathan. "You know he says 'Nevertheless I am continually with thee.' Can't you take him at his word and say, 'Thou hast holden me by thy right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory'?" "Yes, yes, I have no right to com-

HIS COMRADE HAD SEEN HIM FALL.



"plain," answered his mother. "I think I can trust him for myself, but I, oh, how can I endure to think of you, my baby, being compelled to undergo such hardships as army life necessitates?" "It will not be compulsion, mother, dear," argued Nathan. "All I do or bear will be done or borne willingly, and 'tis sweet and glorious to die for one's country. And, then, mother, do not forget that I will be kept in the hollow of God's hand, and that his banner over me will be love."

For more than a year Nathan's letters came regularly, bright, cheery letters, telling only the happy side of army life, and then with his regiment he went into the battle of Gettysburg, but three days' later, when the roll was called Nathan's name was among the 300 that did not respond. A comrade had seen him fall, shot in the head, and as his name never appeared in any hospital list or among prisoners; paroled or exchanged, the supposition became a reality in the minds of his friends that he occupied one of the unknown graves so hastily dug on the field at the close of the second day's fight. Accepting this belief, his mother mourned him as dead, and as the years went by she continued to grieve over her loss, lamenting sorely that she had been denied even the pleasure of caring for his grave. Instead of softening her, her affliction seemed to cause her to grow hard and selfish, and every year she lived more and more to herself, shunning her neighbors and refusing all their well meant sympathy and kindness. Regardless of her pressing need, she steadily refused to apply for the pension which rightly belonged to her. "It is blood money," she insisted, "blood money, and do you think I could use such—the price of my boy's life?" But instead of dying from the wound received in his head, Nathan had been carried to a hospital, where for months

and months he lay hovering between life and death. At last he was given back to life, but regardless of the fair state of health to which he was restored, he was not himself. It could not be said that he was insane, but to him all the past was like a dream. He had no distinct recollection of his early home, and could not recall even his own name or tell to what regiment he belonged. The surgeons thought that in time his memory of the past would be restored to him, but it was not, and not knowing where to send him, he remained in the hospital as a nurse until the close of the war. Then, in company with a hospital friend, he drifted to the far West, where by diligence he succeeded in acquiring a small property and making for himself a home. Gradually, as the years went by, glimpses of the happy past came back to him. Visions of the little vine-clad New England home tormented him by their obscurity, and of the mother who watched him through infancy there came an indistinct remembrance. Before he left the hospital he had regained some of his lost knowledge of books, but in all his study and reading of papers he never came across anything that suggested a possible solution of the mystery surrounding his early life, until, one autumn day, fifteen years after the close of the war, while reading his daily Bible lesson, he came across his parting words to his mother, "His banner over me is love."

In an instant, like a flash of light from heaven, that farewell scene on the porch of the old home returned to him. He remembered his mother's sad face and her words that called forth his declaration, "His banner over me is love." Her name and his own seemed now familiar to him, and a few moments' thought linked that scene in his life with those of his childhood and his entry into the army in such a way as to give him a full picture of the past up until the time he had been wounded in battle. He scarcely dared to hope that his mother had survived all these eighteen years of suspense, but anxious to know the worst, he hastily prepared for a visit to the East, and in less than twenty-four hours was hurrying as fast as the train could carry him towards the rising sun.

It was early in the morning of Thanksgiving day when he reached the little hamlet where all his boyhood days had been spent. A few words of inquiry at the station gladdened his heart with the assurance that his mother was yet alive. But when he reached the little cottage where she still dwelt he found it much more difficult to convince her that the gray-haired man who stood before her was the rosy-cheeked boy who eighteen years before had gone away looking so young and handsome in his suit of blue. After relating his long, sad experience, he said in his old boyish voice: "Mother, I am your loving, warm-hearted Nathan yet, your boy given back from a worse condition than death, but in all these years God's banner over me has been love, and it was His love that directed me to the passage in His word, my farewell words to you, and through that banner over me opened up the dark recesses of my mind to the admission of the light for which I had long been praying."

"Nevertheless, continually, thou art with me," repeated his mother, no longer in doubt concerning this son, who had been lost, but was now found. "Truly His banner over you has been love. All these years I have been fighting against Him. I would have been thankful even for the certainty of your death. In His great love he has denied me the grave for which I was speaking, but instead has given me back to you."

