

The Plymouth Mail.

VOLUME IX, NO. 24.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FEBRUARY 14, 1896.

WHOLE NO. 440

H. DOHMSTREICH & CO.

THE GENERAL MERCHANTS.

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Awarded 54 First Premiums at World's Fair.

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H. DOHMSTREICH, Agt.

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When folks tell you there is No Hay in the country. We have an Immense stock of all grades.

Choice Timothy \$17.00 per ton.

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Choice Kansas

Upland " 14.00 " "

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Baled Straw " 8.00 " "

Terms:—Cash. prompt Delivery.

L. C. HOUGH & SON,

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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, Fleeced 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.

FAIR MEETING

WAS HELD IN SAFFORD'S HALL TUESDAY AFTERNOON WITH A GOOD ATTENDANCE.

The Reports were Complete and Listened to with Much Interest. Amount of Stock will be Increased.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Plymouth Fair Association and patrons of the fair was held in Safford's hall, Tuesday afternoon last. Dr. Collier was elected chairman and E. W. Chaffee secretary of the meeting. A report from T. C. Sherwood as to the condition of the association and the prospects for future fairs was listened to with a great deal of interest.

The treasurer's report showed the receipts from all sources for the year 1895, together with the amount on hand before the last fair, to be \$2,711.10. The total expense account for the same time was \$2,786.46, leaving a minus balance of \$75.36. The report of the treasurer was accepted.

On motion, it was decided that the amount of stock be increased to \$2,400.00, double the present amount, by subscription.

On motion, it was decided that the Board of Directors be increased from seven members to eleven.

It was also decided that a committee of seven be appointed by the chair to solicit stock.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Safford for the use of his hall, after which the meeting adjourned till Saturday afternoon, Feb. 20, at 2 o'clock.

There is an erroneous idea entertained by quite a number of the Plymouth fair patrons, who do not acquaint themselves with facts in the matter, that the members of the association are running things for the money there is in it. It has also been said that the fair is managed in the interest of the horsemen, and not in the interests of the majority of the public who should be benefitted. That this idea may be discouraged it might be said that during the fair of 1895, \$1,047.00 was paid as premiums for trials of speed. The grand stand receipts were \$218.95, and entrance fees for horses \$446.50, making a total of \$665.45 received from this source. Take this amount from the premiums paid for trials of speed, \$1,047.00, and \$381.55 remains as the actual cost to the association for this special attraction.

Now for the other premiums \$731.20 was paid, almost twice the amount paid for trials of speed. A few carry the idea that it would be better to eliminate horse racing from the program. The fact of the matter is, a fair cannot be successfully conducted without it. The scheme has been tried in several places and was proven a failure.

It would be impossible to conduct a fair without features which would be objectionable to some, but the fair in general and the association should not be condemned because every part of the program and every part of the work does not meet with unanimous approval. The Plymouth fair association have the reputation from one end of the state to the other of having the cleanest and best managed fair in the state. Even last year the association could have cleared themselves if games of chance and gambling devices had been allowed. The Plymouth fair was the first fair in the state to prohibit the sale of liquor on its grounds, and since it did a number of others have followed their example.

As for the association making any money out of the Plymouth fair, they have not. It has hardly been self-supporting, and they are still a little in debt. The idea of increasing the amount of stock is a good one, and will probably put the association "square with the world." It will also put new life into the work and a new interest will be awakened. Let everyone in Plymouth and the surrounding country, whether a stockholder or not, who is interested in the welfare of Plymouth and the Plymouth fair, put his shoulder to the wheel and help "push it along." Instead of trying to scheme how we can make 50 cents or a dollar out of it, let us all pull together to the end, that the Plymouth fair may be a grander success than ever before.

Send Me your Old Stamps.

Almost every family has packages of old letters, deeds, notes, leases, wills, mortgages and other papers laid away, on which are U. S. and revenue stamps. I want them. For the right kinds, lightly cancelled, unframed and unrolled, I will pay from 10 cents to \$1.00 each. Also want the old medicine, perfumery, match, playing card and canned goods stamps. Mail them to—

W. H. KEPPEL, Publisher,
74 Madison St., Tiffin, Ohio.

By mail or in person to Dr. Miller, Fair Plaza, Tiffin, Ohio. "Omit a cent."

In Memoriam, Mrs. Mary Park.

Mary Shelters was born in Mendon, Monroe Co., N. Y. April 1st, 1822, being the youngest daughter of a family of eight, only one of whom, a brother, is still living. She was married to James Park, October 27, 1842, their married life extending over a period of 48 years, he having died in 1890. With the exception of a brief residence near Ypsilanti, they lived in Mendon until coming to Plymouth in 1876. Two children, Mr. Frank Park and Mrs. W. J. Burrows, well and favorably known in this vicinity, are left to mourn their loss.

And indulgent mother, sympathetic friend, genial companion; ever ready to relieve a brother's woes, hush the widow's sobs, beguile the orphan's tears into smiles. While the hand of affliction has lain heavily upon her these many weeks, she murmured not. Soothed and sustained by an unflinching trust, she patiently awaited the messenger who lifts the mystic veil and bids the weary and care-worn enter Elysian fields.

In early life she united with the Universalist Society. The funeral services, conducted by Rev. Lee McCollister, of Detroit, were largely attended.

Thus, from the garden of thought, lifelong friends would pluck the immortalis of affection, which woven by friendship's hand, into the wreath of remembrance we place upon her tomb as an humble tribute of esteem.

A peculiar coincidence was the death upon the same day, February 10, of Mrs. Maria Seeley, an only sister, aged 87 years, who has resided in Plymouth nearly 50 years.

Mrs. Maria Seeley.

Died, at her home in Plymouth, Tuesday, February 11, after a continued prostration of apoplexy, Mrs. Maria Seeley, aged 87 years.

Maria Shelters was born in New York state August 1st, 1808. When about twenty-five years of age she married Daniel Seeley. They came to Michigan a short time after their marriage and settled at Walled Lake. After living here nine years they returned to their former home and three years later came back to Michigan. After Mr. Seeley's death, Mrs. Seeley made her home in the village of Plymouth and of late years has been taken care of by Mr. and Mrs. George Van Decar.

Forty-one years ago Mrs. Seeley united with the Plymouth Baptist church by letter and has ever since been a faithful and consistent member.

W. C. T. U.

For our next public meeting which will occur in the Baptist church, Sunday evening, March 12th, we have secured the services of Andrew L. Moore, a brilliant young lawyer of Pontiac, who will speak on "The Perils of the Nineteenth Century." Mr. Moore comes to us highly recommended as a speaker and we feel sure that his lecture will be greatly enjoyed by our people.

Word has been received by our corresponding secretary that Mrs. E. N. Law is still in this district and could give us a date in March but as we had already secured a speaker for our March meeting, we will not be able to have Mrs. Law unless it should be possible for her to come for our May meeting.

Another box of literature has been forwarded to the lumbermen. Our good superintendent of this department is an ind-fatigable worker and is earnest in her efforts to secure good reading matter for the lumbermen.

Don't forget our "Red Curtain Entertainment" in Safford's hall next Tuesday night. It is bound to be a good one and will only cost you a dime.

The Ideal Panacea.

James L. Francis, Alderman, Chicago, says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an ideal panacea for coughs, colds, and lung complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physician's prescriptions and other preparations."

Rev. John Burgus, Keokuk, Iowa, writes: "I have been a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church for 50 years or more, and have never found anything so beneficial, or that gave me such speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discovery." Try this ideal cough remedy now. Trial bottles free at Gale's drug store.

A Bonus 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, N. Y.

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

Save Money

By buying your Boots and Shoes of

BENNETT & CO.

We are always to the Front with BARGAINS.

We have several pairs of Women's Hand Turn Shoes in small sizes that we will sell at a Big Discount, original Prices from \$3.00 to \$4.50.

Our lines of men's and women's Spring and Summer Fine Shoes in Tan and Black will be in soon. All the late Nobby and Snappy Soes and Styles—New Vassar, Broadway, Nichols, and Silver Toes. Do not buy Fine Shoes till you see what we offer.

Our Entire Stock is Up-to-date.

Styles of last fall are "not in it" with the nobby changes for spring and summer.

Buy something New and have your feet well dressed. The styles in shoes vary often, we have no old stock to offer you, thoroughly up to date styles.

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.

Women's Rubber Heavy Plain Overs, at.....	28c
Women's Rubbers Plain Croquet at.....	25c
Women's Rubbers High Cut Storm, at.....	28c
Misses Rubbers Heavy Plain Overs.....	19c
Childs' Rubbers Heavy Plain Overs.....	17c

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SOAPS!

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, Marsh-mallow 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.



IT WAS UNEXPECTED.

A STORY FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

WHEN my dear Aunt Maud died—she died the very summer I graduated—I was really too heart-broken to care what became of me. Still, I had to be disposed of in some way, so it was decided that I go to live with my brother Richard.

I had always lived with my aunt, had known no other mother, therefore her death was the greatest blow possible to me. And this brother Richard I knew only slightly, and that when I was a mere child. If I had been in a state of mind to care about anything, I should have hated the idea of going very much. As it was, I went without a murmur. I took the journey alone, almost clear across the continent, and subsequently, after many ups and



RECEIVED A TELEGRAM. Down, arrived at Dick's town, a queer little village in South Carolina.

