

The Plymouth Mail.

VOLUME X, NO. 41.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., JUNE 18, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 510

Attention, Farmers!

We have just placed a large bulletin board in front of our elevator, where the government weather report will be placed every day at 3 p. m. Don't blame us if we don't hit the weather every time.

L. C. HOUGH & SON.

F. & P. M. Elevator.

Drain Commissioner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Drain Commissioner of the Township of Plymouth, Wayne County, State of Michigan, will, on Tuesday, the 22d day of June, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at the culvert on Church street, in the village of Plymouth, be present to sell and put under contract the construction of a tile or crock drain, as follows: Commencing at a point in the Hough Drain, 1 chain 20 links n. 6° e of the northwest corner of the lot owned by Oliver Evans, thence running s 40° e, w 2 1/2 chains, s 37° e, w 3 1/2 chains, s 19° e, w 5 1/2 chains, s 37° e, w 2 chains, s 34° e, w 2 chains, s 28° e, w 4 1/2 chains, total length, 21 chains 75 links, or 87 rods. Said Drain to be made of 12-inch tile or crocks, and all parts and subdivisions of said Drain will then and there be sold to the lowest responsible bidder. The Drain Commissioner reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

The undersigned also gives notice that at the same time and place above named he will be present and exhibit maps and profiles of the drain, giving the depth and dimensions thereof, and will also exhibit for review the assessments of benefits on the several tracts and parcels of land as by him deemed to be benefited thereby and also on the township or village of Plymouth at large as benefit to public health.

The following tracts and parcels of land are contained in the assessment district for said drain and are liable to be assessed for the construction of the same:

Special Assessment Extension Hough Tile Drain.

Name of Owner or Agent.	Description of Lands.	Section
Jacob Lyon	res. and lot hd n and w by Hough, e by Lyon, s by st.	26
A. O. Lyon	hd n by Hough, e by R. R., s by st, w by Lyon.	26
L. C. Hough	hd n by Starkweather, e by Lyon, s st, w by Sherwood.	26
E. W. Chaffee	hd n and e by Hough and Starkweather, s by st, w by st, w by Sherwood and Hall.	26
R. G. Hall	hd n and e by Chaffee and st, s and w by Sherwood.	26
T. C. Sherwood	hd n by Starkweather, e by Hall and Chaffee, s by st, w by Palmer and Allen.	26
W. O. Allen	Between Sherwood and Bennett.	26
E. K. Bennett	Between Allen and Palmer.	26
Palmer, John est.	Between Bennett and School property.	26
Smith, Charlotte	Between Palmer and street.	26
Kate E. Penniman	W pt of w 1/2 n w 1/2	26
G. A. Starkweather	E 1/2 n w 1/2 e and R. R.	26
F. & P. M. R. R.		26
Village of Plymouth		26
Chas. Wilskie	E part n e 1/4, 87 acres.	27
Ella Safford	hd n by L. H. Bennett and cemetery, e by Main-st., s C. C. Shortman, F. Coleman, J. L. Gale, C. A. Pinckney, Burnett, Bassett, w Dr. Adams and st.	27
Kate Allen	S e 1/4 of n e 1/4 and s part e 1/4, 40 acres.	27
Dr. Adams	hd n by Church-st., e by Safford and Bassett, s by Sutton st., w by Shattuck.	27

G. P. BENTON,

Township Drain Commissioner.

Dated at Plymouth, Mich., June 3, 1897.

HICK'RY FARM!

OUR TEACHERS

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS PRESENTED BY

W. J. Hubbell, Assisted by Local Talent

Was a Success in Every Particular.

The play "Hick'ry Farm," given last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings by W. J. Hubbell, assisted by local talent, was one of the best and most successful plays ever put on the stage in Plymouth. It is a play that is both interesting and instructive, one in which pathos and merit go hand in hand, and one that cannot help but please the most fastidious audience that ever gathered.

The parts were all taken in a masterly manner. Miss Maude Markham, as Mrs. Dodge, and H. C. Robinson, as Lawrence McKeegan, kept the house in a roar of laughter from the beginning of the play to the end. Mrs. E. Pelton as Jessie Fortune and Chas. Miller, as Zek'l Fortune, her father, presented some very pathetic scenes. W. J. Hubbell, as 'Riah Skinner, was excellent. W. R. Knight, as Gilbert Darkwood, the villain, Alford Lyndon, as Jack Nelson, and R. Mimmack, as Detective Haukin, are all worthy of special mention and we feel safe in saying that professionals could have done but little better, if any. Mr. Hubbell deserves much praise for the manner in which he handled the company. The mandolin club furnished excellent music both evenings.

The hall was artistically decorated with flags, firemen's paraphernalia, etc., the credit for which goes to Chief Geo. W. Hunter, who was assisting in his efforts in attending to all the details of the affair. The receipts amounted to about \$35.

FOR THE COMING SCHOOL YEAR HAVE BEEN HIRED.

No Changes Except in The Principalship.—A Reduction of \$200 in Salaries.

The positions in our school have been filled, for the year 1897-98, and there are no changes except in the principalship, Prof. E. H. Ryder, of Traverse City, taking Prof. Beidow's place.

On account of the hard times and the large number of experienced teachers looking for positions, the school board considered it wise to reduce the salaries of the teachers, and also the janitor.

The following table shows the present salaries of the teachers and the salaries they will receive next year:

	Present Salary	Next year
Principal,	\$900	\$800
Preceptress,	400	380
Grammar,	400	380
1st Intermediate,	400	380
2nd	325	305
1st Primary	325	305
2nd	325	305
3rd	275	300

The salary of M. A. Patterson, the janitor, was reduced from \$370 to \$325.

There will be no change in the position of the teachers except Miss Taft and Miss Burch, who will exchange places. Here is the list: E. H. Ryder, Lina Duffee, Della Entrican, Anna Smith, Alice Safford, Edith Burch, Nellie Church, Gertrude Taft.

D. G. R. & W. Sunday Excursion, June 27.

A special train will leave Plymouth at 10:15 a. m. and tickets will be sold to Detroit at 30 cents for round trip. Return train will leave Detroit at 6:00 p. m. Bicycles and baby cabs free. (511) GEO. DEHAVEN, G. P. A.

Jane R. Lyndon

The funeral of Mrs. Jane R. Lyndon, wife of the late Samuel Lyndon, who died May 9, 1888, was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Sewell Bennett, Wednesday, June 16, 1897. Revs. Willis G. Clark, of Holly, and McWayne Milne, of Dundee, her former pastor, officiating.

Miss Jane R. Peters was born at Scio, Washtenaw Co., Michigan, October 1st, 1829, where she resided with her parents until her marriage with Samuel Lyndon, of Canton, Wayne Co., March 27, 1849. She then came with him to his home in Canton. Seven children were born to them, four boys and three girls.

Three children survive her, one son, Alford D. Lyndon, of Plymouth, Mich., and two daughters, Dora A. Cole, of Canton and Ida L. Bennett, of Plymouth, also one sister, Cornelia Holmes, and two brothers, Geo. A. and Henry E. Peters.

She united with the Baptist church at Dexter early in life, and in 1890 united with the Plymouth Baptist church of which she was a faithful member until her death. She was a faithful companion, a tender and affectionate mother and charitable neighbor. She was respected in life and blessed in death. The memory of the just is blessed.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our heart-felt thanks to all who so kindly sympathized and assisted during our dear father's illness and death.

MRS. ELIZA COOK AND FAMILY.

Sentenced To One Year.

A. B. Clapper, who was convicted of perjury in the recorder's court last week, was sentenced to one year in the Detroit House of Correction. This is indeed a very light sentence. Mr. Clapper can congratulate himself that he has been dealt with so leniently.

Alfred Cook.

Alfred Cook, whose death and burial was mentioned last week, was born in Seneca Co., N. Y., in the year 1820. At the age of ten years he moved with his parents to Michigan. In 1842 he was married to Eliza Wight and settled in the township of Canton. Four children were born to them, all of whom are living: Mrs. O. F. Stevens, of Detroit; Mrs. A. P. Scott, of Arkansas; L. F. Cook, of West Branch, and E. S. Cook, of our town.

Mr. Cook passed the last 46 years of his life on his farm in Plymouth township, and was well and favorably known in this vicinity.

He was an earnest advocate of Masonry and was buried with Masonic rites. Plymouth Rock lodge of this place having charge of the services.

That Hose Race.

The race which took place Tuesday night between Royal and Phoenix Hose companies was not quite as satisfactory as it might have been for the reason that there was some misunderstanding in regard to the details of the race.

Royal Hose Co. made preparations to have their cart pulled by a team of horses while Phoenix Co. decided to haul their cart by hand.

Both companies are to be complimented on their quick work. Phoenix Co. ran 100 yards, laid 150 feet of hose and were throwing water in 46 seconds. Royal Co. and team ran 1/4 of a mile, laid 400 feet of hose and had water in 72 seconds. Etna Hose Co. didn't turn out.

The Detroit & Lima Northern Ry. The New Route.

Runs solid vestibule trains with elegant coaches and luxurious parlor cars, insuring the highest degree of comfort and safety, forming the most direct line between all Michigan points and Lima, Springfield, Columbus, Cincinnati, Washington, D. C., Baltimore, and all points south, west and east.

For information relative to tickets, etc., apply to any D. & L. N. ticket office or write C. A. Chambers, Gen. Pass. Agt., Detroit, Mich.

Island Lake & Grand Ledge Excursions Sunday, June 20.

D. G. R. & W. R. R. Special train will leave Plymouth at 6:45 a. m. for these popular resorts. Round trip rate to Island Lake \$0.35; Grand Ledge \$0.75. Return train will leave latter station at 6:30 p. m. Bicycles and baby cabs free. GEO. DEHAVEN, G. P. A.

The largest stock and greatest variety of monuments ever shown in Plymouth can be seen by calling at the Plymouth Marble and Granite works. Prices and terms of payment made to please purchasers.

W. H. HORT, Prop.

The confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla is due to its unequalled record of wonderful cures.

Council Proceedings.

An adjourned meeting of the common council of the village of Plymouth, Mich., was held June 14 1897. Present, President Root, Trustees Allen, Baker, Lapham, Polley, Brems, Reiman. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

A petition signed by Rev. J. B. Oliver and others asking for the enforcement of the law providing for the sale and regulation of the sale of intoxicating liquors, in the corporate limits of the village of Plymouth, was presented and read.

Motion by Trustee Baker supported by Trustee Reiman that the council accept the petition and that the marshal be instructed to see that the law is observed and carried out; and if any citizen has positive proof of a violation of the liquor law in the village and will enter a complaint, the common council will see that the parties are prosecuted. Carried.

Under the head of claims and accounts the following bills were presented:

M. Conner & Son	\$21 35
W. J. Bradner, (pay roll)	37 05
H. C. Robinson	5 35
F. Bugert	1 30

Motion by Trustee Polley supported by Trustee Reiman that the bills be allowed and orders drawn on the proper funds to pay the same. Carried.

The ways and means committee reported that they had examined the tax roll for 1897, and after correcting the same declared that the assessed valuation of the village of Plymouth is \$588,180, poll tax, \$151.

The following resolution was offered by Trustee Allen and supported by Trustee Lapham: Resolved that the tax roll as equalized by Assessor Valentine and viewed by the Board of Review, be and is hereby accepted and adopted as the tax roll for the village of Plymouth for 1897.

The yeas and nays being called, Trustees Allen, Baker, Lapham, Polley, Brems, Reiman voted yeas, total six. Nays none. Two-thirds of the trustees voting yeas; the resolution was declared adopted.

The ways and means committee recommended that one mill on the dollar be raised for street fund and six mills for general fund.

Motion by Trustee Lapham supported by Trustee Baker that the report be accepted and that a levy of one mill for street fund and six mills for general fund be made.

The yeas and nays being called, Trustees Baker, Lapham, Polley, Reiman voted yeas, total four; Trustees Allen and Brems voted nays, total two. Two-thirds of the trustees voting yeas, the motion was declared carried.

The following resolution was offered by Trustee Allen and supported by Trustee Baker: Resolved, that the tax roll for 1897 be returned to Assessor Valentine and that he be instructed to spread one mill for street fund and six mills for general fund on the valuation of property therein assessed, both real and personal as heretofore accepted and adopted.

The yeas and nays being called, Trustees Allen, Baker, Lapham, Polley, Brems, Reiman voted yeas, total six. Nays none. Two-thirds of the trustees voting yeas, the resolution was declared adopted.

Trustee Allen, on behalf of himself and wife, then presented the village with a flag.

The president appointed Trustees Baker and Polley and the clerk as a committee to draft a set of resolutions recognizing the gift and thanking the donors for their liberality.

The council then adjourned.

Resolutions.

WHEREAS, Prompted by a feeling of patriotism and sense of loyalty to the village of Plymouth, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Allen have considered it proper and in accordance with the needs of the village to donate a beautiful silk flag and

WHEREAS, The common council, as representatives of the people of Plymouth, desire to acknowledge the gift in a fitting manner, therefore be it

Resolved, that we extend to Mr. and Mrs. Allen a vote of thanks on behalf of our people, and in a public manner show our high appreciation of the kindly feeling which prompted the generous act, trusting that this emblem of freedom and patriotism, as it floats o'er our fair village, may ever remind us of the open-hearted liberality of the donors.

H. W. BAKER,
F. POLLEY,
H. J. BAKER.

Card of Thanks.

To our many friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us and gave us their sympathy in the hour of our sad bereavement in the death of our mother we herewith extend our heartfelt thanks, also to the Canton W. C. T. U., Plymouth W. C. T. U. Baptist Ladies' Aid Society and B. Y. P. U. for their beautiful floral offerings, and the choir for their singing.

