

# The Plymouth Mail.

VOLUME XII, NO. 21.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., JAN. 20, 1899.

WHOLE NO 593

## INVENTORY!

Yes we are getting our stock in shape to take our annual inventory and in order to do so, we shall make a special effort to have our stock as low as possible and to do this we shall sell some goods at, and even below COST price.

### OUR CLOAK AND JACKET SALE.

this year has been much better than we expected and as we have but a few of these garments left we will close them out below cost.

### PERFUMERY.

For the next ten days we will sell any of our Perfumes, Face powders, Face Bleaches, Hair Tonics, Tooth Powders, etc. at cost.

All colored shirts, soft or stiff bosoms, at cost. Don't miss this.

### Our Grocery Dept.

is always well stocked with fresh goods. If we don't have in stock what you want ---we will get it for you.

Free delivery to any part of the city.

Leave your orders for Buttermilk, fresh every morning, 1/hipped Cream and Cream.

Fresh line of Lowney's Bon Bons and Candies always on hand. In bulk or fancy package.

## J.R. Rauch & Son

### H. P. CHAMBERS, M. D.

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,

Office over Plymouth Savings Bank.

Plymouth, Mich.

Surgery and Surgical Diseases

.....a Specialty by Preference.....

Night Calls Answered from Office.

## POTATOES WANTED

We will pay the Highest Market Price at all times. Bring 'em along. We can take them in anytime as we have storage in case we are out of cars.

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

### TO STOP FRAUD

IS THE INTENT OF THE COLBY CAUCUS BILL.

Improvement Needed, but the Colby Bill Not Just Proper. —Give us a State Measure.

The new caucus bill which Representative Colby proposes to introduce into the present legislature provides for a party caucus election conducted to nominate town and county officers in Wayne county in a similar manner as are the regular elections. Every person desiring to become a candidate for any office deposits with the town or county clerk certain affidavits and one per cent of the salary of the office sought, when his name will be placed upon a caucus ballot of the party he designates. Advocates of the bill claim that such a law would do away with all corruptness and the will of the people will be accomplished.

There is no doubt but that there is much need of improvement in our method of placing county officers in nomination, but the Colby bill, if passed in its present condition, will fall far short of accomplishing the desired result.

The bill unjustly discriminates between the voters of Wayne county and the voters of other counties in the state. There is a no greater percentage of corrupt people in Wayne county than in any other county. If the bill has in view relief from corrupt and unlawful practices in conventions, it should cover the entire state.

As far as the will of the people is concerned, the Colby bill would probably come nearer to it than the present plan. It would do away with the buying up of delegates, the unsating of delegates, and other corrupt practices which prevail and are becoming more prominent every year. There is no practicable plan for obtaining the will of the people when there are more than two candidates for an office. Our election law comes as near getting the will of the people as any plan that has ever been proposed and the Colby bill would obtain the same results for caucus elections.

The MAIL isn't familiar enough with the proposed bill to know whether it provides for the expense of the caucus elections or not. If it imposes an extra burden on the taxpayers we would condemn it. Our taxes are high enough now. Every item of expense incurred should be borne by the candidates for office.

In conclusion, the underlying principle of the Colby caucus bill is all right, there's merit in it. But the bill should be made to affect the entire state and the candidates for office should furnish the necessary collateral with which to carry on the caucus elections.

#### The Wife and Her Husband's Business.

"It is a cause of amazement to me that a man can go on, year in and year out, toiling for a family whose members show no interest in his work further than to spend the money he makes, and who look upon him as the family mint," writes Francis Evans in the January Ladies' Home Journal. "My firm belief is that had he, in the first flush of married life talked over his business and ambitions with his wife, she would have become interested in both, first for his sake, and afterward for her own and their children's. Think of the gulf that lies between a man and woman united in marriage when he never speaks at home of the affairs which absorb his entire day. Mutual interests will bind people together indissolubly even when indifference, that dangerous bridge of sighs, has swallowed up affection."

#### They all Know Him.

Most editors are familiar with the man who "takes more papers than he can read." He takes a paper printed at Augusta, Me., which contains all the news of the "Smugglers' Last Cruise," "The Bandit King," etc. And while storing his mind with such information, his wife and children go to the neighbors to read the local paper, and when they return, hubby is red-hot to learn the news. But let him get into trouble, and he rushes to the local newspaper to get him out. If his wife or baby dies he wants a column obituary, and if his son or daughter gets married wants a lengthy write-up of the affair with lists of presents and names of guests. Yet he is "taking so many papers" that he cannot afford to become a regular subscriber to his home paper and makes all kind of holler if he has to pay more than the yearly rate for a single copy containing a puff of himself or family.

### EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER

Written by Reginald Olver, of the 31st Mich., at Savannah, Ga.

\* \* \* If we get to Cuba I do not think it will be for more than four or five months. \* \* I am not sorry that we are going, for I think the time will not be lost to me. It has seemed a waste of time remaining in camp so long, but I would not take a good deal for what I have learned of the South and the many experiences. I have enjoyed myself very well in the army but, of course, would hardly care to commence over again. \* \* Well, we have been in Savannah

two days now and have seen a part of the city. It has been foggy all the time, it has not rained so far and the damp wind from the ocean is rather chilling even with overcoats on, but when the sun comes out again we anticipate pleasant weather. Roses are still in bloom and hardy vegetables are growing in the gardens. There has been just frosts enough to kill the tender plants and make the trees look a little bare. Savannah is a very pretty little city of 60,000, very much prettier than Knoxville. We are not confined to the camp as are other regiments for the men as a rule can be trusted to be orderly and the drills have not been relaxed yet. I was down town last night for a hair cut and bath and again today to see the town. We are not in sight of the ocean, the city being 20 miles up the river, but the transports load at the city docks. We were down to the docks and saw one of the transports that was being loaded with cavalry and artillery. There were also government quartermaster's dept. ships in the harbor and some large sail craft, but we saw none larger or as good as some of the lake boats. The country about here and the city is very level and the ground sandy. We have a very pretty camp, the sight occupied by Col. Bryan's regiment before it went to Cuba. There is not a bit of mud and everything is clean and neat. They left their floors so we had nothing to do but unload the stuff and make camp. The camp is only a mile and a half from the unloading place and two miles from town. The electric road comes almost to camp, and is a pretty "plunk" affair. Most of the cars are little open affairs and are extremely slow. We have our tents put end to end, three in a section, with the stoves in the middle tent, as at K. and are quite comfortable again. There is but one regiment besides ours here, and a few batteries of artillery, and the regiment leaves tomorrow for Cuba, ours being the next to go. We do not know how soon that will be.

We did not get a very good impression of Georgia on the trip down. It was all about the same until we came near the coast. It all seemed to be growing up to scrub pines and cane brake, and was nearly all swampy from the heavy rains. The only houses were only huts or cabins and the farms without fences. There was not a rod of fence along the railroad all the distance and the country seemed little better than a wilderness. It is something like the pine barrens of Michigan. The towns are made principally of log cabins built about promiscuously with no regard for streets or plans and looked very odd to us. The towns do not show the enterprise that is evident even in the small towns in the north. The south, especially outside of the large cities, is years behind the times. We were two nights in the cars and I was up till midnight last night so tonight am rather sleepy.

