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HAS NO EQUAL
AS A PLACE OF
RESIDENCE.

The Plymouth Mail.

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FOR MONTHLY
FARE DETROIT
AND RETURN
EVERY DAY.

VOLUME IX, NO. 22.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., JANUARY 31, 1896.

WHOLE NO. 438

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 Suspenders, 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 Youths' 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 years to come, I remain,
Yours,

A. A. TAFFT.

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

Farmer's Institute.

**Was a Grand Success
in Every Way.**

**Fifteen Hundred People
Listened to
Ex-Gov. Luce's
address.**

**Will Come to Plymouth
Next Year.--Let Us
Not Forget Its
Importance.**

The farmers institute held at Wayne on Tuesday and Wednesday, was a grand success. At each session there was present from 800 to 1,500 people, and the greatest interest possible was manifested. Prof. Smith, of the M. A. C., is a hustler and a great entertainer. He will eat a meal in five minutes to get back and talk "farm" with anyone. He won many friends and gave out useful and reliable information. Secretary Hanford worked very hard for several weeks perfecting a program and advertising the institute, and the result of his labors was so apparent that he was all smiles during the entire session.

The address of welcome by the mayor of Wayne was well received, and could leave no doubt in the minds of both the conductors of the institute and those who attended. Mr. Lathers, unable to attend. Prof. Gunsol, of the M. A. C., gave a short talk on the planting of trees, shrubs and flowers, and thereby making the home a beautiful place and cultivating a higher taste for the beautiful things with which we may easily surround ourselves. The Professor was asked for a short list of hardy native shrubs and flowers which it would be practical for the average farmer to cultivate, and in reply said that he would gladly do so, and would give them a list later on, also offering to send someone a number of plants for propagation and distribution among the farmers if they would agree to set aside an acre or so of land for that purpose.

How to meet the drouth was well discussed by C. D. Smith, conductor of the institute. He urged the farmers to experiment with the effects of subsoling upon their different soils and carefully note the result. He also showed them how effective a dust mulch is in stopping capillary action, and thus retaining the moisture which is so necessary in producing plant life.

Much regret was expressed at the inability of Mayor Pingree to address the institute, but the audience was partly consoled by the excellent musical program presented by Mr. Barnard.

After the noon recess, the questions which were handed in were taken up and discussed. The question, "Is apiany culture a part of agriculture," brought out the best discussion, and many were awakened to the importance of keeping more bees.

Geo. C. Peterhans, of Plymouth, being sick was unable to attend, and his paper was read by the secretary. Some astonishing facts were stated by Henry Horner, he said that he had threshed 39 bushels, and 20 pounds of alsack clover from 1 1/2 pecks of seed sown on 20 acres.

In the evening Prof. Hedrick talked on taxation, followed by ex-Gov. Luce, who was received with great applause.

The hall was packed with a large crowd who had gathered to see and hear the popular Ex-Governor. The Governor did himself proud and held his audience in close attention, while he brought more vividly to their minds what really constituted the farmer's contribution to society. The evening session closed with three hearty cheers for the ex-Governor.

Wednesday forenoon was well spent. J. W. Haydon, of Paw Paw, led off by astonishing the audience with some facts in regard to the horse as a factor in civilization.

Mr. Haydon was followed by Robt. Gibbons, of Detroit, an grading grain; who explained to the farmer how he was cheated on the market when selling grain; how he paid for the inspection of his grain when the buyer got the benefit, and closed by

urging the necessity of having a state grain inspector, which would not cost half as much to the farmer, and he would get better prices for his grain.

Mrs. Elizabeth Johnston, of Detroit, read a very interesting and practical paper on the training of children. It was truly one of the most sensible papers pertaining to the child that we have ever heard. Mrs. Johnston said that if mothers and fathers would pay more attention to the developing of their children (especially the girls) for living purposes and not as ornaments, our graveyards would not show a majority of infant graves. Teach them how to cook and care for a home, and how to care for a family of little ones when they are married, and they have something that is far more valuable to them than a knowledge of Greek or Latin or their associates.

On motion, the chair appointed a committee of three to draft a list of officers for the ensuing year. The committee reported as follows: President, J. H. Vreeland, Monguagon; Sec. and Treas., J. H. Hanford, Plymouth; Executive Committee, Joel Bradner, Plymouth; Stanley McPherson, Taylor; Jas. Hicks, Wayne; president and secretary; Vice-Presidents, Joel Bradner, Plymouth; J. E. Wilcox, Livonia; Eugene Smith, Redford; Fred Hall, Greenfield; W. S. Thomas, Hamtramck; Robt. Tromlitz, Grosse Pointe; T. S. Clark, Canton; Jas. Hicks, Nankin; Samuel Long, Dearborn; Ed. Miller, Springwells; T. S. Robb, Van Buren; Robert Bird, Romulus; Samuel McPherson, Taylor; Harmon Shoemaker, Ecorse; John Chamberlain, Huron; Morris Richards, Sumpter; Geo. Welley, Brownstown; Jas. Lester, Monguagon.

At the afternoon session Mr. Barnard favored the audience with one of his favorite selections.

Mr. Smith taught the gentlemen how to make butter, and henceforth the ladies will not have to do that work, but leave it to their husbands.

The paper read by Dr. Collier on Farm Hygiene, was well received and showed the Doctor to be a master of the subject and a pleasant entertainer.

A Glimpse Around, by P. B. Whitbeck, closed the afternoon program, and showed that the farmer from Plymouth was fully able to keep up his end of the program.

Our reporter being compelled to leave, we could not get a report of the evening session.

The executive committee reported in favor of Plymouth as the place for holding the next institute, and although a year is ahead of us, we can promise the farmer that he will be royally treated and entertained even if he does "bring his own biscuit and cheese" and no one in Plymouth will be heard to remark that "they don't amount to much, as they bring their own grub and never spend a cent." We want you all to come and enjoy the fruits of the institute and come again and do your trading.

A BICYCLE TOUR THROUGH ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

The Eloquent Young Orator, Thomas McVeagh, Jr., at the Opera House on Monday evening, Feb. 3rd.

The people of Plymouth will have an opportunity on Monday evening next of enjoying an entertainment of the very highest merit, when the eloquent Thomas McVeagh, Jr. will appear at the Opera House. Many residents will recall the young man who addressed a republican meeting here in the campaigns of 1890. Since that time he has appeared on the same platform with Gov. McKinley and C. Vancey M. Depew.

This summer he made a tour of England, Ireland and Scotland on his bicycle, and while there he took with his camera a great many views. These views he had colored by York, of London, and Levy, of Paris. They are projected on an immense canvas of 900 square feet by a specially constructed \$600 McAllister apparatus.

Mr. McVeagh first takes his audience to the city of New York; he then places them on board an ocean steamer and describes life in crossing the Atlantic. It is said that he does this so graphically with the assistance of the realistic views, that the audience really feel they are actually taking the trip. Then at the landing at Southampton he takes his audience through England and Ireland and Scotland, and visits with them every place of interest. Mr. McVeagh has met with the most flattering reception in the largest cities of the country, and the people of Plymouth can be assured that the entertainment will be of the highest class.

Feed Grinding six cents a bag at Phelan's mills.

**ONE -
QUARTER
- OFF**

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

**BOOTS
-AND-
SHOES**



**AT
1-4 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, Artics, 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.

Valentines! Valentines!

Lace Valentines, Art Valentines, Comic Valentines. The Largest Stock ever in Plymouth at the Cheapest Prices. Come in and see them.

I have just received a New Stock of Toilet Soap, bought at hard-pan prices, which I will sell very cheap. Note the new brands—Buttermilk Soap, Lemon Juice Soap, Marshmallow Soap, Carbolic Glycerine Soap, Carolina Tar Soap, Witch Hazel Soap, Crown Glycerine Soap, Madame Ayers' Complexion Soap, Etc., Etc.

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.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

M. F. GRAY, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Dr. Jameson evidently did not correctly diagnose the Boer's case.

When it comes to buffeting the waves of time, man would rather be a fog horn.

The flour output for 1895 was 10,551,000 barrels, the largest ever made by 800,000 barrels.

Gladstone's successor as the Grand Old Man hasn't lifted his head above the horizon yet.

England is making a tremendous naval display; and so did Spain in the day of the Armada.

Rev. Sam Jones is now preaching on "How to Get There and How to Stay There." He certainly knows.

Prof. Dyer, the distinguished naturalist, is entirely self-taught. When 13 years old he had not yet learned the alphabet.

Cuba's tobacco crop has been greatly decreased by reason of the war, but there seems to be no diminution in Havana cigars.

The consumption of milk and cream would be greatly increased if it could be delivered in a pure state to the patrons of the dairies.

England cannot very consistently compel the Turks to stop killing off the Armenians, when she is engaged in killing Boers to get their gold.

England seems to be rather pleased that the Emperor William made enough noise to drown the echo of the president's message on the Venezuelan question.

The name of the speaker of the house of representatives of Maryland is Mudd. He was among the defeated candidates for the United States senate. What's in a name, did you say?

Jim Cash-Cash, a rich and influential Umatilla Indian, of Oregon, is suing for a divorce on the ground that his wife paints her face. Every husband is watching Cash-Cash's case with remarkable interest.

There is great indignation in Oklahoma because a new judge refused nineteen out of twenty-one applications for divorce. At that rate, the Oklahomans argue, rich people of shady morals will stay in a civilized country to apply for divorce.

The Texas circular advising the planting of less cotton has to go against the high prices of the present crop, and the agriculturists are likely to be much exercised mentally before they enter fully into the spirit of this judicious communication.

A Wichita judge heard twenty-one divorce cases in four hours one day last week, and out of the batch only two divorces were granted. The Wichita papers try to account for it by remarking that the judge is a new one. Members of the divorce colony have been busy ever since packing up to go to Oklahoma, where the decrees come easier.

A press report from Washington says that Mr. Northway of Ohio has introduced in the House a bill directing the Secretary of Agriculture to establish six silk, flax and ramie experimental stations, to be located, one in the middle states, one in the northwestern states, one at Washington, one in the north Pacific coast states, one in the south Gulf states and one on the Pacific coast. The bill provides that the work at the stations shall be carried on by appointees of the Secretary of Agriculture. For some time experiments in growing ramie have been going on in the public grounds of Washington, and it has been shown conclusively that ramie can be grown successfully in this latitude, three crops of excellent quality having been grown the past summer at the botanical gardens, and the product is now on exhibition in Washington.

A prominent Nebraska sheepman is quoted as recently saying: "We are feeding at Wood River about 20,000 head and at a conservative estimate 400,000 will be fed in Nebraska this year, which is up to the best year Nebraska ever had. Feed is very plentiful and cheap and feeders who were compelled to drop out last year are in it to make up for lost time. We intend to export our sheep direct this year, and have already engaged space from Baltimore to Glasgow at the rate of 1,000 head every boat, one of which will sail every ten days. I think that the restrictions recently made by the British government will make a difference of \$1 per 100 to the American shipper, and the outlook does not seem very favorable for the next two or three months. I believe more sheep are on feed now than were ever on feed before in this country."

Another steamer has been chartered to carry 400 negroes from Savannah to Monrovia, Liberia. Those who will go will be presented with from ten to twenty-five acres and a town-plot. But if they don't like it they can't get back unless they can pay their fare.

No wonder you never received an answer to the letter you wrote to Georgetown, Ind. Wagon loads of undelivered papers and letters that have been lying in the office for years have just been discovered. What did you say about the lost mail?

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE POWER OF EXAMPLE" LAST SUNDAY'S THEME.

Golden Text: "And Abimelech Took an Axe in His Hand and Cut Down a Bough from the Trees and Laid it on His Shoulders"—Jud. 12, 43.



Abimelech is a name malodorous in Bible history, and yet full of profitable suggestion. Buoys are black and uncomely, but they tell where the rocks are. The snake's rattle is hideous, but it gives timely warning. From the piazza of my summer home, night by night, I saw a lighthouse fifteen miles away, not placed there for adornment, but to tell mariners to stand off from that dangerous point. So all the iron-bound coast of moral danger is marked with Saul, and Herod, and Rehoboam, and Jezebel, and Abimelech. These bad people are mentioned in the Bible not only as warnings, but because there were sometimes flashes of good conduct in their lives worthy of imitation. God sometimes drives a very straight nail with a very poor hammer.

