

The Plymouth Mail.

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PLYMOUTH, MICH., JULY 2, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 512

NEW CROP.

NEW CROP

AMERICAN HOME GROWN Scarlet or Crimson Clover.

Scarlet Clover is an annual and should be sown in July, August or September. It germinates quickly, grows very rapidly through the fall and winter, blossoms about May 1st. This Clover can be sown after crops have been removed from the ground. In this way it will prove of inestimable value in holding the valuable nitrates in the soil that are otherwise washed out of the bare ground, furnishes fall, winter and spring pasture, and enriches and stores up plant food for the next crop.

The plant grows from 1 1/2 to 2 feet high, with magnificent root formation extending four feet deep even in unfavorable soils. It can be turned under for fertilizer for any crop early in the spring, or will produce eight tons of green fodder on good ground by May 10th, or two or three tons of superior hay. It flourishes on poor soils and furnishes for them more plant food in a short time than can be done in any other way.

Being a supplementary or "stolen" crop, no other crop need be omitted to grow it, it grows quickly and adds fertility to the soil beyond the ability of any other known plant in so short time.

Crimson or Scarlet Clover is certainly the best variety in cultivation for sowing hay, pasturage or seed producing purposes. Opinions from our leading farmers in this section and farther north establish the fact that it has taken a firm hold on American Agriculture and from present indications will never be supplanted by any other crop.

How To Sow.

To secure a stand of Crimson Clover, the first requisite is thorough preparation of the soil. The soil should be mellow to a depth of three inches, whether in Orchards, cultivated crops, or open ground. It should always be worked before sowing the seed, so as to secure moisture and fineness. After the seed is sown, of which not less than 15 pounds per acre should be used, it should be covered with a harrow, plank drag, or field roller. If the ground is dry, best results are obtained when it is covered to a depth of one-half inch. If sown on wheat stubble, where spring sowing of red clover failed or blighted, the soil can be put in proper condition by thorough working with harrow, then sowing the seed, following with drag harrow to cover, and roller to firm the soil. Thorough preparation of soil, thorough covering of the seed, and when ground is dry thoroughly firming the same, will always secure a stand, and will give larger returns for money extended than any other crop grown on the farm.

When To Sow.

The proper time to sow is in July, August and September. Spring sowings have been made in northern states, and in many instances have been successful, but they cannot be relied upon. If sown in July or early in August, and seed should fail to come, sowing can be made again in September. Sown in July and August, it can be pastured in fall and early spring. The best time to sow is just before or following a rain, but if directions, how to sow, are strictly followed, seed can be sown even in time of drought.

For Sale By

L. C. HOUGH & SON.

WITH HONORS!

SIX GRADUATE FROM THE PLYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL.

PROF. BEDDOW'S ADDRESS TO THE CLASS GIVEN IN FULL.

The Exercises Were All That Could Be Desired.—The Quartette Made Good Music and Everything Passed Off Harmoniously.

At least once in a lifetime everyone is imbued with ambitious and ardent desires of greatness, which have a strong tendency to arouse all the sleeping vigor of manhood and womanhood into activity, awakening the strong impulses that inspire the healthful mind. Commencement exercises ever bring these thoughts vividly to mind and have an influence on both old and young as they behold upon the platform the young class who have labored hard under the guidance of willing and faithful teachers to master the difficult problems with which they were confronted.

Well may they feel proud on commencement day as they finish the course having successfully accomplished what they had undertaken and gained one victory out of the many conquests they will be called upon to confront in this life and which will materially strengthen and aid them in overcoming others more difficult.

The hall was handsomely decorated with ferns, flowers and plants on Friday evening last for the sixteenth annual commencement exercises of the Plymouth high school. About eight o'clock the graduates, six in number, marched in followed by the principal, I. A. Beddow, and Rev. J. H. Herbener, Miss Maud Mark, ham playing the march.

The first on the program was a song entitled, "The Old Brigade," by the Temple Quartette and it is needless to say they received great applause, not only on the first, but on all succeeding pieces. The solo work by Arthur D. Wood, and Harry T. Morgan, (who by the way is an old Plymouth boy), deserves especial mention, as does also the duet by D. McDonald and H. T. Morgan. After music by the quartette, Rev. J. H. Herbener opened the evening's program with prayer.

MISS HUFFMAN.
The first graduate on the program was Miss Huffman with a recitation, "The vision of Sir Lancelot," which she delivered in a manner that showed conclusively how well the graduates were versed to take any part or place. The emphasis and gestures were as near perfect as is possible to attain outside of professional recitation. Every word was spoken clear and distinct and with a well modulated voice.

She received merited applause from the audience.

MISS HERRI.

"In the Sunrise of Life, Row, Not Drift," was the subject taken by Miss Maude Herr for the Salutatory. In a pleasing manner she welcomed the large audience, after which she gave a grand pen picture of life, comparing it to a dream, also to the sea. She said, "We, now in the sunrise of life, are launching upon a sea to win our fortunes. Each is being carried away to seek his future destiny. Our lives are the sea, our capabilities, the boats, but will is the boatman who propels them all." "The rarest gems are concealed in rough and rugged rocks which need to be picked and hewn before they yield their treasures." "Every man longs to be great, but of what use are these longings if not to spur him to action? Man is not judged by desires, a single worthy word outweighs a life of dreams." She also urged her classmates on to greater activity and perseverance.

"We have not wings, we cannot soar. But we have feet to scale and climb. By slow degrees, by more and more. The cloudy summits of our time."

MISS SPICER.

The essay by Miss Fannie Spicer on the subject of "Nothing Great is Easily Won," was full of good thoughts. It was true to its subject and produced argument and reference to prove all assertions. Among other things she said that if the struggle to win fame is hard, the greater will be the triumph, and "were there nothing to fight against there could be no victory." "One must remember this, in all phases of life, that he cannot get something for nothing, and that if he would succeed in anything he must work." "It is seldom possible to fix the exact value of man's attainment. It is never safe to estimate his worth by the noise he makes. Great works grow slowly and in silence." "The heights of great men reached and kept."

Were not attained by sudden flight. But they, while their companions slept, Were toiling upward in the night.

MISS PETERHANS.

"Life is what we make it," was the subject chosen by Miss Anna Peterhans, and although it was no new subject, the manner in which it was handled made it appear in a new light. She truly said, "Without education no one can rise to a higher range of duties in society, in the church, in politics, or in industrial enterprises. Business success, social success and professional success are gained only by it." Much stress was put on wasted time and refers to that ever true quotation of Edward Garrett, "Life is like a roll of costly material passing swiftly through our hands, and we must embroider our pattern on it as it goes. We cannot wait to pick up a false stitch or pause too long before we set another." She also said, "Do not wait until your loved ones are lying stark and still in their chambers before you send your flowers. While they are with you, let them know your love."

In closing she made a strong appeal to the class to live high, noble and pure lives.

MR. CROSBY.

The class prophecy, "Where are we at Ten Years Hence?" by Mr. Crosby, was another excellent piece of work. Vivid imagination and mastery of language to get it in readable form is the life of this part of the program and Mr. Crosby clearly proved that he did not lack in these qualities. He spoke of the advancement of the world, of the slow development in mechanical science until the 19th century and compared the present time with 100 years ago, after which each graduate came in for his or her share of the prophecy.

MISS HUFFMAN.

In her essay, "Great Men Never Die," Miss Hattie Huffman beautifully portrayed the lives of great men, showing their traits and characteristics and told how men became great, for reference citing us to such men as Franklin, Washington, Shakespeare and others. She said, "Man is self-improvable: he is not a machine; he is a soul and capable of infinite growth." "Never allow obstacles to stop you: when the waters meet an obstacle they run around it." "You cannot fall in life if you stake an effort on each succeeding attempt twice as great as the effort which lost your last desire."

MR. OLIVER.

The valedictory, "Men and Circumstances," by Reginald Oliver, was a masterly composition. He clearly proved that circumstances do not always make the man and that luck is an unknown quantity: that what is usually called luck, if investigated, would prove to be superior management. "Circumstances can keep no man down if he is determined to rise and if he shows that there is worth in him. It is worth that the world is after: it is worth the world will have, and if we have it not, we will not succeed." "Men must have the one all important factor within themselves—that of action—if they succeed. Success does not come by chance, but by hard and persistent labor." His closing remarks were addressed to the teachers and classmates and were made in a very pleasing manner, and highly complimenting the instructors for their efficient work.

Prof. Beddow, after his address to the class presented the graduates with their diplomas, after which the quartette sang another piece and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. H. Herbener. Thus closes another school year, and thus new laurels are added to the Plymouth high school. We are aware that justice cannot be done to the essays in our limited space and we hope this fault will be overlooked on these grounds.

Following is Prof. I. A. Beddow's address in full to the class of '97.

MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:

The captain of an ocean steamer, when preparing to make a voyage over seas unfamiliar to himself, and to visit coasts whither he has never sailed, carefully studies his charts, in order that, profiting by the experience of other seamen, he may avoid the dangers which threaten his course. No possible source of disaster, no range of rocks, hypocrites of the sea, which hide their direful purpose beneath a smooth surface, in order the more effectually to destroy; no maelstrom which has caught and drawn a hundred ships into its fatal embrace; no Charybdis which, with siren voices, lured the ancient mariners to their doom; no peril of storm or whirlpool, or shallows, or rocky coasts, escapes his vigilant foreseeing eye.

Tonight, under these auspicious and inspiring conditions, you have met together, in the presence of this company, to give a public and formal close to one portion of your careers. Safe hitherto in the calm waters of the harbor of home, where ocean storms raise scarce a ripple, with the sunshine of joy illuminating all your studies, and the spring time of youth, thrilling your veins with gentle warmth, you have filled the pleasant days with study of the charts. You have longed at times, no doubt, for the tempests and the terrors of the ocean. At times you have indeed put out to sea a little way, in order to become acquainted with the machinery of navigation, but always attended and guarded from danger by a skilled pilot. The time has now come to some of you, and will soon come to you all, when, parting with your companions of the harbor, you will steam forth into the great deep. Dangers and possible shipwrecks lie ahead of you. In mid ocean, as night is coming on, skies will grow dark and threatening. The sea will change its smiling countenance for one of savage, insatiate brutality. The God of winds and storms will let forth his furious upon you, to drive you towards dangerous regions of the sea. At such a time, the sunshine vanishes, the spring time past, the harbor abandoned; threatened by all the terrors of life's ocean, it will be well to have studied beforehand the charts.

On this occasion I have thought it might not be valueless to call your attention to certain features of the world you are about to enter, features which the moralist and theologian are inclined to neglect, but which the practical man of the world understands well enough nevertheless. From childhood you have known, by the hearing of the ears, the value of sobriety, honesty, industry. Your spiritual instructors have told you again and again, until your minds have become benumbed to the sense of the great principle, that you must bow in complete submission to the will of God. You have seen literature breathing out everywhere the great philosophic truth that man must

bring himself into perfect harmony with his environment. I therefore leave the consideration of such lofty thoughts to those who have risen into the region of the corresponding virtues, and ask you to descend to a less inspiring, but equally useful theme.

The past century and a quarter has been an age of marvelous material advancement. The invention of machinery, which before the last half of the eighteenth century was undreamed of; the discovery of the natural powers of steam and electricity; and the consequent development of the factory system, have necessitated the industrial organization of mankind as an army is organized. Within the area over which political or civil government extends has arisen industrial government, with its system of rewards and punishments, a state within a state.

The rewards have consisted of an increase of wealth; the punishments, of starvation. Civil government takes from the transgressor of its laws, liberty; industrial government, the means by which life is sustained. This gigantic organization of the forces of industry has brought men closer together, has rendered almost infinitely complex the relations of man to man. The world has become an enormous family, united together by the bond of self interest. Men have come to see that for themselves they can do nothing except as they labor for humanity. Yet not the love of humanity makes men toil, but the love of self. Industrial conditions have changed, but the human heart remains unaltered.

This broadening and tightening of human relations has tended to increase passion and prejudice, love and hate. Casts and dogs may live peacefully together, if they have their freedom, but tie them together, they fight. So close indeed, so complex, and at the same time so opposing, have the relations of men become, that good will and evil will are strong factors in determining the fate of individuals. Good will, or love, heaps favor upon its object, evil will or hate, destroys its object. It is therefore worth your while, and will serve your selfish interests, so to study manners, so to cultivate the graces of behavior as to inspire feelings of love and not those of hatred. The love of men will make you their masters; their hate will turn all their forces against you. It is time then that the youth, aspiring to a noble career, should be given to understand that his success depends not merely upon the skill of his hand, the grasp of his intellect, or the breadth of his attainments; but equally upon his power to win approbation, and that not alone by the manly deeds of the hero, but often by the politic smiles of the courtier.