\* \* \* We have been enjoying hardtack and corned beef for the last few days but get fresh bread and meat again tomorrow. \* \* It sounds quite springlike to hear the frogs croaking but our stoves are quite cheerful companions yet.

#### The Woman's Literary Club.

The Woman's Literary Club met in the chapel of the Presbyterian church, Friday afternoon, January 13th.

The meeting was called to order by the president with 78 active members and 1 associate member present.

Roll call was responded to with quotations and the minutes of the last two meetings were read and approved.

The president appointed Mrs. Sherwood as critic for the next month.

A motion was made and carried that Mrs. Dewey be transferred from active to honorary membership.

The program was then taken up and Mrs. Fraser led in the history lesson, Book VI, page 268. Mrs. Chaffee read a paper on "The College Settlement and its Work," written by Mrs. Dewey. Mrs. Hall read, "In a Klondike Cabin, What a Lone Man Thinks About," by Joaquin Miller.

A motion was made and carried that a vote of thanks be sent to Mrs. Dewey for preparing her paper and sending it to be read before the club.

Before adjournment Mrs. Safford's invitation to hold the next regular meeting at her residence was accepted.

ETHEL ALLEN, Sec.

GEO. W. HUNTER & CO.

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When you want a delicious Coffee try our

30c Java and Mocha Blend

And you will not be disappointed.

Don't buy Package Coffees expecting straight goods. They don't put them up in that way.

Our 15 cent Rio

In bulk will please you better than any package coffee.

G. W. Hunter & Co

J. L. GALE.....

Although we had a good Xmas trade we still have a large stock of Xmas Goods on hand, which you can buy at cost or less.

1 Horizontal Steam Engine	price \$1.00 now	.75
1 Upright Steam Engine,	price 1.00 now	.75
1 large Hot Air Engine,	price 1.50 now	1.00
1 Beautiful Toilet Case,	price 2.00 now	1.25

And other goods too numerous to mention.

Come in and see them.

In Groceries we sell

18 pounds Granulated Sugar for \$1.00  
9 Bars Queen Anne Soap for .25  
XXXX and Lion Coffee 11c per lb

And all other goods at the Cheapest Prices.

Something new—Raymo's White Pine Cough Balsam—best thing out. 25c a bottle.

John L. Gale's Rheumatic Tablets are having wonderful success in the cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

These Tablets have genuine merit, and actually cost three times the price of any other tablet on the market to make. If you have a pain in the back caused by derangement of the kidneys be sure and try these tablets. Railroad men, who are troubled by Rheumatism and pain in the back caused by riding on the cars, will find them of great benefit. If you are wakeful at night and suffer from nervousness and darting pains through the body, try Gale's Rheumatic Tablets. For sale by all Druggists. People having the grip will find them a great benefit through their alterative effect in driving away the pain and bringing the system back to a healthy condition.

J. L. GALE.



# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

BAKER & GRAY, Publishers.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

He that hath a trade hath an estate.

It's a poor farm that can't acquire a mortgage.

A man's best friend is a sufficiency of the almighty dollar.

The lard manufacturer is constantly turning over a new leaf.

Love is never found by seeking and it never stays for pleading.

It's a cold day when you can see the paper frieze on the wall.

Brevity may be the soul of wit, but there's no fun in being short.

Many a man has risked acquiring a wife in order to acquire a sister.

The receiver may be as bad as the thief, but the loser feels worse than both.

Pity the poor man who must live all his days in the cold shadow of his wife's fame.

Listeners don't expect to hear any good of themselves; it's the bad of others they are after.

There's a smoldering spark of wisdom in the brain of the man who knows when to go home.

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right? He's dead alone that lacks her light.

When a man offers you something for nothing, don't accept it unless you can afford to pay at least double its value.

Berlin correspondents state that Minister Koelster has ordered the provincial council of Sonderburg to publish an edict declaring that parents who send their children across the frontier to Danish schools shall be expelled from German territory. The educational authorities have learned that in the former Danish territory of Schleswig-Holstein many children have been sent to Denmark to be educated since the use of their own language in the schools of the duchy was abolished.

The extent to which live stock raising is becoming a southern industry is best exemplified by stating that in nine months of the present year Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi combined have sent 7,200 cars of cattle direct to the market at St. Louis, besides those that went to people of Texas and the Indian territory; these being finished on other grounds lose their identity before coming to market. The significance of this statement requires explanation, and is given in the assertion that in years gone by a dozen cars of cattle has been a liberal yearly run to St. Louis from the three states named.

"Political banks," organized to receive and juggle with the funds of municipalities or states, have yielded many shameful chapters of financial history. An occurrence of another sort has just taken place in Philadelphia, where the president of such a bank, which had failed, has given his personal check for \$100,000 in order that the depositors may be paid in full. "I was the president of that bank," he told the receiver; "I am responsible for more than the amount I would have to pay as an assessment upon my holdings of stock, and I am going to pay more." The president did a creditable thing when he went beyond the law's requirements to guard the business men who had trusted him; but perhaps he felt that, since he had got into bad company—and stayed—he deserved to lose his money.

Foreign correspondents report that the industrial associations and the syndicates of Berlin have jointly agreed to call a meeting for the purpose of framing a petition to the Prussian government calling attention to the enormous damage suffered in exportation to Scandinavian countries by reason of the continued systematic expulsion from northern Schleswig of Danes, Swedes and Norwegians. The petition will ask that the policy of expulsion be speedily discontinued. Reports from throughout Germany show the urgency of this move on the part of the manufacturing and exporting interests. The Danes, especially, are severing their commercial relations with German merchants out of resentment for the eviction of their fellow-countrymen from Prussia. One firm in Brunswick has been ruined by the sharp falling off in business, and has been forced to discharge 300 employes in consequence. Similar reports come from Frankfurt. In Berlin and Nuremberg, Austrian and Italian exporters are now taking the place of the Germans, who formerly controlled the field.

When Julia Ward Howe was a young girl her first literary venture was favorably noticed in a local newspaper. "This is my little girl who knows about books," said a favorite uncle, "and writes an article and has it printed; but I wish she knew more about housekeeping"—a sentiment which in after years Mrs. Howe had occasion to echo with fervor. Few women reach adult life without finding themselves so circumstanced that a domestic training is invaluable to them.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### "A GREAT WOMAN," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, "Elisha Passed to Shunem, Where Was a Great Woman"—2 Kings, Chapter IV, Verse Number 8—Lodging a Christian Prophet.

The hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private abode. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a divine mission, and he must find shelter. A balcony overlooking the valley of Esdraelon is offered him, in a private house, and it is especially furnished for his occupancy—a chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, a candlestick, by which to read, and a bed on which to slumber, the whole establishment belonging to a great and good woman. Her husband, it seems, was a goodly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellences; just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the center of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature wielding domestic affairs and at the same time supervising all financial and business affairs. The wife's hand on the shuttle, or the banking-house, or the worldly business. You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful. If a man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be the silent partner in the firm, there may be only masculine voices down on exchange, but there oftentimes comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence. This woman of my text was the superior of her husband. He, as far as I can understand, was what we often see in our day, a man of large fortune and only a modicum of brain, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place without moving hand or foot, if you say "Yes," responding "Yes," if you say "No," responding "No"—inaudible, eyes half-shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. But his wife, my text says, was a great woman. Her name has not come down to us. She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of duchess, or princess, or queen—what would escutcheon or gleaming diadem be to this woman of my text, who, by her intelligence and her behavior, challenges the admiration of all ages? Long after the brilliant women of the court of Louis XV. have been forgotten, and the brilliant women who sat on the throne of Russia have been forgotten, some grand-father will put on his spectacles, and holding the book the other side the light, read to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shunem who was so kind and courteous and Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a great woman.

In the first place, she was great in her hospitality. Uncivilized and barbarous nations have this virtue. Jupiter had the surname of the Hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled it in his verse. The Arabs are punctilious on this subject, and among some of their tribes it is not until the ninth day of tarrying that the occupant has a right to ask his guest "Who and whence art thou?" If this virtue is so honored among barbarians, how ought it to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to use hospitality one toward another without grudging? Of course I do not mean under this cover to give any idea that I approve of that vagrant class who go around from place to place, ranging their whole lifetime, perhaps under the auspices of some benevolent or philanthropic society, quartering themselves on Christian families with a great pile of trunks in the hall and carpet-bag portentous of tarrying. There is many a country paragon that looks out week by week upon the ominous arrival of wagon with creaking wheel and lank horse and dilapidated driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and canvass the neighborhood. Let no such religious tramps take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality. Not so much the sumptuousness of your diet and the regality of your abode will impress the friend of the stranger that steps across your threshold as the warmth of your reception, the reiteration by grasp and by look and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome, though you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to Shunem. Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I have always been pastor of churches where strangers are welcome. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for a while and then make a pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until, flushed and excited and embarrassed, he started back again, and, coming to some half-filled pew, with apologetic air, entered it, while the occupant glared on him with a look which seemed to say, "Well, if I must, I must." Away with such incurious indelicacy from the house of God. Let every church that would maintain large Christian influence in community culture Sabbath by Sabbath this beautiful grace of Christian hospitality.

Again, this woman of my text was great in her kindness toward God's messenger. Elisha may have been a stranger in that household, but as she found out he had come on a divine mission, he was cordially welcomed. We have a great many books in our day about the hardships of ministers, and the trials of Christian ministers. I wish somebody would write a book about the joys of the Christian minister, about the sympathies all around about him, about the kindness, about the genial considerations of him. Does sorrow come to our home, and is there a shadow on the cradle, there are hundreds of hands to help, and many who weary not through the night watching, and hundreds of prayers going up that God would restore the sick. Is there a burning, brimming cup of calamity placed on the pastor's table; are there not many to help him drink of that cup and who will not be comforted because he is stricken? Oh! for somebody to write a book about the rewards of the Christian ministry—about his surroundings of Christian sympathy. This woman of the text was only a type of thousands of men and women who come down from mansion and from cot to do kindness to the Lord's servants. I could tell you of something that you might think a romance. A young man graduated from New Brunswick Theological Seminary was called to a village church. He had not the means to furnish the parsonage. After three or four weeks of preaching a committee of the officers of the church waited on him and told him he looked tired and thought he had better take a vacation of a few days. The young pastor took it as an intimation that his work was done or not acceptable. He took the vacation, and at the end of a few days came back, when an old elder said: "Here is the key of the parsonage. We have been cleaning it up. You had better go up and look at it." So the young pastor took the key, went up to the parsonage, opened the door, and lo! it was carpeted, and there was the hat-rack all ready for the cane and the umbrellas and the overcoats, and on the left hand of the hall was the parlor, sofa, chair, picture, and on the right hand of the hall, and there was the study-table in the center of the floor with stationery upon it, book-shelves built, long ranges of new volumes far beyond the reach of the means of the young pastor, many of these volumes. The young pastor went up-stairs, and found all the sleeping apartments furnished; came down-stairs and entered the pantry, and there were the spices and the coffees and the sugars, and the groceries for six months. He went down into the cellar, and there was the coal for all the coming winter. He went into the dining-hall, and there was the table already set—the glass and the silverware. He went into the kitchen, and there were all the culinary implements and a great stove. The young pastor lifted one lid of the stove and he found the fuel all ready for ignition. Putting back the cover of the stove, he saw in another part of it a lucifer match, and all that young man had to do in starting to keep house was to strike the match.

Where are the feet that have not been blistered on the hot sands of this great Sahara? Where are the soldiers that have not bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing over glassy sea that has not after awhile been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earthly comfort but trouble hath hitched up its fiery and panting team, and gone through it with burning plowshare of disaster? Under the peeling of ages of suffering the great heart of the world has burst with woe. Navigators tell us about the rivers, and the Amazon, and the Danube, and the Mississippi have been explored; but who can tell the depth or the length of the great river of sorrow, made up of tears and blood, rolling through all lands and all ages, bearing the wreck of families, and of communities, and of empires, foaming, writhing, boiling with agonies of six thousand years. Etna, Cotopaxi and Vesuvius have been described, but who has ever sketched the volcano of suffering reaching up from its depths the lava and scoria, and pouring them down the sides to whelm the nations? Oh! if I could gather all the heartstrings, the broken heartstrings, into a harp, I would play on it a dirge such as was never sounded. Mythologists tell us of Gorgon and Centaur and Titan, and geologists tell us of extinct species of monsters; but greater than Gorgon or Megatherium, and not belonging to the realm of fable, and not of an extinct species, a monster with an iron jaw and a hundred iron hoofs has walked across the nations, and history and poetry and sculpture, in their attempt to sketch it and describe it, have seemed to sweat great drops of blood. But thank God there are those who can conquer as this woman of the text conquered, and say, "It is well; though my property be gone, though my children be broken up, though my home be sacrificed, it is well, it is well!" There is no storm on the sea but Christ is ready to rise in the hinder part of the ship and hush it. There is no darkness but the constellation of God's eternal love can illumine it, and through the winter comes out of the northern sky, you have sometimes seen that northern sky all ablaze with auroras which seem to say, "Come up this way; up this way are thrones of light and seas of sapphire and the splendor of an eternal heaven. Come up this way."

We may, like the ships, by tempest be tossed On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost; Though Satan enrage the wind and the tide The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

Again, this woman of my text was great in her application to domestic duties. Every picture is a home picture, whether she is entertaining an Elisha, or whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy, or whether she is appealing for the restoration of her property. Every picture in her case is one of domesticity. Those are not disciples of this Shunemite woman who, going out to attend to outside charities, neglect the duty of home—the duty of wife, of mother, of daughter. No faithfulness in public beneficence can ever atone for domestic negligence. There has been many a mother who by indefatigable toil has reared a large family of children, equipping them for the duties of life with good manners and large intelligence and Christian principle, starting them out, who has done more for the world than many a woman whose name has sounded through all the lands and through the centuries. I remember when Kossuth was in this country, there were some ladies who got honorable reputations by presenting him very gracefully with bouquets of flowers on public occasions; but what was all that, compared with the plain Hungarian mother who gave to truth and civilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kossuth? Yes, this woman of my text was great in her simplicity. When this prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment from the king, what did she say? She declined it. She said: "I dwell among my own people," as much as to say, "I am satisfied with my lot; all I want is my family and my friends around me; I dwell among my own people."