The city of Shechem had to be taken, and Abimelech and his men were to do it. I see the dust rising from their excited march. I hear the shouting of the captains and the yell of the besiegers. The swords clack sharply on the parrying shields, and the vociferation of two armies in death grapple is horrible to hear. The battle goes on all day, and as the sun is setting Abimelech and his army cry: "Surrender!" to the beaten foe. And, unable longer to resist, the city of Shechem falls; and there are pools of blood and dismembered limbs, and glazed eyes looking up begginly for mercy that was never shown, and dying soldiers with their head on the lap of mother, or wife, or sister, who have come out for the last offices of kindness and affection; and a groan rolls across the city, stopping not, because there is no spot for it to rest, so full is the place of other groans. A city wounded! A city dying! A city dead! Wall for Shechem, all ye who know the horrors of a sacked town.

As I look over the city, I can find only one building standing, and that is the temple of the god Berith. Some soldiers outside of the city in a tower, finding that they can no longer defend Shechem, now begin to look out for their own personal safety, and they fly to this temple of Berith. They go with the door, shut it, and they say: "Now we are safe. Abimelech has taken the whole city, but he cannot take this temple of Berith. Here we shall be under the protection of the gods." O Berith, the god! do your best now for these refugees. If you have eyes, pity them. If you have hands, help them. If you have thunderbolts, strike for them. But how shall Abimelech and his army take this temple of Berith and the men who are here fortified? Will they do it with sword? Nay. Will they do it with spear? Nay. With battering-ram, rolled up by hundred-armed strength crashing against the walls? Nay. Abimelech marches his men to a wood in Zalmon. With his axe he hews off a limb of a tree, and puts that limb upon his own shoulder, and then he says to his men: "You do the same." They are obedient to their commander. There is a struggle as to who shall have axes. The whole wood is full of bending boughs, and the crackling and the hacking, and the cutting, until every one of the host has the limb of a tree cut down, and not only that, but has put it on his shoulder just as Abimelech showed him how. Are these men all armed with the tree branch? The reply comes "All armed." And they march on. Oh, what a strange army, with that strange equipment! They come up to the roof of the temple at Berith, and Abimelech takes his limb of a tree and throws it down; and the first platoon of soldiers come up and they throw down their branches; and the second platoon, and the third, until all around about the temple of Berith there is a pile of tree branches. The Shechemites look out from the window of the temple upon what seems to them childish play on the part of their enemies. But soon the flints are struck, and the sparks begin to kindle the brush, and the flame comes up all through the pile, and the red elements leap to the easement, and the woodwork begins to blaze, and one arm of flame is thrown up on the right side of the temple; and another arm of flame is thrown up on the left side of the temple, until they clasp their limbs palms under the wild night sky, and the cry of "Fire!" with a flash, and "Fire!" without, announces the terror, and the strangulation, and the doom of the Shechemites, and the complete overthrow of the temple of the god Berith. Then there went up a shout, long and loud, from the stout lungs and swarthy chests of Abimelech and his men, as they stood amid the ashes and the dust crying: "Victory! Victory!"

Now I learn first from this subject, the folly of depending upon any one form of tactics in anything we have to do for this world or for God. Look over the weaponry of olden times—javelins, battle-axes, habergeons, and show me a single weapon with which Abimelech and his men could have gained such complete triumph. It is no easy thing to take a temple thus armed. I have seen a house where, during revolutionary times, a man and his wife kept back a whole regiment hour after hour, because they were inside the house, and the assaulting soldiers were outside the house. Yet here Abimelech and his army come up, they surround this temple, and they capture it without the loss of a single man on the part

of Abimelech, although I suppose some of the old Israelitish heroes told Abimelech: "You are only going up there to be cut to pieces." Yet you are willing to testify to-day that by no other mode—certainly not by ordinary modes—could that temple so easily, so thoroughly have been taken. Fathers and mothers, brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ, what the Church most wants to learn, this day, is that any plan is right, is lawful, is best, which helps to overthrow the temple of sin, and capture this world for God. We are very apt to stick to the old modes of attack. We put on the old-style coat of mail. We come up with the sharp, keen, glittering spear of argument, expecting in that way to take the castle; but they have a thousand spears where we have ten. And so the castle of sin stands. Oh, my friends, we will never capture this world for God by any keen sabre of sarcasm, by any glittering lances of rhetoric, by any sapping and mining of profound disquisition, by any gunpowdery explosions of indignation, by sharpshootings of wit, by howitzers of mental strength made to swing shell five miles, by cavalry horses gorgeously caparisoned pawing the air. In vain all the attempts on the part of these ecclesiastical foot soldiers, light horsemen and grenadiers.

My friends, I propose a different style of tactics. Let each one go to the forest of God's promise and invitation, and hew down a branch and put it on his shoulder, and let us all come around these obstinate iniquities, and then with this pile, kindled by the fires of holy zeal and the flames of a consecrated life, we will burn them out. What steel cannot do, fire may. And I announce myself in favor of any plan of religious attack that succeeds—any plan of religious attack, however radical, however odd, however unpopular, however hostile to all the conventionalities of Church and State. If one style of prayer does not do the work, let us try another. If the Church music of to-day does not get the victory, then let us make the assault with a backwoods chorus. If a prayer-meeting at half past seven in the evening does not succeed, let us have one as early in the morning as when the angel found wrestling Jacob too much for him. If a sermon with the three authorized heads does not do the work, then let us have a sermon with twenty heads, or no heads at all. We want more heart in our song, more heart in our praying, more heart in our preaching. Oh, for less of Abimelech's sword and more of Abimelech's conflagration! I had often heard

There is a fountain filled with blood, dug aridly by four birds perched on their Sunday roost in the gallery; until I thought of Jenny Lind, and Nilsson, and Sontag, and all the other warblers; but there came not one tear to my eye, nor one master emotion to my heart. But one night I went down to the African Methodist meeting-house in Philadelphia, and at the close of the service a black woman, in the middle of the audience, began to sing that hymn, and all the audience joined in, and we were floated some three or four miles nearer heaven than I have ever been since. I saw with my own eyes, that "fountain filled with blood"—red, agonizing, sacrificial, redemptive, and I heard the crimson plash of the wave as we all went down under it.

For sinners blunder beneath that flood, lose all their kingly state. Still further, I learn from this subject the power of example. If Abimelech had sat down on the grass, and told his men to go and get the boughs, and go out to the battle, they would never have gone at all, or if they had, it would have been without any spirit or effective result; but when Abimelech goes with his own axe and hews down a branch, and with Abimelech's arms nuts it on Abimelech's shoulder and marches on, then, my text says, all the people did the same. How natural that was. What made Garibaldi and Stonewall Jackson the most magnetic commanders of the century? They always rode ahead. Oh, the overwhelming power of example! Here is a father on the wrong road; all his boys go on the wrong road. Here is a father who enlists for Christ; his children enlist. I saw in some of the picture galleries of Europe, that before many of the great works of the masters—the old masters—there would be sometimes four or five artists taking copies of the pictures. These copies they are going to carry with them, perhaps to distant lands; and I have thought that your life and character are a masterpiece, and it is being copied, and long after you are gone it will bloom or blast in the homes of those who knew you, and be a Gerson or a Madonna. Look out what you say. Look out what you do. Eternity will hear the echo. The best sermon ever preached is a holy life. The best music ever chanted is a consistent walk. If you want others to serve God, serve him yourself. If you want others to shoulder their duty, shoulder yours. Where Abimelech goes his troops go. Oh, start out for heaven to-day, and your family will come after you, and your business associates will come after you, and your social friends will join you. With one branch of the tree of life for a banner, marshal just as many as you can together. Oh, the infinite, the semi-omnipotent power of a good or bad example!

I saw last summer, near the beach, a wrecker's machine. It was a cylinder with some holes at the side, made for the thrusting in of some long poles with strong leverage; and when there is any vessel in trouble or going to pieces in the ocean, the wreckers shoot a rope out to the suffering sea. They grasp it, and the wreckers turn the cylinder, and the rope winds around the cylinder, and those who are shipwrecked are saved. So, at your feet, to-day, there is an influence with a tremendous sweep. The rope attached to it swings far out into the highway of life. Your children, your children's children, and

all the generations that are to follow, will grip that influence, and feel the long-reaching pull long after the figures on your tombstone are so near worn out that the visitor cannot tell whether it was 1896, or 1796, or 1696, that you died.

Still further, I learn from this subject the advantage of concerted action. If Abimelech had merely gone out with a tree-branch the work would not have been accomplished; or if ten, twenty, or thirty men had gone; but when all the axes are lifted and all the sharp edges fall, and all these men carry each his tree-branch down and throw it about the temple, the victory is gained—the temple falls. My friends, where there is one man in the Church of God at this day shouldering his whole duty, there are a great many who never lift an axe or swing a bough. It seems to me as if there were ten drones in every hive to one busy bee; as though there were twenty sailors sound asleep in the ship's hammocks to four men on the stormy deck. It seems as if there were fifty thousand men belonging to the reserve corps, and only one thousand active combatants. Oh, we all want our boats to get over to the golden sands; but the most of us are seated either in the prow or in the stern, wrapped in our striped shawl, holding a big-handled sunshade, while others are blistered in the heat, and pull until the oar-locks groan, and the blades bend till they snap. Oh, ye religious sleepy-heads, wake up! You have lain so long in one place that the ants and caterpillars have begun to crawl over you! What do you know, my brother, about a living Gospel made to storm the world? Now, my idea of a Christian is a man on fire with zeal for God; and if your pulse ordinarily beats sixty times a minute when you think of other themes, and talk about other themes, if your pulse does not go up to seventy-five or eighty when you come to talk about Christ and heaven, it is because you do not know the one, and have a poor chance of getting to the other.

In a former charge, one Sunday I took into the pulpit the church records, and I laid them on the pulpit and opened them, and said: "Brethren, here are the church records. I find a great many of you whose names are down here are off duty." Some were afraid I would read the names, for at that time many of them were deep in the worst kind of all stocks, and were idle as to Christian work. But if ministers of Christ to-day should bring the church records into the pulpit and read, oh, what a flutter there would be! There would not be fans enough in church to keep the cheeks cool. I do not know but it would be a good thing if the minister once in a while should bring the church records in the pulpit and call the roll, for that is what I consider every church record to be—merely a muster-roll of the Lord's army; and the reading of it should reveal where every soldier is and what he is doing.

Still further, I learn from this subject the danger of false refuges. As soon as these Shechemites got into the temple, they thought they were safe. They said: "Berith will take care of us. Abimelech may batter down everything else; he can not batter down this temple where we are now hid." But very soon they heard the timbers crackling, and they were smothered with smoke, and they miserably died. I suppose every person in this audience this moment is stepping into some kind of refuge. Here you step in the tower of good works. You say: "I shall be safe in this refuge." The battlements are adorned; the steps are varnished; on the wall are pictures of all the suffering you have alleviated, and all the schools you have established, and all the fine things you have done. Up in that tower you feel you are safe. But hear you not the tramp of your unparadised sins all around the tower? They each have a match. You are kindling the combustible material. You feel the heat and the location. Oh, may you leap in time, the Gospel declaring: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified."

"Well," you say, "I have been driven out of that tower; where shall I go?" Step into this tower of indifference. You say: "If this tower is attacked, it will be a great while before it is taken." You feel at ease. But there is an Abimelech, with ruthless assault, coming on. Death and his forces are gathering around, and they demand that you surrender everything, and they clamor for your overthrow, and they throw their skeleton arms in the window, and with their iron fists they beat against the door, and while you are trying to keep them out you see the torches of judgment kindling, and every forest is a torch, and every mountain a torch, and every sea a torch, and while the Alps, and Pyrenees, and Himalayas turn into a live coal, blown redder and redder by the whirlwind breath of a God omnipotent, what will become of your refuge of lies?