"For years I have not observed Thanksgiving, because I felt I had nothing to be thankful for, but to-day we will go up to God's house to give thanks together; to give thanks for the banner of love that has been over us all these years."

"And it will be over us until the end," returned Nathan. "Yes, thank God, for my unanswered prayer," replied the old mother. "God is love, now and evermore."

Changed His Lover.

A bright and interesting youngster got this off within a day or two: "Mamma, you know that pretty purse I was going to buy you with the money I saved up for Christmas. Well, I love Aunt Jane so much I am going to give it to her."

MISSING LINKS.

Thorndike, Me., is distinctly ahead as an up-to-date town. A new street has been named Bloomer street.

William Burbank, an 84-year-old resident of Thompsonville, Conn., was fatally injured recently while coasting down a hill in that place.

In San Francisco a 17-year-old husband recently obtained an absolute divorce from his 16-year-old wife. He was employed as a messenger boy.

Statistics prove that nearly two-thirds of the letters carried by the postal service of the world are written, sent to and read by English-speaking people.

There are 1,500 different species of snakes in the world. Out of all that vast number England has only four species and only one of those is poisonous.

Thomas Yonokov of Shamokin, Pa., who has been formally separated from his wife fifteen times in twenty-nine years, has at last been divorced from her.

A German authority states that from the mouth to the source of the Rhine 725 castles, formerly the homes of warlike chiefs, are to be found overlooking its waters.

A woman who has made her 1083 appearance at Newcastle, England, police court, was sentenced recently by the magistrates to one month's imprisonment for drunken conduct.

Master Cure. ST. JACOBS OIL. ACHES AND PAINS. To MASTER is to OVERPOWER and SUBDUED. is the master cure for

A GREAT BIG PIECE OF BATTLE AX PLUG FOR 10 CENTS

Be Sure 'Tis pure Cocoa, and not made by the so-called "Dutch Process." Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure—no chemicals.

HIGHEST GRADE. BEST QUALITY. Shaker Liquid Paint IN USE TWENTY YEARS. GOES FARTHER AND LASTS LONGER THAN WHITE LEAD, SOLD UNDER GUARANTEE. Write for Sample Cards and Information. AMOS B. McNAIRY & CO., 127-133 Scranton Ave., CLEVELAND, O.

SALZER'S SEEDS. HURRAH, FARMERS! SHOUT FOR JOY! Fine, luxuriant pastures and rich meadows, producing tremendous hay yields (4 to 6 tons per acre), are now made possible on every soil, in every climate, by sowing our Extra Grass and Clover Mixtures. You won't need to wait a lifetime for a good start of grass, for we have grasses which, if sown in April, will produce an average crop in July. Examples on Great Culture, etc., 2 cents postage. WE PAY \$400 IN GOLD PRIZES On Oats, Barley and Corn. The biggest yield on Silver Mine (Nameless Beauty) Oats in 1895 was 207 bushels; the next 206 per acre. You can beat that in 1896 and win \$200. Our new sowed Barley, Oats, Corn and Potatoes will revolutionize farming. We are the largest growers of farm seeds in the world! Our seeds produce—as the editor of the Rural New Yorker says—Baker's Early Wisconsin Potatoes yielded for me 750 bushels per acre. If an early sort yields 750 bushels, what will a late do? Potatoes only \$1.50 per barrel. EARLIEST VEGETABLES IN THE WORLD. Splendid sorts, 40c yield. Onion Seed only 90c per lb. 25 lbs. Earliest Vegetables, \$1.00, postage. 10 lbs. Flower Seeds, 25c. Everything at hand in our prices. Wholesale Market Gardeners' List, 4c. postage. Please Cut the Following Out and Send It With 12 cents in stamps and get our big catalogue and sample of the Pringle Yellow Watermelon sensation! Catalogue alone, 5c. postage. W. N.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures itching Scalp. Price, 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists. THE AEROMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branches, houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Grouting, Steel, Galvanized-iron, Complete Windmills, -Filling and Frazed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters, and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of its articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago. PISOS CURE FOR RINGS WHICH ALL USE FALLS. Best Cough Syrup. Do in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION. A child can operate, every one understands, a locally made a sale to all the neighbors, with no merit, every family boy, permanent situation, write for agency. World Mfg. Co., 41 St. Columbia, Ohio. W. N. U., D.—114—4.