ALFORD D. LYNDON,
DORA A. COLE,
IDA L. BENNETT.

Perfection! Perfection! Perfection!

DYES, DRUGS, GROCERIES.

Not only a full and complete line of Perfection Dyes, but also a complete and perfect assortment of

Fancy and Staple Groceries,
All the Leading Brands of Flour,
SALT PORK, PICNIC HAMS, DRIED BEEF, LARD, Etc.

Drugs and Medicines

Cigars and Tobacco,

Candies and Stationery,
Trusses, Toilet Articles,

In fact, a perfect assortment of everything in this line, all at the

Lowest Possible Prices,

QUALITY CONSIDERED.

Everything First Quality

No Seconds,

AT

GEO. W. HUNTER
& CO.'S

I have put in our front window a Beautiful LAMP AND GLOBE, With Rochester burner, the cost price of this lamp is \$3.25. If sold before June 15th the price will be \$2.49. COME IN AND SEE IT.

I Have Just Bought for The Plymouth Trade

Two Ladies' and Gentlemen's

ESSEX BICYCLES,

From the factory at the lowest cash price, excepting the \$100 grade wheel. These are the finest bicycles ever brought to this village. These wheels sell in Detroit or Chicago at \$50 each. We have had them on sale for a few days for \$45 each. As they have not sold, we are determined to give someone the greatest bargain of their life, and put the price down to

\$40.00 A PIECE.

This will be your only chance to buy this wheel at that price as we would not duplicate the order.

Remember, the cheap price on Paints and Oils still continue, and if you are in want of anything in

Drugs, Groceries, Crockery, Wall Paper,

Come and See Us.

J. L. GALE.

COMMON COUNCIL, VILLAGE OF PLYMOUTH.

R. L. ROOT, President,
H. J. BAKER, Clerk.

TRUSTEES:
W. O. Allen, H. W. Baker,
A. J. Lapham, F. Polley,
F. Reiman, C. Brems.

STANDING COMMITTEES, 1897:

WAYS AND MEANS:
Allen, Baker, Polley,
STREETS:
Baker, Reiman, Lapham,
PARKS:
Polley, Brems, Baker,
CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS:
Baker, Lapham,
HEALTH:
Reiman, Allen, Polley,
POUNDS:
Baker, Lapham,
ORDINANCE:
Lapham, Allen, Reiman,
LICENSE:
Polley, Lapham, Allen,
FIRE:
Brems, Reiman, Baker.

PRESIDENT PRO TEM: W. O. ALLEN,
CHIEF FIRE DEPARTMENT: GEO. W. HUNTER,
HEALTH OFFICER: DR. F. N. DEWEY,
MARSHAL: JOSEPH COCHRANE.

BOARD OF CEMETERY TRUSTEES:
John M. Ward, one year; Geo. A. Starkweather,
two years; E. C. Leach, three years.
SPECIAL ASSESSORS:
George Shaker, Peter Gayde, Frank Park.
SOLAR REVIEW:
J. L. Gale, W. H. Hoyt, C. C. Allen.



Owosso, St. Louis, Alma,
Mt. Pleasant, Clare, Cad-
illac, Manistee, Traverse
City and points in North-
western Michigan.

WE OWN AND OPERATE
Our own Steamship Line
across Lake Michigan be-
tween Frankfort and Ke-
wawee, Menominee and
Gladstone, and are selling
tickets to the Northwest
CHEAPER than any all
rail line.

The best trout and bass
fishing in the state is
found on our northern
division.

Sleeping cars on night trains.
Berths, \$1.50 and \$1.00.
Free chair cars on day trains.

W. H. BENNETT,
G. P. A.

"Nothing else like it."
The most refreshing and
pleasant Soap for the skin.



It lasts twice as long as others.
A trial will convince you of its great
merit. Will please the most fastidious.
CHARLES F. MILLER,
Mfr. of FRENCH MILLED TOILET
SOAPS AND PERFUMERY,
Lancaster, Penn.
ESTABLISHED, 1840.

A HORSE
IN NO WAY VALUED, HENCE THE FEET BEING
AN ALL-IMPORTANT PART SHOULD BE
TREATED WITH GREAT CARE.

Morrison's English Liniment,
"THE GREAT HOOF GROWER."

It cures the troubles of soaking and packing,
Corns, Contracted Feet, Cracks, Quarter-Cracks,
Thrush, Nervous Diseases, Brittle Feet, Splints,
Sprains, Rheumatism. It is an unequalled re-
medy for affections of Throat or Lungs.

The Best Healer Known.
It is sold at \$1.00 for full weight 16 ounce bottle.
5 ounces, 50 cents.

FAMILY LINIMENT, 25 cents.
Read one testimonial—we have hundreds
of 'em.

St. JOSEPH, June 8, 1898.
I have used J. H. Morrison's liniment furnished me by
George Morrison of Bath, N. H., on the fore-
foot of a horse that was injured by shoeing
and pinched, and have found it very beneficial,
the most so I have used.

JOSEPHINE BOND,
Writer of the above is Chief Justice of the
Vermont Supreme Court.

JAMES W. FOSTER CO., Proprietors,
Bath, N. H.
"The well-known maker of Lady Foot Liniment."

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

BAKER & BALCH, Pubs.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

If Toronto, with a system of trans-
fers, and no cars running on Sunday,
can make money by managing her
street railways for herself, other cities
ought to do much better.

The haughty Illinois hobo who re-
fused a pair of old trousers that hap-
pened to have a \$500 note in them had
perhaps previously accepted discarded
garments, the pockets of which con-
tained no such bonanza.

The woman who has invented a ma-
chine that will wash dishes—the most
monotonous of all domestic tasks—de-
serves a large bimetallic medal, with
an expression of the gratitude of all
women engraved upon it.

A French physician has invented a
method by which he says iron can be
given in large doses. Hens, he noticed,
have powerful internal organs. They
can digest considerable quantities of
iron, and then render it back, through
the albumen of their eggs, in a form
which is easily digested by the weaker
stomach of mankind. So he feeds his
hens with what he calls "a very ab-
sorbent salt of iron," mingled with
grains of wheat, and they lay eggs ex-
tremely rich in iron already digested.

A late scrap of scientific informa-
tion is to the effect that a single bee,
with all its industry and energy, col-
lects only a teaspoonful of honey in a
season. The scientific statistician,
however, falls to tell us what is to be
expected of the married bee, who is
supposed to have a greater incentive
to labor hard and unceasingly. Come
to think of it, though, the married
bee, unlike the married man, has
things dead easy. He does not have to
work.

Prince Uchtomsky, imperial cham-
berlain and editor of the St. Peters-
burg Vedomosti, with Lieut. Andrey-
evsky, of the Emperor's Bodyguard
Hussars, has left on the volunteer fleet
steamer Nijai Novgorod for the far
east. They take with them eight tons
of presents from the czar and zarina
to the Emperor of China, and Prince
Uchtomsky will act as special commis-
sioner for laying out the line of the
Russo-Chinese Railroad.

Twenty years ago a newly-appointed
postmaster at New York could remove
and appoint at will two thousand sub-
ordinates. The postmaster whom
President McKinley has appointed can
fill only two places. This is a striking,
though not an exceptional, example of
the extent to which reform in the ad-
ministration of the civil service has
been quietly pushed. "To the victors
belong the spoils," is no longer the
universally accepted political maxim
it was a generation ago.

Reports from all the large towns
where General Weyer has congregated
helpless Cubans to starve them to
death show that the mortality is in-
creasing rapidly. In some sections half
of the concentrados have died; in oth-
ers 25 to 35 per cent has been the death
rate. Riots are occurring in several of
the larger towns and only the guns of
the Spanish soldiers have kept the
pacifists from a general outbreak. They
are so desperate that they would about
as readily be shot down as to take the
chances of starving to death. Spanish
officials at the palace deny the great
victory of General Garcia at Mauzanillo.

The "war-chest" of Germany is kept
in the fortified city of Spandau. Here
is deposited coined gold equivalent to
thirty million dollars, instantly avail-
able for military purposes. It is un-
derstood that Great Britain and France
are even more richly supplied with
ready money, although neither of
these countries keeps its treasure in a
"war-chest." Italy, on the other
hand, has very little, and her people
are taxed to the verge of starvation
that that little may be kept untouched.
Russia has been a chronic borrower,
partly to supply a fund of which no
one outside of Russia knows the extent.
It has been asserted, possibly
with some exaggeration, that Germany
could put two million men into the
field, fully equipped, within ten days
after hostilities began. On a war foot-
ing the German, Russian and French
armies would number, each, more than
three million men; the Italian and
Austrian about two millions each. To
support such multitudes would soon
empty any "war chest." A country
like Germany, whose public debt is
only about ten dollars per capita—
Italy's debt is almost eighty dollars
for each inhabitant—could resort to
taxation, and by various means with-
stand a long strain. But it staggers
imagination to dwell upon the burdens
that protracted war would lay upon
the unhappy subjects of the bankrupt
nations.

The testimony of the most noted
of modern gamblers as to the profits
of his occupation should be regarded
as good evidence. It goes a long way
toward destroying such false state-
ments as are contained in silly news-
paper stories of wealth easily got at
the gaming-table. This modern gam-
bler of world-wide notoriety said:
"Show me a gambler with a bank ac-
count. Show me one with a bit of
real estate. You can't do it. If I had
the money I wouldn't scour the earth
for games to play. I'd stay right
here."

A fact worth recording is that the fe-
male employes of many German fac-
tories are forbidden to wear corsets
during working hours.

DOES NOT PROVE RACE.

It is a Distinction of Secondary Eth-
nological Importance.

Language, like religion, is a distinc-
tion of quite secondary ethnological im-
portance, says the Monist. After an
individual has remained a long time in
a country he usually learns the lan-
guage and its customs. And yet the
Italian colony in France is made up
chiefly of immigrants more or less tran-
sient who scarcely ever learn to speak
the language of the country they in-
habit. But the Italian laborers are
contented with very low wages. They
therefore compete with French laborers
and thus tend to lower their wages.
But in Austria, where there are, accord-
ing to the last census, about 46,000 Ital-
ians, almost all laborers, the wages of
the Austrian laborers are no higher
than those of the Italian; hence be-
tween the two there arise no serious
competition. There is, however, the
same difference of language. In France
the union of native laborers against the
Italian is not on account of any antag-
onism of race, but solely an economic
phenomenon. The same thing does not
happen in Austria because there is no
antagonism.

In France the Italian language has
become almost a mark of distinction of
the laborers accepting a low wage. "In
India," says Ibbotson, "similarity of
food is employed as an exterior sign of
community of blood." Now, what
would be said of an ethnographic clas-
sification of Indian races based upon
eating? Language is no better, for it
is only an external characteristic of no
intellectual or physiological impor-
tance. If it were taken as the principal
distinction of the various races it
would have to be admitted that the peo-
ple who speak the modern Romance
languages are not Latin—but that
would be absurd. Frederick Muller,
taking language as the distinguishing
feature of human races, is not able in
his ethnography to avoid a classifica-
tion entirely empirical. He forgets
that an inferior people may learn a
language from one race to another.
"There is no proof," says Huxley, "for
asserting the incapacity of a race to
substitute another language for its own.
Physical, moral and mental peculiari-
ties are transmitted with blood and not
with language. In the United States
the negroes have spoken English for
generations."

The New Bachelor.
Slowly he disrobed, placed his
bloomers on a convenient chair, did up
his whiskers and prepared to retire for
the night. The final duties accom-
plished, he bent fearfully down and
peered under the bed. Then, with a
sigh of relief, he arose from his un-
comfortable posture.

"Thank heaven, there is no woman
there!" he murmured, as he sat on the
edge of the bed and daintily scratched
the back of his neck.

"Supposing there had been?" he
continued, suddenly. "Would I have
screamed? Would I?"

For a moment he paused.
"Not on your natural, I wouldn't,"
he then exclaimed. "I would have
lassooed her and tied her to the chil-
foner! But she will never come!
Never! Never!"

And throwing himself, with a moan,
on the bed, the new bachelor fell into
a fitful, sobbing slumber.—New York
World.

A Champion Game Slayer.
Earl de Grey holds the championship
among the world's hunters for the
quantity of game killed by one man.
He is now 35 years old and during the
past twenty years he has averaged
25,000 head of game each year. On one
occasion he shot at fifty pheasants in
three minutes and killed all but one of
them. He has killed eleven tigers, a
number of elephants and rhinoceroses,
bears and lions.—New York World.

FEMININE NOTES.
Miss Edith Thomass of New York
is the most beautiful player upon
chimes in the world.
The late Miss Julia Cooper of New
York left \$150,000 to the Cooper union
—a sum which will enable the in-
stitution to receive 200 more pupils.
Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl is presi-
dent of the oldest Shakespearean Club
in the United States. It is composed
of very progressive women of Brook-
lyn.

The Women's Rest Tour Association,
with headquarters in Boston and a
membership of 600, has established a
traveling fund, lending money to wom-
en needing holiday trips.

The German government has commis-
sioned Mrs. Guild, an American, to
execute two statues representing the
post and the telegraph, to be placed
on the new, general postoffice in Ber-
lin.

Mrs. Raymond, the mother of the
president of Vassar college, has given
the Foreign Missionary Society of the
Epiphany Baptist Church, New York,
\$11,000 for the education of heathen
women.

Miss Hilda Clark will be the only
prima donna with the Bostonians next
season. Miss Alice Neilson, who is one
of the two leading sopranos of the
company, will sail for Europe in July,
to study with Mme. Marchesi in Paris
for a year or two.