But how to accomplish this stupendous task of winning the good will of men. Some are gifted by nature with a wonderful knowledge of the human heart. Such men were Shakespeare and Napoleon.

To such as these the problem is comparatively easy, yet Napoleon studied the arts of behavior in order the more successfully to manage men. To the ordinary man the problem is the most difficult he is ever called upon to solve, for it must be solved in every moment's practice. Then too, as has been said, "Love is rarely a hypocrite. But hate, how detect and guard against it? It lurks when you least expect it; it is created by causes which you can the least foresee; and civilization multiplies its varieties whilst it favors its disguise; for civilization increases the number of contending interests, and refinement renders more susceptible to irritation the cuticle of self love." In the heart of your friend, for whom you would sacrifice life, secret, hypocritical hatred may be lurking. In the very heart of the Christian church, founded in love, men, howing at the same altar, are secretly plotting mischief for each other. In spite of the love which illuminates the darkest corners of our world and makes life approach at times to heavenly beauty, the whole human family is bathed in a poisonous atmosphere of hate. It is your duty, it will be your profit, to clear your corner of the habitable earth of such foul pestilent vapors. Otherwise yourselves will not escape strangulation.

But here lies a danger. The common man, who has no deep insight into the human heart, and who has perhaps no deep principle, thinks that if it is well to inspire feelings of love rather than those of hatred, to have the manners of a courtier rather than those of a boor, it must likewise be well, always to avoid, at any cost, offending a fellow mortal. The utterances of all good and great men cry out upon the falsity of such a principle. Jesus uttered words of hot and burning denunciation of the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees. Lincoln, Phillips, Savonarola, Luther, hesitated not to speak words as hot as living coals, though all the fiends of darkness grew enraged. It was said of one of our honored statesmen: "We love him for the enemies he has made." It is impossible to do your duty and please all. If you uphold the law, criminals will curse you; if you stand for righteousness, sinners will revile and persecute and hate you; if you insist on the faithful performance of labors entrusted to your oversight, unfaithful and incompetent workmen will secretly or openly abominate you. Fear not the petty hatred of small souls. The finite alone can be harmed. The soul will experience an infinite peace.

Class of ninety-seven, deep in the heart of every earnest teacher, there grows an affection, sometimes hidden, but none the less strong, for those who have earnestly studied under his instruction. With high hope and expectation, I look forward to your future. It is with deep pleasure, therefore, that I present you with these diplomas which signify the degree of your attainments in knowledge. A high school diploma, obtained with honor at your age, means that the minutes and the hours of your days have been filled with high thoughts, that you have had no time to acquire the vices which threaten youth, that if you persist in the path of honor which you have begun, you will become good and true men and women. The knowledge which you have gained is of little worth compared with the trend given to your characters. Memory will fail; imagination, grow dim; reason, weaken; knowledge will vanish away, but the graces of the spirit are solid and will remain.

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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming— Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight, O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!

take no alarm, Delavan and his army may, in prospect of bacchanalia commemorations. At nine o'clock last night were heard the first preludes of the great day, in the sound of fire crackers, squibs and flying serpents—not unlike the flying serpents sent to punish the ancient people, but without a brazen serpent to cure the bitten. All the poles bear flags, instead, whose stripes and stars inflame, in many a youthful bosom, that sort of patriotism which finds escapement in torpedoes and fiery-winged reptiles.

The booming cannon at midnight ushers in the eventful anniversary, and now, "No sleep till morn," or thereafter! You begin to dream of the olden time that "tried souls," when men started from their couches at the roar of a foreign lion; and there!—crack!—near your window goes off a gun, or something worse. You console yourself, however, with the thought this may be the first and the last salutes.



GAY TROOPS MARCH.

tion so near at hand; and with this reflection you are falling into a delicious lapse, when, there!—another is heard, nearer still. And such another! You listen, and wonder whether the instrument burst or not, almost hoping it did, in order to terminate this serenade of thunder. Well, you about conclude an actual explosion took place, and you begin to fear the juvenile Jupiter has been kicked over and wounded in the cause of his country. In your sympathy for the fallen patriot, you listen anew, and are tempted to turn out to his relief, when—by the shadow of Pluto and all his subterranean armory!—right under your window, bellows such another gunpowder fulmination as you never expect to hear again. No matter, however, for the occasion gives moment to the most trifling circumstances, and you feel reconciled with thoughts on the blessedness of liberty. Yet, with a remnant of desperation, you wish all the sulphur and saltpetre of the under kingdom thrust into some piece of artillery, like that which Milton ascribes to the inventive genius of Satan, and touched off at once and forever.

But the sun is up, and the "rock-ribbed hills" tremble at dawn with the boom of a hundred cannonading echoes. From yonder tall staff streams the banner high and gay in the morning light and breeze—a ribbon sail strung out from the fleecy cloud on which the angel of freedom rides in the heavens over the nations of earth. Angel of Columbia, weep not! for though millions beneath thee groan, yet a little while longer, and the shout that rings from Maine to Oregon shall be the shout of a race redeemed from the last bond. Now mellowly mingles the sound of martial music with the morning air. Gay troops march, with gay plumes and glistening arms, along the thoroughfare, as proud of themselves as the boys are who march by their side, in anarchical file, keeping time with file and drum. Room, room, now for the land-dons of Neptune, with coats of many hues and Joseph shirts, dragging their tridents behind, trimmed and trusty for the raging conflagration. And then comes Flora, with her fairy band, decked in green and blossom array, moving onward in gentle and smiling procession, like a flow-

ery island floating down the meadow-stream, to the music of nymphs and the rippling of Eden waters. The bells ring in joyous peal, and each stroke of the metal thrills the tramping multitude with a shock of indefinable enthusiasm. Great thoughts of the glory and greatness of the country swell in many a bosom, wholly unused to any extraordinary emotions. With what profound awe and admiration does that youth stand yonder in the street, now wildly gazing, with eyes and mouth wide open, first at the crowd, and then at the banners strung from chimney to chimney, and steeple to steeple! The town folks take him to be an unripe vegetable, just because he wears what he pleases—boots for service, more than for squaking—coat, bob-skirted and gray, rather than rudely flaunting, and a bell-sworded but capricious enough to hold all the gingerbread he can afford to purchase. Well, if he has no right to look as he pleases, nor to thrust his hands deep into his pockets, in support of the independent indifference of his position, and on such a day, of what avail are all the boasted privileges of the country?

It is now towards burning noon. All the shops and factories have turned out their flaunting troops of fashion and beauty. Long processions, streaming with perspiration and begrimed with clouds of the mother element, are completing their everlasting circuits through the populous streets. Squads of juvenile followers have fallen off, and musical instruments begin to sound as though their owners, instead of desiring to give out much more liquid martial melody, were in need of some sort of liquid themselves. The van members of the procession, having ended their journey, stand quite at ease, converting their hats into fans; and, considering the circumstances, look with very cool complacency upon the unfortunate ones who are left to bring up the rear. Soda fountains and small beer establishments are now in the height of operation. Phiz!—crack!—popple!—popple! and expelled stopples go whizzing and booming from the foaming muzzles of angry bottles, now glad to break loose and take revenge for past confinement. A thousand throats are gurgling the delicious liquids, and twice that number of lips are smacking, expressive of grateful satisfaction, much to the aggravation of innumerable youngsters who stand looking on, mournful from the want of a few copers, to enjoy similar indulgences.

Beneath beeking pavilions, in crowded halls, or happily in the green grove, at last gather the eager host. Fans fit like swarms of cooling phantoms before glowing faces, and the orator of the day opens with the ominous "Fellowcitizens!" For an hour he sinks and soars, generalizes from Rome to Plymouth, and becomes lost in the immensity of themes. But now the grand festival is at hand. Toasts, music, cheers—and, then, there is no calculating how easily the responsibilities of the country weigh upon the minds of the well-feasted multitude.

The day declines and the sun hovers in the west like a Roman candle, flinging its hazy light over the hills. Or, there it glares, with a great red eye, towards the east, as though winking in defiance of the monarchical powers beyond the Atlantic. The streets begin to echo the tread of flagging feet. Day pales into twilight, and, as the western star comes out, a rocket ascends to greet it, and mock its distance. As darkness creeps over the landscape, lawns and parks darken with human throngs; while windows, balconies and house-tops, tremble under the weight of pyrotechnical gazers. Shout after shout rises through the smoky air like the murmurings of the sea, as the heavens glow with eccentric fires, in mimicry of the fireworks of the firmament. But the hour has gone by, and in the gloom of night the weary wanderers hie to their homes. Silence and darkness draw their curtains over a sleeping nation, while dreams of the departed day still linger around. Morning will soon come again, and call forth the tolling millions to the heat and burden of a weary day. But sleep now in peace, ye suffering sons and daughters of Mammondom! and dream ye of a liberty not your own, though a name dear, and



NOW WILDLY GAZING.

adored by hearts of Columbian soil! Sad and solemn the scene of enchanted multitudes, yet ever glorious with prophecy is the jubilee of an American Fourth.

A Joke on the Dentist. Mrs. McLuberty—"How did ye git along wid th' dentist, Murty?" McLuberty—"Sure, he mighty near killt me, so he did; but, beaded, of how th' laugh on him, all th' same." Mrs. McLuberty—"Is that so?" McLuberty—"Yis, Begorra! he pulled th' wrong tooth!"—Judge.

NEEDED NO LAWYER.

Because He Did Not Want to Take Advantage of the State.

Judge Jim Griggs was reminded of a story by the passing of an electric car, says the Atlanta Constitution, and began: "One of the funniest things that ever happened during my connection with the Georgia judiciary was when I was first elected solicitor. The demands of my position frequently put me in the attitude of prosecuting a friend. It was hard, but I did it. An ex-sheriff of a county in my circuit—a fellow that I had known and liked for a long while—was prosecuted for making away with some money. It was an ugly charge. The evidence was conclusive against him. When I went down to court he came staggering into my room about two-thirds drunk. 'Jim,' he said, 'these infernal scoundrels are trying to prosecute me—perfect outrage. I told 'em just wait till I saw Jim Griggs, and we'd fix it—I told 'em we'd let 'em know who to prosecute. And we will. Won't we, Jim?'"

"I looked at him very gravely, and said: 'Tom, I've got a dead case against you. I'm going to prosecute you, convict you and send you to the penitentiary. You are guilty. You got the money, and I've got the evidence to prove it.'" "He looked at me in perfect amazement. He was dumbfounded. He said I didn't mean it. I told him I did. He straightened himself up and marched out without a word. His case was the first one called after dinner. The judge asked him if he had any counsel. He said no and didn't want any. He spoke in a half-drunken fashion. 'But,' said the judge, 'you are charged here with a serious offense, and if you have no money to employ a lawyer I'll appoint one for you.' The defendant didn't like it. He arose with difficulty. He steadied himself against a table and, speaking in a maudlin fashion, said: 'Yer honor, I said I don't want no counsel, and I don't want none. I meant what I said. I don't want—hic—take no 'vantage of ze state. State ain't got no counsel—what der I want with any?'"

"Ver honor, I said I don't want no counsel, and I don't want none. I meant what I said. I don't want—hic—take no 'vantage of ze state. State ain't got no counsel—what der I want with any?'"

MOST REGRETTED ACT.

Lieutenant Commander in the Navy Makes an Anonymous Confession.

From the Detroit Free Press: "The most-to-be-regretted act of my life," says a lieutenant commander of the navy, "was a letter I wrote to my mother when about 17 years of age. She always addressed her letters to me as 'my dear boy.' I felt at that time I was a man, or very near it, and wrote saying that her constant addressing me as a 'boy' made me feel displeased."

"I received in reply a letter full of reproaches and tears. Among other things she said: 'You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Samson, and as wise as Solomon; you might become ruler of a nation or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you; but to your devoted mother, you would always appear, in memory, in your innocent, unpretentious, unself-conceited, unpampered babyhood. In those days when I washed and dressed and kissed and worshipped you, you were my idol. Nowadays you are becoming part of a gross world by contact with it, and I can not bow down to you and worship you; but if there is manhood and maternal love transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother-love can pay you is to call you 'my dear boy.''"