Dick is a moderately young bachelor. He is an attorney-at-law, and has a very fair practice indeed. Anterior to my advent, he had lived by himself in a pretty cottage on the prettiest street, and was rather a central figure, and was quite the most eligible young man about town. He was not spoiled, though. I found him to be a very dear old fellow, and determined in my heart to be to him such a faithful co-operator and satisfactory housekeeper, that he would never need or desire any other.

We got on famously together, so famously that in all probability the last chapter would have found us still there, he a grizzled old bachelor, I a grizzled old maid, had not something occurred which brought about a change.

It all grew out of what happened one St. Valentine's eve.

On this day, memorable above other days, just about an hour after dinner Dick received a telegram to go up that evening to A—a city fifty miles away, to meet an important client. He did not have time to come home, for the train was then in sight, but he scribbled me the following note, which I did not get until nearly night, because the office boy neglected to bring it until that time.

3:30 p. m.
Dear Girl—Have to leave on next train to meet a man in A. Probably won't get home until to-morrow noon. Spend the night with the Ancient (a dear old lady friend of mine). Be sure to put that money in the bank before it closes at 4. Don't fail.

DICK.

It was such a bore to lock up at that late hour and go out for the night. It had been such a gloomy afternoon, and looked like it would rain. Altogether I did not feel like it. I was not afraid, though I had never stayed alone all night in a house. And the money—several thousand dollars collected for a client—surely I could not at 7 put money in the bank that closed at 4. I could not very well carry it with me to the Ancient's, and I certainly could not leave it.

I had never heard of any burglaries in the village, so I made up my mind that I would stay at home that night and take the risk, if there were any, because it was troublesome to do otherwise. I did not want any tea, so I let the

servant-girl go early; and sat, neglecting even to light the lamps, before a big oak fire in the sitting-room "thinking up" one of Dick's cases. It was a murder case, that had a great deal of circumstantial evidence leading in various directions.

I soon became deeply absorbed; so deeply that I presently went to sleep at it, and in a dream saw our poor man tried, convicted and actually sentenced to be hanged, and was myself possessed of a frantic desire to attend the hanging in person, my non-appearance being wholly due to the fact that I could not find my shoes, being separated from them for some unexplainable reason.

I woke up suddenly, frightened to find myself enveloped in darkness, relieved only by an uncanny red glow from the fast-dying coals upon the hearth. Everything was so still. Not the smallest sound except the ticking of a little clock in my darkened bedroom, and the clicking of the dying coals.

I was possessed of a strange, sinking fear. I was afraid to move, afraid to turn my head to left or right lest I see something terrifying lurking in the gloomy corners. I was cold, too, and trembling. The room was chilled; I fancied it must be just before dawn.

My fear increased rather than diminished as the moments dragged by. I could hear my heart beating. I soon became enthralled by terror. I had a kind of instinctive animal fear of impending danger. I thought of the money. It was locked up in the cabinet at my right hand, not two yards away. I found myself listening painfully, tortuously. My throat seemed swollen. I swallowed in gulps.

I endeavored to rally my courage, to persuade myself that I had awakened from a nightmare, and was nervous; that there was nothing to fear, and that I was making a baby of myself. All to no purpose. Something was going to happen; something was happening at that moment which would bring me hurt.

I could not throw off the notion. Just then it began to rain—a regular down-fall, as if the bottom had suddenly fallen out of the clouds. I had never known it to rain so heavily. A perfect deluge, and every drop seemed to penetrate my soul. I did not move. I lay back in my cushioned chair helpless, and felt that I could not have raised my hand to my face if my life were the forfeit. Such pouring! I found myself listening behind the rain—behind all the pattering noise—listening for another sound. I had a grotesque idea that the elements and this something that was coming to me, were co-leagued together, the one to screen the approach of the other.

I was listening with every fiber of



GETTING IN LIKE A BURGLAR. My body drawn taut. Listening for what? I did not know. Something beyond, behind the rain. Then I heard it. A sound distinct from the rain pattering. A sound emanating from our little drawing-room—a scraping, drawing sound. It came from the front portico. I knew someone was cutting through the Venetian blinds into the house. My faintest doubt vanished soon, when I unmistakably heard the blinds dragged back and the sash creak as it was pushed up. Someone was entering the house! This person, whoever it was, knew of my brother's ab-

sence. Good heavens! I thought of Henry, our office man. He brought the note—an open note. It was he who caused the delay which prevented my depositing the money. It was as clear as day. I rose rigidly to my feet. In a twinkling my mind was acutely active, and a thousand ways of escape surged through my brain in a moment. I unlocked the cabinet and grasped the large pocketbook which contained the notes, and thrust it into my bosom. To what purpose I did not know. I retreated into the dense darkness of my own bedroom, where I stood uncertain and shivering.

The windows were too high from the ground to admit of my jumping therefrom without incurring the risk of a broken limb; besides, there was no time. At the first sound of my putting up the sash, I would be detected and overpowered. I heard a heavy tread along the hall. An idea flashed into my head like the incision of a blade. I clutched the money in my bosom and stepped into the empty fireplace. In another moment I was scrambling up the sooty chimney with the agility of a



HELD MY HEAD ACROSS HIS KNEES.

finished chimney sweep, and I kept scrambling until I had made a stronghold for myself. What went on down below I did not know. In the cessation of the rain I could hear the heavy tread passing to and fro in a search, I knew, for that money. But I, from my lofty vantage ground, could only thank heaven again and again for such a blessed deliverance.

I was so benumbed with cold and fright that I think I lost consciousness, and would probably have tumbled down the chimney but that I was so rigid and so walled in I could not.

The next thing I remember was opening my eyes and seeing the square of wan light above me. Then realizing all, my strength gave way, and I fell heavily striking my head against something which left me senseless for hours. When I came to myself, I was in the arms of a young man whom I had never seen before. He sat upon the floor, and held my head across his knees, while he wiped the blood from my cut forehead with a pocket handkerchief, which every now and then he would squeeze out in a basin of water at his elbow.

I don't suppose there was ever a more terrified young man upon this earth of ours. Imagine an inoffensive young man turning up in a town where an intimate friend lived, coming in on the very train that takes his intimate friend out. Imagine the intimate friend cordially inviting the newcomer to his house, telling him that there was nobody in it, but that he could put up there, make himself lord and master, and get a good bed. Then to make the thing complete, give him the wrong keys by which to let himself in. Imagine this newcomer booming about town until 11 o'clock, then striking out for his friend's abode; overtaken by the rain; at last to arrive at his intended abiding place to discover he has the wrong keys, which necessitated his climbing into the house like a burglar. Imagine him piling into the first bed he comes to, very soon sinking off into the untroubled slumber of the innocent at heart, to be awakened at the peep of day by a something tumbling down the chimney. Not a hobgoblin—that were better—but a young woman, bespattered and grimy, but still a young

woman, and one probably more dead than alive. Imagine it all if you can, for that is what happened to the misguided young man, who held me across his knees and wiped the blood from my broken forehead on that memorable St. Valentine's morning.

Imagine it, and tell me if men through stupidity don't cause half of all the trouble in the world. We explained it all to each other as best we could, for I was really ill, and quite ready to go off into another swoon.

When the servant girl came he went for the doctor, and Mary got me to bed. Dick came at noon, and was horrified at what had happened. But the doctor had pronounced me mere frightened than hurt; and really, but for the dreadful cold I had caught, and my wounded forehead, it did not amount to anything, and soon became a tremendous joke.

And it turned out that this friend of Dick's, whose acquaintance I made in such an unconventional fashion, was the very client whose money I defended.

And it also came about that—that—he—that I that we have—were grown to know each other very well; and Dick—Dick is to look out for another co-operator before next fall; because—well, for reasons best known to myself.



Winds that roam, with a homeless sound,
Under a sky all leaden gray;
Ice on rannel, and snow on ground;
Leafless branches that bleakly sway—
In winter days, for hearts that pine,
Hast thou no balm, Saint Valentine!

Where are the crickets' castanets,
Where are the songbirds' melodious floods?
Where now slumber the violet,
Where hide the pussy willow buds?
Whisper within this ear of mine
Such secrets, kind Saint Valentine!

Alas! the saint shall never tell,
The mystery of all these things;
Yet round one his name weaves a spell
Charming as watt of elfin wings.
Whence lads and lassies may divine
The presence of Saint Valentine.

Kind is he, yes, but old, they say,
With hair and beard like fender snow.
Perhaps young folks would feel dismay,
Were he to them his face to show.
When they, with wax or gilded twine,
Seal missives marked "Saint Valentine!"

Hush! through the frosty atmosphere
What steals to earth? A radiant boy!
Whose eyes do look so sweetly queer
They make one blush yet fill with joy—
Ha, ha! Come quaff, in sparkling wine,
Good health to rare Saint Valentine!

The First Valentine.
My sister Sue has seven now,
And Antoinette has nine;
I wonder if the next will be
My own dear valentine?

I've watched the postman most all day,
And now it's nearly eight;
I go to bed at seven; this once
Mamma said I might wait.

He's coming 'round the corner now,
Oh, dear! he's going past!
No, no! he's coming in to bring
My valentine at last.

I know it must be mine this time;
It is! It's 'dressed to me—
"Miss Dorothea Helen Brown,"
As plain as it can be.

It's just as pretty as a pink,
With angel boys with wings,
And rosy wreaths and ribbon knots,
And hearts and other things.