"But," says some one, "you are engaged in a very mean business, driving us from tower to tower." Oh, no! I want to tell you of a Gibraltar that never has been and never will be taken; of a wall that no Satanite assault can scale; of a bulwark that the judgment earthquakes cannot budge. The Bible refers to it when it says: "In God is thy refuge, and underneath thou art the everlasting arms." Oh! fitting yourself into it. Tread down unceremoniously everything that intercepts you. Wedge your way there. There are enough hounds of death and peril after you to make you hurry. Many a man has perished just outside the tower, with his foot on the step, with his hand on the latch. Oh! get inside. Not one surplus second have you to spare. Quick! quick! quick!

Capas, the famous city where Hannibal's army was ruined by passing one winter, was noted for its magnificent gardens. The Capas perfume man used in carriages and glass towers to all parts of the Roman world.

You Can Churn Inside of 9 Minutes with FUNK'S FOLDING DASH CHURN.



MORE and BETTER BUTTER can be made with this Churn 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 circular motion. The circular keeps the cream turning round without much effect, not breaking the globules; with the dash motion gives it a perfect hammering; hence the success of the dash churn over all others.

All Churns sold with Good Salesmen wanted to take orders from farmers. I want profitable and permanent position. Exclusive territory given. Agents sell from 750 to 1,200 churns a year, making \$1,500 to \$3,000 a year. No Capital Necessary.

The CHAMPION CHURN COMPANY, 1824 Western Ave., Toledo, O. Post Office Address, AIR LINE JUNCTION, OHIO.

Advertisement for Eagle Brand Ready Mixed Paints. Includes an illustration of an eagle and text: 'WILL NOT WEAR ANY MIXED PAINT ON THE MARKET. WHY NOT BUY THE BEST? 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. -Chertonton, Ind.'

Advertisement for Don't Stop Tobacco. Includes text: 'DON'T STOP TOBACCO. IT'S INJURIOUS TO STOP SUDDENLY and don't be imposed upon by buying a remedy that requires you to do so, as it is nothing more than a substitute. 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 opiates, 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 not satisfy 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 or 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. HORNICK, Sup't. Eureka Chemical and Mfg Co., La-Crosse, Wis. 21. Paul, Minn., Sept. 17, 1894. 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 "Key-Cure," "No-to-Bac," and "Laxative" other remedies, but without success, until I accidentally learned of your "Baco-Curo." Three weeks ago to-day I commenced using your preparation, and to-day I consider myself completely cured; I am in perfect health, and the horrible craving for tobacco, which every inveterate smoker fully appreciates, has completely left me. I consider your "Baco-Curo" simply wonderful, and can fully recommend it. Yours very truly, C. W. HORNICK.

Advertisement for The Iowa Standard Scale. Includes text: 'THE IOWA STANDARD SCALE. \$1800.00 GIVEN AWAY TO INVENTORS. \$20.00 every month given away to any one who applies through us for the most meritorious patent during the month preceding. We secure the best patents for our clients, and the object of this office is to encourage inventors to keep track of their bright ideas. At the same time we want to impress upon the public the fact that IT'S THE SIMPLE, TRIVIAL INVENTIONS THAT YIELD FORTUNES, such as the "car-window" which can be easily slid up and down without breaking the passenger's back, "sauce-pan," "collar-button," "fast-lock," "boot-stopper," and a thousand other little things that most any one can find a way of improving; and these simple inventions are the ones that bring largest returns to the author. Try to think of something to invent. IT IS NOT SO HARD AS IT SEEMS. Patents taken out through us receive special notice in the "National Recorder," published at Washington, D. C., which is the best newspaper published in America in the interests of inventors. We furnish a year's subscription to this journal, free of cost, to all our clients. We also advertise, free of cost, the invention each month which wins our \$50 prize, and hundreds of thousands of copies of the "National Recorder," containing a sketch of the inventor, and a description of his invention, will be scattered throughout the United States among capitalists and manufacturers, thus bringing to their attention the merits of the invention. All communications regarded strictly confidential. Address JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, 618 F Street, N. W., Box 385, Washington, D. C. Reference—editor of this paper. Write for our 50-page pamphlet, FREE.

Advertisement for Citizens Livery and Plumbing. Includes text: 'Citizens Livery AND SALE STABLE Good Rigs Day or Night Also Omnibus and Dray Line in Connection. 12 Bus Tickets for \$1.00 H. G. ROBINSON, PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRANKLIN HOUSE DETROIT, MICH. I wish to inform the public that I am prepared to do anything in the line of PLUMBING Steam Fitting Gas Fitting and Sanitary work of all kinds. I do the work myself, and as far as prices are concerned, do not bar Detroit or any other city. A full line of gas pipe, water fixtures, and all necessary appliances for water works always on hand. Respectfully, James Hewett General Plumber and Contractor.'

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

M. F. GRAY, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Dr. Jameson evidently did not correctly diagnose the Boer's case.

When it comes to buffeting the waves of time, man would rather be a fog horn.

The flour output for 1895 was 10,581,000 barrels, the largest ever made by 800,000 barrels.

Gladstone's successor as the Grand Old Man hasn't lifted his head above the horizon yet.

England is making a tremendous naval display, and so did Spain in the day of the Armada.

Rev. Sam Jones is now preaching on "How to Get There and How to Stay There." He certainly knows.

Prof. Dyche, the distinguished naturalist, is entirely self-taught. When 18 years old he had not yet learned the alphabet.

Cuba's tobacco crop has been greatly decreased by reason of the war, but there seems to be no diminution in Havana cigars.

The consumption of milk and cream would be greatly increased if it could be delivered in a pure state to the patrons of the dairies.

England cannot very consistently compel the Turks to stop killing off the Armenians, when she is engaged in killing Boers to get their gold.

England seems to be rather pleased that the Emperor William made enough noise to drown the echo of the president's message on the Venezuelan question.

The name of the speaker of the house of representatives of Maryland is Mudd. He was among the defeated candidates for the United States senate. What's in a name, did you say?

Jim Cash-Cash, a rich and influential Umatilla Indian, of Oregon, is suing for a divorce on the ground that his wife paints her face. Every husband is watching Cash-Cash's case with remarkable interest.

There is great indignation in Oklahoma because a new judge refused nineteen out of twenty-one applications for divorce. At that rate, the Oklahomans argue, rich people of shady morals will stay in a civilized country to apply for divorce.

The Texas circular advising the planting of less cotton has to go against the high prices of the present crop, and the agriculturists are likely to be much exercised mentally before they enter fully into the spirit of this judicious communication.

A Wichita judge heard twenty-one divorce cases in four hours one day last week, and out of the batch only two divorces were granted. The Wichita papers try to account for it by remarking that the judge is a new one. Members of the divorce colony have been busy ever since packing up to go to Oklahoma, where the decrees come easier.

A press report from Washington says that Mr. Northway of Ohio has introduced in the House a bill directing the Secretary of Agriculture to establish six silk, flax and ramie experimental stations, to be located, one in the middle states, one in the northwestern states, one at Washington, one in the north Pacific coast states, one in the south Gulf states and one on the Pacific coast. The bill provides that the work at the stations shall be carried on by appointees of the Secretary of Agriculture. For some time experiments in growing ramie have been going on in the public grounds of Washington, and it has been shown conclusively that ramie can be grown successfully in this latitude, three crops of excellent quality having been grown the past summer at the botanical gardens, and the product is now on exhibition in Washington.

A prominent Nebraska sheepman is quoted as recently saying: "We are feeding at Wood River about 20,000 head and at a conservative estimate 400,000 will be fed in Nebraska this year, which is up to the best year Nebraska ever had. Feed is very plentiful and cheap and feeders who were compelled to drop out last year are in it to make up for lost time. We intend to export our sheep direct this year, and have already engaged space from Baltimore to Glasgow at the rate of 1,000 head every boat, one of which will sail every ten days. I think that the restrictions recently made by the British government will make a difference of \$1 per 100 to the American shipper, and the outlook does not seem very favorable for the next two or three months. I believe more sheep are on feed now than were ever on feed before in this country."

Another steamer has been chartered to carry 400 negroes from Savannah to Monrovia, Liberia. Those who will go will be presented with from ten to twenty-five acres and a town-lot. But if they don't like it they can't get back unless they can pay their fare.

No wonder you never received an answer to the letter you wrote to Georgetown, Ind. Wagon loads of undelivered papers and letters that have been lying in the office for years have just been discovered. What did you say about the fast mail?

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE POWER OF EXAMPLE" LAST SUNDAY'S THEME.

Golden Text: "And Abimelech Took an Axe in His Hand and Cut Down a Bough from the Trees and Laid It on His Shoulder"—Judg. ix, 48.



Abimelech is a name malodorous in Bible history, and yet full of profitable suggestion. Buoys are black and uncomely, but they tell where the rocks are. The snake's rattle is hideous, but it gives timely warning. From the piazza of my summer home, night by night, I saw a lighthouse fifteen miles away, not placed there for adornment, but to tell mariners to stand off from that dangerous point. So all the iron-bound coast of moral danger is marked with Saul, and Herod, and Rehoboam, and Jezebel, and Abimelech. These bad people are mentioned in the Bible not only as warnings, but because there were sometimes flashes of good conduct in their lives worthy of imitation. God sometimes drives a very straight nail with a very poor hammer. The city of Shechem had to be taken, and Abimelech and his men were to do it. See the dust rolling up from their excited march. I hear the shouting of the captains and the yell of the besetters. The swords clack sharply on the parrying shields, and the vociferation of two armies in death grapple is horrible to hear. The battle goes on all day; and as the sun is setting Abimelech and his army cry: "Surrender!" to the beaten foe. And, unable longer to resist, the city of Shechem falls; and there are pools of blood and discolored limbs, and glazed eyes looking up begging for mercy that war never shows, and lying soldiers with their head on the lap of mother, or wife, or sister, who have come out for the last offices of kindness and affection; and a groan rolls across the city, stopping not, because there is no spot for it to rest, so full is the place of other groans. A city wounded! A city dying! A city dead! Wail for Shechem, all ye who know the horrors of a sacked town.

As I look over the city, I can find only one building standing, and that is the temple of the god Berith. Some soldiers outside of the city in a tower, finding that they can no longer defend Shechem, now begin to look out for their own personal safety, and they fly to this temple of Berith. They go within the door, shut it, and they say: "Now we are safe. Abimelech has taken the whole city, but he cannot take this temple of Berith. Here we shall be under the protection of the gods." O Berith, the god! do your best now for these refugees. If you have eyes, pity them. If you have hands, help them. If you have thunderbolts, strike for them. But how shall Abimelech and his army take this temple of Berith and the men who are here fortified? Will they do it with sword? Nay. Will they do it with spear? Nay. With battering-ram, rolled up by hundred-armed strength crashing against the walls? Nay. Abimelech marches his men to a wood in Zalmon. With his axe he hews off a limb of a tree, and puts that limb upon his own shoulder, and then he says to his men: "You do the same." They are obedient to their commander. There is a struggle as to who shall have axes. The whole wood is full of bending boughs, and the cracking and the hacking, and the cutting, until every one of the host has the limb of a tree cut down, and not only that, but has put it on his shoulder just as Abimelech showed him how. Are these men all armed with the tree branch? The reply comes "All armed." And they march on. Oh, what a strange army, with that strange equipment! They come up to the foot of the temple at Berith, and Abimelech takes his limb of a tree and throws it down; and the first platoon of soldiers come up and they throw down their branches; and the second platoon, and the third, until all around about the temple of Berith there is a pile of tree branches. The Shechemites look out from the window of the temple upon what seems to them childish play on the part of their enemies. But soon the flints are struck, and the sparks begin to kindle the brush, and the flame comes up all through the pile, and the red elements leap to the casement, and the woodwork begins to blaze, and one arm of flame is thrown up on the right side of the temple, and another arm of flame is thrown up on the left side of the temple, until they clasp their lurid palms under the wild light sky, and the cry of "Fire!" within, and "Fire!" without, announces the terror, and the strangulation, and the doom of the Shechemites, and the complete overthrow of the temple of the god Berith. Then there went up a shout, long and loud, from the stout lungs and exalted chests of Abimelech and his men, as they stood amid the ashes and the dust crying: "Victory! victory!"