Curious French Legend.

It is asserted by the Industrielles Echo that thousands of 57-franc pieces are split into two halves by their French owners every year, in the hope of "discovering" an immense hidden treasure. This treasure, according to the legend firmly believed in France, is an order to pay the holder 100,000 francs in silver 5-franc coins. When Napoleon Bonaparte first set the 5-franc piece in circulation the conservative mind of the French revolted against the numismatic revolution, notwithstanding its zeal for political revolution, and it was very difficult to induce a Frenchman to receive or proffer the new coin. Hence, according to the story, Napoleon gave it to be understood that he had ordered a check for 100,000 francs, written upon asbestos paper, to be concealed in one of the new silver pieces. From that day to this nobody has objected to the 5-franc piece.

The Canning Industry.

A few years since there was not a canning factory west of the Alleghany mountains, but now they dot the prairies and plantations of the Mississippi basin and are increasing year by year at a rapid rate. There has been a steady increase in the demand for canned goods. Their consumption was enormously increased by their low cost—so low, indeed, at present that there is no profit in the industry, which shares the depression common to business in general in recent years. In prosperous times the trade is a vast and profitable one and is only in the first steps of its development.—New York Tribune.

Kind of Her.

It was the first night of the new domestic's sojourn in the house and as she had not appeared, at 7:30 in the morning her mistress went up to her room, and, rapping on the door, said: "Mary! Oh, Mary!" "Huh?" sleepily. "We are all up, and it's breakfast time." "All right, mom; go right ahead an' eat, an' don't wait for me. I'll be down in-time to do the dishes, mom."—Harper's Bazar.

WHY SO MANY REGULAR PHYSICIANS FAIL

To Cure Female Ills—Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham is More Successful Than the Family Doctors



A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, ever to her family physician.

It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and, being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering.

In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago a great army of her fellow-beings are to-day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequalled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the womb.

This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

Things to Say. When you sneeze—I hope I didn't splash you. When you break a tea cup—Allow me to pay for it. When you try in vain to pass an elderly man in the street—Thanks, but I have hardly time for a schottische. When you steal a kiss—I'm very sorry. When you couldn't come—Mrs. Smith invited me and I couldn't refuse her, you know. When you are introduced to the baby—Which of you is it like? When you are asked to a funeral—I shall have much pleasure.—Pick-Me-Up.

"Another dress. It takes a good deal of money to keep you in clothes, Mary?" "Am I not your wife?" "You are—my dear wife." No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for another. The harder a woman's heart works, the less liable it is to go on a strike.

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.

The woman with a horse and buggy never acts quite as her neighbors would like to have her.

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. 1/4 the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like coffee. Looks like coffee.

There are some mortals who are never happy save when they have some hurt feelings to enjoy.

"Burdock Blood Bitters entirely cured me of a terrible breaking out all over my body. It is a wonderful medicine." Miss Julia Elbridge, Box 35, West Cornwall, Conn.

Give to man the meat of the banana and he doesn't care if the skin of it kills somebody else.

Have you earache, toothache, sore throat, pains or swellings of any sort? A few applications of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will bring relief almost instantly.

Expect every man to do his duty, and with all your expectations expect to be disappointed.

Itching Piles, night's horrid plague, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by Doan's Ointment. Your dealer ought to keep it.

Tyranny—That domestic law which forbids a day's fishing to the small-boy when it rains.

Even chronic diarrhoea succumbs quickly to Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, nature's own specific for all bowel complaints.

When a girl is kissed she closes her eyes, thus a kiss is considered out of sight.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Cauterize Cauterize; cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The one who has suffered has a key that can unlock many hearts.

Nothing makes us richer than does not make us more thankful.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1894.

The day becomes longer every time a lazy man looks at the clock.

The more you love yourself the less you will be loved by others.

Many think airtight, but few execute their plans when matured.

It is an old proverb that he who aims at the sun, to be sure will not reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aimed at an object on a level with himself. The fastest shorthand writer in the world is a young Dublin gentleman, George Bunbary. He can write 24 words in a minute. Hall's Catarrh Cure, 75c. Ministers who are more concerned about salary than souls never get the Bible wide open for anybody when they preach. The duke of Anhalt, Germany, celebrated his birthday recently by establishing a decoration for workingmen. Every laborer in his dominions who has been 25 years in the employ of the same person or firm will receive a silver medal. Those who "join the church" for social promotion and advancement rarely develop into exemplary Christians. FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KING, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed to cure but cure makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists. The Mohawk Indians will not allow so much as a blade of grass to grow upon the graves of their dead friends. Hegman's Compound Ice with Glycerin. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct. "Golf" is properly pronounced "gowf," according to the editorial authority of the London Daily News. He only half dies who leaves an image of himself in his sins. Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a big ship. Be careful how you handle a woman's name. Some wish they did, but no man disbelieves.

CROSS-EXAMINATION

Could Not Weaken Such Testimony As This.

(From the Kalamazoo Telegraph.) The following statement is one of great interest to many a citizen of Kalamazoo, and a man as well known as Mr. Wallace should carry more than ordinary weight with our readers. Here it is as taken down by our representative: "My name is John A. Wallace. I am a member of the firm of J. A. Wallace & Co., doing business as tinners, etc., at 106 Eleanor Street, Kalamazoo, in which city I also reside. For the past nine or ten months I have been having attacks of kidney complaint, the pain in my back over my hips was very severe at times; my urinary system was also in a bad state of derangement, sometimes the urine was scanty and then again the amount would be excessive, and a difficulty of passage always existed. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills at a time when I felt that I was going to be sick, but their use warded off an attack, and I am now feeling very much better; the urinary organism has regained a normal condition, and the terrific pain in my back is much reduced in severity, while it is now fast going away altogether. I am continuing the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, with positive feeling that they will effect on me a permanent and speedy cure. I have unbounded confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills as a remedy for all kidney ailments; have good reason to be, as they have done so much for me."

Can you ask any more than this? Doan's Kidney Pills are relieving more backs of the burdens they have been forced to bear through the kidneys than all other means devised, and, better still, they are doing this right here in Michigan. Ask any one who has ever taken them and see what they will say.

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

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. R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Washn., D. C. Sold by all Druggists.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 27—97

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

NEW ENGLAND FOURTH OF JULY.

VERY memorable and glorious Fourth! The sun went down last night beyond the hills, like an Olympian chariot, with unfurled streamers, flinging up golden clouds behind its wheels. Along the west floated the hazy drapery of retiring day, and the horizon glowed with the prophetic sign of the coming morn. Nature braced her sides for ten thousand successive concussions of gunpowder, and the atmosphere cleared itself in ominous preparation for considerable smoke. Yesterday, "Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane," or to town, and began to stand up prim, before booths and beer shops. Pine, cedar, spruce, all look spruce, and straight, and natural, as though trying to make people believe they sprung up and grew there in a single night, like the gourd on Jonah. If another Macbeth may

Sales

Talk

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than accorded any other proprietary medicine. This is simply because it possesses greater merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Almost to the exclusion of all others. Try it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. are the only pills to take Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS AND PERSONAL MENTION

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

Go to Lyndon's for fresh groceries. Council meeting Monday evening next. Ice men are reaping a harvest these days.

Get ice cream at Potter's for Sunday dinners.

Don't forget that Plymouth celebrates tomorrow.

Haying has commenced and bids fair to be a big crop.

I. A. Beddow moved his family to Ann Arbor last Saturday.

Dressmaking done at 50 cents per day from now until Sept 1st.

A new awning decorates the front of M. Conner & Son's store.

Work on the extension of the Hough tile drain is being rapidly pushed.

The culvert on Ann Arbor street has been undergoing repairs this week.

Installation of officers of Tonquish Lodge, No. 32, I. O. O. F., next Tuesday evening.

When in want of job printing don't forget that THE MAIL guarantees its work and does it neatly and promptly.

S. P. Orth, secretary of anti-saloon work in Michigan, will speak in the Methodist church Sunday night, July 4. Everybody invited.

The first cabbage of the season was marketed yesterday by Geo. A. Starkweather, who always leads the procession in gardening.

After this week all copy for change of advertisements must reach this office not later than Thursday noon as the paper will be printed Friday morning.

Highest temperature in June, 93 on 15th, lowest 33 on 9th. Rainfall 2.33 inches. June, 1896, shows highest 91 on 6th, lowest 40 on 30th. Rainfall 5.70 inches.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson died at her home in this village on Monday evening last. She leaves many warm friends, who regret her departure. The funeral was held Thursday afternoon and the remains laid to rest in Riverside cemetery.

The sermon to bicyclists, which Mr. Herberner invited all bicycle riders to hear next Sunday morning in Northville, has been postponed until further notice. Mr. Herberner will be absent next Sunday and the Rev. Mr. Lawrence, of Milford, will fill his pulpit at 3 o'clock.

Seven live rats in a trap in M. Conner & Son's window attracted no little attention Monday. They were all caught in one trap and in one night, which is a good advertisement for the trap. In the afternoon they were taken up to the club room and turned loose with H. C. Bennett's dog, which killed them in a very short time.

The medicine show that held forth here last week failed to make a success. On Friday night their show people left them and on Saturday night the Dr. talked from a wagon to the people on the street, but did not make much of an impression. People are beginning to learn that it pays to deal with home people which probably accounts for their failure.

The ball game on Friday afternoon last did not turn out just as the Plymouth boys had intended. Twenty-one to eleven is indeed a sad fate, but such it was. The game started in all right, but the 4th inning was fatal to Plymouth. The Wayne fellows hit the ball right and left and the Plymouth boys were just out of reach of it. After that both sides got on their mettle and played good ball. It is thought that the return game will be played at Wayne next Monday, when the Plymouth boys will make them think they have tackled the Page Fence Giants. The Wayne team played four 1st nine players.

Mr. Editor:—I wish to invite through your columns, the churches of Plymouth to sell ice cream the tenth of July for the benefit, cream to be donated by myself. All who wish to accept of this opportunity please notify me in time. D. W. PACKARD.

A Business Change.

With this issue THE MAIL passes into the hands of the undersigned, who has been connected with the publication since last September. We make no great promises for the future, but will leave our work to show for itself. We intend, however, to make THE MAIL one of the best local newspapers in the state and earnestly solicit your cooperation to help make it so. In purchasing Mr. Baker's interest we assume all bills contracted by the office and receive all moneys payable thereto. Mr. Baker does not expect to leave Plymouth but will remain with the office.

Our job department will be kept up to the highest standard for first-class work and our prices will be in conformity with the times. We earnestly solicit your patronage when in need of anything in the line of job printing and will promise you fair treatment.

Respectfully yours,
E. W. BALCH.

Ice cream at Potter's. Hand in every item of news that you know.

M. R. Weeks moved his family back from Detroit on Monday last.

M. Conner & Son have built a new sidewalk along the south side of their store.

THE MAIL would like to secure good hustling correspondents in each of the surrounding towns. Who will volunteer?

A fire started in the roof of L. H. Bennett & Son's shop last Saturday afternoon, but was put out before any damage was done. The fire companies turned out but were not needed.

For cool summer drinks, go to the '93 Pharmacy.

James H. Noyes and Minnie E. Morgan were granted license to wed Thursday.

J. P. Allen and F. W. Saunders, of Detroit, have been here the past week endeavoring to organize an insurance society called the Columbian League. The society is highly endorsed by prominent Detroit people who claim for it cheap and safe insurance. Those not carrying any insurance should look into the matter.

UPPER PLYMOUTH.

Mr. Dewey Slimmer, of Detroit, visited friends here Sunday.

Quite a number went to Saginaw on the excursion Sunday all reported a good time.

Mr. Ehnis and Mr. and Mrs. Sleigh, of Saline, visited their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Rev. G. D. Ehnis, Sunday and Monday, taking in the excursion to Saginaw Sunday.

The ice cream social at the German parsonage was well attended, and it was said that W. J. Adams and Dan Jolliffe took first prize for eating the largest quantity of ice cream in two minutes.

Our baggage man at the Union depot, Fred Moore, had his foot bruised last week by a truck load of trunks coming down on it. He was laid up for a few days not being able to walk on it.

John Smye and Geo. Springer moved into their new houses on Mill street this week.

Upper Plymouth ahead again. Two balloon ascensions and a beautiful display

AS THEY COME AND GO!

Purely Personal Paragraphs Promiscuously Picked.