What I want to impress upon you, my hearers, is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life among the indispensable, and you ought not to depreciate this woman of the text, who, when offered kingly preferment, responded: "I dwell among my own people." Yes, this woman of the text was great in her piety. Just read the chapter after you go home. Faith in God, and she was not ashamed to talk about it before idolaters. Ah, woman will never appreciate what she owes to Christianity until she knows and sees the degradation of her sex under paganism and Mohammedanism. Her very birth considered a misfortune. Sold like cattle on the shambles. Slave of all work, and, at last, her body fuel for the funeral pyre of her husband. Above the shriek of the fire-worshippers in India, and above the rumbling of the juggernauts, I hear the million-voiced groan of wronged, insulted, broken-hearted, down-trodden woman. Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris, the La Plata, and on the steppes of Tartary. She has been dishonored in Turkish garden and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Indus and the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or a lake, or a sea but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her. But thanks to God this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the chains of this vasalage are snapped, and she rises from ignominy to exalted sphere and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the useful Christian. Oh! if Christianity has done so much for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification.

For 1,400 years Dec. 25 has been set apart by Christendom as the day on which shall be celebrated, with devotional exercises and great rejoicing, the birth of Jesus Christ. Learned men have disagreed for centuries regarding the actual day, or even season, that the Savior was born, but custom has fixed upon our "Christmas" as the "birthday."

With the spread of Christianity this greatest of all Christian holidays took the place of more ancient festivals. The Romans had long celebrated June 21, the longest day in the year, as a midsummer festival, or "Saturnalia." Then the masters served the servants and the Romans gave themselves up to feasting and revelry and misrule generally. From this celebration many of our Christmas customs took their origin—the custom of decking the houses with laurels and evergreens, the custom of giving presents and the practice of engaging in lively games and sports.

In the north of Europe semi-barbarous peoples kindled huge bonfires in honor of the gods Odin and Thor, and the Druids gathered mistletoe, then a sacred plant, particularly if found growing on the oak. These customs were adopted as part of the Christmas celebration.

The early Goths and Saxons celebrated Dec. 21, the shortest day of the year, as the time when the sun ceased to look coldly upon the earth, and when the days began to lengthen with the approach of spring. Then was cut the "yule log"—for the season was called Jul, or Yuletide. In later years the yule log was placed on the hearth on Christmas eve and allowed to burn till bedtime. Then it was carefully pulled out of the coals and placed in the cellar for use in lighting the yule log of the following year. It was believed that the preservation of this charred log protected the house from fire during the subsequent year. In this custom originated the one of preparing the Christmas yule log, so popular in England.

So, when you play "snapdragon" and a host of other Christmas games, or if you act with unusual license under the mistletoe, or sit around the yule log and tell hobgoblin tales while the corn pops and the coal cracks, you may remember that you are doing somewhat as did the old Romans, and as did the barbarous nations of the north long before Christ was born.

Christmas Day.

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Every picture is a home picture, whether she is entertaining an Elisha, or whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy, or whether she is appealing for the restoration of her property. Every picture in her case is one of domesticity. Those are not disciples of this Shunemite woman who, going out to attend to outside charities, neglect the duty of home—the duty of wife, of mother, of daughter. No faithfulness in public beneficence can ever atone for domestic negligence. There has been many a mother who by indefatigable toil has reared a large family of children, equipping them for the duties of life with good manners and large intelligence and Christian principle, starting them out, who has done more for the world than many a woman whose name has sounded through all the lands and through the centuries. I remember when Kossuth was in this country, there were some ladies who got honorable reputations by presenting him very gracefully with bouquets of flowers on public occasions; but what was all that, compared with the plain Hungarian mother who gave to truth and civilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kossuth? Yes, this woman of my text was great in her simplicity. When this prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment from the king, what did she say? She declined it. She said: "I dwell among my own people," as much as to say, "I am satisfied with my lot; all I want is my family and my friends around me; I dwell among my own people."

What I want to impress upon you, my hearers, is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life among the indispensable, and you ought not to depreciate this woman of the text, who, when offered kingly preferment, responded: "I dwell among my own people." Yes, this woman of the text was great in her piety. Just read the chapter after you go home. Faith in God, and she was not ashamed to talk about it before idolaters. Ah, woman will never appreciate what she owes to Christianity until she knows and sees the degradation of her sex under paganism and Mohammedanism. Her very birth considered a misfortune. Sold like cattle on the shambles. Slave of all work, and, at last, her body fuel for the funeral pyre of her husband. Above the shriek of the fire-worshippers in India, and above the rumbling of the juggernauts, I hear the million-voiced groan of wronged, insulted, broken-hearted, down-trodden woman. Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris, the La Plata, and on the steppes of Tartary. She has been dishonored in Turkish garden and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Indus and the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or a lake, or a sea but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her. But thanks to God this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the chains of this vasalage are snapped, and she rises from ignominy to exalted sphere and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the useful Christian. Oh! if Christianity has done so much for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification.

For 1,400 years Dec. 25 has been set apart by Christendom as the day on which shall be celebrated, with devotional exercises and great rejoicing, the birth of Jesus Christ. Learned men have disagreed for centuries regarding the actual day, or even season, that the Savior was born, but custom has fixed upon our "Christmas" as the "birthday."

With the spread of Christianity this greatest of all Christian holidays took the place of more ancient festivals. The Romans had long celebrated June 21, the longest day in the year, as a midsummer festival, or "Saturnalia." Then the masters served the servants and the Romans gave themselves up to feasting and revelry and misrule generally. From this celebration many of our Christmas customs took their origin—the custom of decking the houses with laurels and evergreens, the custom of giving presents and the practice of engaging in lively games and sports.

In the north of Europe semi-barbarous peoples kindled huge bonfires in honor of the gods Odin and Thor, and the Druids gathered mistletoe, then a sacred plant, particularly if found growing on the oak. These customs were adopted as part of the Christmas celebration.

The early Goths and Saxons celebrated Dec. 21, the shortest day of the year, as the time when the sun ceased to look coldly upon the earth, and when the days began to lengthen with the approach of spring. Then was cut the "yule log"—for the season was called Jul, or Yuletide. In later years the yule log was placed on the hearth on Christmas eve and allowed to burn till bedtime. Then it was carefully pulled out of the coals and placed in the cellar for use in lighting the yule log of the following year. It was believed that the preservation of this charred log protected the house from fire during the subsequent year. In this custom originated the one of preparing the Christmas yule log, so popular in England.