Now I learn first from this subject, the folly of depending upon any one form of tactics in anything we have to do for this world or for God. Look over the weaponry of olden times—javelins, battle-axes, habergeons, and show me a single weapon with which Abimelech and his men could have gained such complete triumph. It is no easy thing to take a temple thus armed. I have seen a house where, during revolutionary times, a man and his wife kept back a whole regiment hour after hour, because they were inside the house, and the assaulting soldiers were outside the house. Yet here Abimelech and his army come up, they surround this temple, and they capture it without the loss of a single man, or the part

of Abimelech, although I suppose some of the old Israelitish heroes told Abimelech: "You are only going up there to be cut to pieces." Yet you are willing to testify to-day that by no other mode—certainly not by ordinary modes—could that temple so easily, so thoroughly, have been taken. Fathers and mothers, brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ, what the Church most wants to learn, this day, is that any plan is right, is lawful, is best, which helps to overthrow the temple of sin, and capture this world for God. We are very apt to stick to the old modes of attack. We put on the old-style coat of mail. We come up with the sharp, keen, glittering spear of argument, expecting in that way to take the castle; but they have a thousand spears where we have ten. And so the castle of sin stands. Oh, my friends, we will never capture this world for God by any keen-sabre of sarcasm, by any glittering lances of rhetoric, by any sapping and mining of profound disquisition, by any gunpowdery explosions of indignation, by sharpshootings of wit, by howitzers of mental strength made to swing shell five miles, by cavalry horses gorgeously caparisoned pawing the air. In vain all the attempts on the part of these ecclesiastical foot soldiers, light horsemen and grenadiers.

My friends, I propose a different style of tactics. Let each one go to the forest of God's promise and invitation, and hew down a branch and put it on his shoulder, and let us all come around these obstinate iniquities, and then with this pile, kindled by the fires of holy zeal and the flames of a consecrated life, we will burn them out. What steel cannot do, fire may. And I announce myself in favor of any plan of religious attack that succeeds—any plan of religious attack, however radical, however odd, however unpopular, however hostile to all the conventionalities of Church and State. If one style of prayer does not do the work, let us try another. If the Church music of to-day does not get the victory, then let us make the assault with a backwoods chorus. If a prayer-meeting at half past seven in the evening does not succeed; let us have one as early in the morning as when the angel found wrestling Jacob too much for him. If a sermon with the three-authorized heads does not do the work, then let us have a sermon with twenty heads, or no heads at all. We want more heart in our song, more heart in our almsgiving, more heart in our prayers, more heart in our preaching. Oh, for less of Abimelech's sword and more of Abimelech's conflagration! I had often heard

There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn artistically by four birds perched on their Sunday roost in the gallery, until I thought of Jenny Lind, and Nilsson, and Sentag, and all the other warblers; but there came not one tear to my eye, nor one master emotion to my heart. But one night I went down to the African Methodist meeting-house in Philadelphia, and at the close of the service a black woman, in the middle of the audience, began to sing that hymn, and all the audience joined in, and we were floated some three or four miles nearer heaven than I have ever been since. I saw with my own eyes that "fountain filled with blood"—red, agonizing, sacrificial, redemptive, and I heard the crimson splash of the wave as we all went down under it.

For sinners plumed beneath that flood, lead all their earthly state. Still further, I learn from this subject the power of example. If Abimelech had sat down on the grass, and told his men to go and get the boughs, and go out to the battle, they would never have gone at all, or if they had, it would have been without any spirit or effective result; but when Abimelech goes with his own axe and hews down a branch, and with Abimelech's arms puts it on Abimelech's shoulder, and marches on, then, my text says, all the people did the same. How natural that was. What made Garibaldi and Stonewall Jackson the most magnetic commanders of the century? They always rode ahead. Oh, the overwhelming power of example! Here is a father on the wrong road; all his boys go on the wrong road. Here is a father who enlists for Christ; his children enlist. I saw in some of the picture galleries of Europe, that before many of the great works of the masters—the old masters—there would be sometimes four, or five artists taking copies of the pictures. These copies they are going to carry with them, perhaps to distant lands; and I have thought that your life and character are a masterpiece, and it is being copied, and long after you are gone it will bloom or blast in the homes of those who knew you, and be a Gorgon or a Madonna. Look out what you say. Look out what you do. Eternity will hear the echo. The best sermon ever preached is a holy life. The best music ever chanted is a consistent walk. If you want others to serve God, serve him yourself. If you want others to shoulder their duty, shoulder yours. Where Abimelech goes his troops go. Oh, start out for heaven to-day, and your family will come after you, and your business associates will come after you, and your social friends will join you. With one branch of the tree of life for a baton, marshal just as many as you can together. Oh, the infinite, the semi-omnipotent power of a good or bad example!

I saw last summer, near the beach, a wrecker's machine. It was a cylinder with some holes at the side, made for the thrusting in of some long poles with strong leverage; and when there is any vessel in trouble or going to pieces in the offing, the wreckers shoot a rope out to the suffering sea. They grasp it, and the wreckers turn the cylinder, and the rope winds around the cylinder, and those who are shipwrecked are saved. So, at your feet, to-day, there is an influence with a tremendous leverage. The rope attached to it swings far out into the billowy future. Your children, your children's children, and

all the generations that are to follow, will grip that influence, and feel the long-reaching pull long after the figures on your tombstone are so near worn out that the visitor cannot tell whether it was 1896, or 1796, or 1696, that you died.

Still further, I learn from this subject the advantage of concerted action. If Abimelech had merely gone out with a tree-branch the work would not have been accomplished; or if ten, twenty, or thirty men had gone; but when all the axes are lifted and all the sharp edges fall, and all these men carry each his tree-branch down and throw it about the temple, the victory is gained—the temple falls. My friends, where there is one man in the Church of God at this day shouldering his whole duty, there are a great many who never lift an axe or swing a bough. It seems to me as if there were ten dromes in every hke to one busy bee; as though there were twenty sailors sound asleep in the ship's hammocks to four men on the stormy deck. It seems as if there were fifty thousand men belonging to the reserve corps, and only one thousand active combatants. Oh, we all want our boats to get over to the golden sands; but the most of us are seated either in the prow or in the stern, wrapped in our striped shawl, holding a big-handled sunshade, while others are blistered in the heat, and pull until the ear-locks groan, and the blades bend till they snap. Oh, you religious sleepy-heads, wake up! You have lain so long in one place that the ants and caterpillars have begun to crawl over you! What do you know, my brother, about a living Gospel made to storm the world? Now, my idea of a Christian is a man on fire with zeal for God; and if your pulse ordinarily beats sixty times a minute when you think of other themes, and talk about other themes, if your pulse does not go up to seventy-five or eighty when you come to talk about Christ and heaven, it is because you do not know the one, and have a poor chance of getting to the other.

In a former charge, one Sunday, I took into the pulpit the church records, and I laid them on the pulpit and opened them, and said: "Brethren, here are the church records. I find a great many of you whose names are down here are off duty." Some were afraid I would read the names, for at that time some of them were deep in the worst kind of oil stocks, and were idle as to Christian work. But if ministers of Christ to-day should bring the church records into the pulpit and read, oh, what a flutter there would be! There would not be fans enough in church to keep the cheeks cool. I do not know but it would be a good thing if the minister once in a while should bring the church records in the pulpit and call the roll, for that is what I consider every church record to be—merely a muster-roll of the Lord's army; and the reading of it should reveal where every soldier is and what he is doing.

Still further, I learn from this subject the danger of false refuges. As soon as these Shechemites got into the temple, they thought they were safe. They said: "Berith will take care of us. Abimelech may batter down everything else; he can not batter down this temple where we are now hid." But very soon they heard the timbers crackling, and they were smothered with smoke, and they miserably died. I suppose every person in this audience this moment is stepping into some kind of refuge. Here you step in the tower of good works. You say: "I shall be safe in this refuge." The battlements are adorned; the steps are varnished; on the wall are pictures of all the suffering you have alleviated, and all the schools you have established, and all the fine things you have done. Up in that tower you feel you are safe. But hear you not the tramp of your unpardoned sins all around the tower? They catch every a match. You are kindling the combustible material. You feel the heat and the location. Oh, may you leap in time, the Gospel declaring: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified."

"Well," you say, "I have been driven out of that tower; where shall I go?" Step into this tower of indifference. You say: "If this tower is attacked, it will be a great while before it is taken." You feel at ease. But there is an Abimelech, with ruthless assault, coming on. Death and his forces are gathering around, and they demand that you surrender everything, and they throw their skeleton arms in the window, and with their iron fists they beat against the door, and while you are trying to keep them out you see the torches of judgment kindling, and every forest is a torch, and every mountain a torch, and every sea a torch, and while the Alps, and Pyrenees, and Himalayas turn into a live coal, blown redder and redder by the whirlwind breath of a God omnipotent, what will become of your refuge of lies?

"But," says some one, "you are engaged in a very mean business, driving us from tower to tower." Oh, no! I want to tell you of a Gibraltar that never has been and never will be taken: of a wall that no Satanic assault can scale; of a bulwark that the judgment earthquakes cannot budge. The Bible refers to it when it says: "In God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." Oh! fling yourself into it. Tread down unceremoniously everything that intercepts you. Wedge your way there. There are enough bounds of death and peril after you to make you hurry. Many a man has perished just outside the tower, with his foot on the step, with his hand on the latch. Oh! get inside. Not one surplus second have you to spare. Quick! quick! quick!

Capua, the famous city where Hannibal's army was ruined by passing one winter, was noted for its manufactures of perfumes. The Capuan perfumes were sent in earthen and glass vessels to all parts of the Roman world.

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All Churns sold by the Good Salesmen wanted in large orders from farmers. Excessive profits and permanent positions. Exclusive territory given. Agents sell from 75c to 1.25 per quart, making \$1,500 to \$3,000 a year. No Capital Necessary.

The CHAMPION CHURN COMPANY,

1824 Western Ave., Toledo, O.

Post Office Address, AIR LINE JUNCTION, OHIO.

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Contracted in the War.

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H. B. Knowlton, Fifth Michigan Cavalry, Tells of the Effects of Army Life.

From the News, Muskegon, Mich.

There are few passenger drives in this part of the country than the one along the South Grand river road, running between Grand Haven and Bass River, a little hamlet about fourteen miles from the capital of Ottawa county. And especially is that so in these October days, when the rich autumnal colors are beginning to give radiance to the woodlands along the route. On the event of this month a representative of the Morning News took this trip to interview a certain Mr. H. B. Knowlton, a farmer living about a mile away, about his cure from rheumatism.

Mr. Knowlton is a man fifty-one years of age, and served three years in the war, being a member of Company F, Fifth Michigan Cavalry. He has lived in Allendale, Ottawa county, Mich., since the rebellion, and is one of the substantial farmers of the county, his farm being about 100 acres, and eighty-five acres, being a valuable property. He was working in the field when approached by the reporter, but kindly invited him into his handsome brick house, and when asked about the benefits he had received from taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, said: "I was in the army for three years, and it was while there I contracted the rheumatism. After coming out I was lame and sore a good deal of the time, but was not sick enough to go to bed. At first I was not very bad, but as time went on I became worse. About a year ago I was so bad that I had to give up my work on the farm. I had doctored with doctors and taken a great deal of medicine, and had become kind of discouraged. Nothing seemed to help me, and finally I went to the drug store of A. J. White and asked him if he had anything to kill or cure me. He said he had Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and he thought if I would take them they would help me. I purchased a box and before taking all of them I felt better, and I knew they had helped me. I continued taking the pills, and for the past three months I have not felt the rheumatism. It would advise any one who has the rheumatism to try the Pink Pills, and I am confident they will help them."

H. B. Knowlton, of Allendale, Ottawa county, Michigan, being by me duly sworn, deposes that the facts set forth in the foregoing statement, made by him this 11th day of October, A. D. 1933, are true.