"AND LOVELY GOLD LACE ON THE EDGE."
And lovely gold lace on the edge,
And poetry in line;
It says: "My love, I love but thee,
Thy faithful valentine."

My sisters said that valentines
Were not for little girls,
Whose dresses did not reach their
boots—
Who wore their hair in curls.

But I don't care; they haven't one
That's half so nice as mine;
How glad I am I'm old enough
To have a valentine!

Never Out of Work. Never idle in a search most from PAINS and cannot work. **ST. JACOBS OIL** will cure and fit them for work when the chance comes.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50

FIELD AND HOC FENCE WIRE.
26, 33, 42, 50, or 58 inches high. Quality and workmanship the best. Nothing on the market to compare with it. Write for full information.
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HIGHEST GRADE. • BEST QUALITY.

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IN USE TWENTY YEARS.
GOES FARTHER AND LASTS LONGER THAN WHITE LEAD. SOLD UNDER GUARANTEE.
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HURRAH, FARMERS! SHOUT FOR JOY!
First, largest and best seed producing tremendous hay yields (4 to 6 tons per acre), are now made possible on every soil, in every climate, by sowing our **Early Green** and **Clover Mixture**. You won't need to wait a lifetime for a good start of grass, for we have grasses which, sown in April, will produce a running crop in July. Exemplify on Great Culture, etc., 2 cents postage.

WE PAY \$4000 IN GOLD PRIZES
On Oats, Barley and Corn! The biggest yield on Silver Mine (Minnesota County) Oats in 1895 was 207 bushels to the next 206 per acre. You can beat that in 1898 and win \$2000. Our new tested Barley, Oats, Corn and Potatoes will revolutionize farming! We are the largest growers of farm seeds in the world! Our seeds produce—as the editor of the Rural New Yorker says—'Baker's Early Wisconsin Potatoes yielded for us 724 bushels per acre. If an early sort yields 700 bushels, what will a late do!' Potatoes only \$1.50 per barrel.

EARLIEST VEGETABLES IN THE WORLD.
Splendid sorts, the yields. Oats—seed only 50c per lb. 3c extra. Earliest Vegetables, \$1.00, postpaid. 40 lbs. Flower Seeds, 25c. Everything at hard times prices. Wholesale Market Gardener's List, 4c. postage.

Place Cut the Following Out and Send It
With 12 cents in stamps and get our big catalogue and sample of the Pumpkin Yellow Watermelon sensation! Catalogue alone, 5c. postage.

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



"Your BATTLE AX or your life!"
"Must have it!"

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

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR **W. L. DOUGLAS \$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.**

If you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for **\$3.**

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more \$3 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.



Ask your dealer for our \$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$2.50, \$2.25 Shoes; \$2.50, \$2 and \$1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 30 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new illustrated Catalogue to Dept. E.

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Cleanses and restores the hair to its natural color. Never fails to remove gray hair or the youthful color. Cures itching scalp. Price, 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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Send direct to the company or at wholesale prices. Ship anywhere. 50c examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Collar Stays, 90 styles of Hat Stays, 4 styles Riding Saddles. Write for catalogue.



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W. N. U. D.—XIV—7.

PLYMOUTH MAIL

M. FRED GRAY, EDITOR.

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Published at Plymouth, P. O. as second class matter.

Change of Thanks acts.

Headlines not a word; in local acts a word.

Reading notices where charges are made acts a line.

Friday, Feb. 14, 1896.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The many friends of Shirley W. Smith, son of Judge Clement Smith, of this city, will be pleased to learn that he has been awarded the first prize, offered by McMillan & Co., of New York, for the best original story written for the "Inlander," a magazine edited by the students of the Michigan State University, at Ann Arbor.

St. Valentine's day is here and it might be well to inform our readers the origin of that day. St. Valentine was a bishop of Rome during the third century. He was of most amiable nature and possessed remarkable gifts of eloquence, and was so very successful in converting the pagan Romans to Christianity that he incurred the displeasure of the emperor and was martyred by his order Feb. 14, A. D. 270.

We don't know who was the author of the following, but its sentiment is all right. Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

A conservative estimate by a learned gentleman places the value of the United States product of chewing gum at \$30,000,000. Where is all this gum consumed? Some of it goes to foreign countries, but most of it is employed in producing a kind of masticatory rickety-chick, to relieve the pauses between the words of an actor on the stage or a minister in the pulpit, in America.

THE PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE.

General Harrison Asserts that no Incumbent has Satisfied All the People.

Ex-President Harrison writes on "The Presidential Office" in his "This Country of Ours" series, in February Ladies Home Journal. In discussing the constitutional provisions for the selection of a Chief Magistrate, he touches upon the discussion in the convention relative to a plural executive for the nation, and upon the point presents his own views: "Experience has so fully justified the conclusion reached by the Constitutional convention in this matter [a single executive head] that no change has ever been suggested. The incumbent has never satisfied every one, but the discontented have never sought relief by giving him a double. Executive direction should always be single. When anything is wrongly done we must be able to put a hand on the man who did it. The sense of responsibility begets carefulness, and that sense is never so perfect as when, after full consultation, the officer must go alone into the chamber of decision. In all of the recent reform city charters this principle is made prominent—by giving the Mayor the power to appoint the city boards and officers, and so making him responsible for the efficiency of the city government. Two Presidents or three with equal powers would as surely bring disaster, as three Generals of equal rank over a single army. I do not doubt that this sense of single and personal responsibility to the people has strongly held our Presidents to a good conscience and to a high discharge of their duties.

A Communication.

So much has been said about a so called lecture, delivered by one Fred Cole, of district No. 3, Canton township, so many false things have been reported about some of our law abiding people of this district, the echoes of which come from Ypsilanti and nearly all surrounding towns, that after careful and prayerful deliberation, I feel called upon to write this article. Was there myself and gave close attention to what was being said, and know whereof I speak, that all right minded people who read this paper, may know what the people of this district are in danger of.

Mr. Cole, after adjusting everything to his satisfaction, called upon one Allie Kelley, of Sanilac Co., and Wm. Harmon, of this town, to turn on the music, which consisted of an organ belonging to George White lent for this occasion, and a fiddle belonging to Mr. Harmon. They played, and played well—"Oh, Where, Oh, Where is My Little Brown Dog" etc. After this, Mr. Cole took up a book and said he would read a portion of a prayer written by some illustrious writer of his ilk, which was simply a burlesque on prayer. In the first part of his reading in this book was a negro story, which he quoted as an illustration of the absurdity of a prayer. Said negro was in his cabin praying to the Lord for potatoes, and another negro being over his head in the left of said cabin with a basket or bag of potatoes, proceeded to shower them, down on the praying man, who replied, saying, "Lord send them down easier next time," a story many years old, you all know. Would not have mentioned this part had I not heard that this meeting was opened by prayer. He likened all praying to this negro, just as absurd and ridiculous. We had another waita after reading the first portion of this burlesque. Then commenced his attack upon the Bible, telling us ignoramuses that the word meant any book between two covers. To demonstrate he took up a school book, saying, "Just as well call that a Bible." Then from Genesis to Revelations he literally picked it to pieces, saying there was not one known author to one of these books, quoting largely from one Davidson, some so called eminent writer, saying that from beginning to end the Bible was a forgery, that there could be no divinity about any book, or books, authors of which no one knew. He stated to the audience with a sneer on his face, that the so called story of the transfiguration of Christ was too ridiculous for him to speak of. Some more burlesque, couple more waltzes. He then said he would meet us again next Wednesday night, when he would proceed to enlighten our minds about this book, which has stood the test for so many years. He then turns to Titus Smye, the school director, saying, "Suppose we can have this school house for this purpose?" Mr. Smye says "No." Mr. Cole says "Why?" And Mr. Smye proceeded to tell him why in plain, unvarnished truth, that he and all the rest of right minded people there had had enough of that kind of talk. That he (Cole) had made a fool of himself, if he thought we were going to have any more of this kind of talk he was mistaken. Even a little boy not four years old that was there asked his mother what it was, no prayers, no nice hymns such as he had heard at other meetings. Now these are some of the facts in the case. In view of all that has been said, pro and con, I ask these pertinent questions of all right minded people: Do you want your children taught to throw aside the Bible? Do you want the ridicule made of Christ, Jesus? Do you want the religion of Jesus Christ stricken out? If not, it is time to call a halt. It is time this school house, and every other school house in the land, was locked and doubly locked against any man that will sow such seeds in our midst. I am not actuated by any spite, for I never heard the sound of Mr. Cole's voice until that night. I gave him close attention to be able to judge what he was giving. Have stated the truth plainly, which can be proven by every right minded person there. In justice to Titus Smye and the community, he but uttered for us, what we all felt and will stand by him in all his efforts to put a stop to this kind of teaching in our midst. Call it by its right name, infidel doctrine.

In conclusion I would add, in last week's Courier was a direct assault upon our Canadian neighbor, likening him to an empty wagon. I think it beneath my standard as a Christian to take up, or answer any such low attacks upon anyone, but would say that if Canada or any other place has any more such empty wagons as Titus Smye or his brother, J. Smye, please send them over here. We need men who are not afraid to stand up for the right. If the Smye family in Canada have any more empty wagons like these, send them on, we need them right here.

AN EYE WITNESS.

The Darlington, Wis. Journal says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easily over night without it in the house." This undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later. For Sale by Dr. J. G. Meiler, druggist.