So, when you play "snapdragon" and a host of other Christmas games, or if you act with unusual license under the mistletoe, or sit around the yule log and tell hobgoblin tales while the corn pops and the coal cracks, you may remember that you are doing somewhat as did the old Romans, and as did the barbarous nations of the north long before Christ was born.

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NEW Champion Washer. Will wash Cleaner, Quicker, with more ease and less injury to the clothes than any machine now in use. Over 75,000 sold, all giving satisfaction.

Don't confuse this with the Washing Machines you have seen. This is something entirely new. Can not get out of order.

PRICE WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYONE.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR. Champion Washing Machine Co., 310 West Pearl St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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### Better than the Best.



BE SURE AND SEE THE WHEEL.

It has more points of Merit than any other high grade Bicycle built to-day.

GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR.

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TRADE MARK

### ELECTRIC CLEANSER

All good Housekeepers use it. Removes all dust and dirt from carpets and rugs. Removes all grease spots, fruit stains and coal soot. Restores colors and raises the nap. The work is simple and can be performed by any person. Warranted to be free from such substances as Alkali, Acid, Benzine, Resin and Ammonia, which are injurious to carpets and fabrics. One can clean 25 yards of carpet.

We also manufacture the ELECTRIC WALL PAPER AND FRESCO CLEANSER. Best in the market.

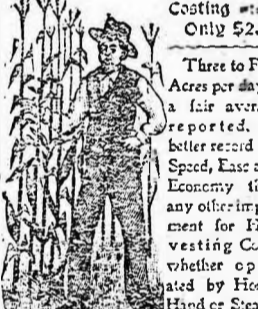
"THE ELECTRIC" Bicycle Chain Lubricant speaks for itself. Why not buy the best when it costs no more than the cheap worthless stuff now on the market?

Send for circulars.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE ELECTRIC CLEANSER CO., Canton, Ohio.

## THE BADGER

### A Foot Corn Cutter



Costing only \$2.00

Three to Five Acres per day is a fair average reported. A better record for Speed, Ease and Economy than any other implement for Farming Corn, whether operated by Horse, Hand or Steam.

Ask your dealer for them, or one will be delivered at your Express Office on receipt of price.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

I. Z. MERRIAM, Whitewater, Wis.

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## NEW Champion Washer.

Will wash Cleaner, Quicker, with more ease and less injury to the clothes than any machine now in use. Over 75,000 sold, all giving satisfaction.

Don't confuse this with the Washing Machines you have seen. This is something entirely new. Can not get out of order.

PRICE WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYONE.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR. Champion Washing Machine Co., 310 West Pearl St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

## IT SHINES FOR ALL THE ALWESST AND BEST SHOE POLISH

ROESSNER'S "ONCE A WEEK" SHINE SHOE POLISH FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND CHILDREN'S SHOES. HIGHEST PATENT LEATHER. PRICE 25¢. READY FOR USE. REQUIRES NO RUBBING OR POLISHING.

ROESSNER MFG. CO. WINONA, MINN. U.S.A.

It's truly a "Once A Week" shoe polish, as it will hold a shine for a week, and rain or snow will not spoil it. A Liquid Polish, put up in large bottles, enclosed in neat cartons, and makes a good show in the package and on the shoe. The nicest thing on the market for LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FINE SHOES AND PATENT LEATHER. Easily applied. Requires no rubbing. Will not freeze. Ask your local dealer for it.

ROESSNER'S "Once A Week" Shine Shoe Polish. Address: ROESSNER MFG. CO., Winona, Minn.

## Old Theories Abandoned!

Piles Cured without the Surgeon's Knife!

### Metzger's FILE Ointment.

Does it infallibly.

50 Cents a package. Get it of your dealer or send direct to laboratory.

New Metzger Medicine Co., Decorah, Iowa.



For 3000

Owosso, Ft. Lottis, Aima, Mt. Pleasant, Clare, Cadillac, Manistee, Traverse City and points in Northwestern Michigan.

WE OWN AND OPERATE


Our own Steamship Line across Lake Michigan between Frankfort and Kewance, Menominee and Gladstone, and are selling tickets to the Northwest CHEAPER than any all rail line.

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

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

W. H. BENNETT, G. F. A.

## OHIO CENTRAL RAILROAD LINES



LOOK AT THIS MAP. RATES ALWAYS LOW AS THE LOWEST. SERVICE ALWAYS GOOD AS THE BEST. EXPERIENCED TRAVELERS ALWAYS USE THE O. C.

THE ONLY THROUGH CAR LINE BETWEEN DETROIT, TOLEDO, AND SPRINGFIELD; TOLEDO, COLUMBUS, AND CHARLESTON; COLUMBUS, FINDLAY AND CHICAGO; TOLEDO, BOWLING GREEN AND WINONA; COLUMBUS AND MARYETTA.

ALWAYS POWER UP ON 2000 H.P. MOTORS OF "COOPER" MOUNTAIN HOUSING.

300 P. P. ST., TOLEDO, OHIO.



# Sure Cure for Colds

When the children get their feet wet and take cold give them a hot foot bath, a bowl of hot drink, a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and put them to bed. The chances are they will be all right in the morning. Continue the Cherry Pectoral a few days, until all cough has disappeared.

Old coughs are also cured; we mean the coughs of bronchitis, weak throats and irritable lungs. Even the hard coughs of consumption are always made easy and frequently cured by the continued use of

# Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Every doctor knows that wild cherry bark is the best remedy known to medical science for soothing and healing inflamed throats and lungs.

Put one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs

The Best Medical Advice Free! We now have some of the most eminent physicians in the United States, usually of importance and long experience, who will give you their medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.



As Black as your DYE Your Whiskers. A Natural Black with Buckingham's Dye. 50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

LADIES Relief at Last. KEEP ME FRENCH DRUG CO., 381 & 383 Pearl St., New York.

CHEAP FARMS DO YOU WANT A HOME? 100,000 ACRES Improved and unimproved farming lands to be divided and sold on long time and easy payments, a little each year. Come and see us or write. THE TRUMAN MOSS STATE BANK, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., or THE TRUMAN MOSS ESTATE, Crosswell, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

WHEAT WHEAT WHEAT

"Nothing but wheat; what you might call a sea of wheat," is what was said by a lecturer speaking of Western Canada. For particulars as to routes, railway fares, etc., apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Department Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to M. V. McInnes, No. 1 Merrill Block, Detroit, Mich.; James Griewe, Mt. Pleasant, Mich., or D. L. Cavan, Bad Axe, Mich.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of HALL'S CATARRH CURE, cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1898. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**A Joke That Was Lost.** Both the motor and trail car were crowded with shivering people. The mercury was away down in the vicinity of Zanesville. The windows had been finely decorated by Jack Frost, and the stoves were bits of Little Consolidated iron. The train reached the viaduct and the passengers pulled their caps down over their ears and took fresh grips upon the brass rails to avoid being blown into the river. At last the hollow rumble under the wheels indicated that the cars had reached the easterly division of the big bridge, and a moment later the trolley man, knowing that he had regular passengers who alighted at Water street, struck his head into the trail car and yelled: "Water." This was too much for a stout man who had just prepared to jump into the snow drift that was heaped up along the track. "No water here," he said. It passed the water stage long ago. It's all ice now. If you'd put a few sparks of Little Consolidated heat into that stove, you might bring it back to water again, but not otherwise. Then he looked back to see whether anybody was laughing or not. The other passengers were too busy shivering to laugh, so he permitted a look of disgust to overspread his countenance and jumped muttering things about bloodless corporations that are not worth printing. —Cleveland Leader.