HENRY G. WANTY,
Notary Public,
Muskegon Co., Mich.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

There are 37,000 women farmers in the United States.

\$500.00 for \$1.00.

Unadilla, N. Y., (Special)—One of our substantial men here, Fred J. Joyce, recently made a \$250 investment, and considers the results worth \$300 to him. For over fifteen years Mr. Joyce was an inveterate smoker, and the tobacco habit gained such a hold on him that it affected his nervous system and made it impossible for him to quit. Upon realizing the loss of health and money which threatened him, he made many unsuccessful attempts to break himself of the life-sapping habit, until on a chance he took No-To-Bac, the great cure which has saved over 300,000 tobacco victims. Two boxes completely cured Mr. Joyce, and he has no desire for tobacco now whatever. When he attempts to smoke it makes him as dizzy as when he first acquired the habit. He now is in the very best physical condition, and would not tempt him to use tobacco again.

Outraged flames are pictured here in eight months.

A GREAT EXPENSE

To Carry on an Almost Helpless Fight.—At Last the Fight is Over.

(From the Battle Creek Moon.)

Our representative called at 28 Battle Creek Avenue, the residence of S. I. Robbins, and in an interview with him brought out the following facts: Mr. Robbins tells of his wife's experience in a manner that carries conviction with his words. He says: "I am sorry my wife is not here this P. M., but no one knows better than I how she has suffered during past years. For twenty years she has been afflicted with the various forms of kidney complaint and an enlargement of the liver. She was often confined to her bed for more than two weeks at a time suffering untold agony. She has doctored constantly, and I have paid out in doctors' bills for her alone as much as \$300.00, and then her relief was only such that she would be able to be around for a spell. Some time ago she felt the symptoms of another attack coming on, such as a pain in through the kidneys and back. I hardly know what induced me to get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, instead of sending for the family physician; however, I got some and she commenced their use. It was a surprise to us both to see their action; the attack was warded off, and she continued taking them with marked improvement each day of their use. She is better now than she has been in years, the pain in the back and kidneys have entirely gone. Hardly a day goes by that we do not mention the great good Doan's Kidney Pills have done her. I was always opposed to patent medicines, but confess that my wife's experience with Doan's Kidney Pills has done much to change my opinions. If it were not for those pills she would not have been able to be out this afternoon."

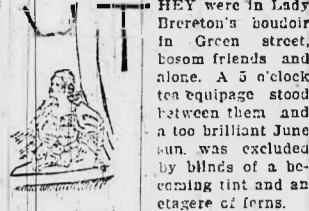
Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

The downcast eye has always been typical of misery.

TO CALIFORNIA

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

FAITHFUL HEARTS.



THEY were in Lady Brereton's boudoir in Green street, Bosom friends and alone. A 5 o'clock tea equipage stood between them and a too brilliant June sun, was excluded by blinds of a becoming tint and an etagere of ferns.

Mrs. Crosbie helped herself to a sweetmeat leisurely and with a due regard for her irreparable glove. "Of course you know," she remarked, "that Capt. Valence is home from India."

"Somebody told me yesterday that he had just arrived. But why the 'of course'?" replied Lady Brereton.

"I don't know—if you don't. Only—Mrs. Crosbie looked through the cream jug at futurity—"It's just the year since poor Lord Brereton died."

"And what of that?"

Mrs. Crosbie's eyes deserted the tea tray and fixed themselves reverently on her friend. "Blanche," she said, "you are in one of your moods, and you don't practice on me! Are we alone, or is somebody hiding behind the curtains?"

"You ridiculous woman!"

"Then why this superlative innocence? Why this effection of coy? For heaven's sake, be a rational being and treat me like one. As if everybody doesn't know that Arthur Valence worried himself nearly sick over you at the time of your marriage. And you try to persuade me, of all people, that you think it means nothing when he returns to England, after an absence of five years, just as the first twelve months of your mourning expire!"

"His movements don't interest me in the least, and I don't suppose mine any longer interest him. You seem to ignore the lapse of time since we met, and faithful hearts, my dear, went out of fashion with the crinoline. Besides, he wasn't a man—he was only a nice boy."

"Anyhow, it doesn't matter now. He has probably forgotten all about me long ago."

But the conversation was a little one-sided after that. Capt. Valence chatted easily little nothings of the hour, amusing conversation of a well-bred man of the world with a witty tongue and shrewd perception. But she did not pay much heed to what he said. She was thinking of the time they met. She was Blanche Forrester then, and he called her his angel, the light of his life, and she had laughed, and hidden him not to be a sly boy. The whole episode had been very absurd, of course, but somehow his mockery of it did not please her.

"Thursday is my day," she said to him, when he put her in her carriage, by and by. "But if you like to take your chance, you know—"

Perhaps she thought about him more on her way home than she had ever thought about him before at one time. "I was young once," said Capt. Valence to the horse chestnut trees, "I was distressingly young—a malady we all suffer from. But I feel better now, thank God!" he added, plustly. And he lighted a cigar and went to watch the polo with a smile of self-satisfaction.

They met a good deal in the course of the next few weeks. He reminded her of her promise, and she mentioned two or three desirable damsels to him; but her assistance ended there, and he never saw an attractive girl in her house. Also he found occasion to allude once more to his salad days.

"Nothing polishes a cub," he said, "like an affair with a woman of the world. My dear Lady Brereton, accept the assurance of my gratitude."

She would have been better pleased if he had intimated that she had ruined his life, better pleased even if he had openly avoided her. "One would think I was his grandmother," she said to her own wrathful reflection in the toilet glass.

For a week she saw nothing of him, then one evening their eyes met across the opera house, and a faint resentment—the sequel to the unexplained tears—was in her smileless brow. It was perceptible, too, in the manner of her greeting, when, during the last entrance, he deserted his stall for her box, and, on Mrs. Crosbie's invitation, dropped into the vacant chair between them.

"I have news for you," he murmured in her ear when the stage claimed Mrs. Crosbie's attention. "She is found."

"Indeed, and am I to congratulate you?"

"Perhaps it would be a trifle premature. You see, I haven't proposed yet. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow if you are sufficiently interested."

How One Farmer Succeeded.

"Well, Wallace, you seem to be pretty nicely fixed here on a farm which, when I left the country ten years ago, was not considered worth much. You don't mean to say that this nice house and all these in it, and those two extra barns, and all the numerous other improvements grew out of an old run-down farm, do you?"

"Can't say that they exactly 'grew' out of it, Uncle John, but they were dug out of it by hard work, coupled with good management and thrift. As you say, the old place was all run down, and many of my friends said I was a fool to settle down on a western New York farm in such shape as this when I could go into the far west and get hold of a prairie farm which would be so much easier worked. But Martha did not like to go very far away from her old father and mother, and besides, I thought that I saw possibilities here of success, and so I resolved to try it."

The farm was encumbered with a mortgage for one-third its price. I took possession of the last of February, and after looking it over pretty thoroughly, I staked out four acres, lying on a sunny slope, and prepared to devote this plot to market gardening. I went to the city and engaged a gardener, and with his aid put the ground in tip-top shape with fertilizers, as soon as it could be done, and started plants in cold frames and hot beds that I might be on hand with the earliest of the early vegetables. You should have heard some of the doleful predictions of my friends and neighbors. My extravagance at hiring a gardener and paying him considerably more than an ordinary farm hand could be got for was only to be matched by my folly in supposing that I could dispose of such an acreage of green truck if I succeeded in raising it. You see market gardening was not carried on then as much as it is now, and eight miles from market was considered a serious obstacle.

"To cut the story short, the first season my garden paid my help and my household expenses, put a new foundation under my barn, and did some tile draining. This left my hay, corn, potato and such crops to be sold toward reducing the mortgage. But oh, how I worked that summer and the three or four following! Every other morning in the week I had to get up at 3 o'clock and start off to the city with a load of green stuff and it would be noon before I could dispose of it and get back. Then, after a good dinner and an hour's rest, I'd plunge into hard work again and keep at it as long as I could see. But I was young and strong as well as ambitious. My wife was my best assistant, for no matter how hard a man works outdoors, if the household matters are not managed with thrift and economy, he can't get ahead much. She had a strong German girl to help her, but Martha was at the helm, early and late, to see that things were going right with no waste. She was never lacking in expedients and tact."

"I see," said Uncle John, admiringly, "you struck a scientific track getting out of the ruts that our fathers and grandfathers jogged along in."

"You're right. Though I was brought up on a farm, I didn't think myself so wise that books and papers could not teach me anything. In addition to two good rural papers, I procured every other help I could, and as you remarked at the outset, have something to show for 'book farming,' combined with hard work. Now we're in circumstances to take it easy and see something of the world."

The writer's only excuse in preparing this sketch is that it is written from life, and the farmer described is not yet 40 years old.—Helen L. Manning in Farmers' Review.

Use of Tuberculin.

We have just heard of the following facts in connection with the use of tuberculin, says the Rural New Yorker. Three cows were tested several years ago and gave the usual reaction. They were taken out of the regular stables and put in sunny box stalls and given the best sanitary conditions. The following year they were tested again, and again reacted. The next year they were again tested, but failed to react. After they were slaughtered, an examination of the lungs showed that the disease had been stopped—the scars or marks showing how far it had gone. This suggests two things: Sunshine and a perfect sanitary condition is the best "consumption cure." Many herds are undoubtedly weakened and made more liable to the disease by being kept in dark, filthy and poorly ventilated stables. Another thought is that while tuberculin may prove an accurate test for the presence of the disease, it does not follow that every cow that shows the reaction should be killed at once. A cow may have the germs of the disease in her system and yet be so well cared for that she will entirely recover.

"BROWN'S KIDNEY PILLS" are unequalled for clearing the voice. Public speakers and singers the world over use them.

Free in rapid and constant motion betoken anxiety, fear or care.

What a sense of relief it is to know that you have no more coughs. Kidneys remove them, and very comforting to the throat at druggists.

Small eyes are supposed to indicate evening.

PAIN often concentrates all its MISERY in

Rheumatism

Use at once

ST. JACOBS OIL

If you want to feel it concentrate its healing in a cure.

Patents, Trade-Marks.

AMERICAN BUNTING FLAGS

MAKERS OF DOUBLE WARP

W. N. U. D.—XIV—5

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

The Great SWAMP KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N.Y.

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 Days.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

GRIND YOUR OWN BONE

THE AEROMOTOR CO.

W. N. U. D.—XIV—5

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.



You are discharged I have no use for any one that has not sense enough to chew

Battle-AX PLUG

The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents and The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents.

SALZERS SEEDS

YOU have often seen seed come up poor and stinky, without sufficient vitality to produce a crop.

HIGHEST GRADE. BEST QUALITY. Shaker Liquid Paint

AMOS B. McNAIRY & CO., 127-133 Brenton Ave., CLEVELAND, O.

DE KALB FENCE CO., 121 HIGH ST., De Kalb, Ill.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS AND PERSONAL MENTION.

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

Take a delightful trip with the eloquent Thomas McVeagh, Jr. through England, Ireland and Scotland, Monday night next at the Opera House. Admission 25 cents; children 15 cents.

Ed Lauffer is one of the clerk's at Conner & Son's.

The Panches block will be sold under a mortgage.

H. J. Bell's goods have been shipped to Standish, Mich.

Henry May, of Grand Rapids, was in town last week.

The Granite State Provident Association has collapsed.

A large crowd from Plymouth attended the farmers institute.

G. M. Jacobs will put a bread wagon on the road in the spring.

Prof. Beddow and E. C. Hough spent last Sunday in Ann Arbor.

Fred Dibble and wife, of Detroit, spent Sunday with his parents.

Miss May Hendrick, of Ypsilanti, is visiting her uncle, Jay Burr.

Born, Jan. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. August Micol, a son, weight 10 pounds.

LOST—On December 23, a fancy gold chain. Finder please leave at J. L. Gale's.

The Manchester homestead will be offered for sale at public auction.

Born, Jan. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Lute Passage, a son, weight seven and one-half pounds.

Mrs. Delos Harlow is reported very sick at present. Mrs. Wm. Van Vleet is also very sick.