South Salem.

The entertainment last Friday evening given by Miss Carrie Wolfe, a gifted elocutionist, of Toronto, Canada, was a complete success. This is the first of a series of lectures, concerts, etc., given in the Epworth League lecture course.

Geo. Warn, who is working at Ann Arbor, made his friends a visit last week.

J. Kane, of Canada, is a guest at the home of his brother, T. Kane.

There is to be a box leap year social at the residence of Luther Bussey Friday evening, under the auspices of the Lapham Sunday school. All are invited.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gale, on Wednesday, Feb. 5th, a girl.

Saturday, Feb. 15th is the date for "buzzing" wood at the church. Everyone bring your load of wood and help us.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cole entertained a large number of friends at dinner last Saturday.

The personal property belonging to the late George Renwick was sold at public auction last Wednesday. C. Kingsley was auctioneer.

Marshall Withee, employed in the office of the Great Western Oil Works, of Detroit, spent Sunday with his parents.

Mr. James Warn, of Pontiac, who has been spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Cole, has returned home.

Little Benny Bailey met with a severe accident last Thursday morning. His father, Myron Bailey, was loading a feed cutter into a sleigh box when it fell to the ground, striking the little fellow just above the left temple, cutting a gash an inch and a half long, through to the brain. It was three hours before he recovered consciousness. The Drs. Walker dressed the wound, and he is now quite comfortable. Hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Miss Tena Packard, who is attending the M. S. N. S., was home for a brief vacation.

Livonia.

We had a blizzard Monday night.

John M. Gates is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Naylor, who have been very sick, are improving.

The meeting at the church last Friday evening was almost a failure.

Miss Loretta Millard, of Detroit, is visiting friends at this place.

The item in the MAIL last week about Mr. Sprague, should have read what he thought about their Sunday school map, instead of mus.

Bert Newman sawed over 5,000 feet of lumber Saturday. H. Bennett's thrashing machine engine furnishing the power. Kingsley & Patterson had a car load of coal shipped to Stark last week for fuel for their feed mill at this place.

H. Wellgast sold his bay team to J. Clisbee last week.

THE DEAN.

Newburg.

All who wish to learn to sing should attend choir practice on Friday evenings, generally, but this week on Saturday evening.

Remember the Epworth League literary meet up at the home of Mr. David Geney, Thursday evening, February 20th. The subject is "An evening in France." All are invited.

Some of the people of this place attended the meeting at Livonia Center on Friday evening of last week. Mr. Wheaton Smith and wife of Detroit were present. The object of the meeting was to discuss the subject of "House to House Visitation."

Be sure and attend the league meetings at the hall every Tuesday evening. Everybody invited.

Our Livonia correspondent must have been under very deep religious conviction or he would never had the meanness to write up the article which appeared in the MAIL last week. The Livonia people were as well represented as any other place. We would like to know what Mr. Sprague said about their Sunday school notes.

The milkmen are again delivering their milk to Stark. The new ice house is now completed.

UNCLE RASTUS.

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

Administrator's Sale.

On Monday, the 17th day of February, 1896, at 9 o'clock in the afternoon, at the front door of the post office, in the village of Plymouth, Wayne county, Michigan, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of William Manchester, deceased, by order of the Judge of Probate of said county, will sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, all the lands, tenements and real estate, of which said deceased died seized, situated in the township of Plymouth, in said county, and known and described as that parcel of land containing one acre, more or less, sold and conveyed to said William Manchester by Mary A. Herrick by deed dated September 10th, 1885, and recorded in said register's office, in liber 26 of deeds, on page 155. All said lands being in and under section thirty-five of the same township, and being the same lands that were occupied by said William Manchester as a homestead at the time of his decease. Abstract of title furnished. Terms cash.

JOHN B. TILLOTSON, Administrator of estate of William Manchester, deceased. Plymouth, January 30th, 1896. 439-440

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

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, that the undersigned, hereinafter named, have entered into a partnership, under the name of McClure, Kelsey & Co., heretofore existing, under the provisions of an act of the legislature of the state of Michigan, approved May 18, 1848, and of the act amendatory thereof, being chapter 78 of Howell's Annotated Statutes.

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

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

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

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

5. The said partnership is to commence on the twenty-second day of January, A. D. 1896, and terminate on the twenty-second day of January, A. D. 1897.

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

ALBERT V. MCCLURE, (I. S.) JOHN KELSEY, (I. S.) WARREN G. VINTON, (I. S.) State of Michigan, ES County of Wayne.

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

ALAN C. ANGELL, Notary Public, Wayne County, Michigan. 437-444

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE

In the matter of the estate of MICHAEL CONNER deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the residence of C. A. Frisbee, 505 South Street in the village of Plymouth, in said County, on Thursday the 10th day of February, A. D. 1896, and on Tuesday, the 9th day of July, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 9th day of January, A. D. 1896, is allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

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

Mortgage Sale.

I default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage bearing date the 14th day of June, 1888, executed by Oscar J. Panches and Mary Panches, his wife, to Dwight Herdan, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wayne County, Michigan, July 14th, 1888, in liber 21 of mortgages, on page 17, by which default the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, and whereas there is claimed in the due and punctual payment of the said mortgage, the sum of four hundred and forty-two dollars and sixty-two cents (\$442.62), principal and interest, and no part or proceeds of law or in equity have been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof. Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statutes in that behalf made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 21st day of April, 1896, at 10 o'clock, noon of said day (if it be a legal holiday), at the western front door of the city hall, in the city of Detroit, county of Wayne, state of Michigan, (said city hall being the building in which the circuit court for the county of Wayne is held) the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder the lands and premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said mortgage, and interest, and costs and expenses of sale, together with an attorney fee of twenty-five dollars (\$25) as provided for in said mortgage and allowed by law.

Said premises are situated in the village of Plymouth, county of Wayne, state of Michigan and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing in the center of South Main street, formerly the Plymouth Plank road, ten (10) rods westerly from the northeast corner of a piece of land formerly owned by Purse Blackman, and now owned by the heirs of Abraham Fralick, deceased, on the southwest quarter of section twenty-six (26), and at the southeast corner of said land formerly owned by the estate and heirs of Daniel H. Van Slyke, deceased, running thence northwesterly on the north line of said lands formerly owned by the estate and heirs of said Van Slyke, to which ceased, about fifteen (15) rods to the southeast side of the burying ground owned by the Second Presbyterian society, of Plymouth, Michigan; thence northwesterly along said southeast line of said burying ground about seven (7) rods to a lane belonging to said Presbyterian society; thence northwesterly along the southern line of said lane about fifteen (15) rods to the center of South Main street (formerly the Plymouth Plank road); thence southwesterly along the center of said street about seven (7) rods to the northeast corner of said Van Slyke land and to the place of beginning, containing about one hundred and five (105) rods of land, more or less, excepting therefrom about twenty (20) feet from the rear end thereof, conveyed to said Presbyterian society for a driveway to the sheds of said society. The lands hereby conveyed being the same lands sold and conveyed by Henry Fralick and wife to Daniel Panches by deed recorded in liber 21 of deeds, on page 152, to which said deed and the said record thereof reference is here made for a more particular description of the lands hereby conveyed, and the same are made a part hereof for that purpose, excepting, however, the twenty (20) feet in width conveyed as aforesaid to said Presbyterian society for a driveway.

DWIGHT HERDAN, Mortgagee.

GEO. A. STARKWEATHER, Att'y. for Mortgagee. Dated, January 24th 1896. 437-444

A LYLE, AUCTIONEER, PIKES PEAK, MICH.

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

Table with columns for GOING EAST and GOING WEST, listing train numbers and times for Grand Rapids, Lansing, and Detroit.

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

Chicago and West Michigan By. Trains leave Grand Rapids.

For South 8:30 a. m., 1:25 p. m., and 5:10 p. m. For Mackinac 7:30 a. m., 12:45 p. m., and 5:10 p. m. For Muskegon 8:30 a. m., 1:25 p. m., and 5:10 p. m.

ED. PELTON, Agent, Plymouth. GEO. DE HAVERN, G.P.A. Grand Rapids.

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

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

Table with columns for GOING SOUTH and GOING NORTH, listing train numbers and times for Detroit and Grand Rapids.

Train No. 5, connects at Linton with steamer for Mackinac, (Garden City) making connecting for all points West and Northwest.

Sleeping Parlor Cars between Bay City, Saginaw and Detroit.

Train No. 8 runs daily, from Bay City to Detroit. On Western Division it runs daily, every Sunday. Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit. Union depot for all points South, Canada and the East. For further information see Time Card of this company. ED. PELTON, Local Agent.

1896 Is here and we are ready to make it the Happiest One of Your Life.

Very truly yours, W. J. & H. E. BRADNER, Up to date Implement Dealers. Two Doors West of Fair Grounds Entrance. PLYMOUTH.

If You Want State Groceries, High Prices, Poor Treatment, etc., Don't Go to Cable's. Our stock is Fresh and we aim to please. "Wonderful Dream" Salve, at our store. Try our "CC" Prize Coffee. We are Headquarters for School Supplies.

L. E. CABLE.

Advertisement for L. E. Cable featuring a circular logo with 'WHEEL' and 'SHOULDER' text, and the slogan 'Putting your Shoulder to the Wheel'.

Thanking the Public for past favors, I invite your patronage at my new quarters in the Dohmstreich block.