Mrs. Oliphant is in Italy to gather
material for a volume which she will
entitle "Siena." It will form one of
a series of books on historic towns of
the medieval period. The books will
be illustrated by artists living in the
localities where the scenes are laid.

DR. PETER'S ROYAL-TANSY PILLS
NEW DISCOVERY, NEVER FAILS.
A new, reliable and celebrated reme-
dy for all cases of indigestion, flatu-
lence, nervous debility, and all the
illnesses arising from a disordered
liver. It is a powerful purgative,
and its use is recommended by the
highest medical authorities. Sold by
all druggists and chemists. Price, 50
cents per box. Small boxes, 25
cents. Sent by mail on receipt of
the price. Address: DR. PETER'S
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THE GREATEST AUTHORITY IN THE WORLD
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GUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER
FOR
COLDS IN HEAD, CATARRH,
SORE THROAT, LA GRIPPE,
HEADACHE OR
Any Head or Throat Trouble.

DR. J. H. SALISBURY, a distinguished
physician of New York, and a
member of the Central London Throat
and Ear Hospital, has declared in a recent
medical journal in a special
article to be as follows: "The vapor of menthol
has a powerful and refreshing effect on the
system. It is a most valuable and
refreshing and beneficial aid to you. In-
dispensable in relieving
Colds, Catarrh, Sore Throat, La Grippe,
Headache, and all the ailments of the
throat."
A CHRONIC BRONCHITIS IN EVERY MAN'S COLD!
This why do you go on in a deluded way trying to cure your
cough with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy? It is a
most valuable and refreshing aid to you. In-
dispensable in relieving
Colds, Catarrh, Sore Throat, La Grippe,
Headache, and all the ailments of the
throat."
I have used one of your Menthol Inhalers for about a month for
Chronic Catarrh of twenty years' standing. It has given me more
relief than all other remedies I ever tried. I feel like a new man.
The most refreshing and beneficial aid to me is GUSHMAN'S
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INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.

IT WAS Martinmas Sunday. The evening service was just over, and the congregation, more than usually scanty, had dispersed itself over the Moss toward the various farms and fields which were scattered here and there upon it.

"There'll be snaw the night," he muttered, placing the key in the oak door, preliminary to locking up; "there'll be snaw the night, or I'm sair mieta'en. And the Annan's rising—it's snawing noo among the hills."

All at once the light in the vestry was extinguished, and the minister, a man about fifty years of age, appeared on the threshold, wrapped in a heavy winter cloak and carrying a thick staff.

"Lock up, Solomon, my man," he said. Solomon obeyed, turning the key in the inner door, and then that of the outer one of solid oak, while the minister stood waiting on the path.

Reaching the iron gate, which was rattling and creaking in the wind, they descended three moss-grown steps, and reached the highway. Here all was pitch dark, for the shadow of tall yew-trees fell from the other side, deepening the nocturnal blackness; but, crossing the road, they opened another gate, crossed the garden where the yew-trees grew, and reached the door of the manse.

Standing here in complete shelter, they heard the "sough" of the blast overhead among the tossing boughs, like the wild thunder of a stormy sea. The manse was a plain two-story building, as old as the times of the Covenant and containing numberless cheerless chambers, the majority of which were unfurnished.

Opening the door with a latch-key, he entered a bare lobby, and striking a light, led the way into a large room on the ground floor. It was scantily furnished with an old carpet, an old-fashioned circular table with drawers, and several chairs; but on the walls were numerous shelves, covered with books.

A fire burned on the hearth, and a rude box of peat fuel stood by the fireside. One side of the table was spread with a clean cloth, on which stood a tray with bread, oatcake, cheese, and butter, and a large stone water-jug, a black-bottle, and some glasses.

"Sit ye down, Solomon," said the minister, placing a lighted candle on the table. Solomon stood, hat in hand. Every Sunday evening for many a long year he had entered the house in the same way, at the same hour, and received the same invitation.

Seen in the dim light of the room, the sexton was a little wizened, white-haired man, with hoary, bushy eyebrows, keen gray eyes, and sunken, tanned cheeks. He was dressed in decent black, with a white shirt, and the kind of collar known in Scotland as "attick-raps." The minister, on the other hand, was tall and somewhat portly, with a round, boyish face, gentle blue eyes, and mild, good-humored mouth. His hair was white as snow, and fell almost to his shoulders.

"Sit ye down, sit ye down," he repeated; "and take a glass—the night is cold."

Solomon placed his bonnet carefully on the edge of the table, and seated himself respectfully on one of the cane-bottomed chairs. Then, leisurely and solemnly, he poured out a glass of raw spirit. Meantime Mr. Lorraine, having divested himself of his cloak and hat, sat down in the arm-chair by the fireside.

"Here's fortune, sir," said Solomon, drinking off the whisky; then, wiping his mouth with his sleeve, he sat bolt upright and expectant, waiting to see if his superior had anything more to say.

But, as the minister remained silent, Solomon rose to go.

"Are ye mindin' the funeral the morn'?" the sexton asked, taking up his bonnet.

Mr. Lorraine nodded. "Can I bring ye anything before I gang to bed? I maun stae at five to feenish the grave."

"No; go to bed. I shall sit up and read a little."

"Weel, good-night, sir."

"Good-night, Solomon."

Thereupon Solomon left the room, closing the door softly behind him. Lighting a candle in the lobby, he made his way quietly to a chamber in the upper part of the house, where he slept, and which was, indeed, the only chamber in the manse, excepting the minister's sitting-room and adjoining bedroom, which contained any furniture.

Many years before Solomon had taken up his abode there, on the minister's invitation, and it was his only home. Besides performing the duties of sexton and clerk, he acted generally as factotum to Mr. Lorraine, attended to the garden, and groomed the pony on which the minister made his visitations about the country. An aged woman, Mysie Simpson, came in every day to clean and cook, but invariably retired to her own dwelling at night-fall. So the two old men were, practically alone together, and, despite the difference in their social positions, regarded each other with a peculiar attachment.

The minister sat for some time musing, then with a sigh he took a book from the shelves and began to read. It was a volume of old sermons, written by a south-country clergyman, impassioned, wrathful, and in the narrow sense Calvinistic. As he read, the wind roared round the house, and moaned in the chimneys, and rattled the shutterless windows; but as the wind rose the darkness decreased, and the vitreous rays of the moon began playing on the window panes.

Mr. Lorraine lit his pipe—the only luxury in which he indulged; for despite his plump figure, which he inherited, he was abstemious and a teetotaler. Then, with another sigh, he rose and walked thoughtfully up and down the room; paused at one of the windows, and looked down the moon-lighted lawn which sloped to the river-side; talking all the time to himself, as was his confirmed habit.

"Ay, ay, a wild night!—and snow coming, Solomon says! Eerie, eerie, is the sough of the wind in the trees. It minds me ever of her, and when the moon's up it is like the shining of her face out of the grave. Wee Marjorie! my bonny doo! Thirty long years ago she died, and I'm still here! still here!"

Tears stood in the old man's eyes as he looked out in a dream. Through the long years of loneliness and poverty—for his living was indeed a poor one—he had cherished the memory of one who had gone away from him to God when only in her eighteenth year. Suddenly, there came a loud single knock at the front door.

"Bless me, what's that?" he exclaimed. "I thought I heard a knock at the hall door, but maybe my ears deceived me. It was only the wind, I'm thinking."

And he placed his precious relics back in the drawer, locking it carefully and placing the key in a worn leather purse which he carried in his pocket. At that moment the knock was repeated.

"Dear me!" he cried, "there's some one knocking after all. Maybe it's a sick call."

Lifting the candle from the table, he trotted from the room, crossed along the lobby, and opened the hall door. As he did so the wind sprang in like a tiger, and the light was blown out, but the front garden was flooded with moonlight, save under the very shadow of the trees.

He saw nobody, however; whoever had knocked had disappeared.

"Who's there?" he cried, looking round on every side.

There was no reply.

Perplexed and somewhat startled, he stepped out into the porch, and instantaneously the door was banged and closed behind him. He took another step forward, and almost stumbled over something like a dark bundle of clothing lying on the doorstep.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured, "what's this?"

At the same moment a faint cry came upon his ear. Stopping down in great agitation, he lifted the bundle, and discovered to his consternation that it contained the form of a living child.

CHAPTER II.

COARSE Paisley shawl was wrapt round the infant, covering all but a portion of its tiny face. As it lay like a mummy in its wrappings, it continued to cry loudly, and the cry went at once to the minister's tender heart.

But in a moment the old man gazed

ed the truth—that the hapless creature had been left there by some one who had knocked and fled. Still holding the child in his arms, he ran out in the garden and looked on every side.

"Come back!" he said; "whoever you are, come back!"

But no one responded. The wind moaned dimly in the trees that lifted their black branches overhead, that was all. He ran to the gate and looked up and down the road, but could see nobody. As he stood in perplexity the child cried again loudly, and struggled in his arms.

"Bless me!" he murmured, "I must take it in, or it will die of cold!"

He ran back to the door and knocked loudly again and again. It was some time before he was heard. At last, however, he heard footsteps coming along the passage, and redoubled his knocking. The door opened, and Solomon Mucklebackit, half-dressed, appeared on the threshold. Without a word the minister ran into the lobby.

"Losh me, meenister, is it yourself?" ejaculated Solomon, in amazement. "I thought you were in bed."

"Come this way—quick!" shouted Mr. Lorraine. "Bring a light!"

And still carrying his burden, he ran into the sitting-room. Solomon closed the door, struck a match, and lighted a candle, and followed him immediately. Then his amazement deepened. To see Mr. Lorraine standing by the fireside with a crying infant in his arms was indeed enough to awaken perplexity and wonder.

"My conscience, meenister, what hae ye gotten there?"

"A child! Some one left it in the porch, knocked, and ran away. Run Solomon, search up and down the road, and see if you can find them. Shame upon them, whoever they are. Don't stand staring, but run!"

Perfectly bewildered, Solomon stood gazing; then with one horror-stricken look at the infant, left the room, and ran from the house.

Left alone with the child, the minister seemed puzzled what to do. He held it awkwardly, and its cries continued; then, to still it, he rocked it to and fro in his arms.

Finding it still troublesome, he placed it down in the arm-chair, and softly loosened the shawl in which it was wrapt, freeing its little arms.

Its cries ceased for a time, and it lay with eyes wide open, spreading its little hands in the warm twilight.

The minister put on his glasses and looked at it with solemn curiosity.

It was a tiny infant, about two months old; its little pink face was pinched with cold, and its great blue eyes dim with crying. A common linen cap was on its head, and its gown was of coarse linen. But it was so small, so pretty, that the minister's tender heart melted over it at once. He offered it his forefinger, which it gripped with its tiny hands, blinking up into his face.

"Poor wee mite!" he murmured, "I wonder who your mother is? A wicked woman, I'm thinking, to cast you away on such a night as this!"

As if in answer to his words, the child began to cry again.

"I can see naeboddy," cried Solomon, re-entering the room; "I hae searcht up and doon, as far toonways as Mysie Simpson's door, and beyont to the waterside, and there's nane stirring. It's awfu' strange!"

He looked at the child, and scratched his head; he looked at the minister, and nodded it ominously. A curious conjecture, too irreverent for utterance, had passed across his naturally suspicious mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TROLLEY BUZZ.

And Something About the Trolley Cars as a Cure for Headache.

"Ever hear of the trolley buzz?" said a Brooklyn resident whose business is in New York. "They say that some people who travel regularly on the trolley cars get the trolley buzz. You know the sound of the trolley, the buzz-z-z that begins low and rises gradually as the car increases in speed, keeping a uniform tone when the car is running at uniform speed, and then declining again as the car runs slower and stopping when the car stops? They say there are people who travel regularly on the trolleys who hear this sound all the time wherever they are, except when they are asleep. They call this having the trolley buzz. I never had the trolley buzz, but the trolley cars sometimes do me a great deal of good. They cure me of headache. I work here all day, keeping very busy, and sometimes when I start home at night I have a hard headache. I get into a trolley car and take a seat over one of the axles. They say that no electricity gets into the car, but I imagine these must be more or less of it in the air. I know there is something there that cures my headache. I sit down in the car with the headache bad; I get down from it after a ride of about three miles, feeling bright and fresh and with the headache gone."

Max Maretzek.

Newspaper men go into curious places, and are forever running across curious people in them. The last place I met dear old Max Maretzek was a hole in the wall in West Twenty-seventh street, called, by courtesy, a French restaurant. We named it "Little Del's." One of Balzac's fat concierges was the head of the establishment, and it was possible to obtain an excellent dinner there for twenty or twenty-five cents. Max enjoyed his repeat, and appeared pleased with the company that surrounded him, though it was composed of singers, actors and artists with more genius than money.

WHITE TOPAZ.

Beautiful Stones to be Seen at the Diamond Palace.

Every day in the week and every hour in the day one can see crowds around the show windows of THE CHICAGO DIAMOND PALACE. The cause of it all is the now widely known White Topaz. The White Topaz, or carbonated diamonds, have come to be recognized as the nearest thing on earth to genuine diamonds, so near indeed is it that the proprietors of the DIAMOND PALACE do not hesitate to place real diamonds in their windows amidst their display of White Topaz, and allow the public to pick them out at the selling price of the Topaz.

The latter stones have all the lovely brilliancy of the diamonds, sparkling steadily and with wonderful fire. The thousands of these stones in the windows forms one of the most gorgeous displays and has proven an attraction which is one of the features of Chicago.

In order to find out the advertising medium best suited to their business, this enterprising concern offers to send a genuine White Topaz to all those who will cut out and send them their advertisement, which appears elsewhere in this paper, together with 25c in stamps.