A. M. Potter went to Chicago Tuesday.

Mary Sly has been visiting friends here since Monday.

Mrs. J. B. Oliver has gone to Bay City to visit her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cook called on Wayne friends Sunday.

May Tyler and Sate Merrill are spending the week with Detroit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Pinckney and Zaida are visiting relatives at Walled Lake.

Miss Jennie Barley, of Northville, is a guest of Plymouth friends this week.

H. J. Baker, of the MATR, made a business trip to Indiana the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Platt left Monday for Ionia where she will visit her son, C. W. Platt, for a few weeks.

Reginald Oliver started Wednesday on his wheel for Owosso. He expects to be gone a month.

Mrs. N. E. Ryder, of Salem, was the guest of Mrs. McHenry and Mrs. Henry Hurd this week.

Mrs. Will Duffes and son, of Detroit, were guests at the home of Dan Jolliffe a part of this week.

Harry McClumpha returned to his work at Joliet, Ill., after a two weeks' vacation with his parents here.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER." Plymouth WILL CELEBRATE SATURDAY, JULY 3d.



Plymouth has concluded to celebrate. Although the time for advertising is short, we feel confident that the attractions will be plenty and interesting enough to draw the largest crowd ever in the corporate limits of this beautiful village. The time will be fully occupied in the forenoon, afternoon and evening. Sports of all kinds will be indulged in. Races of every description. A race between an Elk and a Moose will take place on the fair ground track in the afternoon. All lovers of sports, races, etc., should not fail to come to Plymouth on Saturday, July 3d. Grand pyrotechnical display in the evening.

W. J. Bradner reports the sale of 6 McCormick mowing machines so far this season.

The kindergarten school with Miss Mattie Williams as teacher, started this week with twelve scholars.

The Loyal American Cigar Co., of Detroit, is turning out some excellent cigars. Some samples left at this office prove this statement. Their brands are the Detroit Tickler, Loyal American and All-Day Sucker.

The picnic mentioned week before last to be given by the K. O. T. M. and L. O. T. M. bids fair to be one of the grandest ever held here and that is saying a great deal. It will be held on the fair ground on July 24th. The invitation will include everybody.

On last Friday Samuel Spicer closed a very successful year of school, in the Cooper district. In the afternoon all participated in a basket picnic, at the close of which they presented Mr. Spicer with a beautiful writing pad with all the accoutrements.

Fannie Spicer entertained the graduating class at her home on the evening of the twenty-third. After a daintily prepared tea had been served, each member was presented with a souvenir in the class colors, silver and gold, and all enjoyed a pleasant time which will not soon be forgotten.

If an advertisement placed in the local paper brings in one new customer in a year it would certainly pay to advertise, yet if an advertisement doesn't bring in a crowd of buyers for some men the next day after the paper is out, they turn their back on the editor and say it doesn't pay to advertise. Such a remark is never heard from a shrewd business man.

W. F. Markham's new yacht, "Pocahontas," was launched on Detroit river Monday and the trial trip made. The trip was made between Detroit and Algonac, a distance of 40 miles, and against the current the boat made the run in 4 hours and 22 minutes, returning in 4 hours and 4 minutes, being delayed both ways on account of freight boats. With a select party of friends, eight in number, Mr. Markham will start sometime the first of July for a 90 days' pleasure trip on the lakes.

of fireworks took place on the public square in front of the Starkweather block Wednesday evening.

Clarence Westfall, of Ypsilanti, was in town this week.

Mrs. E. D. Hubbard and son, Charles, are visiting in Saginaw.

Miss Ola Paddock, of Howell, visited friends in town this week.

Miss Eugenia Myrick, of Adrian, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Kellogg.

Mrs. C. M. Duntley leaves today for a three months' visit in Traverse City.

Miss Mabel Spicer is spending a week with friends in Dearborn and vicinity.

Mr. Hanford, of Detroit, a former resident of Plymouth, visited here over Sunday.

Miss Helen Hanford, of Norwalk, Ohio, is a guest at the home of Geo. Shaffer this week.

Hattie Huffman leaves next week for New Carlisle, O., where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Lee Nowland and Mrs. J. Cochran attended the U. of M. commencement at Ann Arbor, Thursday.

Mrs. E. W. Balch and children, and Miss Dilla Stoffer started yesterday for Morenci for a few weeks' visit.

John Mimmack, of Lajunta, Col., an employe of the Santa Fe railway, is visiting relatives here for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Heide, of Pontiac, this week placed a beautiful monument in Riverside cemetery marking the last resting place of her children.

Master Willie Barker, of Milan, Mich., while taking a spin through these parts, spent a few days with his aunt, Mrs. H. A. Spicer.

Mrs. E. C. Hough returned Sunday evening from Nashville, Tenn. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Sheffield, of Mobile, Ala.

Miss Maudie Markham entertained Messrs. Arthur D. Wood and Harry T. Morgan of the Temple Male Quartette, of Detroit, during their engagement here.

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

FOR SALE.—Four burner gasolene 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.

WANTED.—At once, good, sound horse for delivery wagon.

HOOPS & HARRIS.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Services held in Safford's Hall every Sunday morning at 10:30, and every Friday evening at 7:00. All are most cordially invited to attend.

Wedded on a Trolley Car.

The conductors and motormen who run on the electric cars which ply between Council Bluffs and Omaha look nowadays with suspicion upon young couples who seem only casual acquaintances. They don't know when they are likely to get roped in as witnesses to marriage, says the Pittsburg-Chronicle-Telegraph. Conductor Thorpe and the motorman of car No. 55 had this experience several days ago. A young man and a woman boarded the car at Broadway and Pearl street in the morning. The fare to Omaha was paid by the man. Neither the man nor the woman seemed to take much interest in life until the car neared Omaha. When the car reached the crossing near Twelfth and Douglass streets the man looked out anxiously, and in a few minutes the Rev. Mr. Overton of Omaha came puffing in. There was a big crowd on hand and as the electric car sped back to Council Bluffs the nuptial knot was tied. At Broadway and Pearl street the car stopped and the husband and wife disappeared in the snowstorm. The minister carried back to Omaha a good-sized fee, nor was the car crew forgotten.

Painting. PAINTING. Painting.

If you want to get a good durable job of Carriage Painting, call on

ERNEST HUDSON.

We Guarantee All Work That We Turn Out. If Not Satisfactory it Will Cost You Nothing.

We use the best PAINTS that money can produce. Give us a trial and you will be pleased.

ERNEST HUDSON.

Sign Painting a Specialty.

Leave Orders at Hotel Plymouth.

Try The Mail 3 months for 25c.

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

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

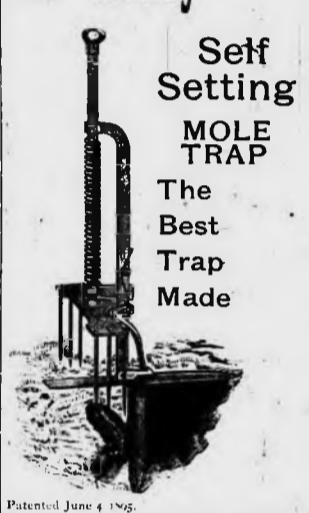
COAL.
Remember we make a specialty of large bills. Resp'y,
C. A. FRISBEE.

Mortgage Sale.

MORTGAGE SALE.—On the seventh day of November, 1897, Almira Andrews, Angeline Minthorn, Edgar Andrews, Ella Andrews, Edgar 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, 1895, 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, 1897, and recorded in the said office of Register of Deeds, in Liber 30 of assignments of mortgages on page 106, 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, 1897, 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 moneys on said mortgage have been received, and I am therefore, in pursuance of the power of sale contained in 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 commencing at a stake at the south-east corner of a piece of land set apart to Stephen Roe from the estate of John J. Andrews, deceased, known as parcel number two of said division; said stake being also at the north-east corner of a parcel number three as set off to Betsey 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 lands and premises described in a deed executed by Harvey Andrews and wife to Almira Andrews, bearing date May sixth, 1897.

Plymouth, Mich., May 27, 1897.
HIRAM H. PASSAGE, Assignee,
Geo. A. STARKWEATHER, Attorney for Assignee.

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.

CHAS. BREMS

Is the place to buy
A Good Buggy
AND IF YOU WANT

General Blacksmithing
Done on
Shortest Notice,
Call and See Him.

He keeps all kinds of Farming Tools.

CHAS. BREMS.

North Village, Plymouth.

Dr. Marchaux's POPULAR Household Remedies.

The best are always cheapest.
Uniform Price, 25c each.
Absolutely Pure.
Perfectly Reliable.

For sale by
GEORGE W. HUNTER & CO.,
Plymouth, Mich.

FRANKLIN'S DETROIT MICH. HOUSE

Cor. Bates and Larned Sts.
Most convenient and central location. Care for every part of the city pass the door at short intervals.
Elevator service, steam heat, electric lights, tile floors, etc.
Rates, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day.
H. H. JAMES & SON, Proprietors.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 price offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.
Nobody need have Neuralgia. Get Dr. Hiley's Pain Pills from druggists. One cent a dose.

WITHIN OUR WALLS.

HERE MENTION OF MICHIGAN MATTERS.

Prominent Agricultural College Students Confer Safe Cracking and Robbery (Deputy Oil Inspectors Appointed - Accidental Killing at South Haven)

Students Stole the M. A. C. Funds. The mystery surrounding the robbing and blowing up of the vault in the office of Secretary Butterfield, of the Michigan Agricultural college, on the night of April 6, has been solved, and Clinton D. Butterfield, aged 19, youngest son of Secretary I. H. Butterfield, of the state board of agriculture, and G. Devere Miller, aged 20, son of Dr. Carroll B. Miller, of Cadillac, both students at the college have confessed the crime.

The fathers of the boys were well-nigh crushed by the confession of their sons, but both aided the officers in every possible way to get at the truth of the matter. This done, they figured up the loss to the state and government, and arranged to make it good. The amount taken from the vault was about \$2,300. It is under stood that \$700 was returned by young Butterfield and \$600 by Miller. The balance they had spent. Butterfield had got away with the larger sum, it being his extravagant expenditures which led to his detection and the unraveling of the mystery. Miller and Butterfield have been before the U. S. commissioners and given bail for their appearance at the fall term of the district court.

Michigan's Deputy Oil Inspectors.

State Oil Inspector T. E. Smith, of Lawton, has appointed his deputies for the various districts of the state with the exception of three—the Ninth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth—as follows: First and Second districts—W. P. T. Burton and Chas. Hinckley, of Detroit. Third—F. J. Temple, of Tecumseh. Fourth—A. Hoover, of Kalamazoo. Fifth—P. H. Burke, of Coldwater. Sixth—A. D. Young, of Niles. Seventh—O. W. Edison, Grand Rapids. Eighth—H. A. Wolf, of Muskegon. Tenth—S. W. La Due, of Corunna. Eleventh—A. W. Wilkinson, Chelsea. Twelfth—Arthur Curry, of Owosso. Thirteenth—W. E. Rogers, of Alpena. Fourteenth—L. Astrup, of Menominee. Fifteenth—H. S. Goodell, Houghton. Sixteenth—F. E. Withey, Manistee. Seventeenth—F. L. Baldwin, Munising. Eighteenth—C. A. Ingerson, Grayling. Nineteenth—F. Fredericks, Traverse City. Twentieth—B. F. Brazil, Ironwood.

Detroit's Masonic Temple Dedicated.

The magnificent new temple of the Masons of Detroit was dedicated by the grand lodge officers with interesting ceremonies. A big parade in which all of the Masonic bodies of the city participated preceded the actual dedication and was witnessed by many thousands of people who thronged the streets. The formalities of the dedication proper were particularly interesting and impressive. They were conducted by Most Worshipful Grand Master Lou B. Winsor, assisted by the other grand lodge officers and the officers of Zion lodge No. 1, the oldest lodge in the city or the state. In the evening a reception was tendered the grand lodge officers. There were a number of splendid speeches and plenty of good music, so that the thousands of Masons, their wives, daughters, sisters and friends, who swarmed throughout the whole of the immense building, which was prettily decorated with flowers and plants, all thoroughly enjoyed the occasion.

Fatal Shooting Results From a Joke.