Stark.

Mrs. George Cramer is ill with quinsy. The milkmen's union have commenced building an ice house. Chas. Kuhn has the contract for doing the work.

UNCLE RASTUS.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE. THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt-Rheum, Feyer 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.

Divan.

J. C. Myers has moved his sawmill from the Pierson farm to the Willist farm west of the Center.

Roy Naylor, who lives east of this place, is very sick.

F. M. Briggs, another was reported very low last week.

There was a large congregation at the Union church last Sunday to hear the sermon by Rev. Milton of Plymouth.

We were pleased to see our old friend Henry Robinson of Plymouth, at church last Sunday.

C. Bentley is drawing time for a wall which is to be built under his house.

Luke Hake is from a load of lumber and broke his leg one day last week.

Several years ago a king came forth from a large city and approached the farmers in the eastern part of the town and sayeth unto them, "I want to buy your milk and pay you a good price."

The farmer saith he will not sell the milk and went forth and bought cows and got up early in the morning and milked and delivered the milk to the king.

While the farmer goeth forth and waiteth the pay for his milk, and the king sayeth unto him, "I will pay thee, but you must give me time."

But the time has not come yet and the king sits on his throne and laugheth. Then a large tower fell on our farmers in the west part of the town, and held them down while they were robbed of the best of their milk money.

Another sharper came about to lay the farmers out of a large sum of money due them for milk. Now we would like to ask the farmers how many more times they have got to be pulverized, paralyzed and chawed up and spit out before they can say to these milk robbers, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

A very pleasant party was held at the residence of H. Willigast last Monday evening.

THE DEACON.

Newburg.

Chas. Guinness gave a fine entertainment to a fair sized audience last Sunday evening. The program was both humorous and pathos.

The literary meeting at Mrs. Joy's last Thursday evening was a very pleasant affair, about 50 people being in attendance. The evening was spent listening to readings, recitations, songs, etc. The next meeting will be held at Mrs. D. Goney's, Feb. 13th.

C. Kutter intends building a fish pond on his place.

Miss Pearl Passare has been visiting at the home of her friend, Mr. Criger, of Nankin, the past few days.

The second Livonia township Sunday school convention will be held at the Union church, of Livonia Center, Saturday, Feb. 1st, commencing at 9 a. m. and continuing until 4 p. m., allowing one hour for dinner, which will be served in the church.

The ladies of the W. R. C. met at the home of Mrs. Osander Thursday afternoon and presented her with a beautiful chair as a slight token of their esteem.

Remember the meeting of the Newburg Hall Association Thursday evening, Jan. 30.

St. Smith and Mrs. A. Pickett are on the sick list.

Mr. Cross, a very prominent Sunday school worker, gave us a very good lecture on Sunday school work last Sunday.

UNCLE RASTUS.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed when the languid exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal illnesses. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, indigestion, constipation, dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle at Gale's drug store.

If you want a reliable dye that will color an even brown or black and will please and satisfy you every time, use Buckleham's dye for the whiskers.

For morphine or opium in Dr. Miles' Pain-Expeller. One cent a dose.

THE STAGE.

Verdi is revising for Mme. Calve his opera, "Macbeth," which was originally produced in Florence in 1847. It is one of the composer's favorite works, but it was not wholly a success. The new version will be ready for production by Mme. Calve during the next London season.

Addison Darge Crabtree, author of "Mosswood" and other plays, has recently written a domestic drama entitled "The Old Girl Mill." The play is in three acts, and has been highly praised by those who have read the manuscript.

Miss Upton—"He, he! Why is it you bald-headed men like to sit in the front row?" Mr. Louttown—"Because there we have no Eiffel tower beam in front of us."—New York Weekly.

To Fanny Davenport belongs the distinction of having drawn from season to season the largest audiences accorded to any star either in America or Europe, with a play by Sardou.