THE DIAMOND PALACE, like all successful institutions, has many imitators, who endeavor to sell cheap rhinestones and other pastes claiming they are topaz. We caution the public to be careful, as THE DIAMOND PALACE, American Express Building, Chicago, are the sole importers of these stones.

As in Days of Old.

"I can undoubtedly clear you, my dear fellow," said the lawyer, "but it will require a considerable sum of money to perfect your defense."

"I have only a small amount with me," replied the scion of a wealthy family, who had wandered away from home and the path of integrity, "but my father will honor my draft for any sum within reason."

"Then," returned the disciple of Coke, Littleton et al., promptly, "draw and defend yourself."—New York World.

SUMMER CARE OF BLANKETS.

Blankets which have been used all winter, no matter how white, are never clean, and should be washed before putting away. Many housekeepers satisfy themselves by shaking and airing their blankets rather than risk spoiling them in washing. But this is a mistake, for if the work is properly done no shrinking will take place, and the deep soft appearance may be retained, as well as the color, for years. The necessary thing in washing blankets is to have plenty of soft water and good pure soap. Inferior soap is really the cause of the damage done woolen goods in washing. It hardens the fibre and yellows the fabric. When ready to begin the work shake the blankets free of dust, fill a tub half full of hot water. Dissolve a third of a cake of Ivory Soap in it. Put one blanket in at a time. Dip up and down and wash gently with the hands. Never rub soap on blankets, or wash them on the washboard. After the blankets are clean, rinse in warm water until free of suds. Add a little bluing to the last water. Shake and squeeze; then hang on the line until dry. Take down, fold, lay under a weight for a day or two, and pack securely in a box and cover. Blankets thus washed will retain their original freshness as well as wear three times as long as if put away soiled year after year.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Every water save that of springs contains animal life, but it is not necessarily injurious to health on that account.

Try Grain-O.

Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like coffee. Looks like coffee.

A newsboy in Pittsburg has a bank account of \$6,000, accumulated entirely on newspaper sales during last 10 years.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Only from the solid ground of a clear creed have men done good, strong work in the world. Only out of certainty comes power.—Phillips Brooks

Brass pins were first made by the Saracens in Spain in A. D. 800 and were first introduced in England by Catherine of Aragon, wife of Henry VIII.

The editor of this paper advises his readers that a free package of Peruviana, the best kidney and liver cure on earth, will be delivered FREE to any sufferer, if written for promptly. PERUVIANA REMEDY CO., 286 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

The eight-year-old child of D. M. Hillyard, of Junction City, was criminally assaulted, it is claimed, by James Suttles, a farmer aged 42.

A man at Stamford, N. Y., has the watch Major Anderson offered as a ransom to his captors. He has documents to prove that it is genuine.

Rich and poor alike suffer the tortures that come with that terrible plague, Itching Piles; rich and poor alike find instant relief and permanent cure in Doan's Ointment. Your dealer keeps it.

It is no advantage for the farmer to keep poor horses because they are cheap.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit breaker. Makes weak men strong, blood pure. Sec. R. All druggists.

Give plenty of food and a good chance to exercise to all domestic animals.

THREE HAPPY WOMEN. Each Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache. A Trio of Fervent Letters. ... stand up erable. One thrown into my I then got some pound and Liver feel like a new of the past. I for what it has

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation and backache. The pain in my back was dreadful, and the agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild. Now this is all over, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice.—Mrs. CARIE W. WILLIAMS, South Mills, N. C.

We defy the Experts. GIGANTIC OFFER. GENUINE WHITE TOPAZ. OUR GUARANTEE. THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME Don't Miss It. PATENTS, TRADE MARKS, PATENTS.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE Saved. Chemical Co 66 Broadway, New York City.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER. Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

Only \$25.00 FROM Chicago to California. At the time of the Christian Endeavor Convention in July, above rate will also apply to intermediate points, and in the reverse direction.

HIRES Rootbeer. On a red hot day Hires Rootbeer stands between you and the distressing effects of the heat. Hires Rootbeer cools the blood, tones the stomach, invigorates the body, fully satisfies the thirst. A delicious, sparkling, temperance drink of the highest medicinal value.

Merit Talks

"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best, in fact—the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills Do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists sell.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS AND PERSONAL MENTION.

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

Flag day was duly observed by a large number of our citizens.

E. K. Bennett is suffering from his annual attack of hay fever.

Chas. Decker has just completed an addition to his barn and buggy shed.

C. F. Bennett brought a new "Ideal" wheel home with him from Detroit Saturday night.

The baccalaureate sermon will be preached in the Methodist church next Sunday evening at 7:30.

An unknown divine delivered a short sermon on our streets Thursday forenoon. His audience was small.

A new cement walk in front of the Plymouth savings bank adds greatly to the appearance of the street.

The marriage of Henry F. Brown and Jennie M. Babbitt is the latest matrimonial venture in Northville.

Northville will raise 7 mills on the dollar. Wayne 5 mills and Plymouth 7 mills, for taxes the coming year.

The assessed valuation of Wayne village is \$293,910, while that of Plymouth is \$585,130, nearly twice as much.

A wren made her nest in the pocket of Horace Smith's coat which was hanging up in the barn and hatched out a family of six.

The medicine show that has been holding out at Northville the past two weeks, commenced a two weeks' siege of this town last night. See their ad in another column.

L. L. Lewis has purchased a large 60-horse power engine for his feed mill and is now placing it in position. He will have one of the best equipped feed mills in the state. The mill will open for business about October 1st.

Remember the sixteenth annual commencement exercises at Village Hall, next Friday evening, only one week from today. The music will be furnished by the Temple (Male) Quartette, of Detroit. These singers have an excellent reputation. Do not fail to hear them.

A MAINE representative had occasion last Wednesday to visit the Markham Air Rifle shops and was invited by Mr. Markham to take a look at the new yacht he has just had completed for his own use. The boat in question is 47½ feet in length and is arranged to conveniently carry eight persons with accommodations for a long trip. It is constructed in a most substantial manner, equipped with the very best modern machinery obtainable and arranged on the interior with a convenience that seems almost impossible in a boat of that size. The boat is built after his own ideas and he has spared no pains or expense in fitting it up, as a look at it will show, being finished in antique oak throughout with plate glass windows around the whole. A combination table and cupboard that takes up but very little room, hat racks, cushioned seats—that can easily be made into beds—mirrors, etc., comprise a part of the interior furnishings. Every corner of the boat is so arranged that it can be utilized for some purpose. For propelling the boat he has a reversible propelling screw, which does away with the old method of reversing the engine and has a 20-horse power marine gas engine that drives it 400 revolutions a minute. It is so arranged that one man can easily handle all the machinery from a stool in the front, but the most unique contrivance about the whole boat is the whistle. The law requires that all boats must have a whistle and as there is no steam connected with the boat it made a subject for great thought, but he was equal to the emergency, and procured an air chamber to which he attached a whistle, and after filling the chamber by means of an air pump, was able to satisfactorily comply with the requirements of the law. He will launch the boat on Detroit river soon and, with a party of friends, during his vacation, contemplates making some long pleasure trips.

A race matinee is being arranged for the near future.

Barnum & Bailey are billed to show in Detroit in the near future.

Children's day was properly observed in our churches Sunday evening.

Mrs. Clapper removed her household goods to her home in Indiana, this week.

W. O. Allen and wife presented the village with a handsome silk flag on flag day.

M. Conner & Son's store front now shines forth in the noon-day sun, having been treated to a new coat of paint.

Dr. Dewey is keeping in line with the other improvements about town by building a new sidewalk in front of and leading to his residence.

A royal surprise was given Asa Lyon, June 14th, in honor of his twenty-third birthday. A number of young people gathered at his home and were treated to ice cream and cake.

The village is in receipt of a check for \$4.75 from W. O. Allen in payment of bill for play pipe, which was purchased for the fire department and which Mr. Allen generously consented to pay for.

The K. O. T. M. and L. O. T. M. of this place are making preparations for a grand picnic here on July 24. Many of our neighboring lodges will join them and a large crowd and excellent time is expected.

A meeting of the directors of the Plymouth Fair Association will be held in the business men's club rooms Saturday evening, June 19, at 8 o'clock.

BY ORDER OF THE PRES.

Eli Nowland, the veteran bus driver, met with a painful accident last Tuesday. He stepped on the end of a loose plank which threw him forward striking his temple against a projecting board and cutting a severe gash. He was taken home insensible, but soon rallied and will soon be able to again resume work.

A few months ago the Record hinted that our knowledge of latin was very limited because we used "In Memoriam," meaning "in memory" or "in memory of." Last week the Record used "In Memoria," and we wish to reciprocate by saying that either Neal doesn't know a latin phrase from the Lord's prayer, or Caesar, Cicero and Virgil never knew how to handle their own language.

Ypsilanti lodge, No. 128, F and A. M., were guests of Plymouth Rock lodge, No. 47, on Monday evening. Third degree was conferred by the visiting lodge. The occasion terminated with a banquet. Covers were laid for 150 and a more inviting or substantial supper would be hard to conceive. The members of Ypsilanti lodge were more than pleased with the manner in which they were entertained.

Week before last the Plymouth Mail stated that the Whitney show would be a "cracker jack" and last week it stated that "the only redeeming feature was the banjo playing."—Record.

Since Neal has become acclimated to the atmosphere of the house formerly occupied by the Keeley Institute, his imagination has become a powerful factor in his editorial work. The above is a fair illustration as the advance agent of the show didn't reach town the week before until after the MAIL was printed. Judge not others who live not in the remains of the Keeley Institute by yourself who has become thoroughly impregnated by the fumes left there when the "jags" were reared out.

Gasoline Exploded.

By the igniting of a can of gasoline in the Van dressmaking parlors over the big dry goods store of Holmes, Dancer & Co., at Northville, Thursday afternoon, a lively fire occurred. The dressmaking shop and furnishings together with several finished and unfinished dresses, were entirely ruined. Miss Van was somewhat burned and partially suffocated by smoke, narrowly escaping fatal injuries by being carried from the rooms and down the stairs by some of the business men after her clothing had caught fire. The stock of Holmes, Dancer & Co. underneath, was damaged by water in the neighborhood of \$2,000.

OLD-TIME SINGING SCHOOL.

It is the Fad to Reproduce It Today.

In the old colonial days when the great and the great-grandmothers were young the singing school was a well-established institution, writes Mary E. Estes in Ladies' Home Journal. It was usually held in the village schoolhouse, the schoolmaster often figuring as the singing master. Thither at regular intervals through the long winter months tripped the grandmas with their escorts. Little did they imagine as they lifted up their sweet voices in unison with the strong tenors and basses that those same airs, even the very gowns they wore, would at some distant day be reproduced for the benefit of an appreciative audience. Yet it may be safely asserted that with the exception of the colonial tea the old folk's concert is the most popular of the old-time entertainments.

The success of an undertaking of this sort depends largely upon the adaptability for her office of the person having the affair in hand. She must necessarily have an accurate conception of the manner in which these entertainments were conducted in our grandmothers' day. She must also become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of that olden time.

AS THEY COME AND GO!

Purely Personal Paragraphs Promiscuously Picked.

Claude Briggs was home over Sunday.

Charles Berdan is home on an extended vacation.

Julius H. Willis, of Detroit, spent Sunday with his parents.

W. H. Hutton has been appointed postmaster at Northville.

Editor Peck, of the Fowlerville Observer, was in town Sunday.

Harry McClumpha is home from Joliet, Ill., for a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Langley, of Saginaw, was the guest of Sarah Penniman last week.

C. H. Rorabacher, editor of the South Lyon Excelsior, was in town Monday.

Chas. Shattuck and Sumner Beals had business in Pontiac the first of the week.

Irene Baker returned Monday evening from a three weeks' visit in Flint, Clarkston and Pontiac.

Miss Winters and Mrs. J. Cochrane drove to Detroit Sunday, and visited Woodmere cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. K. Wheeler, of Grand Rapids, visited Mrs. Wheeler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Valentine, this week.

Dr. Lum returned Wednesday morning from New York. His mother accompanied him and will remain during the summer.

Mrs. E. C. Hough, Adelaide Dibble, Nellie Steele, E. C. Hough, B. B. Bennett and Harry McClumpha spent the day at Walled Lake Thursday.

Geo. W. Gillis, of Morenci, has been visiting his daughters, Mrs. E. W. Bulch, of Plymouth, and Mrs. W. L. Becker, of Northville, the past week.

Gilman Basls, who has been in the employ of D. M. Ferry & Co. for the past ten or twelve years, was laid off last week on account of business depression. He came home Saturday night.

Rev. J. B. Oliver was called to Shiawassee Co. this week to conduct the funeral of Jabez House, an uncle of E. P. Lombard. Mr. House was once a citizen of Plymouth.

G. A. Peters and Mrs. Cornelia Holmes, of Scio; Mrs. Addie Martin and Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Copeland, of Dexter; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Holmes, of Chelsea; Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, of Ypsilanti, all relatives, attended the funeral of Mrs. Jane R. Lyndon, Wednesday.

Burt Bennett will leave Sunday night for Pittsburg, Penn., where he has accepted a position as foreman in the shops of the Armorie Interior Conduit Co. Burt is an exemplary young man, a hard worker, and is deserving of success.

Notice to Advertisers.

A frequent change in your advertisement is advisable—makes it more attractive—more productive of results. It costs us something to reset advertisements—but that does not matter—we want your advertising in the MAIL to pay you and we will do all in our power to do you good.

Make advertising a part of your business and do not slight it.

Don't Miss It.