Samuel Ketchum, of Kalamazoo, was shot by his nephew, Bertie Haines, at South Haven, and died in five minutes. The men were staying in a cottage owned by T. E. Thompson, and had been playing jokes on one another, and someone was throwing water into the house. Samuel Ketchum laughingly remarked, "I will put on an old coat, and don't care whether I get wet or not." Just as he stepped outside the house, the shot was fired, striking him in the shoulder and cutting an artery. He bled to death before help could arrive. Bertie Haines said he thought Ketchum was a tramp, when he fired. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of accidental and unintentional shooting.

Too Much Hypnotism.

The Adrian high school picnic at Sand Lake was spoiled by an incident not on the program. Frank Boyd gave a display of his power by hypnotizing several of the boys. Miss Mary Chanter, daughter of Rev. G. H. Chanter, desired Boyd to put her under hypnotic influence and he did so effectually. When he brought her to consciousness she fainted, and it was a half hour before she could be brought to her senses. The fainting continued all the way home, and serious results are feared. There are many amateur hypnotists among the high school students, and this has dampened their ardor for the game.

The train dispatchers' offices of the D. G. E. & W. will be moved from Ionia to Grand Rapids.

Frank Hodge, aged 14, and Albert Peters, aged 11, both of Ironwood, were drowned in Montreal river, near Hurley.

Reverend Foster of the defunct People's Savings bank, at Lansing, has collected a 70 cent assessment on stockholders.

While Ed Janard was at the top of an electric light pole at Pontiac a helper dug it out and Janard fell and broke his leg in two places.

Missie Heldt Goes Free.

The trial of Miss Minnie Heldt, the Macomb county girl who shot her father after he had abused the whole family for a long time and had threatened to kill Minnie, resulted in a verdict of not guilty. After hearing several witnesses the prosecutor refused to push the case, saying that he believed the girl was justified in shooting and that she had done so in an impulse of insanity. The action of the prosecuting attorney was greeted with applause. Spectators rushed to and fro in the court room crying and wringing each other's hands for joy. There was scarcely a dry eye in the room.

Women's Press Association.

The eighth annual meeting of the Michigan Women's Press association was held at Grand Rapids. After having enjoyed the hospitality of the city, and transacting other important business the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. M. E. C. Bates, of Traverse City; vice-presidents, Mrs. Lucy A. Leggett, of Detroit; Mrs. Florence A. Chase, of Grand Rapids, and Mrs. Belle Perry, of Charlotte; secretary, Marie Nelson Lee, of Manistee; corresponding secretary, Mrs. M. L. Buck, of Traverse City; treasurer, Mrs. Mary A. Stewart, of Battle Creek.

Sad Suicide of a Young Girl.

Rose Caroran, aged 17, committed suicide at Grand Rapids, by hanging herself in the barn, with a gingham apron. Her mother is dead and her father, J. W. Caroran, a piano tuner, was stern toward her. He left town recently and instructed the housekeeper not to let the girl go out with any young men. She went out several times, nevertheless, and the housekeeper threatened to tell her father. The father was to return home soon, and, apprehensive of punishment, the girl hung herself.

Ann Arbor Railway to Enter the U. P.

The Ann Arbor railway has bought the Chicago Lumber Co.'s railroad, running from Manistique to within six miles of Munising and will put in a car slip at Manistique. It will also complete the line to Munising, with a branch to Negaunee. The whole line to be 63 miles long. Boats will run all winter to Manistique, and a special boat will continue on the old route to Menominee.

MICHIGAN NEWS ITEMS.

Gov. Pingree has appointed Arthur C. Bird, of Highland, Oakland county, as delegate-at-large to the farmers' national congress at St. Paul in August.

The third annual picnic of the Ingham, Eaton and Clinton county pioneer society was held at Leadley's park, Lansing. Some 600 persons were present.

Elmer Sager, aged 4, fell on a scythe blade at the farm of his grandfather, Joseph Spaulter, near Zittawakee, and was almost cut in two, dying in a few minutes.

Jay Lawrence, a farmer in Napoleon township, Jackson county, has sold his property and joined the Middlekauff missionary colony at Grosse Pointe, near Detroit.

Harry Spaulding, the 7-year-old son of a laundress, at Cheboygan undressed and jumped into the river to try to swim. The current is very strong and the child was drowned.

Floyd Elliott, aged 15, displaced his shoulder blade by taking a header from his wheel near Tecumseh, but he bravely mounted the machine again and rode a mile to a doctor.

The large dry goods store of M. Esterson at Sturgis was totally destroyed by a fire, the cause of which is unknown. The loss on stock and building is \$16,500; fully insured.

C. M. Curry, of Bay City has invented a solid bicycle tire which is set upon springs in the rim, which he says will give all the comfort of pneumatic tires without the inconvenience of punctures.

Private Vashaw, a recent recruit in the 19th U. S. infantry, stationed at Ft. Wayne, Detroit, was drowned in the Clinton river in Macomb county, near where his company was engaged in target practice.

Jackson has extended an invitation to the Tri-State Band association to hold its annual convention in Jackson next August. The invitation was accepted by President Smith, of the association, who states that 60 bands will be there.

President William Ball of the State Fair association, has notified the West Michigan fair managers that the State association indebtedness has been fixed and that the fair could go on. Vice-President Butterfield at once started the arrangements for the fair, which is to open Sept. 6. The fair will be held at Comstock park, Grand Rapids, in connection with the West Michigan association.

The village of Stevensville was terrorized by a gang of 200 tramps who burglarized houses and stole chickens, pigs and calves which they roasted. One of the hoboes was arrested and the gang broke into the jail and released him. Another one was locked up later and when an attempt was made to rescue him the citizens backed up the village marshal with revolvers and landed the fellow in the county jail.

Two prominent citizens of Manistee were caught red-handed in the act of drawing nets under the dam upon the Little Manistee river. They had their nets strung upon a wire, operating an inch below the surface of the water, and strung so that not a fish could come down through the chute without getting caught. They had over a thousand trout in their possession when caught. Attorney-General Maynard will personally conduct the prosecution.

An unusual birthday celebration was that of Henry Orth and Mrs. Maria Falds, twins, aged 90, at Detroit.

CASUALTIES.

St. Louis, Mo.—Patrick Rattigan and Edward Weigenberger were fatally, and John Jamieson seriously, injured by the caving in of a sewer.

Alton, Ill.—The corning house of the Equitable Powder company's mills, one mile north of East Alton, was destroyed by an explosion. George Scott and John Boss were blown to atoms. The property loss was small.

Goshen, Ind.—While attempting to board a train Charles Kennedy of Elkhart fell off and was killed.

Rhineland, Wis.—George Bronke, of Tomahawk, and Ed Johnson, of Merrill, log drivers, were drowned by the capsizing of a boat.

Niles, Mich.—George E. Baird, of New Buffalo, was instantly killed by the cars.

Eldora, Iowa.—While trying to rescue a boy at Montour, Peter Nelson was drowned in the Iowa river.

Milan, Mo.—A bursting boiler in H. J. Lang's mill killed the proprietor and engineer instantly and seriously scalded two other employees.

Ironwood, Mich.—Frank Hodge, aged 14, and Albert Peters, aged 11, both of this city, were drowned in Montreal river west of Hurley.

Pittsburg, Pa.—By an explosion of molten metal at the Duquesne plant of Carnegie three men were badly burned. George Bauhamer, C. W. Holderman and Elmer Bauhamer will probably die.

Jackson, Mich.—By the giving way of rotten timbers near the roof of the condemned county court house, which they were helping to tear down, Robert Baugh fell to the cellar, and will die; Joseph Speero and Westren Young are seriously hurt.

Hopkinsville, Ky.—During a heavy storm here Thursday two earthquake shocks were felt. The walls of large buildings were shaken. The vibrations were from west to east.

FOREIGN.

London.—The Berlin correspondent of the Standard says that Russia will not join in Japan's protest against the annexation of Hawaii by the United States, but she regards the measure as a dangerous precedent.

St. Petersburg.—The Russian turret ironclad Gangoot, one of the best vessels in the imperial navy, ran upon a reef near Transend during a storm and sank almost instantly. Her crew is reported saved.

London.—Laird Clowes, the naval expert, in an article in the Daily Mail on the Spithead review, highly praises the American use of electricity for various purposes in men-of-war and declares that in this matter Great Britain is years behind the United States.

London.—The daughter of Admiral Miller, the representative of the American navy at the queen's jubilee, is dangerously ill. She is suffering from typhoid fever, believed to have been contracted on the passage across the Atlantic.

Madrid.—Disturbances have taken place at Oviedo, the capital of the Spanish province of that name. The gendarmes who were detailed to suppress the disorder fired upon the rioters, killing two workmen and wounding five others. A renewal of the disturbance is feared.

Bombay.—As Plague Commissioner Rand and Lieutenant Ayer were leaving the governor's reception at Ganeshkhind, held in honor of the queen's jubilee, a native who was hidden behind some trees shot both the officers. Lieutenant Ayer died of the wounds received and the condition of Commissioner Rand is most serious.

Paris.—Francis Edouard Joachim Coppee, the French poet, now in his fifty-sixth year, is dying.

CRIME.

Carmi, Ill.—City Marshal Wade of New Haven, near here, shot and killed Dr. J. H. Tanner of that place Friday evening. Tanner came from Canada a few years ago.

Sheridan, Ind.—Calvin Love, 19 years old, shot his wife and then turned the weapon on himself. Both will probably die. Mrs. Love was seven years her husband's senior. She had been married before, and Love was jealous of her former husband.

Houston, Tex.—James Williamson, who was convicted of complicity in the murder of the Crocker family in 1895, has been hanged at Wharton.

St. Joseph, Mo.—James Pollard, colored, was hanged for the murder of Joseph Irvin, also colored.

Viroqua, Wis.—The jury in the case of George Sullivan, for the killing of Asa Gorham, arrived at a verdict of murder in the second degree after seven hours' deliberation. Attorneys for the defendant asked that sentence be suspended till July 12, when a motion for a new trial will be made.

Greenville, Ill.—Sidney Crutcholey, aged 25 years, committed suicide by hanging at Mulberry Grove.

Toronto.—J. G. Gibson, secretary and treasurer of the O'Keefe brewing company, was arrested on a charge of embezzling funds of the company. He was remanded in court until the amount of the shortage can be determined, bail being fixed in the sum of \$5,000. Gibson is prominent in club and social circles.

Dallas, Tex.—A negro assaulted a little white girl, daughter of a planter named McReynolds. A posse of farmers went in pursuit, and are reported to have captured the negro in the Trinity River bottom, between Terrell and Kaufman, and lynched him by hanging him from the limb of a tree.

Jeffersonville, Ind.—George J. Kleespie, one of the best known men in the falls city, suicided at the Strauss Hotel by taking sixty grains of strychnine. Friday his sweetheart, Mariah Denford Ross, died after a short illness. Since her death he had been despondent, and the suicide followed.

AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

BRIEF MENTION OF EVENTS OF INTEREST.

Republican State Convention of Ohio Renominates Gov. Bushnell—Senator Marcus A. Hanna Indorsed as the Candidate for Senator.

The Ohio Republican state convention opened at Toledo with over 6,000 people present and a big fight on hand. It has been the custom for the head of the state ticket in Ohio to name the chairman of the state executive committee and thus Gov. Bushnell desired to re-elect the present chairman, Chas. L. Kurtz, but Senator Hanna wanted Maj. Chas. W. Dick, secretary of the national Republican committee, to be chairman and it was on this that the fight came up. Gov. Bushnell was supported by the Foraker followers, but in the meetings of the delegates by congressional districts Mr. Hanna won more than two to one. With this victory assured it was decided to postpone the formality of naming the chairman for two weeks, but Maj. Dick is sure to receive the honor.

With this showing of how completely Senator Hanna controlled the convention the other business was transacted without further trouble. Hon. H. P. Crouse, chairman of the state central committee, introduced Gen. Chas. H. Grosvenor as temporary chairman of the convention, and after a speech by Mr. Grosvenor, the new state central committee and the committee on resolutions were named and adjournment was taken for the day.