Lou Hillmer puts a polish on your linen that is guaranteed to trip bullets. Read his ad.

Arthur Lusk returned Saturday evening from a three week's visit at his home in Thamesville, Can.

Miss Celestia Merrill returned home to New Boston after spending several days with friends hereabouts.

We are pleased to report that Mart Stringer is much better and hopes are now for a speedy recovery.

Rob. Mimmack resigned his position as captain of Phoenix Hose Co. and T. F. Chilson was elected to fill vacancy.

The clapper of the fire alarm has been arranged to strike twice instead of once every time the rope is pulled.

Remember the candy and pop-corn social to be given by the Universalist Aid Society, this Friday evening at Safford's hall.

Rev. Olivia J. Carpenter will speak on the following subjects next Sunday: 11 a. m.—"Ourselves and Others." 7 p. m.—"The Beautiful in Life."

To retain an abundant head of hair of a natural color to a good old age, the hygiene of the scalp must be observed. Ap- Hall's Hair Renewer.

Married—At the Presbyterian parsonage, on Wednesday afternoon, by the Rev. Robt. Bramfit, Mr. Jason Barber, of Ypsilanti, and Miss Grace Anderson, of Canton.

Thomas Palmer, a former resident of Plymouth, but now of Almont, Lapeer Co., this state, is visiting with his mother, Mrs. Francis Palmer, who lives on Church St. and is in poor health.

Take a delightful trip with the eloquent Thomas McVeagh, Jr. through England, Ireland and Scotland, Monday night next at the Opera House. Admission 25 cents; children 15 cents.

The Northville post office issued 12,371 money orders during 1895, an average of about 40 per day, if the Record is authority on such subjects. 2,500 would be nearer correct, and 2,400 would be still nearer correct.

Efforts are being made to secure Mrs. Florence Richards, of Ohio, to deliver an address to the people of Plymouth while on her way to Grand Rapids, where she is to lecture Feb. 10th. She is considered one of the ablest speakers in the country.

Rollo Kirk Bryan will give a Chalktalk entertainment at village hall, Plymouth, on the evening of Feb. 4th. Mr. Bryan has wonderful ability and a national reputation. This is an opportunity that Plymouth people should appreciate.

Fire destroyed a two-story frame structure in Northville Thursday morning. It was occupied by Boyer & Abernethy, tailors, and Geo. Chadwick, who had recently put in a stock of cigars and tobacco. The contents were also destroyed. No insurance.

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

The graduating class will put on a lecture course, the first of which will be on February 10th by the Lillian Troubadours Swiss singers, in company with Mr. Rawson, a magician of high standing. Give the class a good opening night.

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.

On Wednesday evening about 40 of Mrs. Wm. Smitherman's friends, members of the W. R. C. and G. A. R., met at her home to spend the evening. It was a surprise to her, but she managed to give them a good time for all that. Refreshments were served.

An auction sale will take place Thursday, Feb. 6th, on the premises known as the Rufus Safford farm, one-half mile east and two miles south of Plymouth, at 1 o'clock sharp. Stock, implements, machinery, grain, etc., will be disposed of. E. J. Bunas, proprietor; John Bennett, auctioneer.

The large farm house belonging to Mrs. Henry Tuttle, on section 12 in the township of Canton, occupied by Albert Stevens, was burned to the ground last Sunday noon. Mr. Stevens succeeded in getting out most of his household goods but they were badly broken up. Dwelling insured in the Wayne & Monroe Co. Mutual for \$1,200.

About two weeks ago Editor Neal, manager of the Northville Opera House, refused to bill a certain medicine company on account of revival services then in progress. His action is commendable. It is not at all unlikely that Neal has been convicted and intends to mend his ways. What a wonderful power for good he might become if his efforts were only exerted in the right direction.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

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

Feed Grinding six cents a bag at Phoenix mills.

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

During 1894 the receipts from the sale of stamps at the Plymouth post office was \$1,946.03, and during 1895, the receipts from the same source was \$2,438.48, an increase of \$492.45. During the last quarter of 1894, the stamp sales amounted to \$320.26, and during the last quarter of 1895, \$300.86, an increase of \$290.60. The receipts from box rents for 1894 were \$267.51, and for 1895, \$282.14, an increase of \$14.63. The above comparison goes to show that business in Plymouth is in a flourishing condition. Our merchants are alive and wide awake, and are offering bargains which cannot be duplicated in neighboring towns. The outlook for a prosperous year is encouraging.

The Methodist church was crowded last Sunday evening to see how well the little folks of the Loyal Temperance Legion would acquit themselves. That no one was disappointed was shown by the careful attention given to the proceedings. A fine program of music and recitations was rendered by the children, who showed that they had been well drilled for their respective parts, but the gem of the evening was the recitation by little Homer Patterson, who stood, unabashed, before the large audience and spoke his piece with all the sang froid of an elocutionist. The remarks by Rev. Bramfit were especially appropriate and were enjoyed by young and old. The choir rendered several beautiful selections, and taken all in all, the evening was both pleasant and profitable, the songs and recitations of the little ones giving food for thought to their elders. We are glad to learn that the W. C. T. U. will, with the assistance of the pastors, hold a public meeting once every two months, to occur successively in the different churches.

Chinese napkins at the Mail office.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Take notice that all taxes must be paid by Feb. 15th in order to complete the roll in time for my report. Mr. Hunter (Hunter & Park) will have the list and receive taxes from people of this end of the township.

S. W. KNAPP, Township Treasurer.

Times Have Changed.

"You don't bring me as much candy as you used to before we were married," pouted Mrs. Darley.

"No, I have to buy beefsteak now," replied her husband.—Oakland Times.

A Plague of Coyotes.

A novel scheme for saving his cattle from the droves of coyotes that infest the region has been hit upon by a rancher of Glen Rock, Wash. He has placed bells on the necks of a great number of cattle in his herd, and the result has been to scare the coyotes away. In the two months since he belled his herds he has not lost a single animal, while previously his loss averaged at least one steer a day. Coyotes are becoming more of a pest every season in many parts of Washington and Oregon, despite all the efforts of the cattlemen and farmers to exterminate them. Thousands of dollars are spent every year in waging war on the beasts, but with little results. Poison availed for a time but now the coyotes refuse to touch the poisoned carcasses of steers strawn about for their consumption. The only way of killing them is by shooting them, and this is feeble and wholly inadequate means. Occasionally the residents combine and have a grand round-up hunt, driving the coyotes toward the center of the circle, and slaughtering them there, and that is the only means of appreciably thinning them out occasionally. In some regions the packs of gray wolves are as numerous and troublesome as the coyotes. The coyotes are particularly adept chicken thieves, and, indeed, are a general pest around the farmyards.

Use Dr. Miles' Nerve Plaster for SPINAL WEAKNESS. All druggists sell 'em for 25c.

Highest Duties of Her Sex.

Deep down in the heart of every true woman, away below her desires for social success and an independent life, and perhaps the ballot, is the maternal feeling, the inclination towards wifehood and motherhood. And I do not believe a woman has any higher duty in this life than to be a good wife and a good mother. I feel quite sure that her greatest happiness lies in these two things. Let her be trained, therefore, as a home-maker. Have her, by all means, learn to cook and to sew and to attend to the thousand and one other things which are involved in domestic management. Even if she never has these duties to perform herself, she will, if she is to preside over a home, have to supervise their performance, which requires as much knowledge.

She should not, however, make the mistake of giving all her attention to things of the household, for it is, after all, only one field of knowledge, and there are many which will aid her in becoming the best possible wife and mother. It is a very great responsibility, that of a woman who has a husband and children. In her hands rest the happiness and welfare of several human beings. Her culture cannot be too great, nor her mind too broad, for the proper discharge of this sound trust. She should go to college if she can. The talk about college education tending to give a girl a disinclination to marriage is the sheerest nonsense. It is true that it gives her more discrimination in the choice of a husband, and the girl with a college education is more mature, as a rule, and therefore knows her own mind better when she enters the married state than the girl who has not had equal advantages.

Of course the majority of young women cannot go to college. They can, however, cultivate their minds by reading and thinking. To study and to read good literature, not scolding the best novels, and to cast from the mind all but worthy thoughts, is a duty every girl owes to her future husband and children. If she does these things and cultivates a sweet disposition, so that those around her may be made happy in the sunshine of her personality, she has, I think, achieved her highest destiny as a woman.—From "The Education of Our Girls" in *Demorest's Magazine for February*.

Take a delightful trip with the eloquent Thomas McVeagh, Jr. through England, Ireland and Scotland, Monday night next at the Opera House. Admission 25 cents; children 15 cents.

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

The Curative Value of Sleep.

Every sleeping apartment should be so arranged that a current of fresh air will enter and keep the air in motion and pure all night; without this precaution the carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs will, in the stagnant air, hug the bed from its own weight, and spread over the sleeper a blanket of impurity, and the re-breathed air will, before morning, be foul beyond belief.

The requisites for that beauty of tint complexion which health gives are not many, and are in the reach of all who care to take a little pains. Give yourself plenty of sound, restful sleep,—from seven to nine hours, according to your avocations and the tax upon your body and brain. If sleep, on a good bed, in a well ventilated room, does not come readily, try a cup of hot milk or of hot water, the last thing before getting into bed, and acquire a habit of relaxing all the muscles when you lie down, and banish thought. Don't take any sedatives and narcotics to banish worry, but have sufficient faith in the temporariness of all worries to realize that dwelling upon them does much harm and so good.—From "Daily Hygiene" in *Demorest's Magazine for February*.

CURED AT 73 YEARS.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure Victorious. No other medicine can show such a record. Here is a veritable patriarch, 73 years of age, with strong prejudice to overcome, who had Heart Disease 15 years. He took the New Heart Cure and is now sound and well.



SAMUEL O. STONE.
Grass Lake, Mich., Dec. 22, 1894.
I have been troubled with heart disease 15 years or more. Most of the time I was so bad it was not safe for me to go out alone, as dizzy spells would cause falling. I had severe palpitation, shortness of breath and sudden pains that rendered me helpless. All physicians did for me was to advise keeping quiet. In August last I commenced taking Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and before I had finished the first bottle I found the medicine was a God-send. I have now used four bottles in all and am feeling entirely well. I am 73 years of age and have held a grudge against patent medicines all my life, but I will not allow this to prevent giving my testimony to the great cure your valuable remedy has wrought in me. I do this to show my appreciation of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure. S. O. STONE.
Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on all reliable guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at 25c, 50c, \$1.00, or it will be sent by mail, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Restores Health.

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 sawed.

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. FRISBEE,
Plymouth.

"There be Wars and Rumors of Wars."

If you get in the fracas and get your linen soiled, we will be pleased to launder it for you.

We are for Peace.

In fact the more pieces in the shape of Shirts, Collars and Cuffs you may let us polish off for you, the more willing we will be to let you polish off J. B.

As we said before, we don't want to fight, but if Uncle Sam wants a polish on his shirt front that will trip up a bullet, direct him to the

HOME LAUNDRY.
Next Door to Cable's.

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,

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SISTER ROSE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY WILKIE COLLINS

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

He spoke with a quiet sadness in his voice, which meant far more to his sister than the simple words he uttered. Her eyes filled with tears; she turned for a moment from her lover and took her brother's hand. "Don't talk, Louis, as if you thought you were going to lose your sister, because—" Her lip began to tremble, and she stopped suddenly.

"More jealous than ever of your taking her away from him!" whispered Madame Danville in her son's ear. "Hush! don't, for God's sake, take any notice of it," she added hurriedly, as he rose from the seat and faced Trudaine with undigested irritation and impatience in his manner. Before he could speak, the old servant Guillaume made his appearance, and announced that coffee was ready. Madame Danville again said "Hush!" and quickly took one of his arms, while he offered the other to Rose. "Charles!" said the young girl, amazedly, "how flushed your face is, and how your arm trembles!"

He controlled himself in a moment, smiled, and said to her, "Can't you guess why, Rose? I am thinking of to-morrow." While he was speaking, he passed close by the land-steward, on his way back to the house with the ladies. The smile returned to Monsieur Lomaque's lean face, and a curious light twinkled in his red-rimmed eyes, as he began a fresh hole in the grass.