**Coughing Leads to Consumption.** Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Senator Frey says it was the understanding of the peace commissioners that an absolute "open door" policy was to be observed by the United States with reference to trade in the Philippines.

## A LONG FELT WANT.

It is Supplied in This Vicinity at Last. It is hard to always be pleasant. Good-natured people are often irritable. If you knew the reason you would not be surprised. Ever have Itching Piles? Not sick enough to go to bed or not well enough to be content? Nothing will annoy you so. The constant itching sensation. Hard to bear, harder to get relief. Keeps you awake nights. Spoils your temper—nearly drives you crazy. Isn't relief and cure a long felt want? It is to be had for everyone in Doan's Ointment.

Doan's Ointment never fails to cure Itching Piles, Eczema, or any itching of the skin.

Here is proof of it at the testimony of an Ann Arbor citizen:

Mr. C. C. Church, of 520 South Seventh street, Ann Arbor, now retired from the active duties of life, says:

"I have no hesitation in recommending Doan's Ointment. To anyone requiring a healing and soothing preparation it will prove invaluable. I suffered for years from itching hemorrhoids and though I tried everything I could hear of and used remedies prescribed by scores of friends, I was unable to obtain permanent relief until my attention was called to Doan's Ointment. I was somewhat surprised after the second application to notice what a different effect it had from anything I had hitherto used. Encouraged I used it strictly according to directions and in a surprisingly short length of time when you take into account the number of years I was afflicted the irritation ceased and the inflammation was allayed. When Doan's Ointment cured me it will cure others."

Doan's Ointment 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 substitute.

It's a pity woman can't strike out from the shoulder with her fist as well as with her tongue.

This is the glad season of the year when the plumber gets square with the ice man.

## THE LONELIEST GIRL.

**A Juvenile Story.** When Marcia Andrews moved to Chicago from the country village in which she had always lived she naturally expected to be a little lonely at first. But she just as naturally believed that the loneliness would not last long. She had always got quickly acquainted with the few new "girls" who had moved into Bridgeport during her lifetime. She saw no reason why city people should take any longer to perform a like ceremony. And she was more than ready to meet them half way.

But the boys and girls who went to the public school and the Sunday school which Marcia attended in Chicago already knew lots of other boys and girls, and, especially as the stranger entered into the class work rather late in the term they were quite fully occupied with their own interests. So when Marcia had been going to the Hammond school regularly every day for three months she was very lonely.

"They don't mean to be unkind, I can see that," she told her mother, for Marcia was as just as she was sensitive, and intuitively realized the true reason of this apparent neglect upon the part of her classmates, "but they're all so busy and so happy and they know so many people that I don't believe they ever think of strangers at all. I feel as if I was just stuck for some other girl to talk to whenever I'm not studying."

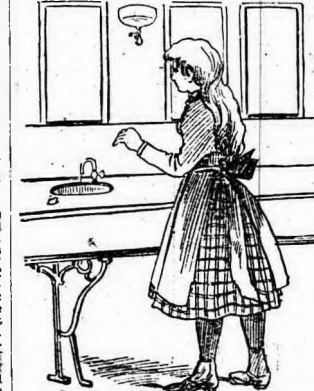
But something happened very soon after Marcia thus fretted to her mother which, while it deepened her loneliness for a time, brought matters out all right in the end.

Staying late at school one evening, in order to glance over a book in the school library, she found, when removing the dust from her fingers afterward, a beautiful ring lying on the edge of the dressing room basin. She knew whose ring it was immediately. She had often watched the diamond in its flashing from the finger of Evelyn Gorton, the girl who sat next to her in school. Girl-like, Marcia, who had never owned a ring, had often envied Evelyn the possession of this one. Now she amused herself for some moments by slipping it on and off her own finger and watching the light play about the handsome stone. Then she went in search of the janitor and offered the ring to him.

"No," said the janitor, who did not care for the trouble of returning the trinket nor to keep so valuable an article overnight. "I don't want to take it. Give it to the principal or keep it until tomorrow morning."

But the principal had gone home some time before, and both the janitor and Marcia had forgotten that, the day being Friday, there would be no school sessions tomorrow. So Marcia, girlishly willing, if not glad, to wear the lovely thing home and keep it overnight, was sorely troubled upon reaching home to remember that she must either retain it until Monday or find some means of getting it to its owner.

On Saturday night Marcia, after having tired herself out by unavailing ef-



**"A BEAUTIFUL RING."** Marcia, who was compelled to return home with the ring still in her possession. Next morning she awoke to find her mother very ill with a diphtheritic sore throat. Three weeks later, almost before the mother was able to sit up, Marcia herself came down with the same disease. So it was nearly two months before she entered the Hammond school again, and in all that time she had hardly thought of the diamond ring at all. When she had remembered it, during the intervals of her own and her mother's illness, she had intended to write a letter to the principal of the school suggesting that Evelyn come after ring, but this she had neglected to do, being overworked and weary, until she was so nearly ready to return to school that such a course seemed unnecessary. Finally she resolved that the simplest plan of all would be to retain the ring until able to return it personally.

Evelyn Gorton, meanwhile, had not missed the ring until some time after reaching home that afternoon, and had not then remembered where she had lost it. Advertisements asking for its return and promising a reward for its action were inserted in all the papers by her father, but these, as Marcia never saw them, were of no avail. At last she gave up the ring for hopelessly lost, never thinking of having left it at school until some weeks after missing it.

Then, one morning as she stood waiting for a comrade in the basement, the janitor casually remarked that he supposed she had got her ring all right. Explanations followed and Evelyn once jumped to the conclusion that Marcia had stolen her ring.

"I always knew there was something queer about her, she was so unnaturally quiet and still!" she exclaimed, not remembering that no opportunity had been given quiet, retiring Marcia to be anything else. "She's just a thief, that's all she is, and she stayed away from school all this time just because she doesn't dare come back!"

"Hush, hush, hush! Marcia has been ill," commanded the principal, when Evelyn dashed into the office with her excited story. "That is, she was ill two weeks ago, when I sent to find out the cause of her absence. I know she is!" There was another rush to the office to find out Marcia's address, but Miss Strong refused to give it.

"Let me hear no more of such words as 'thief' and 'dishonest,'" she said, sternly. "I will look into the matter, Evelyn, as I told you. In the meantime, let nothing more be said."