The wonderful Phantograph, showing Thos. Edison's life size, life like and moving pictures. The greatest wonder of the age. Photography and electricity wonderfully combined. In connection with the above wonderful exhibition we give a beautiful concert by the latest marvel in talking machines, the Graphophone, rendering selections by the best bands and orchestras in the world, also recitations by Russell Hunting.

Will exhibit at Village Hall, Plymouth, Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 21 and 22. Admission 15 cents. Reserved seats 25 cents. Seats on sale at Geo. W. Hunter & Co's.

The hall will be lighted by electricity as we carry our own electric light plant. MONN & McNEFF.

Fourth of July Rates.

The C. & W. M. and D. G. R. & W. lines will sell tickets as usual between all stations on July 3, 4 and 5 at one way fare for round trip. All good to return July 6th. (511)

WANTED—Girl to work in hotel. Good wages to right party. Apply to John G. Streng.

For Sale.

Four-burner gasoline stove. Inquire of A. R. Cady.

E. P. Baker will be at his studio in Plymouth every weekday hereafter and will make photos at very reasonable rates for guaranteed work. A special feature is made in baby photos.

FOR SALE—House and two lots on Kellogg St. Inquire of Eugene Lombard. (tf)

Detroit Sunday Excursion, June 13th

Excursions to Detroit seem to be popular, via the D. G. R. & W. R. R. (D. L. & N.), which will run another on above date; leaving at 9:57 a. m. and arriving at Detroit at 10:45 a. m. Returning leave at 6:00 p. m. Round trip rate \$0.50. (508-9)

Geo. DeHaven, G. P. A.

HE'D SETTLE IT.

But the Threat to Do So Had to Be Explained.

Judge Murphy was trying a case in San Rafael once. It was a murder case and bitterly contested. It had not proceeded very far, before the attorneys got to loggerheads, says the San Francisco Bulletin. The attorney for the defense did his best to intimidate the attorney for the prosecution, and the prosecuting attorney retaliated with all his might. Finally matters got to such a pitch that the attorney for the prosecution turned upon his opponent and called him down in open court. Judge Murphy interrupted, saying: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, this won't do. This sort of thing is very disrespectful to the court. This is no place for such exhibitions. If you gentlemen have any differences to settle, settle them out of court."

The attorney for the defense immediately rose and said: "We have no differences, if your honor please."

"If your honor please," said the prosecuting attorney, "I wish to say that we have differences. And I wish to give notice that when court adjourns I intend to crack that man's head over there."

Judge Murphy exploded. "How dare you, sir? How dare you? This is the grossest contempt of court. How dare you come here and attempt to terrify counsel? I fine you \$50, sir: \$50."

The attorney replied: "That is rather hard on me, if your honor please. Your honor distinctly suggested that I should settle my differences with this man out of court, and I gave notice of my intention to do so. That is all. I have the highest respect and appreciation of your honor's judgment in such matters, and I felt proud to accept your honor's advice."

Judge Murphy was not proof against such subtle flattery and the fine was promptly remitted.

METHODS, HERE AND ABROAD.

France and Germany.

A comparison of the different methods of doing what is practically the same thing in various parts of the world is both interesting and amusing to the thoughtful observer, says Cassier's Magazine. On American ferry-boats the import is well known of the "ting-ting" or "jiggle-jiggle" of the bell by which the man in the wheelhouse communicates with his fellow-mortals in the engine room. On the Thames, however, it would be considered practically impossible to convey information in this manner, and the captains of the small paddle steamers on that stream stand on the paddle-boxes and sing out "Ease er!" "Back er!" etc., apparently to nobody in particular, while these interesting remarks are promptly repeated in shrill tones by a small boy into a speaking tube which communicates with the lower regions. On the Seine, in France, this process is simplified and a large trumpet-shaped mouthpiece flares out in front of the man at the wheel and he yells his commands into this funnel, the other end of which is supposed to reach the engineer. The large steamers on the Rhine, in Germany, are controlled, not by the usual wheel placed in the wheelhouse forward, but by a very large wheel on a vertical axis, placed right amidships upon an elevated platform or bridge, and several men pass the handles from right to left, or upon occasion trot round in a circle, and it would doubtless be considered a serious temptation of Providence, or at least a reflection upon the fatherland, if any one were to attempt to construct a Rhine steamer with the ordinary form of steering gear.

How It Happened.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor and he said:

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back in the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the son said:

"Father they roll off; I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"Put them in! No, of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips, and then fill it with apples? You said you did not know why you fell behind at school. I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much, and here you have been for the past month filling it up with chip dirt—cheap novels."—Selected.

A Slow-Going Postal Card.

A postal card that required fifteen years to travel ninety-nine miles breaks the record for slow postal delivery. It was mailed in Leicester, England, in June, 1881, and has just been received in London. The address was plainly written on the card and no one knows where it has been all this time.—New York World.

Cheap at the Price.

Owner—"How much will you give a load for that dirt?"

Pat—"Twenty cents, sor."

Owner—"Umph! What do you want the earth?"

Pat—"Yis, sor—for twenty cents 'th' load."—Judge.

HE IS HERE!

VITA, The Wonder worker.

HE makes the lame walk, HE makes the deaf hear.

Three Lectures and Entertainments Each Evening For Two Weeks.

VITA, the wonder worker, accompanied by a competent staff of Physicians and Surgeons, is now in Plymouth and will remain for two weeks, giving free open air lectures and entertainments each evening. He is the discoverer of the Vitapathic method of treating diseases and will give practical demonstrations of his marvelous power over sickness and ill health FREE OF CHARGE. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, catarrh, deafness, and all chronic diseases of men and women successfully treated.

Consultation and Examination Free At the Hotel Plymouth, from 9 a. m., to 5 p. m. and 7 to 8 P. m.

GRUMMOND'S Detroit and Cleveland LINE OF STEAMERS.

50¢ TO DETROIT

A DELIGHTFUL Daylight Trip Across Lake Erie

Excellent String Music On Board

Lv. Cleveland Daily, 8:30 a. m. Ar. Detroit, 6:30 P. M.

Bicycles Carried Free.

BARTLETT & TINKER, General Agents, Tel. No. 522 Office and Dock, 57 River-st Cleveland, Ohio

The Wherry

Self Setting MOLE TRAP

The Best Trap Made



Patented June 4, 1895. It does the work if properly set.

Price, \$1.00 Address, W. N. WHERRY, Plymouth, Mich.

To Those Intending To Build

This year. We ask you to give us a chance to figure on your bill, be it large or small. We can sell you

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Etc.

As cheap as any retail yard in the state. We also handle doors, sash, door frames, window frames, fancy gables, red and glazed tiles, sewer pipe in all sizes, hard and soft

COAL.

Remember we make a specialty of large bills. Resp'y,

C. A. FRISBEE.

Mortgage Sale.

MORTGAGE SALE.—On the seventh day of November, 1877, Almira Andrews, Angeline Minthorn, Hester Andrews, Edger Andrews and Frank Andrews, all of Plymouth, Wayne County, Michigan, made and executed a mortgage to Benjamin Moreland which was recorded in the office of Register of Deeds of Wayne County, State of Michigan, on the nineteenth day of September, 1878, in Liber 147 of Mortgages, on page 55 and by Geo. A. Starkweather, administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Benjamin Moreland, deceased, assigned to Sarah Moreland by deed of assignment bearing date the eighth day of October, 1887, and recorded in the said office of Register of Deeds, in Liber 30 of assignments of mortgages on page 100, and by the said Sarah Moreland assigned to me, the undersigned, Hiram H. Passage, by deed of assignment bearing date the twenty-third day of November, 1887, and recorded in said office of Register of Deeds in Liber 30 of assignments of mortgages, on page 98, in the conditions and provisions of which said mortgage default has been made by the non-payment of moneys secured to be paid thereby, whereby the power of sale in said mortgage contained has become operative, and on which said mortgage there is due and payable at the date of this notice the sum of four hundred and sixteen dollars and eighty-five cents, and no proceeding at suit at law having been taken or instituted to recover the same, or any part thereof. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and the statute in such case made and provided, the undersigned, assignee of said mortgage, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on Saturday, the twenty-eighth day of August, 1897, at 12 o'clock at noon, Detroit city time, at the westerly front door of entrance to the city hall, in the City of Detroit, County of Wayne, State of Michigan, (that being the place where the Circuit Court for said County of Wayne is held), the lands and premises described in and covered by said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy and pay the amount aforesaid due on said mortgage, together with the costs and expenses of sale, as in said mortgage covenanted and provided for. The lands and premises described in said mortgage, and hereby advertised for sale, being known and described as all those certain pieces of land situated in the township of Plymouth, in the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, described as follows: to-wit: a parcel of parcel number three, as set off to Bevesy Andrews and Milla Andrews, running south on said line fifty-two (52) rods to the center of the highway; thence westerly in the center of the highway nine (9) rods; thence northerly twenty-seven (27) rods and fourteen links; thence easterly four (4) rods to the place of beginning, containing two acres of land, more or less. Also a piece of land described as follows, to-wit: Two (2) acres of land lying next east of the above described parcel, rectangular in shape, of equal length of the above described parcel and wide enough to contain two (2) acres of land; all of said lands being on section twenty-six (26) in said township of Plymouth, and being the same lands and premises described in a deed executed by Harvey Andrews and wife to Almira Andrews, bearing date May sixth, 1887.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Services held in Safford's Hall every Sunday morning at 10:30, and every Friday evening at 7:30. All are most cordially invited to attend.

Ohio Central Mileage Tickets.

The best in the market, good over all the big systems. Price, \$20, good one year. Get the best. See agents of Ohio Central lines.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

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

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$100 plan and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Nobody need have Neuralgia. Get Dr. King's Pain Pills from druggists. "Use once a day."

TWEEN THE LAKES.

MICHIGAN NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD FOR MICHIGANDERS.

June Crop Report of Unusual Importance—Summer Fawcett Discovered After 23 Years—Mystic Strainers Have Lots of Fun at Detroit.

Detroit Captured by Moslems. The City of the Straits, the beautiful metropolis of a splendid state, has in its history witnessed some great and interesting events...

Taxes—\$4,392,134.25—for 1897-8.

General State Accountant Humphrey has completed official figures giving in detail the amount and the purpose of each appropriation made by the legislature for each of the years 1897 and 1898.

Found the Pewabic Treasure.

Capt. Smith, with the wrecker H. A. Root, has located the long-lost steamer Pewabic, which was sunk in Lake Huron in collision with the Meteor 32 years ago.

Disastrous Error in a New Law.

An error, which may lead to disastrous complications, has been discovered in the Graham law amending the general tax law, so as to change the time of the annual tax sales from December to May.

Adelbert Corner, aged 31, a brakeman on the A. S. & N. W. railroad, was killed while coupling cars on a log train, near Escoda.

Dr. Morris H. Snyder, of Lansing, was found guilty by the U. S. circuit court at Detroit of having, in his possession tools and utensils for the purpose of making counterfeit money.

William Wilson, of Iosco township, Kalamazoo county, aged 40, was shot through the heart and instantly killed, by his own gun, Charles Montague.

Crop Report for June.

The Michigan crop report for June is of unusual importance. It says that the average condition of wheat June 1, was in the southern counties 82, and in the state 78.

The number of bushels of wheat reported marketed in May is 610,975, as compared with 537,740 reported in May, 1896, and the amount in the 10 months, August-May, is 8,975,304 bushels, as compared with 8,319,619 bushels in the same months last year.

The acreage planted to corn is reported at 99 per cent of average years. The acreage sowed 23 oats is 91 per cent, and the average condition of this crop is 86 per cent.

Three Boys Probably Drowned.

On May 26 Charles Rosa, Bert Crane and George Hall started from Larkins' pier, six miles from Traverse City, in a yawl with 75 bushels of potatoes for Manistique.

MICHIGAN NEWS ITEMS.

Johnnie Sheehan, aged 14, of Calumet, was drowned in a small pond.

James Weivliet, aged 25, accidentally shot and killed himself at Holland.

While playing on logs in the river at Stronach, Willie Norman, aged 6, slipped off and was drowned.

Alfred French, aged 78, an old vet, went fishing at Otsego and fell into the water and was drowned.

A Grand Rapids syndicate has secured the state right for the exhibition of the pictures of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, and will receive them about July 1.

John Cuddeback, of the Michigan Wood Pulp factory at Niles was caught in a fast revolving shaft.

The Arbeiter bund, of Michigan held a three days' session at Owosso and closed with a display of fireworks and a ball and a reception.

Dr. Angell, of the U. of M. has been obliged to cancel his engagement to sail for Europe this month.

The University of Michigan library has received a valuable volume of Wadsworth—a copy of the first edition, printed in 1893.

Mrs. Milo Roberts, near Harrison, in some way caught her dress on fire and before help could arrive her legs and feet were terribly burned.

The following officers were elected by the state dental association at their Battle Creek convention: President, E. T. Loeffler, of Saginaw; vice-presidents, H. T. Harvey, of Battle Creek, and Henry C. Raymond, of Detroit; secretary, S. M. Fowler, of Muskegon; treasurer, George H. Mosher, of Jackson.

Rev. Wm. Lawton, pastor of the M. E. church at Nunica, roasted his town people in a hot sermon. Some of them got mad and tied the church doors on the outside so that some of the brethren had to climb out a window to open the doors to let the congregation out.

Albert E. Atherton, aged 47, owner of the Atlas flour, saw and stove mill, left Flint for his home at Atlas. About half a mile from his home, he got out of his wagon to speak to a neighbor. His horses started up. Mr. Atherton caught the reins, and the runaway team dragged him some 30 rods, killing him almost instantly.