The New York Herald says of Mr. Mansfield that "he is incomparably the subtlest, the most imaginative, the most interesting actor on the American stage."

A Hard Part—He—"I understand your part in the new play is very difficult." She—"Yes, I have to change my costume fifteen times."—Brooklyn Life.

Two American singers, Sibyl Sanderson and Marie Van Zandt, are proposed as the two sisters in Massenet's new opera, "Cinderella."

Frederick Warde's son, Ernest Charles Warde, has made a successful character parts.

Helen Dauvray is in Australia playing in "In Old Kentucky."

AMONG WRITERS AND BOOKS.

Archibald Forbes, the well-known war correspondent, is seriously ill at his home in London.

Dr. A. Coban Boyle has bought some land near Hindhead, in Surrey, and begun the erection of a house on it.

Anna Katherine Green of detective story fame says she does not regard great beauty as a blessing to a woman.

L. C. Steelman, who has just refused a professor's chair at Yale, was distinguished from that university when a student.

The death is announced from AUSLEY of Mrs. Charles Meredith, a well-known writer, and the "grand old woman" of colonial literature. She was 89.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is one of the best writers of women. The author of "Robert Elsmere" has saved \$100,000 from her receipts from her novels.

The younger Dumas once went to his father and told him he had run in debt \$10,000. "Well, as I do," said the elder Dumas, "I have just cleared off \$50,000."

Maclaren, the Scotch novelist, who has sprung into sudden fame, will leave his church in Liverpool, England, next fall and come to this country to give readings.

Edward W. Townsend, the creator of "Chimmie Fadden," is in London, where his book is doubtless taken as a correct representation of the New York vernacular.

RINGS IN ALL AGES.

Dial rings were common in France and Germany during the last century; by holding end up to the sun the time of any could be approximately ascertained.

In the seventh and eighth centuries, at every wedding among wealthy Saxons, numbers of gold rings were given away to friends as memories of the occasion.

In the time of Augustus porrail rings came into fashion, probably for betrothals or engagements. The portraits of the happy pair were graven on the setting.

Among Solomon's laws there is one forbidding jewelers to retain copies, models or impressions of signet rings which they had made. This was to prevent forgery.

Roman dardles in the first, second and third centuries of our era wore heavy rings in winter, which they exchanged for others of lighter weight during the summer.

Pliny tells of Attolius Fuscus, who, being expelled from the equestrian order and therefore not permitted to wear gold rings, replaced them with those made of silver.

The ring composed of several loops, which fell apart when a spring was pressed, was frequently used in the sixteenth century as a betrothal, and sometimes as a wedding ring.

Paradise rings were greatly worn in Italy three centuries ago. They were very wide and bore on the circumference representations of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden.

NEWSY BRIEFS.

Maine's game commissioner estimates that fully 4,000 deer have been killed in the Maine woods this season.

After drilling down 5,000 feet in search of water in New Haven, and not finding any, the job was given up last week.

There are only 360 Chinamen in the whole of New Mexico, according to the registry certificates issued under the new law.

It is calculated that 1,364 political conventions will be held in Kansas this year to nominate all the candidates for various offices.

Maine wheelmen have been experimenting with bicycling on the ice and are said to have had very successful and exhilarating sport in most instances.

W. O. T. U.

A few ladies only, ventured to test the weather to meet the President of the 1st District, in the W. O. T. U. parlors Thursday afternoon, but the few who did so were amply repaid for their effort. The session was called to order by Mrs. Vickery and after an inspiring devotional service, and the transaction of some business, Mrs. Annie Andrus, of Detroit, was introduced and gave a very interesting report of the great national convention held in Baltimore, in the autumn. Mrs. Andrus pictured the beautiful scenes she passed through when enroute to Baltimore, so vividly, that her little audience forgot where they were, and the many well-strengthened away into mountain grandeur and summer beauties. After leading their minds through these gorgeous scenes she introduced her first composition, and then the national convention into the great hall of Baltimore. This was followed by the reading of a beautiful, spirited and touching address, deep pathos and again with a stirring hymn.

It was a great pleasure to listen to Mrs. Andrus. She is a lady of unusually winning manner, has a pleasing address, and a charming voice, and the ladies of Plymouth and vicinity list a pleasant and profitable meeting. Surely no mother can afford to miss the opportunities which this organization of women affords her.