"Won't you go in doors, and take some coffee?" asked Trudaine, touching the land-steward on the arm.

Monsieur Lomaque started a little, and left his cane sticking in the ground. "A thousand thanks, monsieur," he said; "may I be allowed to follow you?"

"I confess the beauty of the evening makes me a little unwilling to leave this place just yet." "Ah! the beauties of nature—I feel them with you, Monsieur Trudaine; I feel them here." Saying this, Lomaque laid one hand on his heart, and with the other pulled his stick out of the grass. He had looked as little at the landscape or setting sun as Monsieur Justin himself.

CHAPTER III.

HEY sat down, side by side, on the empty bench; and then there followed an awkward pause. Submissive Lomaque was too discreet to forget his place, and venture on starting a new topic. Trudaine was preoccupied, and disinclined to talk. It was necessary, however, in common politeness, to say something. Hardly attending himself to his own words, he began with a common-place phrase—"I regret, Monsieur Lomaque, that we have not had more opportunities of bettering our acquaintance."

"I feel deeply indebted," rejoined the land-steward, "to the admirable Madame Danville for having chosen me as her escort hither from her son's estate near Lyons, and having thereby procured for me the honor of this introduction." Both Monsieur Lomaque's red-rimmed eyes were seized with a sudden fit of winking, as he made this polite speech. His enemies were accustomed to say that, whenever he was particularly insincere, or particularly deceitful, he always took refuge in the weakness of his eyes, and so evaded the trying ordeal of being obliged to look steadily at the person whom he was speaking with.

"I was pleased to hear you mention my late father's name, at dinner, in terms of high respect," continued Trudaine, resolutely keeping up the conversation. "Did you know him?"

"I am indirectly indebted to your excellent father," answered the land-steward, "for the very situation which I now hold. At a time when the good word of a man of substance and reputation was needed to save me from poverty and ruin, your father spoke that word. Since then, I have, in my own very small way, succeeded in life up to the honor of superintending the estate of Monsieur Danville."

"Excuse me—but your way of speaking of your present situation rather surprises me. Your father, I believe, was a merchant just as Danville's father was a merchant; the only difference between them was, that one failed, and the other realized a large fortune. Why should you speak of yourself as honored by holding your present place?"

"Have you never heard?" exclaimed Lomaque, with an appearance of great astonishment, "or can you have heard, and forgotten, that Madame Danville is descended from one of the noble houses of France? Has she never told you, as she has often told me, that she condescended when she married her late husband, and that her great object in life is to get the title of her family (years since extinct in the male line) settled on her son?"

"Yes," replied Trudaine; "I remember to have heard something of this, and to have paid no great attention to it at the time, having little sympathy with such aspirations as you describe. You have lived many years in Danville's service, Monsieur Lomaque; have you?"—he hesitated for a moment, then continued, looking the land-steward full in the face, "have you found him a good and kind master?"

Lomaque's thin lips seemed to close instinctively at the question, as if he were never going to speak again. He bowed—Trudaine waited—he only bowed again. Trudaine waited a third time. Lomaque looked at his host with perfect steadiness for an instant, then his eyes began to get weak again. "You seem to have some special interest," he quietly remarked, "if I may say so without offense, in asking me that question?"

"I deal frankly, at all hazard, with every one," returned Trudaine; "and, stranger as you are, I will deal frankly with you. I acknowledge that I have an interest in asking that question—the dearest, the tenderest of all interests." At those last words his voice trembled for a moment, but he went on firmly: "From the beginning of my sister's engagement with Danville, I made it my duty not to conceal my own feelings; my conscience and my affection for Rose counseled me to be candid to the last, even though my candor should distress or offend others. When we first made the acquaintance of Madame Danville, and when I first discovered that her son's attentions to Rose were not unfavorably received, I felt astonished, and though it cost me a hard effort, I did not conceal that astonishment from my sister."

Lomaque, who had hitherto been all attention, started here, and threw up his hands in amazement. "Astonished, did I hear you say? Astonished, Monsieur Trudaine, that the attentions of a young gentleman possessed of all the graces and accomplishments of a highly-bred Frenchman should be favorably received by a young lady! Astonished that such a dancer, such a singer, such a talker, such a notoriously fascinating ladies' man as Monsieur Danville should, by dint of respectful assiduity, succeed in making some impression on the heart of Mademoiselle Rose! Oh! Monsieur Trudaine, venerated Monsieur Trudaine, this is almost too much to credit!" Lomaque's eyes grew weaker than ever, and winked incessantly, as he uttered this apostrophe. At the end he threw up his hands again, and blinked inquiringly all round him, in mute appeal to universal nature.

"When, in the course of time, matters were farther advanced," continued Trudaine, without paying any attention to the interruption; "when the offer of marriage was made, and when I knew that Rose had in her own heart accepted it, I objected, and I did not conceal my objections."

"Heavens!" interrupted Lomaque again, clasping his hands this time with a look of bewilderment; "what objections? what possible objections to a man, young and well-bred, with an immense fortune and an uncompromised character? I have heard of these objections. I know they have made bad blood; and I ask myself again and again, what can they be?"

"God knows I have often tried to dismiss them from my mind, as fanciful and absurd," said Trudaine, "and I have always failed. It is impossible, in your presence, that I can describe in detail what my own impressions have been, from the first, of the master whom you serve. Let it be enough if I confide to you that I cannot, even now, persuade myself of the sincerity of his attachment to my sister, and that I feel—in spite of myself, in spite of my earnest desire to put the most implicit confidence in Rose's choice—a distrust of his character and temper, which now, on the eve of the marriage, amounts to positive terror. Long secret suffering, doubt, and suspense wring this confession from me, Monsieur Lomaque, almost unawares, in defiance of caution, in defiance of all the conventionalities of society. You have lived for years under the same roof with this man; you have seen him in his most unguarded and private moments. I tempt you to betray no confidence—I only ask you if you can make me happy by telling me that I have been doing your master grievous injustice by my opinion of him? I ask you to take my hand and tell me if you can, in all honor, that my sister is not risking the happiness ofriage to Danville to-morrow!"

He held out his hand while he spoke. By some strange chance, Lomaque happened just at that moment to be looking away towards those beauties of nature which he admired so greatly. "Really, Monsieur Trudaine, really such an appeal from you, at such a time, amazes me." Having got so far, he stopped and said no more.

"When we first sat down together here, I had no thought of making this appeal, no idea of talking to you as I have talked," pursued the other. "My words have escaped me, as I told you, almost unawares—you must make allowances for them and for me. I cannot expect others, Monsieur Lomaque, to appreciate and understand my feelings for Rose. We two have lived alone in the world together; father, mother, kindred, all died years since and left us. I am so much older than my sister, that I have learnt to feel toward her more as a father than as a brother. All my life, all my dearest hopes, all my highest expectations have centered in her; I was past the period of my boyhood when my mother put my little child sister's hand in mine, and said to me on her death bed, 'Louis, be all to her that I have been, for she has no one left to look to but you.' Since then the loves and ambitions of other men have not been my loves or my ambitions. Sister Rose—as we all used

to call her in those past days, as I love to call her still—Sister Rose has been the eye aim, the one happiness, the one precious trust, the one treasured reward of all my life. I have lived in this poor house, in this dull retirement, as in a Paradise, because Sister Rose, my innocent, happy, bright-faced Eve, has lived here with me. Even if the husband of her choice had been the husband of mine, the necessity of parting with her would have been the hardest, the bitterest of trials. As it is, thinking what I think, dreading what I dread, judge what my feelings must be on the eve of her marriage; and know why, and with what object, I made the appeal which surprised you a moment since, but which cannot surprise you now. Speak if you will—I can say no more." He sighed bitterly; his head dropped on his breast, and the hand which he had extended to Lomaque trembled as he withdrew it and let it fall at his side.

The land-steward was not a man accustomed to hesitate, but he hesitated now. He was not usually at a loss for phrases in which to express himself, but he stammered at the very outset of his reply. "Suppose I answered," he began, slowly; "suppose I told you that you wronged him; would my testimony really be strong enough to shake opinions, or rather presumptions, which have been taking firmer and firmer hold of you for months and months past? Suppose, on the other hand, that my master had his little"—(Lomaque hesitated before he pronounced the next word)—"his little infirmities, let me say, but only hypothetically, mind that—infirmitates; and suppose I had observed them, and was willing to confide them to you; what purpose would such a confidence answer now at the eleventh hour, with Mademoiselle Rose's heart engaged, with the marriage fixed for to-morrow? No! no! trust me—"

Trudaine looked up suddenly. "I thank you for reminding me, Monsieur Lomaque, that it is too late now to make inquiries, and by consequence too late also to trust in others. My sister has chosen; and on the subject of that choice my lips shall be henceforth sealed. The events of the future are with God; whatever they may be, I hope I am strong enough to bear my part in them with the patience and the courage of a man! I apologize, Monsieur Lomaque, for having thoughtlessly embarrassed you by questions which I had no right to ask. Let us return to the house—I will show you the way."

Lomaque's lips opened, then closed again; he bowed uneasily, and his sallow complexion whitened for a moment. Trudaine led the way in silence back to the house, the land-steward following slowly at a distance of several paces, and talking in whispers to himself: "His father was the saving of me," muttered Lomaque; "that is the truth, and there is no getting over it; his father was the saving of me, and yet here am I—no! it's too late!—too late to speak—too late to act—too late to do anything!"

"Close to the house they were met by the old servant. "My young lady has just sent me to call you in to coffee, Monsieur," said Guillaume. "She has kept a cup hot for you, and another cup for Monsieur Lomaque."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BLENHEIM SPANIEL.

Most Lovable of the Four-Footed Pets of Womankind.

Of all the pets of womankind, babies alone excepted, there is nothing more lovable than the tiny Blenheim spaniel, says an exchange. Why this breed of dogs has the name of the palace of the duke of Marlborough no one seems to know. The story goes, however, that the first duke had the breed and that, on a friend's requesting a puppy, he refused to part with one, but at the same time took two or three blind whelps and threw them to tame eagles. But in the year 1800 his grace the duke of Marlborough was reputed to possess the smallest and best breed of cockers (woodcock spaniels) in Britain. They were invariably red and white, with very long ears, short noses and black eyes. They were evidently the ancestors of the present Blenheim, which are still bred by the keepers of the lodge at Blenheim and some of the inhabitants of Woodstock. But there is little doubt that they have been crossed with the pug to give them the very short snub noses which they now possess. Moreover, the breed has become very delicate and difficult to rear. They suffer from brain disease and are more likely than any other dog to die in puppyhood. "Idstone," the celebrated writer on dogs, remembers the time when the Blenheims were mainly bred in the vicinity of the palace. He suggests as a probably origin of the Blenheims the Japanese toy spaniel. The surmise seems very probable. As it is the ambition of every English woman to own one of these tiny creatures they will probably some day be the rage in this country; therefore, it is well to know something of their pedigree.

Russian Doctors.

One of those painstaking persons called statisticians has been turning his attention to the position of Russia in regard to its supply of doctors. The country has produced a number of eminent chemists, but medical men are somewhat scarce. In all Russia there are only 15,740 qualified practitioners, of whom 553 are women.

An Odd Instrument.

An odd instrument has just been invented combining a fan and an ear-trumpet. The deaf lady, when she wishes to hear what is being said, folds up her fan into a shape somewhat like the paper packets used by grocers, and applies the small end to her ear.

Deafness Can Not Be Cured By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Eyes placed close together in the head are said to indicate pathos of disposition, jealousy and a turn for fault finding.

SILVER KING BARLEY, 110 BU. PER ACRE. The barley wonder. Yields right along on poor, good or indifferent soils 80 to 100 bus. per acre. That pays at 20c. a bushel!

Salzer's mammoth catalogue is full of good things. Silver Mine Oats yielded 209 bushels in 1895. It will do better in 1896. Hurray for Teosinte, Sand Vetch, Spurry and Giant Clover and lots of grasses and clovers they offer. 35 packages earliest vegetables \$1.00.