The second day's work was finished up in comparatively short order. The temporary officers, Mr. Grosvenor as chairman and John R. Malloy secretary, were made permanent. The platform adopted is in substance as follows: The Republicans of Ohio rejoice in the magnificent victory of last year, whereby the people of the United States overwhelmingly decided in favor of an honest dollar and a chance to earn it, and elected as President that splendid son of Ohio, Wm. McKinley. We extend our sympathy to the patriots of Cuba in their efforts to achieve freedom, and we hope that the day of their deliverance is near at hand. We believe that the administration in negotiating the treaty for the annexation of Hawaii has acted wisely. We denounce the violation of the civil service act by President Cleveland, and demand such revocation of orders or modification of the law as will accomplish its manifest purpose. We commend reforms inaugurated in the pension administration; favor a national board of arbitration for the settlement such differences as may arise between corporations engaged in interstate commerce and their employees, and demand for the wool-growers of Ohio such ample protection for wool as shall speedily increase American stock sufficiently to supply all American needs. The thanks of the people of this state, are due to Senators Foraker and Hanna for their splendid efforts during the present session of congress, and, appreciating his services to the party and to the people, and his eminent and proven fitness for the position, we indorse the candidacy of Hon. Marcus A. Hanna for U. S. senator to succeed himself.

The mention of Senator Hanna's name was greeted with loud demonstrations and he was called for. He thanked the convention for this expression of confidence and pledged himself to co-operate with the standard bearer for Republican success in Ohio. He discussed the pending tariff bill at length and paid a high tribute to President McKinley's efforts to bring about prosperity and the best possible conditions for the country.

Nominations were then made as follows: Governor, Asa S. Bushnell; lieutenant-governor, A. W. Jones; supreme judge, Jacob F. Burkett; attorney-general, Frank Monnett; state treasurer, Samuel Campbell; school commissioner, Lewis D. Bonebrake; member board of public works, Chas. A. Goddard.

Immediately after the adjournment of the convention the new state central committee organized with Harry M. Daugherty as chairman, and Peter Durr as secretary.

Eight Killed in a Shocking Wreck. The St. Louis express on the Wabash railway plunged through a trestle at Missouri City, Mo., carrying down the entire train with the exception of the rear car, a Pullman. The gorge which a few hours previously was practically empty, had become a raging torrent because of a tremendous downpour of rain and the structure weakened. Seven persons were killed outright, including five postal clerks, a baggage-man and a brakeman. The conductor was laid out with the dead, but was later discovered to be alive and was removed to a hospital. He can scarcely recover from his injuries, however. Twenty passengers were injured, but none fatally.

Senator Hanna will speak at the National Republican league convention in Detroit, July 13.

The farm home of Alvin Leach, near Birmingham, caught fire while the farmer and his wife were some distance away. Their two little boys escaped, but the flames were so severe that the 6-months-old girl could not be rescued, and perished in the flames which completely destroyed the building.

Montcalm county has recently received demands from the auditor-general for \$10,000 claimed to be due the state. The county treasurer denied owing any such sum and told the auditor-general to overhaul his books. The treasurer has finally received credit for \$2,000 paid the state in April.

THE 55TH CONGRESS AT WORK.

SENATE.—71st day.—An exciting debate marked the opening of the consideration of the wool schedule. It developed the first serious disagreement on the Republican side of the chamber and led to a warm personal exchange between Senators Carter, of Montana, and Foraker, of Ohio, on one hand, and Mr. Allison, of Iowa, in charge of the bill, on the other. Mr. Foraker asserted that an agreement concerning rates on certain wools was being violated, and that, under such circumstances every Senator would be free to act for himself. Mr. Allison, with great vehemence, declared that he could not be driven by threats. Mr. Carter, who had aroused the storm, endeavored to have the paragraphs relating to carpet wools go over, with a view to securing some united action, but Mr. Vest, in an ironical speech, objected to delaying the era of prosperity and postponing the public business while Republican Senators held a caucus. Mr. Teller, of Colorado, also spoke against delay and took occasion to say he would not vote for the bill unless objectionable features were eliminated. Fair progress was made on the schedule notwithstanding this hindrance which accomplished no purpose.

SENATE.—72d day.—Senator Morgan, of Alabama, introduced a bill for the annexation of the Hawaiian islands. The bill provides that the islands shall become a territory of the United States, in accordance with the terms of the recently negotiated treaty. The date set for the extension of the laws of this country over the islands is the 4th of March, 1898. After a contest lasting throughout nearly the whole day the Senate completed the paragraphs of the wool schedule relating to raw wool and advanced into the features relating to manufactured woolen goods. The day was devoted largely to a discussion of the effect of tariff rates in the price of wool and the speeches were on technical lines in the main.

SENATE.—73d day.—A stubborn contest over the duties on manufactured woolen goods occupied the attention of the Senate throughout the day. It was a day of constant roll calls and of cross-fire debate on the effect of the duties in advancing rates. Many amendments were proposed to reduce the rates, but these were rejected by decisive majorities. Less than five pages were disposed of.

SENATE.—74th day.—Owing to rapid progress made during the day in spite of stubborn contests on a number of paragraphs the Senate completed the wool schedule, the silk schedule and the tobacco schedule of the tariff bill, and with this accomplished the tariff leaders had the satisfaction of knowing that all the schedules of the bill and the free list had been gone over once. There now remains only to go through the bill a second time, passing on items passed over. These are very numerous and important, including hides, gloves, coal, tea and beer. After that the internal revenue feature of the bill will be all that remains.

SENATE.—75th day.—An abrupt and startling halt in the tariff debate occurred in the midst of a speech, Senator Pettigrew, silver Republican, of South Dakota, was stricken with paralysis of the vocal cords which brought his vehement speech to a close with a sentence half uttered. The Senator was not physically incapacitated, except in the sudden loss of his voice. Although he took his seat unaided, his associates felt that grave possibilities were involved in such an attack. They were quickly by his side and he was ministered to with as little confusion as possible. He left the chamber soon after and was taken home by his friends. The debate proceeded, but no further progress on the tariff bill was made, and the awe-like feeling occasioned by this incident led to an early adjournment. Later in the day Mr. Pettigrew was reported to be rapidly recovering.

SENATE.—76th day.—Good progress was made on the tariff bill, disposing of the paragraphs relating to hides which have been the source of much controversy. The discussion was protracted, drifting into a general debate on trusts, and to a severe arraignment of the sugar trust by Messrs. Caffery and Lindsay, and a general discussion of means to deal with trusts by Mr. Hoar.

Why Japan Kicks on the Hawaii Treaty.

The protest of Japan to the Hawaiian annexation treaty is in substance as follows: The acquisition of Hawaii by annexation to the United States would deprive the 25,000 resident Japanese in the islands of rights of citizenship and property holders to which they are at present entitled under the present treaty with Hawaii. In case of annexation, these Japanese could not become citizens of the United States, as the decisions of United States courts are to the effect that no Asiatic can become a citizen of the United States. By annexation, the Japanese now resident in Hawaii would be subject to any measures that might be adopted by the United States.

Hawaiians in Washington insist that the reason for the protest of Japan against annexation is that Japan really desires to acquire the islands herself. It is understood that Japan insists that her present claims must be acknowledged and accepted by the United States in case of annexation, although protesting against annexation.

Charles Ray, a young grocer, of Napoleon, was taken to jail at Jackson, insane. Last year Ray took great interest in Revivalist Benton Middlekauff, who now conducts the missionary school at Grosse Pointe, near Detroit. Disciples of Middlekauff, it is alleged, wrought upon Ray until he sold his grocery for a song, declaring he was called to join the revivalist and follow his teachings.

6,000 TROOPS SLAIN.

Whole Expedition Massacred by Dervishes at the Headwaters of the Nile.

Advices from Brussels say: The entire Dhanis expedition to the headwaters of the Nile, including Baron Dhanis himself, has been massacred Dhanis last year enlisted 6,000 men in the Congo Free State, to take part in a secret expedition. The British government allowed a number of Hussar troops to join the expedition, but it was officially denied that an Anglo-Belgian movement has been thus concerted against the Mahdists. The general impression, however, was that this force was intended to act in conjunction with the Anglo-Egyptian expedition up the Nile and take the Mahdists between two fires, and eventually complete the re-conquest of the Soudan. In August last Baron Dhanis was reported to have arrived at Lado, north of the territory of the Congo Free State, on the White Nile and some 325 miles north of the Victoria Nyanza. It was then understood that the Dhanis expedition would push northward in the direction of Khartoum. In September, when last heard from, the baron was at Stanley Falls, 600 miles from the nearest force.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKINGS.

Spain says she will 20,000 additional troops to Cuba in October.

Fred Montague, of Losco, was placed on trial at Howell on a charge of manslaughter for the killing of his step-father, Alfred Wilson, with a shotgun.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Evangelical Synod of North America was held at Owosso and the former officers were re-elected.

Abram Kyleman and Henry Aja, Finnish miners who came to this country two months ago, were struck by falling rock and instantly killed at the Ropus gold mine at Ishpeming.

Joseph Welch who recently brutally and in cold blood murdered his wife at Grand Rapids, has been convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to life imprisonment at Jackson prison.

A Paris cable says that the recent terrible holocaust at the charities bazaar, at Paris, when 100 of the leading people of France lost their lives, is now believed to have been caused by anarchists.

Topeka, Kan., experienced a hail-storm of such severity that almost every window—large and small—in the city were smashed, dogs were killed in the streets and horses knocked down. Besides this several men had their skulls fractured by the hailstones, some of which weighed 12 to 16 ounces. The trees were stripped of foliage and in some places the roofs of houses were broken through.

Articles of association of the Toledo & Milwaukee Railroad Co., capitalized at \$1,500,000, have been filed with the secretary of state. The incorporators are the Lima O. people who are identified with the Toledo & Lima Northern, and H. C. Smith, of Adrian. The new road is to furnish the Lima Northern, an outlet to Lake Michigan. The articles provide for 150 miles of road, from a point where the Lima road crosses the Michigan state line, through Monroe, Lenawee, Hillsdale, Jackson, Barry and Allegan counties to Lake Michigan, near Holland.

The nineteenth annual international convention of the Knights of St. John at Erie, Pa., proved one of the largest and most interesting ever held. The officers elected were: Supreme spiritual adviser, Rt. Rev. John S. Foley, bishop of Detroit; supreme president, Henry J. West, of Wapakoneta, O.; first supreme vice-president, George M. Geiger, of Bellevue, Ky.; second supreme vice-president, William P. Moran, of Denver; supreme secretary, M. J. Kane, Buffalo; supreme treasurer, Lewis N. Werner, of Sandusky, O.; supreme trustees, John F. Cody, of Peoria, Ill.; John Todenbier, of Detroit.

THE MARKETS.

Table with columns for LIVE STOCK (New York, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburgh) and GRAIN, ETC. (Wheat, Corn, Oats, etc.)

Turks Attack Christians in Crete. An armed force of 1,200 Mussulmans made a sortie from Canes, Island of Crete, crossed the military cordon and surprised the insurgents at Kanlikastelli. A desperate combat ensued, in which 13 Mussulmans were killed and 12 wounded. The Christian inhabitants of the district are preparing to make reprisals by land and sea.

Later advices show that many Christians were killed as well as many Turks, in engagements that preceded the principal fighting at Kanlikastelli. The whole district is greatly excited.



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED.)

The day following there was a simple funeral, in a solitary burial-place, seldom used, and lying within a short distance of the spot where the body was found.

All attempts to identify her, however, continued without avail. Inquiries were made on every side, advertisements inserted in the local newspapers, without the slightest result.

So it came to pass that late in the gloaming of the old bachelor's life the cry of a child was heard in the lonely house; and somehow or other, despite Solomon Mucklebackit's prognostications, the house became brighter and merrier for the sound.

At last, one day, there was a quiet christening in the old kirk, where Mr. Lorraine had officiated so many years. Myself held the infant in her arms, while Solomon stood at hand, blinking through his horn spectacles, and the minister performed the simple ceremony.

After long and tender deliberation the minister had fixed upon a name, which he now gave to the poor little castaway, who had neither father nor mother, nor any kinsfolk in the world after whom she could be called.

He christened her Marjorie Annan.

CHAPTER IV.

ON A BRIGHT morning of early spring, between sixteen and seventeen years after the events described in the first chapters of this story, a golden-haired young girl might have been seen tripping down the High street of the market town of Dumfries.

By her side, talking to her eagerly, was a young man about three years her senior.

From time to time as she tripped along with her companion she had to stop and exchange words with passers-by who greeted her by name; and from many of the shop doors and windows friendly heads nodded and bright faces beamed.

But here Marjorie was at a loss, not knowing what to talk about. She finally took the weather as a topic, and advanced the proposition that it was a very fine day, but that there would soon be rain.

"You advance, mademoiselle," he said presently. "Ah, yes, you are so quick, so intelligent. Now translate."