W. J. ROSEBRUGH, 77 Sutton St.

PLYMOUTH BAKERY.

WE CARRY A FINE LINE OF CONFECTIONERY.

We make our own Candies and can Guarantee them to be Fresh and Clean.

Our Bread and Cakes are Fresh Every Day. WARM LUNCHES AT ALL HOURS.

GEORGE M. JACOBS, PROPRIETOR

Huston & Co.,

Will Sell at 10 Per Cent off on All Hard Coal Heaters and Wood Heaters.

We mean 10 per cent off from regular price. No change in former price.

Be sure and see us before you buy. Yours respy

HUSTON & CO.,

CASH HARDWARE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS AND PERSONAL MENTION

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

Joe Eaton, of Ypsilanti, was in town Wednesday.

Harry B. Bennett, of Detroit, was here Tuesday.

Mrs. Delos Harlow continues quite ill with rheumatism.

Miss Maud Vrooman spent a few days in Inkster this week.

Mrs. J. R. Rauch is visiting her mother in Wixom this week.

Mrs. Al. Shafer and Mrs. J. L. Gale are visiting in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Wm. Bliss, of Elkhart, Ind., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Holloway.

Mr. Wilber Lake, nee Anna Lyon, of Detroit, visited her parents last week.

Miss Caddie Tyler, who is spending the winter in Detroit, is home for a brief visit.

The MAIL hopes to be able next week to tell all about the new cigar factory to be started.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Kane, of Salem, were the guests of Dr. Smith and wife on Thursday last.

Mrs. Reed (nee Carrie Cady), of Hamburg, spent Saturday at the home of her uncle, Aruna Cady.

Albert Minthorn will leave for Grand Rapids Monday, having accepted a position in a furniture factory.

Mrs. John Boyd, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. A. Holloway, and friends, returned to her home in Fowlerville Wednesday.

Next week the chief of the fire department will give a communication devoted to the rules and usages of the fire department.

Eugene Riggs, a young man quite well known here, and Miss Ora Warren, both of Oxford, were married a short time ago in that village.

Rev. Olivia J. Carpenter will speak on the following subjects next Sunday, 11 a. m. "The Higher Life." 7 p. m. "Gleaning from the Field."

H. N. Chappel will sell at public auction on the premises southwest of Plymouth on Tuesday, February 25, at one o'clock p. m., his stock, implements, machinery, grain, etc. J. B. Bennett is the auctioneer.

The concert given by the Tyrolean Troubadours at the Opera House last Monday evening drew a good house. The program was well rendered and the audience seemed to be pleased with the entertainment.

"Red Curtain Entertainment" at Safford's hall next Tuesday evening, February 18th. Laughable plays, beautiful tableaux, good music. Lots of fun for 10 cents. Performance at 8 o'clock. Tickets on sale at Kauch's store.

Herman Hines has leased his farm situated 1 1/2 miles north and 1/2 mile west of Beech station and will sell at auction on the premises on Wednesday, February 25, at one o'clock a. m., his live stock, farm machinery, tools, hay, grain, etc. John Bennett, auctioneer.

A month or so ago James Murdock asked the Northville aldermen for \$200.00 for injuries received last November on a defective sidewalk in that village. At their regular meeting last week the aldermen decided not to pay it. Just what action Mr. Murdock will take in the matter we have not learned.

A general boycott of all Plymouth Cigar Co.'s goods has been declared. The boys are still out on strike, and are liable to remain so, as the company will not comply with their request, but will run what is termed a "scab" shop. A movement is on foot to buy up all their goods now in the hands of retailers here, and use every means possible to induce the public not to use their goods. What the outcome will be time will prove.

The Independent Whist Club, of Plymouth, gave a party a few weeks ago and it was a success in every particular. Another one will be given by them on Friday evening, March 30th, and it will be termed a shirt waist party. This will probably be the last party of the season and the club is going to put forth every effort to have a large crowd and a "large" time. The name of the orchestra has never been heard in Plymouth and will be announced later. An early mention of the affair is thus made that the ladies may have plenty of time to make a shirt waist in case they had none left over.

Miss Maud Markham was tendered a delightful surprise by the Presbyterian ladies and a number of her host of young friends Tuesday evening at her home. A very enjoyable evening was spent and a tempting lunch served. Rev. Bramfitt in behalf of Miss Maud's friends and the church presented her with an exquisite china set as a slight token of their appreciation of the generous contributions of her skill as a musician which have caused all gatherings at which she took part to meet forth loud praises and appreciation for her gifted renditions. Although completely surprised and unprepared, Miss Markham lost no laurels as an entertainer but disposed of her task in her usual quiet manner.

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

W. J. Rosebrugh had business in Detroit Tuesday.

J. R. Rauch was in Milford Wednesday on business.

Harry Bennett and wife spent a few days in Dearborn this week.

Mr. M. A. Draper has been visiting friends in Milford this week.

Harry Lewis returns to Detroit Monday to prepare for the sailing season.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cook and Geo. Hunter were Detroit visitors on Saturday.

T. E. Lowell of the Chicago Newspaper Union called at the MAIL office Friday.

WANTED—Nice, clean cotton rags at the MAIL office. Will pay 7 cents a pound.

Mrs. V. E. Lemley, of Mecosta, Mich., visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Purdy, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Pelton and daughter, June, spent Sunday with Mr. P.'s parents at Howell.

Mrs. St. John, of Detroit, spent several days with friends in the village during the week.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

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

Died—At the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Burrows, Mary Park, aged nearly 74 years.

C. G. Curtis was at Holly Sunday and occupied the Baptist pulpit morning and evening by request.

E. C. Hough leaves this Friday afternoon for a ten days visit with his mother and sister in Mobile, Alabama.

J. W. Rosebrugh has a new sign, and by the way a new tailor, as at his tailor shop, Miss Gertie McKee, of Thamesville, Ont., cabinet photographs \$2.00 per dozen at Plymouth every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, E. P. Baker, photographer.

597 freight cars passed through Plymouth on the F. and P. M. last Friday. This road has more freight traffic than it can conveniently take care of.

Hall's Hair Renewer cures dandruff and scalp affections; also all cases of baldness where the glands which feed the roots of the hair are not closed up.

Bear in mind the party to be given by the Ladies of the Maccabees in Penniman hall on Friday evening, February 21st. Music by Professor Zickel's orchestra.

Mrs. Joseph Rose, a former resident of this place but now of Saginaw, is spending a few days at Chas. Holloway's. She will visit her former home at Tecumseh before returning to Saginaw.

We desire to ascertain the address of Mrs. Mary Taylor, a former resident of Plymouth. We understand she has married again and is now living in Chicago. Any person who can give us her present name and address will confer a favor as we have important news for her.

While Jas. McGarvey and son, of Northville, were driving across the D. L. & N. track last Thursday, their horse caught its foot between the crossing plank and rail and fell, throwing both men to the ground. The elder McGarvey's left wrist was broken at the joint and he was badly bruised on the left side.

The McVeagh concert Tuesday evening was not very largely attended. It was a treat however that no one should have missed and those who did take advantage of the opportunity say it was certainly a masterly lecture and a very pleasant trip through the foreign lands. We hope to see Mr. McVeagh here again.

On Feb. 15th a new passenger tariff will go into effect on the F. & P. M., which makes the fare to Detroit 74 cents, and the round trip \$1.35. When you have to put up this amount for a ticket to Detroit don't curse the railroad company, but reserve all your strong language for the state legislature, which passed a law compelling railroads to charge actual fare for distance traveled. Slight changes are made to nearly all points, some being reduced and others advanced.

As reported last week the Berdan house has changed ownership, but not proprietors, John Streng, of the Commercial house now being the owner. We are pleased however that Mr. Weeks will remain for a couple of years yet, as he has endeared himself to the traveling public by his unflinching efforts to entertain his guests. In this respect Mrs. Weeks is by no means a second, but has by her pleasant and courteous manner and by careful attention to the cooking department made travelers long for this time to arrive when they reach Plymouth and the Berdan house. When the two years are up, we will find "Mel" in new quarters that will be "out of sight."

When the big spring was tapped and the water sent downward toward our village few realized its benefits. Although the pipes were leaky and defective last year the laws and gardens were greatly improved and the convenience to householders great, while the fire risk diminished two hundred per cent. Now our water system is about perfect and among those who appreciate and use it to the best advantage is Dr. Pelham. A turbine wheel in his laboratory runs his grinding and polishing wheels and now the crowning act is his new invention whereby he puts in gold fillings in the most compact and perfect manner and all by the use of water. The Dr. takes great pleasure in showing the workings of his new improvements and it will well pay any of our readers to visit his office and see how artistically things are done.

second hand bicycle for sale. For particulars inquire of C. G. Draper. (24-489)

Thos. Papworth and wife, of Howell, visited Mrs. Papworth's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Shortman, this week.

JUMPERS AT THE HORSE SHOW.

Their Work Shows Little in Regard to Ability in the Field.

Does the style of riding in a show ring differ from the style of riding in the hunting field? This question is answered affirmatively to the observer of a cross-country run the minute he witnesses a jumping competition at the horse show, says the Rider and Driver. Every experienced huntsman knows that the horses behave differently. Therefore, why should not the rider be accordingly affected?