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 ten grain and grass samples, including barley, etc., and their mammoth catalogue. Catalog

SOCIALISM DEFINED.

A Plain Statement of its Aims, Objects and Principles.

Although in the last decade Socialism has been making rapid stride in all civilized countries, there are still large numbers of people who have an imperfect vague and false idea of what it really is. Their information regarding it has often been derived from sources maliciously hostile to, or ignorantly prejudiced against it; but the probability that in a few years it may be a strong factor in unmaking and making governments and in determining the destinies of nations, makes a true and thorough understanding of Socialism a matter of vital importance to each and every nation.

While many of the minute arrangements and petty details of a socialized government must of a necessity be left to the people who may at some future time organize and establish it, the principles upon which Socialism is based and its objects and purposes may be clearly defined and plainly stated.

Socialism is based upon the material facts, from which alone can spring the principles of peace, brotherhood, justice and equality. Its salient points and principal teachings may be expressed as follows:

1. All persons, regardless of sex, creed, color or nativity, are born free and equal, with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and a life interest in the undivided whole of the resources of nature and of society, both of which have become necessary to civilized man.

2. Man is an interdependent social being; the product of natural laws, heredity, education and environment, and interests, welfare, progress and happiness are inseparably interwoven and bound up with the interests, welfare, progress and happiness of all his fellow-men.

In order to make a practical application to the affairs of every day life of the foregoing primary principles and ideas, Socialism has taken the form of an international or world-embracing movement. The intention of its supporters and adherents is to obtain, by the peaceable method of the ballot, possession of the public or governmental powers in all civilized countries, and make the lands, mines, machinery, factories, railways, telegraphs and all the means of production, transportation and distribution of the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life the property of the whole people collectively, to be operated as are the post office, highways, etc., for use and not for private profit, as they now are.

This collectively owned property is to be (co-operatively) operated for the benefit of the whole people, by a systematic organization of each and every industry, on a sufficiently large scale, with the best known means and appliances, to the end that an abundant amount of productions may be furnished to all who require them, with the least possible expenditure of time and labor. Each person who is mentally and physically able and within certain ages—the limits to be fixed by law—will be required to perform a sufficient amount of useful public service to procure for such person a decent living and to produce a just proportion for the support of those who are exempt from service. Whoever, being of legal age and otherwise qualified, will not work, neither shall he eat. Dr. Hertza, the eminent Austrian scientist, after an exhaustive investigation, calculated that where the 2,000,000 able-bodied male Austrians between the ages of 18 and 50 years all to do a useful labor, they would furnish the whole 22,000,000 inhabitants of that country with a living equal to that now enjoyed by the well-to-do, by working 1 1/2 hours per day for 300 days in the year. With the constant improvement of means and methods and a reasonable amount of help from the female half of the population, a reduction of the hours estimated by Dr. Hertza could be made or a higher standard of living could be furnished. Should even two hours of work per day be required to produce all NEEDED comforts, three hours of service would enable the people to live in a HIGH STATE OF LUXURY, and none would be overworked or worried for fear of coming to want.

In a Socialist commonwealth all business would be between the collectivity and the individual citizen, and the only form of money required would be a labor check to pass from the government to the individual in payment for services rendered and to pass from the individual back to the government in payment for such productions or conveniences as the individual might choose to purchase. The government that the evolution of society would bring on, and that Socialism would establish, can be none other than the most popular and democratic form, with the most popular and democratic appliances, some of which dreamers now propose to introduce, but which under Socialism would be practicable and practical.

The inauguration of Socialism would not—as many people falsely imagine—usher in the millennium. There would still remain an infinite opportunity for improvement between its adoption and the beatitudes of angelic purity, omnipotent wisdom and perfect bliss. Socialism simply proposes to take people as they are ready-made; thy good, bad and indifferent, without previous regeneration, and, by systematic organization and effort, place them in a better condition than they or their ancestors have ever known. The resources of nature (natural opportunities) are abundantly ample for all, and the

means of their development (social opportunities, i. e., capital) are practically unlimited; there is no enigma of action in production and a just distribution are all that is needed for us to secure universal economic liberty.

The drift and trend of the present age is to weigh, measure, count, estimate and reduce everything to systematic science. Socialism alone presents the only possible complete science of economics. It is the only method by which society as a whole can benefit of a systematic union and economy of forces and resources. It is the only way in which the needs and wants of the multitude can be accurately estimated and supplied—each one getting a just share—without waste of substance and effort.

It shows the only means by which mankind can gain the essential attainable victory over nature and secure the greatest average amount of personal liberty. While Socialism would not fully satisfy all human wants and aspirations to make further progress undesirable, yet, from whatever point of view it is comprehensively contemplated without prejudice, it reaches the highest practical ideals and becomes the highest religion; as Bellamy put it, "It is the religion of all hearts, and the heart of all religions."

Under its rule it would for the first time in history become possible to "Love ye one another," "Love thy neighbor as thyself," "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

Legally, as 95 per cent. of the present court proceedings relate directly or indirectly to the rights of the individual property, it will be readily seen that Socialism, having sent the "sacred rights of private property" to keep company with the obsolete "divine right of kings" and the infallibility of priests, would not carry so enormous a load of confusing and contradictory laws. The law being necessarily simple, there being no more conflict of individual material interests, we would have at last impartial justice. Having removed the obstacles and opportunities to do wrong to a minimum and enhanced the inducements and impulses to do right to a maximum, our prisons and jails would practically be tenanted.

Financially Socialism would place that much worshipped, corrupted, almighty, gold-plated, silver god, mammon, with the useless idols of the dead past; and banks, bonds, notes, mortgages, usury, interest, profits, rent and confusion would be his sepulchre.

Philanthropically, Socialism would strike the debasing shackles from the aching limbs of the "horny-handed sons of toil," call the despised tramp from the highway, the starving from the garret and novel, and invite them to seat at the Master's table. This era of "Peace on earth, good will amongst men" will come partly through the awakening of humanitarian conscience in the comparative few, but it will be brought about principally through the stern necessity of the multitude.

The inability of the middle class producer and the merchant to compete with the monopoly and trust is rapidly driving the middle class to wage slavery, while science and invention, with improved means and machinery, are also driving the wage earners to the street and highway, because their labor is superfluous. The working man can with his earnings buy a small percent. of the goods his labor has produced; hence all wealth is steadily and surely concentrating into the hands of a small plutocratic minority.

These are the irresistible economic forces which are swiftly working towards the inevitable result of making the masses either move off the earth, or as a matter of self preservation, become masters. The grand light of Socialism has flashed its benign rays around the earth. Its flag floats in the air of liberty, and, if we would have the world for humanity, it is our inspiring and sacred duty to march with the international SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY to the land of peace and plenty—the CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH.

L. H. C.

FREE PILLS.

Send your address to H. B. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 24c per box Sold by John L. Gale, Druggist. 8

Newburg.

We have three new lamps in the church, which are a great improvement on the old ones.

On account of her father's sickness, our Sunday school superintendent, Mrs. Eva Smith has been unable to attend church the last two weeks.

Mrs. James LeVan is working at Mr. Huston's of Plymouth.

League meetings every Tuesday evening. All are invited.

Master Robert Holloway, of Plymouth, spent Sunday here with friends.

practice at the church every Friday evening.

Mr. Clarence Rutter is visiting his parents here.

The L. A. S. will give a musical and literary entertainment at the church Wednesday evening, Feb. 5. The proceeds will go for building an addition to the church, and also for testing the organ. All come as this promises to be one of the best entertainments of the season. Admission 10 cents.

After league last Tuesday evening many of the young Epworthians hurried away to horn Mr. Lou Meinbart who was married last week. The young couple were treated to some very discordant harmony as the noise was heard over a mile away.

Mr. S. Smith is no better at this writing. **UNCLE RASTUS.**

Sent to Mother in Germany.

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

Livonia.

Roy Naylor, who was reported very sick last week, is no longer.

S. Johnson is on the sick list.

Mrs. George Naylor, of Salem, was in the village last Saturday.

A Jew, we think, was in town last week throwing out bills to advertise his shoddy goods, but it will do him no good, as our citizens have been caught too many times to bite at such schemes.

John C. Myers is drawing lumber to Stark and shipping it.

Mr. Brown, an uncle of Mrs. Kingsley, of this place, visited friends in this vicinity last Sunday. His home is in the western part of the state.

George Pierson went to Midland last week on business.

Kingsley and Patterson raised their large smoke stack for their mill last Friday.

A dance was given at the house of Wm. Gates last Friday evening and all report a good time.

THE DEACON.

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.

Pikes Peak.

"Uncle Brose" Robinson, who has been ill for some time, is no better.

Mrs. T. P. Sherman is on the sick list.

Mrs. Kate Wurts is very sick.

Wm. Hunter, who has not been well for some time, is better at present.

It would seem from the above that Dr. Jalsp was in a good locality, but we need someone who is more experienced.

Miss Nellie Hanchett, who had been a sufferer from consumption for some time, died last Monday morning. She had been a great sufferer the last few days, but was patient to the end. Beautiful flowers adorned the casket, they being the gift of her young friends, of whom she had many. For to know her was to be her friend. The funeral was held at the residence. Rev. Arnold conducted the services, taking his text from a part of the 27th verse of the 14th chapter of John, which was previously selected by the deceased. The family have the sympathy of the entire community.

Mrs. Bell Hanchett is under the doctor's care.

Quite a number of the people in this vicinity attended the farmers institute at Wayne last Tuesday and Wednesday. They report a very pleasant time.

A number of our young people attended the K. O. T. M. social at Wm. Hood's last Wednesday evening.

The law-suit of Dothet vs. Handyside held in the P. of I. hall resulted in the jury rendering a verdict of no cause for action.

W. B. Mosher and wife were entertained at the home of C. J. Nollett Thursday.

THE PARSON.

Stark.

The ice house which is being built at this place by the railmens union is nearly completed and is partly filled with ice.

Mr. Chas. Millard having received the job of weighing in talk at this place, has sold his well machine to Mr. Foster.

The roads around here are so rough that it is almost impossible to get through. There was a very enthusiastic meeting of the railmens union here last Tuesday evening, but there is one man belongs to this union who is determined to make trouble, and unless he changes his treatment to some of the members, he will be given the privilege of stepping down and out.

The L. O. T. M., of Elm, will give a box social at their hall on Friday evening, Feb. 7th. All come as a good time may be expected.

RIGGS' Midwinter Clearing Sale

Is now going on.

Cloaks, Capes, Jackets, Plush and cloth Caps, 1-2 Price.

Overcoats and Ulsters Regardless of Cost.

Drv 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. L. RIGGS, The Plymouth Cash Outfitter

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

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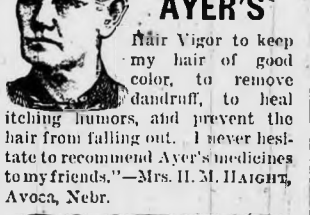
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Well Satisfied with Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"Nearly forty years ago, after some weeks of sickness, my hair turned gray. I began using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and was so well satisfied with the results that I have never tried any other kind of dressing. It requires only an occasional application of



AYER'S Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the Complexion.

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Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Address: SUN & CO., Publishers, 321 Broadway, New York City.

In a recent letter to the manufacturers Mr. W. F. Benjamin, editor of the Spectator, Rushford, New York, says: "It may be a pleasure to you to know the high esteem in which Chamberlain's medicines are held by the people of your own state, where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Dexter, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years since, and leaving home wrote me, asking if they were sold here, stating if they were not she would bring a quantity with her as 'he did not like he without them.' The medicines referred to are Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds and croup; Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and 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 unequalled by any other. They are for sale by Dr. J. G. Meiler, druggist.

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CAPITAL, \$50,000. A General Banking Business Transacted.

4 PER CENT. Interest paid on Savings and Time Deposits.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

O. A. FRASER, CASHIER

A. PELHAM, DENTIST.

From all accounts Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a Godsend to the afflicted. There is no advertisement about this: we feel just like saying it.—The Democrat, Carrollton, Ky. For sale by Dr. J. G. Meiler.