"When did you come back?" Marjorie had asked, after some previous conversation.

"Last night, by the express from London," answered the young man. "I'm going down to see the old folk tonight. Shall you be at the manse?"

"And how did you like London?" she demanded. "Did you see the queen? and Westminster Abbey? and did you go to the great tabernacle to hear Spurgeon preach?"

"No, Marjorie. My time was short, and most of my spare time was spent among the pictures; but when I saw them, thousands upon thousands of masterpieces, it made me despair of ever becoming a painter. I thought to myself, maybe it would be better, after all, to hide at home, and stick to weaving like my father."

"I must go to my lesson. Good-by." "How are you going down? By the wagonette?"

"Yes, Johanne."

have no father, but I have a mother whom I adore. And you live with your guardian always?"

"Yes, monsieur—Monsieur Leon. He is my guardian and my foster-father; and Solomon is my foster-father, too."

"Solomon?" "Solomon is our clerk and sexton. He lives in the manse. He was living there when the minister found me, nearly seventeen years ago."

The young Frenchman had arisen and stood facing Marjorie Annan. "Ah, yes, I have heard," he said. "And you have dwelt all these years, mignonne, alone with those two old men?"

"Yes, Monsieur Leon." "It is terrible—it is not right! You, who are so old and dreary! And you have never seen the world—never traveled from your native land! Never? You have lived in a desert, you have never known what it is to live! But you are a child, and it is not too late. You will see the world some day, will you not? You will find some one to love you, to care for you, and you will bid adieu to this triste Scotland, once and forever!"

As he spoke very volubly, he bent his face close to hers, smiling eagerly, while his breath touched her cheek. She blushed slightly, and drooped her eyes for a moment; then she looked up quite steadily, and said:

"I should not care to leave my home. Mr. Lorraine took me to Edinburgh once, but I soon weariad, and was glad to come back to Annandale."

"Edinburgh!" cried Monsieur Leon, with a contemptuous gesture. "A city where the sun never shines, and it rains six days out of seven, what you call a Scotch mist! You should see my country, la belle France, and Paris, the queen of cities of the world! There all is light and gay; it is Paradise on earth. Would you not like to see Paris, Mademoiselle Marjorie?"

"Yes, monsieur, maybe I should," replied Marjorie; "but I'm not caring much for the town. But I was forgetting something, though," she added. "Mr. Lorraine told me to give you this."

So saying, she drew forth a small silk purse, and drawing thence two sovereigns, placed them on the table.

"Put them back into your purse, if you please."

"But I have not paid you anything, and I owe you for ten lessons."

"Never mind that, mademoiselle," answered the Frenchman. "Some other time, if you insist, but not today. It is reward enough for me to have such a pupil. Take the money and buy yourself a keepsake to remind you of me."

But Marjorie shook her little head firmly, and answered:

"Please do not ask me, Monsieur Leon. My guardian would be very angry, and he sent me the money to pay you."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, as you please, only I would not have you think that I teach you for the money's sake—ah, no. You have brought light and sunshine to my heart in my exile; when you come I forget my sorrows; and when you go away I am full of gloom. Ah, you smile, but it is true."

"Good-bye, now, Monsieur Leon," said Marjorie, moving toward the door, for she felt embarrassed and almost frightened by the ardent looks of her teacher.

"Good-bye. You will come again on Monday, will you not?"

"Yes, Monsieur Leon." And Marjorie left the room and passed out into the sunny street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"No fish." Fine as are the salmon of New Foundland, they are without honor in their own country, as the following incident from Dr. S. T. Davis's "Caribou-Shooting in Newfoundland" will show: Our way into the interior was over a lovely pond. We had made an early start, and left the foot of the pond just as day was breaking. We had not proceeded far when the writer thought he could occasionally see the water break with a splash in close proximity to the canoe. Seated as he was in the bow, he turned to the native who was handling the paddle in the stern, and inquired whether there were any fish in the pond.

"Fish? No, sir, no fish, sir." Presently, when about half-way up the pond, and just as the sun was peeping over the eastern horizon, he saw, not six feet from the bow of the canoe, a magnificent salmon rise to the surface, and with a splash of his tail, disappear. Again the writer turned to his friend with the remark, "Daddy, did I understand you to say that there were no fish in this pond?"

"No fish, sir; no fish." "Yes, but I beg your pardon—I a moment ago saw what I took to be a twelve or fifteen-pound salmon break the water not six feet from the bow of the canoe."

"Oh, that was a salmon. There are plenty of trout and salmon in all these waters, but no fish, sir. Nothing counts as fish in these parts but codfish, sir."

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is so tricky dat when dey comes across er man dat's shu' nuff honest dey gets skayht an' says he mus' be playin' a pow'ful deep game."—Washington Star.

Gum chewing is not a modern habit. Way back in the time of the Vedas the Hindoo maidens chewed gum. But then, they were uncivilized and knew no better.

In England 511 boys and 489 girls is the normal proportion of births a year to every thousand of population.

A HOBO REUNION.



IM, this is Van Raymond. He's been playing in high luck, but he's struck a snag, and I've asked him to go with us."

"Well, you needn't; we don't want any greenhorns along. You are had enough. We'd look well traveling with a dude, we would."

"Oh, he has some cash and can get a different outfit. Can't you, Raymond?"

"Certainly. How do you wish me to dress?"

"Oh," interposed Jim, "if you will fix you out in no time. What do you want?"

"I'll have to leave that to you. I have never been a tramp before."

"See here, my Christian friend, for the good of your health let me tell you not to say 'tramp' to one of our fraternity. A tramp is a man who never works and who walks from town to town. We are hoboes. We heat our way on trains—passengers when we can, freight when we can't do better. A hobo works when he can, but when out of work uses his wits to get him elsewhere. See?"

"Yes, but I never heard the distinction made before. Are we going to beat the railroad, and how are we going to do it?"

"You are green! There's a hundred schemes for working them. If everything falls steal the ride."

Van went to the place of appointment, where he found his two strange companions waiting for him.

"Everything lovely," was Jim's greeting. "A train leaves about an hour after dark. Say, let's eat. I'll hit the cottage. You idiots can buy suppers, but I'll save my cash."

Five minutes later he returned with a tirade of abuse against inhospitable people and frequent allusions to the tomahawk.

Van at last said: "What do you mean? Did the woman hit you with a hatchet?"

"No, you gump! That's short for stating that her royal highness desired the extreme pleasure of my society at the woodpile while I got up an appetite for my supper."

Soon a freight train slowly passed. "Here's an empty!" shouted Original Jim, as he started on the run, the others closely following.

Van was so excited that he could not vault in after the others, but they dragged him in and closed the door.

"Now you boys be quiet until she gets under headway," Jim ordered, as he lighted a match and proceeded to sweep the floor with a bunch of weeds he had previously gathered.

"Never travel without matches, Raymond, and never forget to gather a broom, so you can brush up a place to sleep," quietly remarked Wilkins, whom Jim dubbed "The Silent."

Soon Wilkins and Jim were sound asleep, while Van sat, Indian fashion, against the car, wondering whether it was not about to jolt off the track, and

steeves of his coat did not come much below his elbows, and the tails only reached his waist-band.

"The Flying Sword," exclaimed Jim, as the man unbuttoned his coat, put one hand into the upper part of the left sleeve and drew out a tin trowel, over three feet long, remarking: "I still carry the tomahawk."

"Where did he have that trowel?" Van managed to whisper to Jim.

"Oh, the handle was up his sleeve, and the tip in his pocket. It is not a trowel, you know, only a guy. Come in and meet the boys. This well-dressed chap is 'Diamond Kit,' that short one is Billy the Bat; yonder come Duty and Missouri Kid. Oh, we're all here for reunion—but it's the first we've had north of Lexington. That's our pet place.

After a general handshaking the party broke up into groups, Wilkins and Kit reclining on the floor smoking cigarettes.

As he could not then talk with Wilkins Van proceeded to satisfy his curiosity by questioning the one known as "Missouri Kid."

"The Flying Sword? Oh, he got the name by carrying that tin trowel. He will go and ask for work, telling the boss that he lays brick, not by the hundred a day but by the acre. 'If you doubt me look at my trowel.' The ridiculousness of his ways usually gets him a job, too. He is a very fair bricklayer, but of course not so good as Diamond Kit, who is considered the best in the United States."

"How about our hobo stew?" now chimed in Wilkins' voice.

"How much can we raise?" was Kit's practical supplementary remark. The sum of two dollars was collected, with which Kit and Wilkins departed to do the marketing.

Soon after they returned with various bundles, a five-gallon tin sausage can and an empty tobacco can for each person present.

Van was interested, and pressed forward to see what was going on.

While Kit made the stew he sent some of the boys out for empty cans. He ordered the solder removed from them, and that they be flattened out and washed.

Each man had a tomato can, and a small portion of ground coffee with which he made his own drink, army style, and this was drunk with condensed milk. Slices of steak were fried on the pieces of tin which had flattened, and soon the first course was eaten, amid much jesting and laughter, for all hoboes are apt to be jovial when certain of one full meal in a day. After the coffee was drunk the cans were filled up with the rich, savory stew.

As dusk came on the men reclined about the floor, telling their experiences. Van determined to try to influence Wilkins into telling the truth as he was interested in the man, who seemed above his fellows, so sat by his side and watched him stealthily while Jim told of his life, how he had started out from necessity, and so fallen in love with the wild freedom that he could not bear to give it up.

Scarcely had he ceased when all were surprised to hear "Wilkins the Silent" saying:

"I was born and raised in New York city. While yet a young man I learned locomotive engineering, and for years had a freight. That paid me about one hundred and forty dollars a month and I saved my money. When I was twenty-eight I married. My wife had been one of a large family and I meant her never to be lonesome nor unhappy. I bought a nice house and furnished it, cosily, deeding it to her. That used up all I had saved; but I had a good run, was considered one of the best men on the road, and everything went smoothly for a year. I was home every second night and my wife was contented."

"One day I had a sudden order to trade engines when I met a certain train, as that engineer's wife was sick and he wished to return home. I neglected of my wife and loved to be with her, so was glad to go to her sooner than I had expected."

Here he paused, and here all looked at him in surprise, particularly Jim, who muttered:

"By God, he is telling the truth about his past, and I have not heard him mention it for years! Thought he had forgotten it."

To this Kit responded:

"If there is anything you don't want him to tell, go over to him. That man Raymond has him sort of mesmerized I believe."

Jim half started from his seat, but Missouri Kid drew him back as Wilkins continued:

"It was nearly ten o'clock when I reached home. What a sound—er drunken revelry met my ears! Could it be there was no mistake? Was that house mine?"

"I asked a passer-by who lived there."

"The blindest fool in the world," was his reply. "He runs an engine on the New York Central, and his wife raises the roof when he is away."

"One minute later I entered. The crowd, composed of my wife's brothers, sisters and cousins, quickly dispersed. I was too much hurt to remonstrate with her; but she, being guilty, could not keep quiet."

"You had no business marrying me when you could not support me the way I want to live," she began. "I have mortgaged the house and the furniture, and I've not paid a bill in two months. You may as well know it all now, and not have to find it out later. I've spent the money for suppers and good times. I'm tired of this life! I'm going on the stage."

"That is why I'm a hobo."

Teacher—Spell kitten, Babby—Peck, 'tis too big to spell kitten. Try me on cat.—Truth.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take "The Big Cure," the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1.00. Guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The first virtue is to restrain the tongue. He approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures colic, cures whooping cough, cures a hoarse voice.

He that has never known ill-fortune has never known himself or his virtue.

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

"How can there be such a thing as a whole day, you know," mused Tweeddy, "when it breaks every mawing?"

We should never advise, unless we first consider how it will be accepted. Live with wolves and you'll learn to howl.

FROM LOWELL, MASS. The Home of Hood's Sarsaparilla—A Wonderful Cure.

"A swelling as big as a large marble came under my tongue. Physicians said it was a semi-transparent tumor and must be operated upon. I felt I could not stand it, and as spring came began to take my favorite spring tonic, Hood's Sarsaparilla. The bunch gradually decreased and finally disappeared. I have had no sign of its return. I am glad to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. H. M. COVERT, 8 Union St., Lowell, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c.

PATENTS. H. E. WILSON & CO., Washington, D. C. No fee for invention. Send for book of testimonials and 30 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. WILSON'S OFFICE, Atlanta, Ga.