Capt. Hayes says some horse-show promoters in England, care nothing for jumping itself, convert these competitions into mere circus performances and award prizes to horses which no sane man would take into the hunting field; jumping competitors judged solely by their capability of getting over obstacles without touching them; winning rosettes given to mad, impetuous brutes of horses, which have to be taken at a walk or prance, generally tall first, to within a few yards of each obstacle before being let go like an equine rocket into space, and genuine hunters disqualified because they won't take more out of themselves than is actually required. We have all noticed this same sort of performance at the Garden and at other shows in the country. But coming to the question of riding in the field and in the ring it is likewise to be recalled that we have sometimes been severe in commenting on the form displayed by the riders of animals displaying extraordinary peculiarities. Good riders assure us that if the critics should see them in the field as well as at the show the difference in style of riding would be noted. It is necessary in many instances to exercise a sort of perverted style, it seems, in order to meet the exigencies of the show ring.

A good hunter should always land well beyond his fence, so as not to drop in a ditch that might be underneath, which he cannot see in the hunting field; but in the show prizes will be given horses that hop over a fence and land so closely as almost to brush the rails off with their hocks and tails. To sit such a horse on the rise it is necessary for the rider to lie well up on the animal's neck, and in coming down to be almost supine. To jump under such circumstances every particle of weight must be taken off the horse's loins, which would not be so keenly felt were the horse taking his jumps in an open stride.

A VALUABLE PRESCRIPTION.

Editor Morrison of Warrington, Ind., "Sun," writes: "You have a valuable prescription in Electric Bitters, and I can cheerfully recommend it for constipation and sick headache and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Steel, 2625 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, was all run down, could not eat nor digest food, had a backache which never left her, and felt tired and weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters restored her health and renewed her strength. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle at J. L. Gale's drug store.

Suffered Eighteen Years.

Pains Departed and Sleep Came.

Mrs. Julia A. Brown, of Covington, Tenn., whose husband has charge of the electric light plant at that place, has been a great sufferer. Her ailments and speedy cure are best described by herself, as follows: "For 18 years I suffered from nervousness and indigestion. I tried every remedy recommended by family and friends, but I could get no relief at all. Two years ago, while being treated by three local physicians, Dr. Barret, Maley and Sherod, they

informed me that I had become dropsical, and that there was little hope for me. I then decided to try

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.

I was then unable to get to sleep until well on toward daylight, and during all this time I had a deep, heavy pain in my left side. I was most miserable, indeed, but after taking one-half bottle of the Nervine I could sleep all night just as well as I ever did. The Nervine is the only remedy that gave me any relief whatever. I am now well and strong, and I thank God every day of my life for Dr. Miles' Nervine."

MRS. JULIA A. BROWN.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee. It is a sure remedy for all cases of indigestion, constipation, or it will be sent prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restorative Nervine

Eli drives the bus But says it is no fun. The horses cannot go you know Unless he gets the "mun."

12 Bus Rides for \$1.00. If tickets are purchased in advance.

H. C. ROBINSON, Livery and Sale Stables.

HOOPS & HARRIS

For Choice Meats

Of all kinds at prices to meet the times, call at our market.

Fresh Fish, White Fish and Trout every Friday.

Special Prices given on short clear Salt Pork.

HOOPS & HARRIS, Plymouth, Mich.

Successors to C. F. Bennett.

"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.

Look at This!

To those intending to build we wish to say that we will make our prices an object for you to see us before building. We sell as Cheap as possible and live. We handle all kinds of Lumber, Lath and Shingles from \$1.25 up. Sash, Doors, etc. Also a new lot of Fence Pickets at 4 cents each.

TERMS:—90 days credit or 2 per cent. off cash on bills of \$100 or over.

Also all sizes Sewer Pipe Hard and Soft Coal.

My lot on Ann Arbor street for sale

C. A. FRISBEE, Plymouth.

CHAS. BREMS

is the place to buy **A Good Buggy AND IF YOU WANT**

General Blacksmithing Done on

Shortest Notice, Call and See Him.

He keeps all kinds of Farming Tools.

CHAS. BREMS, North Village, Plymouth.

Hunter & Park,

"93" PHARMACY,

Wish you all A Happy and Prosperous New Year,

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

"Live and Let Live" Prices

We have everything the appetite craves in

Fancy and Staple Groceries

All the best the market affords.

FRESH, NEW, CLEAN, PURE DRUGS!

Everything in Patent Medicines. All the Latest Perfumes.

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

MR. C. A. PINCKNEY,

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

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

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

Hunter and Park.

Leave your name and have your orders called for and delivered

SOMETHING NEW---

In Patterns and Prices

---IN SILVERWARE.

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

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

Public Notice!

GRINDING

—AT—

LEWIS

New Steam Feed Mill

—FOR—

6cts. Per Bag

WANTED HICKORY

TIMBER.

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

C. W. DICKINSON, YPSILANTI.

CYCLE REPAIRING and Extras for Cycles.

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

W. N. WHERRY, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

If "Chas." is a Band Man

He will not "play the band" out on your shirts if you have them Laundered at the Plymouth City Laundry. Mr. Burdick, who has been with Mr. Wilkinson, has taken charge of the work and

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Next Door to Postoffice. **Chas. Holloway, Propr.**

Earliest Radishes and Peas.
The editor urges all readers to grow the earliest vegetables. They pay Well Salzer's Seeds are bred to earliness, they grow and produce every time. None so early, so fine as Salzer's. Try his radishes, cabbage, peas, beets, cucumbers, lettuce, corn, etc. Money in it for you. Salzer is the largest grower of vegetables, farm seeds, grasses, clovers, potatoes, etc.

If you will cut this out and send to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c postage, you will get sample package of Early Bird Radish (ready in 16 days) and their great catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c postage.

The Christian should never look at appearances to find out what God is doing.

How to Buy a Carriage.
The great need of the times is a condition whereby the producer and consumer may deal with each other without the intervention of the middle man. The common carrier should be the only middle man. The Elkhart Carriage and Harness Co., of Elkhart, Ind., deals directly with the consumer. Their goods are shipped anywhere for examination before sale. Every carriage, every set of harness, every article sold, warranted. One hundred styles of carriages, ninety styles of harness and forty-one styles of riding saddles. Send for their 112 page catalogue. This concerns an extensive business throughout the United States.

Our power to resist the devil becomes feeble every time we look into his face.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

A penny—or two

all extra profit. That's the merchant's reason who urges an inferior binding for a costly skirt. It's not (nothing is) as good as

S. H. & M.

Bias Velvet Skirt Binding. Look for S. H. & M. on the label and take no other.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

How to become a Lawful Physician: course by mail. Write Dr. J. C. Stephens, Chicago.

OPIMUM The Great

SWAMP KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c & \$1. Advice of Tenable Cure. Dr. J. C. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

Unanimous Choice

The New York Morning Journal recently offered ten leading makes of bicycles as prizes in a guessing contest, giving the winners free choice of any one of the ten machines. The result was ALL of the ten winners selected

Columbia Bicycles

The Journal accordingly bought ten Columbias, paying \$100 each for them, without discount or rebate. On even terms a few will choose a bicycle other than the Columbia

STANDARD OF THE WORLD Unparalleled, Unapproached.

Essential Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon any Columbia agent; by mail from us for two 3-cent stamps.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO. Factories and General Offices, Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia is not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.

PISO'S CURE FOR CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. Sold by druggists.

SISTER ROSE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY WILKIE COLLINS

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VI. NEXORABLY the important tomorrow came; irremediably, for good or for evil, the momentous marriage-vow was uttered. Charles Danville and Rose Trudaine were now man and wife. The prophecy of the magnificent sunset over-night had not proved false. It was a cloudless day on the marriage morning. The nuptial ceremonies had proceeded smoothly throughout, and had even satisfied Madame Danville. She returned with the wedding-party to Trudaine's house, all smiles and serenity. To the bride she was graciousness itself. "Good girl," said the old lady, following Rose into a corner, and patting her approvingly on the cheek with her fan. "Good girl! you have looked well this morning—you have done credit to my son's taste. Indeed, you have pleased me, child! Now go upstairs, and get on your traveling dress, and count on my maternal affection as long as you make Charles happy."

It had been arranged that the bride and bridegroom should pass their honeymoon in Brittany, and then return to Danville's estate near Lyons. The parting was hurried over, as all such partings should be. The carriage had driven off—Trudaine, after lingering long to look after it, had returned hastily to the house—the very dust of the whirling wheels had all dispersed—there was absolutely nothing to see—and yet, there stood Monsieur Lomaque at the outer gate; idly, as if he was an independent man—calmly, as if no such responsibilities as the calling of Madame Danville's coach, and the escorting of Madame Danville back to Lyons, could possibly rest on his shoulders.

Idly and calmly, slowly rubbing one hand over the other, slowly nodding his head in the direction by which the bride and bridegroom had departed, stood the eccentric land-steward at the outer gate. On a sudden, the sound of footsteps approaching from the house seemed to arouse him. Once more he looked out into the road as if he expected still to see the carriage of the newly married couple. "Poor girl!—ah, poor girl!" said Monsieur Lomaque softly to himself, turning round to ascertain who was coming from the house. It was only the postman with a letter in his hand, and the post-bag crumpled up under his arm.