DID YOU EVER

Try Elsie Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy or troubled with Dizzy Spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Each bottle only fifty cents at John I. Miles' drug store.

Supervisor Hoyt Heard From

In a kind of roundabout way he has put in a denial of the scheme expressed by the Detroit Journal, I having called attention to the same through the columns of the MAIL and also of the Journal. He says the people know better. On this point I have this to say: I have heard words of commendation from every point of the compass and in fact have I heard of known of an adverse criticism. And I find that the sentiment prevails and I have expressed that about the time we shall begin to hear the birds sing sweetly in the morning. Supervisor Hoyt will have the privilege of placing a monument (you know how a dealer in monuments) over his own political grave, and upon that monument an epitaph shall be written consisting of a single word, and that word will be "sneaked." There is one thing more I have to say, and that is this: I shall not pay any attention hereafter to anything Supervisor Hoyt may say to say unless he shall say it over his own signature, because I will not adopt the tactics of a guerilla, neither will I assume the role of a blackguard.

M. S. MILLER.

Sent it to His Mother in Germany.

Mr. Jacob Ebenson, 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 sale by J. G. Meiler, druggist.

Uniformed Communion Wine.

Alfred Spear, of New Jersey, the celebrated grower of foreign grapes, preserves the unfermented juice of the grape for sacramental use. It has been adopted and its use sanctioned by the prominent divines of this country. It is also useful for invalids with remarkable effect for blood-making. For sale by druggists.

"Saved My Life"

A VETERAN'S STORY.

"Several years ago, while in Fort Snelling, Minn., I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough, that allowed me no rest day or night. The doctors after exhausting their remedies, pronounced my case hopeless, saying they could do no more for me. At this time a bottle of



AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral was sent to me by a friend who urged me to take it, which I did, and soon after I was greatly relieved, and in a short time was completely cured. I have never had much of a cough since that time, and I firmly believe Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—W. H. WAIRD, 8 Quimby Av., Lowell, Mass.

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AYER'S PILLS cure indigestion and Headache.

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Overcoats and Ulsters Regardless of Cost.

Dr. Goods, Suits, Underwear, Boots, Shoes, Felts, Rubbers, and all other Goods at Strictly Cost Prices.

Don't buy a dollar's worth of goods until you have looked us over. Startling Prices in all Departments. Terms of Sale Strictly Cash.

E. I. RIGGS, The Plymouth Cash Outfitter

Seven Months With Fever.

Wonderful Recovery of Health. Mr. Baird's rapid and marvelous recovery from a mere skeleton to his normal weight, 270 pounds, was surely the full test of the grand strength-giving and building-up medicine ever produced, namely:

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve.



"Gentlemen—I wish to express to you my gratitude for the great good that Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve has done for me. I was taken sick with typhoid fever and I laid in bed for seven months. After getting over the fever I was thin, nervous and tired, and did not retain my lost strength. I tried several proprietary medicines, and finally, after having been reduced in weight to 150 pounds, I began trying your Nerve, and at once began to improve. I was finally cured, and today I can say I never felt better in all my life, and weigh 270 pounds. This is my normal weight, and I measure 6 feet 3/4 inches in height." J. H. BAIRD.

Dr. Miles' Nerve is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at 25c bottles for 50c, or it will be sent prepaid on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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In a recent letter to the marine editors Mr. W. F. Longman, editor of the Spectator, Rochford, New York says: "It may be a pleasure to you to know the high esteem in which Chamberlain's medicine are held by the people of your own state, where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Drayton, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years since, and having some time before 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 Cold Remedy famous for its cures of colds and coughs; Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea 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 unobtainable by any other. They are for sale by Dr. J. G. Meiler, druggist.

Any of our subscribers desiring to subscribe for any daily or weekly paper, periodical or magazine of any description, published anywhere on the globe, may do so by calling at the MAIL office, and you will get greatly reduced rates.

From a generous Chamberlain's Cold Remedy is a God-send to the afflicted. There is no advertisement about this; we feel just like saying it.—The Democrat, Clarksville, Ky. For sale by Dr. J. G. Meiler.

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