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PATENTS, TRADE MARKS. Examination and advice as to Patentability of Inventions. Send for "Inventor's Guide" or How to Obtain Patent. O'FARRELL & SON, Washington, D. C.

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IT KILLS. Potato Bugs, Cabbage Worms, and all forms of insect life. Harmless to man or beast. Will not injure the most delicate plants.

Gray Mineral Ash. Fully warranted where directions are followed. Send for our little book "How to Use Gray Mineral Ash." National Mining and Milling Co., Baltimore, Md. Carried in stock by all leading wholesale druggists.

Who opened that bottle of HIRES Rootbeer?

The popping of a cork from a bottle of Hires is a signal of good health and pleasure. A sound old folks like to hear—the children can't resist it.

HIRES Rootbeer is composed of the very ingredients the system requires. Aiding the digestion, soothing the nerves, purifying the blood, a temperance drink for temperance people.

One day I had a sudden order to trade engines when I met a certain train, as that engineer's wife was sick and he wished to return home. I neglected of my wife and loved to be with her, so was glad to go to her sooner than I had expected."

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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 MARI** 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.

Bedford.

About fifty friends and relatives of Mrs. O. J. Smith gathered at her home on Monday last to celebrate her 59th birthday. It was a pleasant surprise.

Mrs. Robert Lyon entertained the Dorcas society, of Bell Branch, on Friday.

The DuBoisville Ladies Aid society met with Mrs. George Count on Thursday.

Mr. Robert Folsom, of Dollar Bay, and Miss Nettie Metcalf, of this town, but employed as a teacher at Dollar Bay, were married at the home of the bride's father on Monday of last week.

There Is Nothing So Good.

There is nothing just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumptions, Coughs and Colds, so demand it and do not permit the dealer to sell you some substitute. He will not claim their is any better, but in order to make more profit he may claim something else to be just as good. You want Dr. King's New Discovery because you know it to be safe and reliable, and guaranteed to do good or money refunded. For Coughs, Colds, Consumption and for all affections of Throat, Chest and Lungs, there is nothing so good as Dr. King's New Discovery. Trial bottle free at John L. Gale's Drug Store. Regular six 50 cents and \$1.00.

South Salem.

Anson Hearn rides a new "bike."

Married at Pebbles' church by Rev. Hannaford, pastor of the Congregational church, Miss May Thompson and Mr. Milo Sweet. A reception was held immediately after at W. B. Thompson's. A long and happy life together is the wish of their many friends.

A. B. Vanaken and family, of Northville, spent Sunday at N. A. Withee's.

Mrs. T. I. Packard and children, of Detroit, are spending a couple of weeks visiting her parents and friends.

Misses Alice and Edith Quackenbush, Clara McCormick, Lena Packard, Nellie Smith and Vena Matthews all ride new '97 wheels.

There was a strawberry and ice cream social at T. Kane's, Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Sunday school. A fair crowd and a general good time.

Livonia.

Lee Fairchilds, of Detroit, is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. A. Turnbull.

Blue racers are not a scarce article around the Center. C. L. Ferguson killed one in his door yard this week measuring 4 feet. Frank Peck had a lively encounter with one a short time ago. While passing through the woods he came across a large snake, and the only weapon he had was a spade which he threw at it striking it in the side. The injured snake then wound itself around Mr. Peck's legs, but quick work with a club which Mr. Peck had picked up after throwing the spade, soon finished the fight.

Mrs. Ed. Warren and children, of Detroit, are visiting Mrs. W. O. Minckley.

Quite a number of the Germans in this vicinity took in the Saginaw excursion on Sunday.

Mrs. M. C. and Mrs. C. L. Ferguson and son, Milo, visited friends at Perrinsville Friday.

Preaching and Sabbath school at the usual time Sunday.

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

IN A LONDON HOTEL.

Novelties and Luxuries of Life in the Inns of England.

The American visitor to London who stops at a certain hotel in that city finds many novelties and conveniences that are not known here in America, where hotels are supposed to have reached the acme of luxury. It has an American plan dining room but only a French bill of fare. It has an Indian room, where an Indian chef, in the costume of his country, prepares native dishes for those who desire them. In this hotel each guest is known by the number of his room instead of his name, and it is rather odd to an American to be addressed as "Mr. 90," as though he were a convict in a penitentiary. On each floor, day and night, are to be found a maid, a valet and a waiter, who are at your service and have free access to your rooms. When you come home at night if you are a man, you find your clothes pressed and cleaned and carefully packed away in a chest of drawers. If you are a woman the maid attends to frills and furbelows, as though she were hired by you especially. Guests never bother with their keys—the maid or valet on the floor takes charge of the key and is ready at any time to open your door.

The Origin of the Wedding Cake.

Wedding cake is derived from the most solemn of the three ceremonies observed by the ancient Romans and was called comparatio. It was performed by the chief priest in the presence of witnesses and the men and women ate a cake of salted wheat bread, throwing part of it on the sacrifice which was that of a sheep. By this ceremony the woman belonged to the man by sacred laws and became a partner in all his substance. When the bride arrives at her home in some of the rural districts of England the "in-fair cake" is broken over her head and bits distributed among the unmarried guests who put it under their pillows to dream on. The first egg laid by a hen is used by the bridesmaids to foretell the professions of their future husbands, the egg being broken in half and the white dropped in a glass of water and guesses made according to the shape which it assumes. The yolk of this egg is then mixed into a cake; one young woman kneels on the floor, a baking board is laid on her back, while another mixes the cake with oatmeal, salt and soot. The mixing is done in silence, the mixer being careful to keep one foot within the doorstep and the other without. The cake is then baked, broken and a portion of it eaten, the remainder being kept to dream on. On St. Faith's Day a similar cake is made of flour, sugar, salt and spring water. It is mixed in silence by three unmarried women, turned nine times, three times by each mixer, baked and cut into three equal portions. Each bit is then divided into nine slips, each of which is passed through a wedding ring belonging to a woman who has been married at least seven years. While dробing the bits of cake are eaten with this invocation: "O good St. Faith, be kind to-night And bring to me my heart's delight, Let me my future husband view, And be my vision chaste and true." —American Kitchen Magazine.

Stow, the English Antiquary?

John Stow, the celebrated English antiquary, was a remarkable man. He was born of poor parents about 1525, and brought up to the tailor's trade. For forty years his life was passed among needles and thread, but in the few leisure hours which his trade allowed him, he had always been a fond reader of legends, chronicles, histories and all that told of the times that were past. By such reading he grew to be so attached to old memories that when about forty years of age he threw down his needle, devoted himself to collecting them and followed his new profession with the faith and enthusiasm of an apostle. Short of means, he made long journeys afoot to hunt over and ransack colleges and monasteries, and no matter how worn and torn might be the rags of old papers which he found, he kept all, reviewing, connecting, copying, comparing, annotating with truly wonderful ability and good sense. Arrived at fourscore years, and no longer capable of earning a livelihood, he applied to the king, and James I., consenting to his petition, granted to the man who had saved treasures of memorials for English history, the favor of wearing a beggar's garb and asking alms at church doors. In this abject state, forgotten and despised, he died two years later.

The Little Worlds.

The latest enumeration of the asteroids, or small planets, circling around the sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, shows that up to the close of 1896 no less than 429 had been discovered. The number of new ones found last year was twenty, but sometimes it turns out that the supposed discovery of another asteroid is really only the rediscovery of one that had been seen before. They cannot be identified by their appearance, since, except a few of the larger ones, they are mere specks of light, and the only way to keep track of them is by studying the orbits in which they travel.

Dange Ahead.


Cyclist—I always get nervous when I see a woman crossing the street ahead of me.

Second Cyclist—So do I. They have so many pins in their clothes that if a fellow collides with them he is almost sure to puncture a tire.—Chips.

To Hang for Assault.

Jerry Brown, colored, has been sentenced to death for criminally assaulting Mrs. Isaac Bradford, a widow, at Deepwater, W. V.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOE



The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also \$2.50 and \$2.25 shoes for men, and \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas \$3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf. Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write **W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.** CATALOGUE FREE.

For sale by **A. H. DIBBLE.**

Hotel Plymouth,

J. G. STRENG,
Proprietor.

Plymouth, Mich.

Best \$2 a Day House In the County
Outside of Detroit.

Every room is nicely furnished and comfortable.

Guests receive the best of attention

Your Patronage Solicited.

BUSSEY'S French Dye House, Established 1861.

OSTRICH FEATHERS. Cleaned, Dyed and Curled.

Crepe Veils Renovated. Special attention given to cleaning of blankets and lace curtains.

Silk and Woolen Dress Goods, Clothing, Curtains, Etc., Dyed or cleaned. All goods are treated by process best suited to them, and we take no risk on old or frail goods.

Light colored faded carpets can be successfully dyed to one of the mode shades if the present color permits. Dry Cleaning of evening gowns and theatrical costumes a specialty.

REA BROS., Agents.

Ah! Here is just what you want. You can get your shirt waist done nicely at the

Star Laundry.

REA BROS., Propr's.

How Muskrats Breathe Under Ice.
Dr. Spoon, the naturalist, asserts that the muskrat, when obliged to go beneath the ice from one side to the other of a pond, has a curious mode of taking along his air supply. Instinct teaches him to take in a deep breath before starting, but even this he knows will be insufficient for the trip. Accordingly, he halts occasionally and exhales the exhausted air from his lungs. This air being confined by the ice in the shape of a bubble, and in full contact with the icy water becomes almost instantly reoxygenated. When the transformation is completed the rat again takes in his old breath, which is now a fresh inspiration. Thus rejuvenated, he again dives out of sight, and begins swimming for the other side, only coming up against the ice as often as it is necessary for him to refreshen that valuable little breath of air. But few hunters and trappers are aware of the muskrat's odd plan of changing his poisonous breath into a fresh inspiration, but those who are take a mean advantage. By striking a heavy blow on the ice the air is dispersed, and the little animal dies of asphyxia.

The Bellman's Little Joke.
Kirkmuir, in Forfarshire, the "Thrums" of Mr. Barrie's delightful studies of Scottish life and character, once possessed a humorous bellman. On one occasion he was instructed to make the following announcement on the day of the local fair: "Notice! All persons driving cattle through the lands of Logie, to or from the market, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law." Then, seeming to be sorry for the harshness of the order, and anxious to clear himself in the eyes of his neighbors, he added: "Ye needna mind a' this, lads; it's only a haver (nonsense) o' the grieves (the farm overseer)."

Thermometers for Intense Cold.
Experiment has shown that petroleum ether can be used to measure, by its contraction, temperatures several hundred degrees below zero on the Fahrenheit scale. At the temperature at which liquid air boils—310 degrees Fahrenheit below zero—petroleum ether still remains in a viscous or semi-liquid condition, and continues to contract with decrease of temperature.

Millinery

At MAUD VROOMAN'S

Bargains in Sailors at 25c
Fine Leghorn Hats,
Flowers and Laces,
For Summer

Main-st., **PLYMOUTH.**

The Balance
Is all in favor of our new, superb, and elegant Spring Suitings, which include choice special and exclusive novelties from the leading importers. Seldom or never have there been so many new things introduced in one season as has been the case this Spring, when Fashion has started her votaries by effecting a revolution. Our assortment of woollens reflects all the changes that have occurred, and thus gives our patrons peculiar advantages in fitting out their spring wardrobe.

McKinley's Inauguration Cloth,
The Newest Thing Out!

ADOLPH BOYER,
70 Main-st.

Artistic Tailor, **Northville, Mich.**

SOMETHING NEW.

I have just received the largest and best assortment of Shirt Waist Sets of the latest styles and patterns ever on sale in Plymouth.

Call and look them over and make your choice before the best patterns have been selected.

C. G. DRAPER, **JEWELER,**
Sutton Street
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Agent for Clipper Bicycles.

See our line of

TRUNKS AND VALISES

Just received.

The only Place in Town
Where you can get

**Fly Nets, Lap Robes, Whips,
Horse Blankets, Etc.**

All styles and prices of **HARNESS** made to order
by

F. E. LAMPHERE, **Sutton Street.**

You Know AND We Know

The best goods are the cheapest,
And that is what we are selling,

Wagons, Buggies, Windmills, Pumps,
And all kinds of Farm Tools.

The Best Machine Oil.

We carry a fine line of lawn mowers, hose and hose goods.
Plumbing done to order.

W. J. & H. E. BRADNER,
No. 19 Sutton-st., **Opposite Central Park.**