"Any fresh news from Paris, friend?" asked Lomaque. "Very bad, monsieur," answered the postman. "Camille Desmouline has appealed to the people in the Palais Royal—there are fears of a riot." "Only a riot," repeated Lomaque, sarcastically. "Oh, what a brave government not to be afraid of anything worse! Any letters?" he added, hastily dropping the subject. "None to the house," said the postman—"only one from it, given me by Monsieur Trudaine. Hardly worth while," he added, twirling the letter in his hand, "to put it into the bag, is it?"

Lomaque looked over his shoulder as he spoke and saw that the letter was directed to the President of the Academy of Science, Paris.

"I wonder whether he accepts the place or refuses it?" thought the land-steward, nodding to the postman, and continuing his way back to the house.

At the door he met Trudaine, who said to him rather hastily. "You are going back to Lyons with Madame Danville, I suppose?"

"This very day," answered Lomaque. "If you should hear of a convenient bachelor-lodging at Lyons, or near it," continued the other, dropping his voice and speaking more rapidly than before, "you would be doing me a favor if you would let me know about it."

Lomaque assented; but before he could add a question which was on the tip of his tongue, Trudaine had vanished in the interior of the house.

"A bachelor-lodging!" repeated the land-steward, standing alone on the door-step. "At or near Lyons! Ah! Monsieur Trudaine, I put your bachelor-lodging and your talk to me last night together, and I make out a sum-total which is, I think, pretty near the mark. You have refused that Paris appointment, my friend; and I fancy I can guess why."

He paused thoughtfully, and shook his head with ominous frowns and bitings of his lips.

"All clear enough in that sky," he continued, after a while, looking up at the lustrous mid-day heaven. "All clear enough there; but I think I see a little cloud rising in a certain household armament already—a little cloud which hides much, and which I for one shall watch carefully."

CHAPTER VII. FIVE years had elapsed since Monsieur Lomaque stood thoughtfully at the gate of Trudaine's house, looking after the carriage of the bride and bridegroom, and seriously reflecting on the events of the future. Great changes had passed over that domestic firmament in which he prophetically discerned the little warn-

ing cloud. Greater changes have passed over the firmament of France. What was Revolt five years ago is Revolution now—revolution which has engulfed thrones and principalities and powers; which has set up crownless, hereditary kings and counselors of its own, and has bloodily torn them down again by dozens; which has raged and raged on unrestrainedly in fierce earnest, until but one king can still govern and control it for a little while. That King is named Terror, and seventeen hundred and ninety-four is the year of his reign.

Monsieur Lomaque, land-steward no longer, sits alone in an official-looking room in one of the official buildings of Paris. It is another July evening, as fine as that evening when he and Trudaine sat talking together on the bench overlooking the Seine. The window of the room is partly open, and a faint, pleasant breeze is beginning to flow through it now. Lomaque breathes un- easily, as if still oppressed by the sultry midsummer heat; and there are signs of perplexity and trouble in his face as he looks down absently now and then into the street.

The times he lives in are enough of themselves to sadden his face. In the Reign of Terror no living being in all the city of Paris can rise in the morning and be certain of escaping the spy, the arrest, or the guillotine, before night. Such times are trying enough to oppress any man's spirits; but Lomaque is not thinking of them now. Out of a mass of papers which lie before him on his old writing table, he has just taken up and read one, which has carried his thoughts back to the past, and to the changes which have taken place since he stood alone on the door-step of Trudaine's house, pondering on what might happen.

More rapidly even than he had fore- boded, those changes had occurred. In less time even than he had anticipated, the sad emergency for which Rose's brother had prepared, as for a barely possible calamity, overtook Trudaine, and called for all the patience, the courage, the self-sacrifice, which he had to give for his sister's sake. By slow gradations downward, from bad to worse, her husband's character mani- fested itself less and less disguisedly

every day, by day. Occasional slight- ings ending in habitual neglect; careless estrangement turning to cool enmity; small insults which ripened evilly to great injuries—these were the pitiless signs which showed her that she had risked all and lost all while still a young woman—these were the unmer- ited afflictions which found her help- less, and would have left her helpless, but for the ever-present comfort and support of her brother's self-denying love. From the first, Trudaine had devoted himself to meet such trials as now assailed him; and like a man he met them, in defiance alike of persecu- tion from the mother and of insult from the son.

The hard task was only lightened when, as time advanced, public trouble began to mingle itself with private grief. Then absorbing political necessities came as a relief to domestic mis- ery. Then it grew to be the one pur- pose and pursuit of Danville's life cunningly to shape his course so that he might move safely onward with the advancing revolutionary tide—he cared not whether, as long as he kept his pos- sessions safe and his life out of danger. His mother, inflexibly true to her old- world convictions through all peril, might outrage and upbraid, might talk of honor, and courage, and sincerity—he heeded her not, or heeded only to laugh. As he had taken the false way with his wife, so he was now bent on taking it with the world.

The years passed on; destroying changes swept hurricane-like over the old governing system of France; and still Danville shifted successfully with the shifting times. The first days of the Terror approached; in public and in private—in high places and in low—each man now suspected his brother. Crafty as Danville was, even he fell under suspicion at last, at headquarters in Paris, principally on his mother's account. This was his first political failure, and in a moment of thought- less rage and disappointment, he wrecked the irritation caused by it on Lomaque. Suspected himself, he in turn suspected the land steward. His mother vented the suspicion—Lomaque was dismissed.

In the old times the victim would have been ruined—in the new times he was simply rendered eligible for a political vocation in life. Lomaque was poor, quick witted, secret, not scrupulous, he was a good patriot, he had good patriot friends, plenty of ambi- tion, a subtle, cat-like courage, nothing to dread—and he went to Paris. There were plenty of small chances there for men of his calibre. He waited for one of them. It came; he made the most of it; attracted favorably the notice of the terrible Fouguler-Tinville; and won his way to a place in the office of the Secret Police.

Meanwhile Danville's anger cooled down; he recovered the use of that cunning sense which had hitherto served him well, and sent to recall the discarded servant. It was too late. Lomaque was already in a position to set him at defiance—nay, to put his neck, perhaps, under the blade of the guillotine. Worse than this, anonymous letters reached him, warning him to lose no time in proving his patriotism by some indis- putable sacrifice, and in silencing his mother, whose imprudent sincerity

was likely ere long to cost her her life. Danville knew her well enough to know that there was but one way of saving her, and thereby saving himself. She had always refused to emigrate; but he now insisted that she should seize the first opportunity he could procure for her of quitting France until calmer times arrived.

Probably she would have risked her own life ten times over rather than have obeyed him; but she had not the courage to risk her son's too; and she yielded for his sake. Partly by secret influ- ence, partly by unblushing fraud, Danville procured for her such papers and permits as would enable her to leave France by way of Marseilles. Even then she refused to depart, until she knew what her son's plans were for the future. He showed her a letter which he was about to dispatch to Robespierre himself, vindicating his suspected patriotism, and indignantly demanding to be allowed to prove it by filling some office, no matter how small, under the redoubtable triumvirate which then governed, or more properly, terrified France. The sight of this document reassured Madame Danville. She bade her son farewell, and departed at last, with one trusty servant, for Marseilles.

CHAPTER VIII. ANVILLE'S intention in sending his letter to Paris had been simply to save himself by patriotic bluster. He was thunderstruck at receiving a reply, taking him at his word, and summoning him to the capital to accept employment there under the then existing government. There was no choice but to obey. So to Paris he journeyed; taking his wife with him into the very jaws of danger. He was then at open enmity with Trudaine; and the more anxious and alarmed he could make the brother feel on the sister's account, the better he was pleased. True to his trust and his love, through all dangers as through all persecutions, Trudaine followed him; and the street of their sojourn at Paris, in the perilous days of the Terror, was the street of his sojourn too.

Danville had been astonished at the acceptance of his proffered services—found that the post selected for him was one of the superintendent's places in that very office of Secret Police in which Lomaque was employed as agent. Robespierre and his colleagues had taken the measure for their man—he had money enough, and local im- portance enough, to be worth studying. The affairs of the Secret Police were the sort of affairs which an unscrupu- lously cunning man was fitted to help on; and the faithful exercise of that cunning in the service of the state was ensured by the presence of Lomaque in the office. The discarded servant was just the right sort of spy to watch the suspected master. Thus it happened that, in the office of the Secret Police of Paris, and under the Reign of Terror, Lomaque's old master was, natu- rally, his master still—the superintendent to whom he was ceremonially ac- countable, in public—the suspected man, whose slightest words and deeds he was officially set to watch, in private.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HAD TO PAY TWICE.

Flight of an Ocean Traveler Who Lost His Ticket.

There was one young man on the steamship New York, says the New York Times, who paid well for his passage. When it came time to present his ticket to the steward it was not to be found. Pockets were turned inside out, trunks were turned upside down, hat- bands torn out and a stateroom converted into a wilderness of pillows, bed- clothes and clothing.

The unfortunate passenger asked every man, woman and child on the ship: "Have you seen ticket No. 1,601?" Notices were posted on the bulletin board. The next day the passenger lost his identity. Everybody called him "1,601." From that time he was known by his ticket number.

"Have you seen Mr. '1,601,' to-day?" some one would ask. Then a dozen voices would ask: "Which '1,601,' the man or the ticket?"

After the big dinner Thanksgiving day, Mr. "1,601" gave up the struggle and paid \$125 for his passage. This is the way he figured it up:

"I have examined the first and second cabin passengers and know every- thing they possess. When I state that the New York customs authorities won't get within a few thousands of what is due them I give expert testi- mony."