But a great deal more was said, despite the principal's command. Before school closed that afternoon the report that Marcia had stolen the diamond ring had spread all through the school. It was discussed by knots of excited girls and boys upon the playground that afternoon, and again just as eagerly the next morning. When school was presently opened and it was supposed that nothing had been heard about the ring, a state of excitement but poorly suppressed reigned everywhere. And in the midst of all this, just as they were vainly trying to draw their attention from Evelyn's crimson cheeks and flashing eyes to the lesson in hand, the door opened and Marcia herself walked in. Distressed at being late, and evidently a little nervous herself, she made her way quietly to her seat and opened her books. Almost before this had happened, however, Evelyn was upon her feet and wildly signaling the teacher.

"Where is my ring?" she asked Marcia, as the teacher merely looked at her quietly and gave no permission to speak. "Where is the ring that you stole from me?"

Marcia, looking at her in open and undisguised astonishment, turned pale at the sound of the word 'stole'.

"Do you mean to say?" she inquired in her turn, after a moment or two of horrified silence on the part of all concerned, "that you think I stole your ring?"

"Of course you stole it," he sponded Evelyn, angrily, and losing all control of herself in her passion. "Tell me where it is or I'll have you arrested right away!"

For answer, Marcia, who had arisen to her feet when confronted by Evelyn's accusation, sank slowly to her seat and turned her attention to her books. She was pallid with anger, trembling with warmth and indignation, but she kept herself well in hand. Evelyn also sat down; she was too weak with excitement to stand up longer. No further word was spoken until Miss Strong, whose coming at that hour was unusual, stepped quietly into the room. At sight of the flushed and nervous faces turned toward her she stopped and looked inquiringly at the teacher, who briefly explained the recent occurrence, and Miss Strong's own face took on an unusually brilliant color. She mounted the platform and faced the pupils with an air of stern indignation.

"There has been a great, a terrible injustice done here this morning," she said, slowly, "and I am greatly ashamed that any pupil of the Hammond school should have been so unkind, as well as so wicked. Miss Gorton's ring was returned to me by Miss Andrews this morning; it would have been returned to Miss Gorton long ago, as I have ample proof, if it had been possible for the unwilling retainer of the ring to find Miss Gorton."

"Miss Andrews," addressing Marcia, with courteous kindness, "Miss Gorton will, of course, apologize to you promptly for her injustice and unkindness."

"It's just the way they've acted all along," said Marcia, stung to bitter speech by the remembrance of her winter's loneliness, culminating in this dreadful accusation. "I wanted to come to the city so badly," she went on, barely choking back the tears which told in her voice if not her eyes, "and it's been perfectly awful. I've been the loneliest girl in school all winter, and now"—breaking down entirely—"they think I'd steal!"

"No, we don't, Marcia, we don't, indeed!" cried Evelyn, as warm hearted and quick to repeat as she was impulsively ready to jump at conclusions, "we don't, dearie. I never really thought so myself. I was only so anxious to get my ring back, and it looked so queer that you'd keep it, and I got so excited and angry. Please forgive me," she whispered, throwing her arms around the sobbing Marcia and kissing her warmly, "and forget that I was ever so mean."

The storm had all blown over a few minutes later, when Marcia and Evelyn, who had both been excused, unasked, by Miss Strong, for the rest of the day, went down the stairway together. It was the first time which they had ever done so, arm in arm, and they have been fast friends ever since. —Ethel Maude Colson.

**Married Travelers Are Privileged.** Husbands and wives traveling together in Norway pay only a fare and a half on the railways, and in Austria and Hungary this is also the case. In the latter countries a child under six years of age traveling with an adult is not charged for, while considerable reduction in the fare is made for children of a family, according to their ages and to the number traveling.

**Contingent Circumstances.** From the Washington Star: "Has Mr. Briden a good memory?" "Well," replied the discreet friend, "I must say it depends somewhat on whether he's owing or collecting."

If the office were to start out in search of the man it would soon get lost in the crowd.

## Heroes of the War with Spain

thousands of them, are suffering from lingering diseases induced by life in poisonous southern camps, the result of changes of climate; or of imperfect nutrition caused by improper and badly cooked food. Sleeping on the ground has doubtless developed rheumatism in hundreds who were predisposed to the disease. In such cases the Boys of '98 may take a lesson from the experience of the

## Heroes of the Civil War.

Hundreds of the Boys of '63 have testified to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in driving out malaria, rheumatism and other diseases contracted during their days of hardship and privation in the army. These pills are the best tonic in the world.

An Robinson, of Mt. Sterling, Ill., is a veteran of the Civil War, having served in the 83rd Pennsylvania Volunteers. He went to the war a vigorous farmer's boy and came back broken in health, a victim of acute rheumatism. Most of the time he was unfit for manual labor of any kind, and his sufferings were at all times intense. He says: "Nothing seemed to give me permanent relief until three years ago, when my attention was called to some of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had not taken more than half a box when I noticed an improvement in my condition, and I kept on improving steadily. To them I owe my restoration to health. They are a grand remedy." —Mt. Sterling, Democrat-Message.

At all druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cts. per box, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Box V, Schenectady, N. Y.

**Milk Inspection Works Well.** Chicago has finally a system of milk inspection which seems efficient, reports showing that only 8 per cent of the supply brought into the city is below the required tests. In 1890, according to the secretary of the Milk Shippers' Union, 90 per cent of the milk sold in the city was impure. The union and the health department unite in these protective efforts, and expect to root out of the supply the small fraction which still falls to come up to prescribed standards. Samples of the milk are collected as it is being brought into town on the trains; the cans of the retail dealers are inspected, and the same official attention is now being extended to the dairies themselves and the cattle.

**Health for Ten Cents.** Cascades make bowels and kidneys act naturally, destroy microbes, cure headache, biliousness and constipation. All druggists.

A man seldom drops the coin of fatness into the slot of self-esteem for the purpose of ascertaining his moral avoirdupois. Pity the poor man who must live all his days in the cold shadow of his wife's face.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY** Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

A woman void of curiosity must find life as tedious as a historical novel.

**Carter's Ext. Smart Weed** Will cure a cold in one night; will cure a sore throat in a few hours. Acts quick. Sore cure for Catarrh in every 25c bottle.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup** For children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Feminine complexions often resemble small boys; they won't wash.

**The Medicated Croup Necktie** is the only Croup safeguard known or sold. Price by mail 25c. Medicated Croup Necktie Co., Oakmont, Pa.

When you turn over that new leaf fasten it down with cement.

Two bottles of Pisco's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble. —Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 20, 1895.

A patrol wagon brings some inebriates to a full stop.

"There are no cross babies or sick babies in families that use Brown's Teething Cordial."

The doctor's patients seldom decline with thanks.

**New Terminal Agent.** J. F. Legge has been appointed terminal agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Washington, D. C., in charge of passenger and freight stations and will assume the duties of that position on Jan. 1. Mr. Legge is an old B. and O. man, having been superintendent of the fourth and fifth divisions in years gone by and connected with the road in various other capacities. He was in charge of the Washington terminals from 1884 to 1887.

**Tradition of the Wedding Ring.** The wearing of the wedding ring on the third finger of the left hand follows the custom of the Egyptians, who believed that finger to be directly connected by a slender nerve to the heart itself. And as these ancient worshippers of Isis held this finger sacred to Apollo and the son gold was therefore chosen as the metal for the ring.