A party of five Detroit young people that had been sailing back and forth in a small sail-boat from Harsen's island, on St. Clair river, near Algona, to the Canadian shore, was capsized, and Miss Ada Beebe, of 270 Sixth street, a student in the Detroit high school, and Newell E. Avery, of 50 Sel-den avenue, were drowned.

A tramp caught the little 7-year-old daughter of Lester Rongela, near Blissfield, and carried her to a field where the brute cruelly assaulted the child, who was so badly injured she could scarcely reach her home.

James Smalley, aged 15, was found dead in the woods near Olive, with his head blown off and the body mangled. Nearby lay remnants of a shotgun which had evidently exploded.

THE TELEGRAPH.

INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT NEWS MATTERS.

The Assassination of President Faure, of France, Attempted with a Bomb—British Troops Massacred in India—Uncle Sam Preparing for Trouble.

Is Uncle Sam Getting Ready for War?

Considerable excitement was created at the navy yards at Boston when it was learned that the U. S. cruiser New York, the flagship of the North Atlantic squadron, with Rear-Admiral Sicard on board, steamed out to sea under sealed orders from the navy department.

A dispatch from the national capital says the war department is busily obtaining information as to the number and character of militiamen who can be depended upon for mobilization throughout the country upon 24 hours' notice.

Another point. It is said that the real purpose in sending the U. S. warships Marblehead and Massachusetts to attend the Cabot celebration in Nova Scotia is to have them visit the grand banks of Newfoundland where over 20,000 American fishermen, the finest salt water sailors are to be found at this season.

Attempt to Kill President of France.

An attempt was made to assassinate Felix Faure, president of the French republic, while he was enroute to Longchamps to witness the Grand Prix. While M. Faure's carriage was passing a thicket near La Cascade restaurant, in the Bois de Boulogne, a bomb, which subsequently proved to be a piece of tubing about six inches long and two inches in diameter, with a thickness of half an inch, charged with powder and swanshot, exploded.

The attempt on the life of M. Faure was made on the very spot where Berezowsky tried to shoot the czar of Russia while driving to the military review at Longchamps in 1867, and where Francois, a lunatic, fired his revolver at M. Faure on July 14 last.

Many English Massacred in India. Dispatches from Simla, India, report serious trouble on the frontier. Two guns of the Bombay mounted battery, escorted by 300 men from the First regiment of Sikhs and the First Punjab infantry, were attacked by a large force of hostile natives in the Tochi valley.

NEWSY CONDENSATIONS.

Ex-Gov. Jacob D. Cox, of Ohio, has declined the offer of the post of minister to Spain, because it would interfere with his literary labors.

The entire plant of the Standard Oil works in Cleveland has been shut down for an indefinite period. Close to 1,000 men are thrown out of work by the shut-down.

Owners of iron mills in the Mahoning valley in Ohio say that unless the price of iron increases very rapidly they will not sign the amalgamated scale July 1, and all the mills in the Mahoning valley will close down.

A match carelessly dropped in the fireworks factory of M. Shure at West Van Buren and Halstead streets, Chicago, caused a terrific explosion in which 26 people were injured, three fatally, and \$60,000 loss sustained.

Prof. Hinton's base ball pitching machine was successfully tested during three innings at Princeton, N. J., the principal defect being the slow process of reloading it. Both the speed and curve range of the ball was easily regulated.

Prof. Barnard, who had already made two or three successful trips in his airship at the Nashville exposition, came very near losing his life by the bursting of the balloon, but the parachute appliances enabled him to land without serious injury.

Thirty-two states were represented at a meeting of the provisional committee of the national Silver Republican party which met at Chicago. It was decided to open temporary headquarters at Duluth under the supervision of ex-Congressman Towne.

THE 55TH CONGRESS AT WORK.

SENATE.—60th day.—By the decisive vote of 43 to 19 an amendment to the tariff was adopted placing raw cotton, the great product of the south, on the dutiable list at 20 per cent ad valorem.

It is the first time in the history of tariff legislation that a duty on cotton has been incorporated in a bill. The amendment was proposed by Mr. Bacon, Democrat, of Georgia, on his individual responsibility and led to a spirited debate, Democratic senators disclosing a wide difference of views and at times exchanging sharp personal criticisms.

SENATE.—61st day.—The sugar schedule, over which the hardest fight on the tariff bill is expected, was taken up. No final action was taken on any feature of the schedule, further than the withdrawal of the original Senate committee amendments. This leaves the House provisions of the bill, with an amendment increasing the House differential from 875-1000 to 95-100 cents per pound.

SENATE.—62d day.—The first test vote on the sugar schedule resulted in the adoption of the Republican caucus amendment changing the House rate on refined sugar to 1.95 per pound by the close vote of yeas 32, nays 20. It was the closest vote thus far taken on an issue of importance and was accepted as showing that any amendment having the sanction of the caucus was assured of adoption.

SENATE.—63d day.—The sugar schedule was again the subject of the Democratic assaults. Practically no progress was made. Only one amendment was voted upon and that was defeated. Mr. Vest tried to prod the Republicans into a detailed defense of the schedule, but they declined the challenge.

SENATE.—64th day.—The debate on the sugar schedule of the tariff bill proceeded with only one diverting incident to relieve the monotony into which the discussion has lapsed. This was the sharp exchange between Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Tillman, of South Carolina.

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SULTAN VERY WRATHY.

Refuses to Relinquish His Hold on Thessaly.—The Situation Very Critical.

Constantinople: The aspect of the Turko-Greek peace negotiations grows worse instead of better. The ambassadors of the powers have declined to accept either Asim Bey or Riza Bey as a Turkish peace commissioner. This, together with their refusal to discuss the retention of Thessaly by Turkey, threw the sultan into such a rage that he forthwith summoned a meeting of the special Turkish commission appointed to consider the terms of peace.

Advices from Athens show that the gravity of affairs is fully recognized there. M. Scoufodis, the Greek foreign minister, said: "I do not hesitate to say that the present is a most critical moment for us as a nation."

It is said that Turks have burned all the villages around Demokos and have occupied and are strongly fortifying several villages.

The Greek government has protested to the powers against the continued massing of Turkish troops in Thessaly and the hindrance placed by Turkey to navigation in the Gulf of Ambracia, as violations of the armistice.

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PERSONALS.

Rev. John McNeill, the evangelist, was a railway proctor for years before he became a preacher.

C. W. Walton, justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, will soon retire after a service of forty years.

Mrs. Langtry possesses a dressing bag which is, perhaps, the costliest of its kind. It is adorned with gold and jeweled fittings, and cost \$7,500.

John Bryan, an Ohioan, will establish a public school for farming on the Miami river, near Yellow Springs, Greene county. He will devote 150 acres to the project, hoping to correct the tendency of people to rush to the larger cities.

William Scherck of Pine Grove, Wis., who has been town treasurer for 19 years, has recently made the first mistake in his books, and even this one is one of very little importance. He is 83 years old, and the townsmen intend to keep him in office for the rest of his life.

THE MARKETS.

Table with columns for LIVE STOCK (Cattle, Sheep, Hogs) and GRAIN, ETC. (Wheat, Corn, Oats) listing prices for various locations like New York, Chicago, and Detroit.

REVIEW OF TRADE.

The gain in business continues, not without fluctuations, and at the best moderate, but yet distinct. It is still in quantities rather than prices, although in some lines an advance in prices appears, but on the whole the number of hands employed, the volume of new orders and amount of work done are increasing.

People talk little fluff into great ones, but seldom talk little goods into great ones.

A Teacher's Experience.

Constant Exposure in Changeable Weather Brings on Rheumatism and Nervous Prostration.

From the New Era, Greenburg, Ind. Miss Sarah Cones who lives about three miles northwest of Aurora, Ind., is well and popularly known. Miss Cones is a school teacher, having charge of a country school about two miles from her home.

The reporter happened to meet this young lady's mother in Aurora a few days ago and learned that although her daughter is now in the best of health, last winter she was suffering untold agony, from troubles arising from exposure.

Mrs. Cones said: "Sarah has been teaching for four years, beginning when in her sixteenth year. She has always taught at the same school, and in fact, on the last December, when the weather was unusually changeable, and she took a severe cold which developed into the 'grip.'"

"She was confined to the house about two weeks, when she got out and went to her school again. The heat and cold, and in fact, she was confined to the house several weeks, having to give up her school."

"We tried five different physicians but with little avail. One day our druggist advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People as they seemed to benefit many persons about Aurora."

"Sarah used one box of the pills with satisfactory results, and by the time two boxes were taken she was able to go about the house. Seven boxes were used, the last one in July. She was entirely relieved of all pains or signs of rheumatism, and nervousness, and has since felt as well as she ever did and has not missed a day of her school this winter."

Miss Sarah, who entered at this time verified all her mother had said, as did also the druggists of Aurora. The drug firms of A. J. Marshall & Co., J. A. Riddell & Co. and John M. Ullrich, said the medicine was a constant seller with them, and gave universal satisfaction.

"People who buy once come and buy again." Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) 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 Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Widows of a Mormon. Reporter: You look worried. What's the matter? Utah Congressman: One of my constituents has just died. He was a soldier in the Civil War and all of his twelve widows want pensions.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of female weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks.

They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) 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 Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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ONE MAN'S SUFFERING.

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

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

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

The first newspaper in the modern sense was issued monthly at Venice in 1536; the first English newspaper was published in 1622; the first American in 1704.

No need to fear the approach of cramp if you have Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the house. Never was a case that it wouldn't cure if used at the outset.

Mrs. Patrick Murray, of Blackman township, Jackson county, has died from injuries received in a runaway.

For bronchitis, asthma or kindred troubles of the throat or lungs, take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, a household specific for all of these complaints.

A packing house will be established at Fenwick.

Rev. Wm. Stout, Warton, Ont., was completely cured of scrofula after 17 physicians had failed to give him relief. Burdock Blood Bitters did it.

People talk little fluff into great ones, but seldom talk little goods into great ones.

FTTS Parliamentary Curd. No. 10 in our new series of after this day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Remedy. Send for FREE 25-cent trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. M. King, L.L.D., 521 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Faith is the thing that makes the Christian rich after he has lost everything else.

Elements Year Boreals With Cascares. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Two stars keep their motion in one sphere.—Shakespeare.

TAKING JUAN NELSON.

(By Emma M. Wise.)



HERE was a long lane leading from the highway back to Juan Nelson's house. It was a narrow, snow-be-sprinkled road that stretched a way while the tortuous between the bleak, denuded woods that lined it on either side.

When the sheriff turned into the private thoroughfare he began to review the directions that had been given him at the postoffice: "Follow the lane and you'll find a barn at the other end. Back of the barn there's another short wagon track leading down into a hollow. In that hollow there is a house, and in that house you'll find Juan Nelson."

He repeated those instructions over and over again to the accompaniment of the clatter of the horse's hoofs against the clods of frozen earth and the creaking of the buggy which lurched in and out of the deep ruts and wheel tracks. The snow had been sifted down lightly at intervals throughout the morning, but along toward noon the weather had moderated a little and the low-hanging clouds gave promise of a heavy storm, which had fairly set in by the time the sheriff reached the barn. There were high bars impeding his progress at that end of the lane, and he grumbled fretfully when he got out into the snow to let them down. He led his horse through the barn yard to where the cattle were huddled close together in an open shed and headed him into a second lane that ran down to the hollow. It was only a short distance down the slope to the single house that stood in the depression of land and the sheriff did not get back into the buggy.

It was a little house that Juan Nelson lived in, half frame and half log. The weather boarding had fallen off in some places and where the mortar had crumbled away there were chinks between the logs through which drifting snow seemed to be insidiously flitting. When the sheriff first turned into the scarce-defined roadway there was no person in sight around the little cottage, but before he was half-way down the incline a flock of bare-headed children, accompanied by three dogs, swarmed out from the back of the house and stood watching him bashfully. He spoke to the largest boy, who had advanced farthest to meet him, and that red-headed youngster took to his heels and ran toward the rear of the building whence he had just appeared.

There was no fence around the rude dwelling and the sheriff, following the boy's lead, made his way into the back yard. Soon after leaving the barn the sound of an ax had been heard, and when the officer came to a halt in the midst of the small regiment of children he saw that it was a woman who was splitting wood. She was tall and gaunt and thinny clad. She ceased chopping when her visitor alighted and leaned against the handle of the ax, which rested firmly on the log.

"Mrs. Nelson, I presume," he said, advancing toward her.

She pushed back her light, stringy

hair with one hand and looked at him keenly.

"Yes, sir."

The sheriff's glance wandered off toward the surrounding hill-tops, then back to the woman again.

"Is Mr. Nelson at home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"May I see him?"

A suspicious look had crept into her small, blue eyes and her voice took on an extra degree of sharpness as she answered, "I don't know. He ain't feelin' very well. Juan's been real sick for more'n a week. He's pretty low to-day. Can't you tell me what it is you want?"

"No," he said, "I must see him personally. It is very important."

She dropped the ax then and brushing the snow from her bare face and head she stood close before him.

"Mister," she said, "I believe I know who you are. You're the sheriff, ain't you?"

He nodded. When he was first elected to office six years before he had been proud of his title but that day its glory had departed and the honor it brought seemed empty and dead.

"You needn't tell me what you've come for," she said in tones that were more strident than before.

"The neighbors told me you would be here. Mister, they've lied to you. My husband never stole anything. He's very sick to-day. Don't take 'im away this afternoon. It'll kill him if you do."

"It's my duty, madam," he said, firmly. "I must see him, anyway. If you resist I must go in by force," he added, as her pale face flushed angrily.

"Very well," she replied, quietly.