"The steerage had 202 passengers in it. It would take me at least three days to examine them, and that would bring me into Sunday, and as we are due Saturday, I guess I'll give it up."

When "1,601" left the pier yesterday he was better known than the purser.

The Meanest Kind of Business. Very few people among the general public know that a certain class of small brokers and stick and umbrella sellers of London, who have not got regular shops of their own, make quite a living out of the sales of articles left in railway carriages and waiting rooms and subsequently disposed of at auc- tion.

The quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven. Upon the place beneath.

Nothing grows so fast as trouble that is nursed.

SIATIC RHEUMATISM AND ITS CURE.

From the Gazette, Burlington, Iowa.

The story of Mr. Tabor's nearly fatal attack of sciatic rheumatism is familiar to his large circle of acquaintances, but for the benefit of others and those im- munitarily afflicted The Gazette has investi- gated the matter for publication. Mr. Tabor is Secretary and Treasurer for the Commercial Printing Company, with offices in the Hedge Block, and re- sides at 417 Basnet Street, Burlington, Iowa. A Gazette man sought an inter- view with Mr. Tabor at his place of business to-day, and although he was busily engaged with imperative duties, he talked freely and feelingly on the subject of his recent severe sickness and subsequent wonderful cure.

"Yes," said Mr. Tabor, "I can safely say that I am a well man, that is, my sciatic trouble with rheumatism has en- tirely disappeared, but I am still taking Pink Pills and will keep on taking them as long as I continue to grow stronger and healthier, as I have been every day since I began to use them. You will not wonder at my profound faith in the efficacy of the Pink Pills after you have heard what I have to say for you. About one year ago I was stricken suddenly with sciatic rheumatism and was con- fined to my bed. It grew worse and rapidly assumed the form of inflamma- tory rheumatism. I suffered constant and terrible pain, and the tortures which that horrible disease is in the habit of inflicting. At length under the constant care of a local physician I was enabled to return to my work, but only at inter- vals. Severe attacks would appear regu- larly in my back and descend into my leg and foot, and threatened to make me a permanent cripple. I tried various remedies for rheumatism, but without any beneficial results. I grew pale, weak and haggard, and my family grew alarmed at my condition.

About eight weeks ago my mother induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and you know the result. Before I had used one box I felt greatly relieved and much stronger. I continued their use and improved rapidly. I have now taken eight boxes and feel like a new man and completely cured.

In reply to inquiries Mr. Henry, the druggist, stated that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were having a large sale, that it was particularly gratifying to him to know that the customers themselves were highly pleased with the benefits they had derived from their use; that many of them stated that the pills were the only medium that had done them any good; that they not only gave them quick relief but permanent benefit. That the pills do sell and that the pills do cure is a certainty.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements neces- sary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold in boxes only at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

God is not praised at all unless it is done with the whole heart.

God has promised that the man who will give mercy shall receive it.

Tried and Sure Things.

Rough on Headache, quick cure, 25c.
Rough on Toothache, instant relief, 25c.
Rough on Coughs, good, none better, 25c.
Rough on Colds, La Grippe and Influenza, 50c.
Rough on Catarrh, sure to please you, 50c.
Rough on Bile Pills, best for constipation, 25c.
Rough on Malaria, for chills, fever, ague, 50c.
Rough on Dyspepsia, unequalled cure, 50c.
Rough on Rheumatism and Gout, 50c.
Rough on Bunions and Chilblains, 25c.
Rough on Corns, hard or soft corns, 25c.
Rough on Rats, sold all around the world, 50c.
At druggists or sent on receipt of price.
E. S. Wells, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Good and True Things.

Rough on Pain, pungent, penetrating, 25c.
Rough on Pain Plaster, skin preserver, 50c.
Rough on Pain, (mustard plaster), 1/8 for 25c.
Rough on Worms, easy taking, effective, 25c.
Rough on Cholera, for diarrhoea, colic, etc., 25c.
Rough on Hysteria, cure for nervousness, 50c.
Rough on Itch, for all skin humors, 50c.
Rough on Asthma, new quick relief, 50c.
Rough on Piles, external and internal, 50c.
Rough on Sores, cleansing, quick healing, 25c.
Leucelle Oil Balm, for the complexion, 50c.
If Gray, Use Wells' Hair Balsam, 50c.
At druggists or sent on receipt of price.
E. S. Wells, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Trustworthy Things.

Wells' Velvet Cream Face Powder, 25c.
Leucelle Oil Balm, skin beautifier, 50c.
Wells' Hair Balsam, preserves the hair, 50c.
Wells' Brain Invigorant and Nerve Tonic, keeps you bright, vigorous and strong, 75c.
Wells' Stomach Balm, for indigestion, 25c.
Wells' Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Cure, 50c.
Wells' Litchia-Rye Whiskey, a pure, harmless, healthful stimulant, 50c.
At druggists or sent on receipt of price.
E. S. Wells, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Don't Die in the House.

Rough on Rats, Clears out Flies, Bed Bugs, Roaches, Ants, Mice, 15c.

Living without a plan is as foolish as going to sea without a compass in the hip.

6100 Newark, 8100.

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

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Saying that there is no harm in a thing is the devil's attempt at self-defense.

"I contracted a severe cold from exposure. Coughed all winter. Could get no relief. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup broke up the cold, and drove away the cold. Never took anything that did me so much good." I. H. Brooks, North Haverhill, N. H.

There is no more dangerous disease than waiting to get rich in a hurry.

"I was run over by a lumber wagon. Did not expect to live. Was terribly blinded. My friends bathed me with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and I was cured. We have great faith in Thomas' Electric Oil." Mrs. Wm. F. Babcock, Norvell, Mich.

Days which begin in darkness and storm often end in a glorious sunset.

Does your head feel as though some one was hammering it; as though a million sparks were flying out of the eyes? Have you horrible sickness of the stomach? Burdock Blood Bitters will cure you.

No woman ever granted her way to glory.

Hives are not dangerous to life but they are a prolific breeder of misery and profanity. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, even in the worst cases of this and other exasperating diseases of the skin.

AN ACCIDENT.

Mr. Quintus Hummel, of 118 Michigan Ave., Detroit, tells a War Story of his own Experience, and the Result.

(From Detroit News.)

Our representative called at 118 Michigan Avenue, the residence of Mr. Quintus Hummel. Mr. Hummel is a veteran of the late war, and received, in the campaign, an injury which has given him much pain and suffering since. He belonged to a Michigan cavalry regiment and his horse becoming frightened one day reared up, throwing him backward. In falling he struck his spine on a sharp stone, inflicting a deep cut over five inches long. The injury affected the kidneys. About two years ago the left kidney started to bleed, and has been doing so ever since. Mr. Hummel, in a few pointed sentences, gave our representative the following account:

"The accident of my 'war days' left me in bad shape; pain in my back and spine rendered me almost useless, and I was compelled to give up work entirely. I could not turn over in bed without assistance. I have spent hundreds of dollars in various ways trying to find relief. Physi- cians have told me my spine was honey- combed for 13 inches. I had given up in despair, never hoping for relief, when a friend told me about Doan's Kidney Pills, and they have done me a world of good. The pains have disappeared from my back, and the bleeding of my kidney has almost entirely stopped. I know I can never be entirely cured, as I would have to be a new man, but Doan's Kidney Pills have done more to make me feel like a new man than all the other things I have tried during past years. I have not had any recurrence of the pain or bleeding since taking them."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents by mail, from Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

No king can rule others well who is not master of himself.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 20, 1886.

Avarice is a robber that keeps people from becoming rich.

Bronchitis. Sudden changes of the weather cause Bronchial Troubles. "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROUBLES" will give effective relief.

The lazy man believes that there is no bit which is not steep.

LET THE EARTH REJOICE AND farmers sing. With our new hardy grasses, clovers and fodder plants the poorest, most worn out, toughest, worst piece of land can be made as fertile as the valley of the Nile. Only takes a year or so to do so! At the same time you will be getting 'b'g crops! Teosinte, Giant Spurry, Sacaline, Lathyrus, what a variety of names! Catalogue tells you!

If you will cut this out and send it to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c postage, you will get free their mammoth catalogue and ten grass and grain fodder samples (worth \$10.00 to get a start!).

The hornet like the gnat, would not be such a bad thing to have about if it were to stir the sting in its tail.

Health once impaired is not easily regained. Yet Parker's Ginger Tonic has attained those results in many cases. Good for every weakness and distress.

Sugar-coated lies are easily swallowed.

It is more than wonderful how patiently people suffer with corns. Get peace and comfort by removing them with Hindercoors.

Cork pine makes the best matches.

PITS—All Pits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Pits after the first day's use. Nervousness, Cures, Treats and Eradicates all Pits. Send for list, Kline, 233 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A fat pocketbook is a great tonic.

If the Baby is Crying Teeth. As soon as the baby and well-tried remedy, Wm. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

A good dinner is a benediction.

Seaman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender Sores, Pimples, Chilblains, Piles, An. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Some people who are too honest to steal will borrow and never pay back.

A scolding wife is lost as beautiful to look upon as a swearing husband.

SYRUP

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important in order to get its benefi- cial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

It is not dangerous to life but they are a prolific breeder of misery and profanity. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, even in the worst cases of this and other exasperating diseases of the skin.

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Nothing grows so fast as trouble that is nursed.