He hitched the horse to an apple tree and followed her into the house. The seven or eight red-headed children crowded in with them and grouped around the fireplace in which two large

logs were smoldering in a heap of ashes. Juan Nelson sat shivering in one corner with both thin hands outstretched toward the embers. The woman's sharp drawn face took on an expression of tenderness as she hurried toward him and laid her hand gently on his long black hair.

"Father," she said, "here's a gentleman come to see you."

A fit of coughing overtook the man and cut short the "howdydo" with which he began to greet the sheriff. The officer sat down near the window, where an old dress skirt did duty as a pane of glass, and looked at his prisoner. It was all so different from what he had expected it to be. Juan Nelson had been described to him as a desperate thief, and he had been on the point of bringing two deputies with him. Having changed his mind in that particular he had expected to walk straight up to the man, clap the manacles on him and say: "Juan Nelson, you are my prisoner." But, somehow, even that part of the programme was changed. He felt that he would have to lead up to his errand easily.

"Mr. Nelson," he said, "I have had frequent communications from your neighbors recently. I am sorry that they bring grave charges against you. I, as the sheriff of Clarendon county, find it my bounden duty to investigate. What have you to say for yourself?"

Another fit of coughing shook the man's slight frame.

"I will answer for him," said the woman. "He is innocent."

"I am afraid you will have a hard time proving that," said the sheriff. "The case, as I understand it, is this: The farmers hereabouts have been sustaining heavy losses of meat, flour and other provisions for the past three months. The thieves have been tracked, and on more than one occasion the footprints have led them to your house. What do you say to that? If you are not guilty you are undoubtedly in collusion with the ones who are. Besides, it takes a good deal of food for such a large family and three dogs. The grocers state that they have not sold you enough stuff this winter to keep soul and body together in one man. Yet you have eaten. Where did you get it?"

The woman stepped forward between the sheriff and her husband.

"Where did we get it?" she cried, passionately. "Ah, that's the question, or, rather, it would be the question if we had had anything. But we haven't. Look here," and she pushed up her thin sleeve, "do you see this shriveled muscle, dried up skin and large bone? Do you see how emaciated and hollow-eyed he is? Do you see the rags of the children? Now, ask where we got it? See here," and she strode toward the cupboard and threw back the door. "Here's a little cornmeal and a piece of pork. We had corn-meal yesterday. We've had it every day for a month. And we'll have it again to-morrow. We get that for the work I do at the barn yonder. Somebody has been losing hams and chickens and bread and preserves. Do we look as though we have been living on such fare? But it ain't my fault that we haven't," she added, fiercely. "If it hadn't been for Juan I'd have done my best to get my share of the boodle. We've got the name; we might just as well have the goods. Juan Nelson is innocent, I say. Look at him," and her voice grew soft and tender once more. "Does he look like a man who would be able to walk six miles on a winter's night, carrying the plunder they claim was stolen?"

"But, the footsteps," argued the sheriff.

"Ah, the footsteps. I know nothing of them."

"The evidence that can be produced against you is overwhelming," said the officer. "I must make the arrest. If you are innocent you will undoubtedly be able to prove it at the trial. Tell your lawyer—"

"Our lawyer," interrupted the woman, bitterly. "Lawyers are apt to do so much for such people as we are!"

The sheriff clasped the handcuffs on Juan Nelson's thin, blue-veined wrists and wrapped round him an extra horse blanket he had brought for that purpose. They neared the door. The children wept aloud and started toward their father, but the woman waved them back. Her lips twitched, but she was calm and rigid and made no outcry. Juan stopped on the threshold and kissed her.

"Good-by, mother," he said, brokenly. "May God have mercy on us all. If I ever get out—"

He coughed again. That spell being ended the sheriff assisted him in walking across the yard and helped him get into the buggy. The woman went slowly after them. Once she made a movement as if to speak, but the words died away unaided.

The buggy crept slowly away from the little house in the valley. At the top of the hill the sheriff and Juan Nelson looked back. The woman, with the children clinging to her skirts, was still standing near the corner of the house, looking after them through a swirl of snow.

Japanese Gobo. A Japanese correspondent of Garden and Forest says that the burdock, which the Japanese call "gobo," is a valuable food in Japan. The tender shoots are boiled with beans, the roots are put in soup and the young leaves are eaten as greens. The plant has been cultivated for centuries and the annual value of the crop is about \$400,000. This will be very surprising to American farmers, who look on the burdock as a "peaky weed."

What They Need. A health journal is telling people "how to lie when asleep." If it could persuade them to tell the truth when awake it would be doing a real service.

What's the Prisoner Charged With? said the judge. "Whisky, your honor." "Then discharge him, officer."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE FIRST WOMAN" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"And When the Woman Saw that the Tree Was Good for Food and Desired to Make One Wise, She Took of the Fruit Thereof—Gen. 3:6."



IT IS the first Saturday afternoon in the world's existence. Ever since sunrise Adam has been watching the brilliant pageantry of wings and scales and clouds, and in his first lessons in zoology and ornithology and ichthyology he has noticed that the robins fly the air in twos, and that the fish swim the water in twos, and that the lions walk the fields in twos, and in the warm redolence of that Saturday afternoon he falls off into slumber; and as if by allegory to teach all ages that the greatest of earthly blessings is sound sleep, this paradisaical somnolence ends with the discovery on the part of Adam of a corresponding intelligence just landed on a new planet. Of the mother of all the living I speak—Eve, the first, the fairest, and the best.

I make me a garden. I inlay the paths with mountain moss, and I border them with pearls from Ceylon and diamonds from Golconda. Here and there are fountains tossing in the sunlight and ponds that ripple under the padding of the swans. I gather me lilies from the Amazon, and orange groves from the tropics, and tamarinds from Goyaz. There are woodbine and honeysuckle climbing over the wall, and starred spaniels sprawling themselves on the grass. I invite amid these trees the larks, and the brown thrushes and the robins, and all the brightest birds of heaven, and they stir the air with infinite chirp and carol. And yet the place is a desert filled with darkness and death as compared with the residence of the woman of my text, the subject of my story. Never since have such skies looked down through such leaves into such waters! Never has river wave had such curve and sheen and bank as adorned the Pison, the Havilah, the Gihon, and the Hiddekel, even the pebbles being of bdellium and onyx stone! What fruits, with no curculio to sting the rind! What flowers, with no slug to gnaw the root! What atmosphere, with no frost to chill and with no heat to consume! Bright colors tangled in the grass. Perfume in the air. Music in the sky. Great scene of gladness and love and joy.

Right there under a bower of leaf and vine and shrub occurred the first marriage. Adam took the hand of this immaculate daughter of God and pronounced the ceremony when he said: "Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." A forbidden tree stood in the midst of that exquisite park. Eve sauntering out one day alone looks up at the tree and sees the beautiful fruit, and wonders if it is sweet, and wonders if it is sour, and standing there says: "I think I will just put my hand upon the fruit; it will do no damage to the tree; I will not take the fruit to eat, but I will just take it down to examine it." She examined the fruit. She said: "I do not think there can be any harm in my just breaking the rind of it." She put the fruit to her teeth, she tasted, she allowed Adam also to taste the fruit, the door of the world opened, and the monster Sin entered. Let the heavens gather blackness, and the winds sigh on the bosom of the hills, and cavern, and desert, and earth, and sky join in one long, deep, hell-rending howl—"The world is lost!"

Beasts that before were harmless and full of play put forth claw, and sting, and tooth, and tusk. Birds whet their beak for prey. Clouds troop in the sky. Sharp thorns shoot up through the soft grass. Blasting on the leaves. All the chords of that great harmony are snapped. Upon the brightest home this world ever saw our first parents turned their back and led forth on a path of sorrow the broken-hearted myriads of a ruined race.

Do you not see, in the first place, the danger of a poorly regulated inquisitiveness? She wanted to know how the fruit tasted. She found out, but six thousand years have deplored that unhealthy curiosity. Healthful curiosity has done a great deal for letters, for art, for science, and for religion. It has gone down into the depths of the earth with the geologist and seen the first chapter of Genesis written in the book of nature illustrated with engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, until from their sepulchre there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheater. Healthful curiosity has enlarged the telescopic vision of the astronomer until worlds hidden in the distant heavens have trooped forth and have joined the choir praising the Lord. Planet weighed against planet and wild comet lassoed with resplendent law. Healthful curiosity has gone down and found the tracks of the eternal God in the polypl and the starfish under the sea and the majesty of the great Jehovah encamped under the gorgeous curtains of the dahlia. It has studied the spots on the sun, and the larva in a beach leaf, and the light under a fire-fly's wing, and the terrible eye-glance of a condor pitching from Chimborazo. It has studied the myriads of animalcules that make up the phosphorescence in a ship's wake, and the mighty mass of suns, and spheres, and constellations, and galaxies that blaze on the march of God. Healthful cur-

iosity has stood by the inventor until forces that were hidden for ages came to wheels, and levers, and shafts and shuttles—forces that fly the air, or swim the sea, or cleave the mountain, until the earth jars, and roars, and rings, and crackles, and booms with strange mechanism, and ships with nostrils of hot steam and yokes of fire, draw the continents together. I say nothing against healthful curiosity. May it be other Leyden jars, and other electric batteries, and other voltaic piles, and other magnifying-glasses, with which to storm the barred castles of the natural world until it shall surrender its last secret. We thank God for the geological curiosity of Professor Hitchcock, and the mechanical curiosity of Liebig, and the zoological curiosity of Cuvier, and the inventive curiosity of Edison; but we must admit that unhealthy and irregular inquisitiveness has rushed thousands and tens of thousands into ruin. Eve just tasted the fruit. She was curious to find out how it tasted, and that curiosity blasted her and blasted all nations. So there are clergymen in this day inspired by unhealthy inquisitiveness who have tried to look through the keyhole of God's mysteries—mysteries that were barred and bolted from all human inspection, and they have wrenched their whole moral nature out of joint by trying to pluck fruit from branches beyond their reach or have come out on limbs of the tree from which they have tumbled into ruin without remedy. A thousand trees of religious knowledge from which we may eat and get advantage; but from certain trees of mystery how many have plucked their ruin! Election, free agency, trinity, resurrection—in the discussion of these subjects hundreds and thousands of people ruin the soul. There are men who actually have been kept out of the kingdom of heaven because they could not understand who Melchisedec was not!

Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthy inquisitiveness! It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the eye-stare and mouth-gape of curiosity. They are the first to hear a falsehood, build it another story high and two wings to it. About other people's apparel, about other people's financial condition, about other people's affairs, they are over-anxious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of tittle-tattle. They invite and sumptuously entertain at their house Colonel Twaddle and Esquire Chit-chat and Governor Smalltalk. Whoever hath an innuendo, whoever hath a scandal, whoever hath a valuable secret, let him come and sacrifice it to this Goddess of Splutter. Thousands of Adams and Eves do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them. Men quite well known as mathematicians failing in this computation of moral algebra: good sense plus good breeding, minus curiosity, equals minding your own affairs!

Observe also in this subject how repelling sin is when appended to great attractiveness. Since Eve's death there has been no such perfection of womanhood. You could not suggest an attractiveness to the body or suggest any refinement to the manner. You could add no gracefulness to the gait, no lustre to the eye, no sweetness to the voice. A perfect God made her a perfect woman, to be the companion of a man in a perfect home, and her entire nature vibrated in accord with the beauty and song of Paradise. But she rebelled against God's government, and with the same hand with which she plucked the fruit she launched upon the world the crimes, the wars, the tumults that have set the universe a-wailing.

A terrible offset to all her attractiveness. We are not surprised when we find men and women naturally vulgar going into transgression. We expect that people who live in the ditch shall have the manners of the ditch; but how shocking when we find sin appended to superior education and to the refinements of social life! The accomplishments of Mary Queen of Scots make her patronage of Darnley, the profligate, the more appalling. The genius of Catharine II. of Russia only sets forth in more powerful contrast her unappeasable ambition. The translations from the Greek and the Latin by Elizabeth, and her wonderful qualifications for a queen, make the more disgusting her capriciousness of affection and her hotness of temper. The greatness of Byron's mind makes the more alarming the Byron's sensuality.

Let no one think that refinement of manner or exquisiteness of taste or superiority of education can in any wise apologize for ill-temper, for an oppressive spirit, for unkindness, for any kind of sin. Disobedience Godward and transgression manward can give no excuse. Accomplishment heaven-high is no apology for vice hell-deep. My subject also impresses me with the regal influence of woman. When I see Eve with this powerful influence over Adam and over the generations that have followed, it suggests to me the great power all women have for good or for evil. I have no sympathy, nor have you, with the hollow flatteries showered upon woman from the platform and the stage. They mean nothing; they are accepted as nothing. Woman's nobility consists in the exercise of a Christian influence; and when I see this powerful influence of Eve upon her husband and upon the whole human race, I make up my mind that the frail arm of woman can strike a blow which will resound through all eternity down among the dungeons or up among the thrones.

Of course, I am not speaking of representative women—of Eve, who ruined

the race by one fruit-picking; of Jael, who droge a spike through the head of Sisera the warrior; of Esther, who overcame royalty of Abigail, who stopped a host by her own beautiful prowess; of Mary, who nursed the world's savior; of Grandmother Lois, immortalized in her grandson Timothy; of Charlotte Corday, who drove the dagger through the heart of the assassin of her lover; or of Marie Antoinette, who by one look from the balcony of her castle looked a mob, her own scaffold the throne of forgiveness and womanly courage. I speak not of these extraordinary persons, but of those who, unambitious for political power, as wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, attend to the thousand sweet offices of home.

When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of nations, it will be found that the mightiest and grandest influence came from home, where the wife cheered up despondency and fatigue and sorrow by her own sympathy, and the mother trained her child for heaven, starting the little feet on the path to the Celestial City; and the sisters by their gentleness refined the manners of the brother; and the daughters were diligent in their kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blessings on the road that leads father and mother down the steep of years. God bless our homes! And may the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather and grandmother and grandchild, and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death;
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

LORD NELSON'S KINDNESS.

A Charming Anecdote Showing His Remarkable Human Fellowship. Capt. Mahan, in his "Life of Nelson," just published, claims the following as an original story showing the inherent kindness of the great sailor. The Fleet letters had just been sent off, when Nelson saw a midshipman come up and speak to Lieut. Pasco, the signal officer, who, upon hearing what was said, stamped his foot in evident vexation and uttered an exclamation. The admiral, of whose nearness Pasco was unaware, called him and asked what was the matter.

"Nothing that need trouble your lordship," was the reply.

"You are not the man to lose your temper for nothing," rejoined Nelson. "What was it?"

"Well, if you must know, my lord, I will tell you. You see that coxswain?" pointing to one of the most exacting of the petty officers. "We have not a better man on board the Victoria, and the message which put me out was this: I was told that he was so busy receiving and getting off the mailbags that he forgot to drop his own letter into one of them, and he has just discovered it in his pocket!"

"Hoist the signal to bring her back," was Nelson's instant command. "Who knows that he may not fall in action tomorrow? His letter shall go with the rest." And the dispatch vessel was brought back for that alone.

The Strangest Dinner.

Perhaps the most remarkable dinner on record was that given by an antiquary named Goebel, in the city of Brussels. At the dinner were apples that ripened more than 1,800 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, and spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England. The repast was washed down with wine that was old when Columbus was playing with the boys of Genoa. The apples were from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where for several centuries it had lain in an earthen crock in icy water, and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth. There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of the wine, and was permitted to help himself bountifully to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon. The fruit was sweet and as finely flavored as if it had been preserved but a few months.

In Sweet Simplicity.

Truth in sweet simplicity expresses the thoughts that bind and the words that burn conviction in human understanding, and steadily, with unflinching eye, detects and discloses the brave spirit that stands by what it believes. One has said that "truth, like light, travels in straight lines"—that it is a divine essence.—Philadelphia Methodist.

Taken from Life.

Manager—I wish to congratulate you. You have managed to draw a picture of absolutely consummate repulsiveness for your villain. Author—Thanks, awfully; but the compliment is due to my better half. It is a description of me by my wife when I refused to buy her a new bonnet.—Tit-Bits.

Metaphorically Speaking. Skillet—So you traded your old horse for this one, did you? What did you get to boot? Skittle—Myself.—New York Tribune.

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Grapes With Honeysuckle Cures Coughs. Old Ann, Rachael, an old and successful nurse, 80 years old, 70 years experience as a nurse and much sought after by hundreds of families, has for years made a certain most effective for coughs and colds by the use of Grapes with Honeysuckle and the Herb Honeysuckle. Public speakers and singers use it. It is performing wonders. Sold by druggists.

No man ever bought his way into Heaven by leaving his money to the needy after he had started that way.

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

Scientific research shows that meats, fish, milk, and other animal foods contain three times more than flour, meal, and other staple vegetable foods to get the same nutritious result.

Between Seed Time and Harvest. Is a good opportunity to acquire about farming lands in South Dakota, only one day's ride from Chicago. Bountiful crops of wheat, corn, barley and flax reward the tiller of the soil. As a stock and dairy country South Dakota leads all the world. First class farm lands with nearby markets can now be bought for from \$10, \$25, and up to \$100 per acre, and that is all there is to be had. For further particulars write to E. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Don't plant trees where they will not be wanted when grown to good size.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1.00. Guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. All Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Drugs at Out Prices. We will mail free to anyone our complete Drug Catalogue, and Out-Rate Price List. It will save you money on everything in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Rubber Goods, Wines, etc. Free and that is all there is to it. Paul V. Finck & Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Try to keep God's law and you will soon find out that He made it.

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Price, 75c. Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

To seek God is every man's highest duty and greatest privilege.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarella's Candy Cathartic. 50c or 10c. If C.C.C. fails to cure, druggists refund money.

The cucumber was originally a tropical vegetable.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the bowels, relieves allays pain, cures wind colic. 50 cents a bottle.

Apricots are indigenous to the plains of Armenia.

Hogman's Chamber Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Old Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Some people get no higher than a "lowering" rage.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lutz, Paduchter, La., August 21, 1893.

A moderate drinker is the devil's traveling man.

Millet, Buckwheat and other seeds, lowest prices. Halzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

Nearly everybody smokes in Japan, men and women. The girls begin when they are ten years of age, and the boys a year earlier. A huge grown under cleanly conditions make clean and wholesome pork.

A Good Appetite

is essential for health and physical strength. When the blood is weak, thin and impure the appetite fails. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach, gives strength to the nerves and health to the whole system. It is just the medicine needed now.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. 25¢.

EARN A BICYCLE

with Hood's Sarsaparilla. New High Grade Bicycles, fully guaranteed, \$150.00. Ship anywhere on approval. Write at once for particulars.

\$100 To Any Man.

WILL PAY \$100 FOR ANY CASE OF Weakness in Men They Treat and Fail to Cure.

An Omaha Company places for the first time before the public a MAGICAL TREATMENT for the cure of Lost Vitality, Nervous and Sexual Weakness, and Restoration of Life Force in old and young men. No worn-out French remedy; no Phosphorus or other harmful drugs. It is a WONDERFUL TREATMENT, magical in its effects—positive in its cure. All readers, who are suffering from a weakness that blights their life, causing that mental and physical suffering peculiar to Lost Blood, should write to the STATE SPECIAL COMPANY, 100 N. 1st St., St. Paul, Minn., and they will send you absolutely FREE, a valuable paper on these diseases, and positive words of their truly MAGICAL TREATMENT. Thousands of men, who have lost all hope of a cure, are being restored by them to a perfect condition.

This MAGICAL TREATMENT may be taken at home under their directions, or they will pay railroad fare and hotel bills to all who prefer to go there for treatment, if they fail to cure. They are perfectly reliable; have no Free Prescriptions, Free Cures, Free Samples, or O. O. U. G

HOW TO FIND OUT

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effect following use of liquor wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists price fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail, mention THE MAIL and send your full post-office address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Livonia.

Mrs. A. Stringer visited her sister, Mrs. Harvey Millard, of Detroit, last Monday.

Horace Kingsley has the bridge completed which he has been building south of Stark.

Mrs. R. Z. Millard visited her aunt, Mrs. Geo. Chilson, of Newburg, Tuesday.

Haying has commenced on a small scale at the Center.

Mrs. A. Turnbull returned home Saturday from Northville where she had been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Garfield.

Mr. and Mrs. John Baur and daughter, Stella, Miss Ada Creger, Mr. Frank Newman, of Elm, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Colby, of Northville, took dinner with Mrs. A. Stringer and son Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Millard and son, of Detroit, visited the former's brother, R. Z. Millard, Wednesday.

Mrs. Chas. Base and son have been wrestling with severe cases of measles.

Oscar Moore has strawberries for sale at the Center. Call and see him.

Miss Ida Smith is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Joslin, of near Northville.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

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

Cool Capture of a Seat.

"Will you allow me to stand?" asked a gentleman, getting into an English railway carriage already containing the specified number, says the London Telegraph.

"Certainly not," exclaimed a man occupying a corner seat.

"As you are the only person objecting to my presence," replied the gentleman, "I shall remain here."

"Then I shall call the guard and have you removed," said the aggrieved passenger, getting up and putting his head out of the window.

The newcomer saw his opportunity and slipped into the vacant seat.

"What's up?" said the guard, appearing at the door.

"One over the number," replied the newcomer.

"You must come; the train's going," and, without waiting for further explanation, the guard pulled out the amazed passenger, who was left wildly gesticulating on the platform.

On the House.

"Talk about trained dogs," said Larry Phillips recently, as he was standing before a down-town mixed-goods restaurant, "they ain't in it with Mike. Come here, Mike!" he shouted, and Mike, a three-legged bull terrier, walled-eyed and lopsided, with an upper lip like a County Kerry squire's, sauntered up. His owner walked into the saloon and laid a quarter behind a cuspidor.

"Mike," said he, when he returned, "I left a quarter in the room yonder. Go in and get it." Mike looked up intelligently and ran into the room, coming back presently empty mouthed. "That's the first time he ever failed me," said Larry, with some chagrin, as he walked in and picked up the coin. Then, looking at it closely: "Why, no wonder the dog wouldn't touch it. The blamed thing's a counterfeit. Who changed that quarter?" But the bartender only remarked: "Guess they're on the house, Larry."—Philadelphia Record.

IN A SPELLBINDER'S TOILS.

The Young Man Lost \$700 Worth of Valuables.

"I was as healthy a young man as you'd meet in a day's travel," declared the banker to his physician, according to the Detroit Free Press. "In that assertion I refer to mind as well as body. If I had a fault it was that of being too skeptical. When I came upon the statement of any pathological or psychological manifestation that I could not understand I simply branded it 'as a humbug' and dropped the matter. 'Reason' was my universal test.

"When only 22 I was on the road from New York to Boston and fell in with a stranger, considerably older than myself. He had piercing black eyes, but neither long hair nor seedy clothes. His smile was singularly winning, his voice musical and his conversation charming. He gave me one of the finest cigars I ever smoked. In 10 minutes I felt as if I had known and loved the man all my life. The more we talked the more his wonderful-eyes glowed and lightened. Yet their power was that of an irresistible attraction and there was a caress in his tones that made all about me seem a pleasing dream that ended in oblivion. It was three days later when I awakened in a hospital, the spell thrown off by some magic electricity developed through a physician then famous. I fully recovered, but how do you account for my experience, doctor?"

"It was the cigar, of course."
"No, sir. It was not half smoked and had nothing worse in it than pure tobacco. You can't cry hallucination to me as some of our ancestors cried 'witchcraft' when unexplained phenomena puzzled them. My charmer was a hypnotist, mesmerist or something else that's uncanny in man. More than that, he was the cleverest kind of thief, for he stripped me of \$700 worth of valuables."

A GREAT REDWOOD SLAB.

From One of Washington's Largest Fir Trees.

In New Whatcom, a seaport town and the county seat of Whatcom county, the northwest county in Washington and the United States, is erected on the outer edge of a sidewalk on one of the principal street corners an immense slab or section of one of Washington's biggest red fir trees, says the Mining and Scientific Press. The slab, being cut directly across the diameter of the tree, like a butcher's cutting block, the greatest diameter extending upward, the bark being on its entire circumference. A stranger naturally feels inclined to walk up to the slab and measure it by its height, and is surprised to find that it would take another man standing on his head to extend to the top of it. Then he steps back a pace and reads the following inscription, neatly painted on a board attached to the face of the slab: "Tree from Loop's Ranch Forks, Whatcom county, Wash. The tree was 465 feet high, 226 feet to the first limb and 33 feet 11 inches in circumference at the base. If sawed into lumber it would make 96,345 feet. It would build eight cottages two stories high of seven-rooms each. The tree is about 480 years old, according to the rings. If sawed into inch-square strips it would fill ten ordinary cars, and the strips would reach from Whatcom to China." The section shows the tree sound to the core.

Michael Angelo.

Michael Angelo was born amid the wooded rocks upon the Carentine slopes in Tuscany, and was reared on the hillsides of Settignano. When he was a mere lad in Florence he attracted the attention of Lorenzo de Medici, who took him into his palace and treated him as his own son. When he was 18 his patron died. Under the constant teaching of Lorenzo the young man had acquired a love for art and a knowledge of technique, which gave him immense advantage when he entered seriously upon his life work. Leaving Florence he went to Bologna, and then to Rome, where he found no lack of patrons. Here he executed the famous "Pieta," which stands in St. Peter's church. Returning to Florence he carved his magnificent statue of David out of a block of marble another sculptor had attacked and was thought to have spoiled. He also painted an immense historical picture for the Ducal palace in Florence. Later he returned to Rome by invitation of Pope Julius II, who gave him several missions, and here he spent the remainder of his life, dying in 1563 at the age of 90, leaving behind him a vast record of his genius, not only as a sculptor, a painter, and a poet, but as an architect and a military engineer. History gives no account of any other man who combined in his make-up so many great and dominating qualities. His life and character and his remarkable work in fulness and variety reflect the spirit of the most brilliant period in Italian history, the age of the Renaissance, in its glory and decline.

Sage Counsel.

Advice is cheap, but sometimes it proves very good. Says Harper's Drawer:

"A man entered an ice cream parlor," and slowly and thoughtfully ate his portion of vanilla. While he was paying the cashier he said quietly:

"I notice you advertise that you make your own ice cream?"

"Yes."

"Let me give a pointer which will help your trade amazingly."

"Well?" asked the man, curiously.

The reply was bland and apparently courteous:

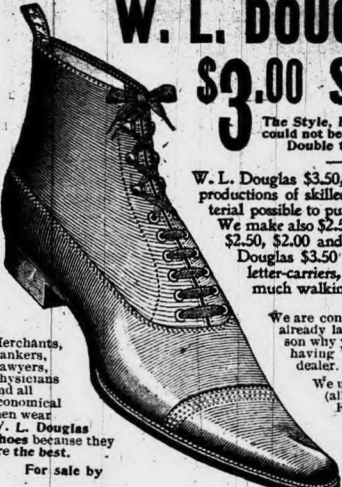
"Get some other fellow to make it!"

A Russell county (Kansas) farmer killed ninety-nine rats in two hours. They had turned his stack of corn into a boarding-house.

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