**Lane's Family Medicine.** Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Wise is the baggage-smasher who wears a chest protector.

It's folly to suffer from that horrible plague of the night, itching piles. Doan's Ointment cures, quickly and permanently. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Nothing succeeds like the success of some people's failures.

'Tisn't safe to be a day without Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the house. Never can tell what moment an accident is going to happen.

Usually the louder a man talks the less it amounts to.

Can't be perfect health without pure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood. Tones and invigorates the whole system.

A small rent in a reputation soon becomes a large hole.

"Neglected colds make fat graveyards." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup helps men and women to a happy, vigorous old age.

The pedagogic rule often works both ways.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 3—1899

## Pastry Without Butter.

Light, flaky and digestible pie crust and all kinds of fine pastry can be made with Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, entirely without butter or with one half the usual quantity, or with a little lard or other shortening if desired. Pie crust made in either of these ways is more wholesome and digestible besides being more economical and easier prepared. One-third the flour can also be dispensed with, and the crust rolled that much thinner, the raising qualities of Dr. Price's Powder swelling it to the requisite thickness. Those who enjoy the appetizing qualities of the delicious home made pie will rejoice to know this secret. All the elements of ideal excellence are combined in

## Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

Official Tests at the World's Columbian Exposition and the California Midwinter Fair showed it to be the highest in leavening power, purity and wholesomeness, and to have the best keeping qualities of any baking powder made. They proved it to be

"The Foremost Baking Powder in all the World."

## For 25 Years

ST. JACOBS OIL has cured with entire satisfaction, surely and promptly, all forms of Aches and Pains

Cures NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM SCIATICA

Cures LUMBAGO SORENESS STIFFNESS

Cures SPRAINS BRUISES SWELLINGS

"DIRT IN THE HOUSE BUILDS THE HIGHWAY TO BEGGARY." BE WISE IN TIME AND USE

# SAPOLIO



THE Old Made Young  
THE Weak Made Strong  
THE Sick Made Well

**ROYAL  
Life Tablets.**

A WONDERFUL REMEDY—  
**LIFE ITSELF**  
Perpetual Health by their Daily Use  
NO ONE NEED BE SICK.

They will put an END to all  
Manner of Disease; Restore  
Vitality; Give New Life,  
Power and Energy to ALL

*The Only Perfect Tonic*  
Ravages of old age Stopped  
Used by "VICTORIA"

50 Tablets 50 Cents.  
At Druggists, or sent by mail on  
receipt of price by  
**ROYAL TABLET CO.**  
28 Lafayette Ave.,  
DETROIT, - - MICH.

Geo. W. Hunter & Co., Plymouth Agents.

**PLYMOUTH MAIL.**

H. J. BAKER, Editors and  
M. F. GAY, Proprietors.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

Single copies 3 Cents.  
Entered at Plymouth P. O. as second class matter

Cards of Thanks 15c.  
Resolutions of Condolence 5c.  
Paid notices set a word; in local sets a word.  
Reading notices where charges are made sets a line

Friday, Jan. 20, 1899.

Someone proposed to start a saloon at Three Oaks, and the village council seemed inclined to grant the necessary license for the sake of the \$250 it would bring into the treasury. The owner of the big factory which is the main support of the village offered to donate to the village the \$250 providing the saloon was kept out, and the prospects are that his offer will be accepted especially if he threatens to move the factory if a saloon is opened in the village.

The contracting parties in one of Oxford's latest weddings packed their valise and hid it at the groom's residence to insure its safety. During the ceremony, a small boy, brother of the groom, gave the secret away and two young men repaired immediately to the house, obtained entrance, and packed rice in the contents of the valise to their heart's content. Then they removed the night robes of both bride and groom, substituting in place of the groom's an old pair of overalls, but finding nothing suitable left the lady without anything—Oakland Excelsior.

An exchange says that the late William B. Smallbridge, of Glennville, W. Va., a veteran of the Civil war, carried a bullet in his heart for thirty-seven years. His death was not due to the presence of the bullet, and in fact, he never suffered any inconvenience from it. Before his death he asked his physician, in the interest of science, to make an autopsy to find the bullet. The physician did so and found it imbedded in the heart.

How credulous people are and how easily they are taken in by quackery, humbuggery and fakes. One sees so much of it. Somebody offers a cure for every ill and thousands scramble for it. A man in Chicago offers to supply a wealthy husband or wife for \$1.50 and he gets 10,000 answers in a week. Another offers to send a receipt for making a fortune for \$2.00 and a large number of unusually sober, sensible minded people add their little quota to the pocket of the fraudulent advertiser. Others claim through religion or pretended science to heal without any of the usual remedies—alleging a particular and special partnership with the Divine Being. These and countless other devices catch the people of the day—behind them all will be found the cunning operator into whose pockets the gold is pouring, and yet we are a civilized race.—Carleton Times.

An Iowa girl advertised for a husband and got him. The advertisement and wedding fixtures cost \$9. Within a year he enlisted in the Spanish-American war and was killed in one of the battles near Santiago, leaving his wife \$3,000 insurance. She will, in addition to this, be drawing a widow's pension in a short time. Who says it don't pay to advertise.

Editor Rorabacher, of South Lyon, is authority for the following statement. We are not posted on the subject so will give it in his own words:  
What will a girl do next to bring her luck? Now, it seems, she has taken to wearing one black stocking and one red one, and she insists that it is the luckiest of all fads. Brides have often been known to wear different colored garters. Following out the old saying of "something borrowed and something blue," they have worn one white silk garter and one blue one, but the wearing of one red and one black stocking has evidently never been tried before, judging from the way in which the girls have taken up this fad.

—WANTED—An agent to sell teas, coffee, and baking powder in Plymouth and Northville for the Grand Union Tea Co., 20 Michigan ave., Detroit. Write for terms.

**Crop Report.**

The ground in the principal wheat growing sections of Michigan was fairly well covered with snow until the latter part of the month. The common opinion among correspondents is that wheat suffered only a slight injury, if at all, during December.

In answer to the question, "Has wheat during December suffered injury from any cause?" 110 correspondents in the State answer "yes" and 508 "no," and in answer to the question, "Has the ground been well covered with snow during December?" 165 correspondents in the southern counties answer "yes" and 230 "no," in the central counties 39 answer "yes" and 102 "no" and in the northern counties 61 answer "yes" and 11 "no."

The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed in December is 1,938,600; and in the five months, August-December, 9,769,166, which is 735,112 bushels more than reported marketed in the same months last year.

The average condition of live stock in the State is reported as follows, comparison being with stock in good, healthy and thrifty conditions: Horses, cattle and sheep 97 per cent, and swine 96 per cent. The average prices January 1, of some of the principal farm products in the markets where farmers usually market such products, were as follows:

The average price of wheat was 96 cents per bushel; of corn 36 cents; and of oats 27 cents; and the average price of hay was \$6.21 per ton.

The average price of fat cattle was \$3.38 per cwt., of fat hogs \$3.08 per cwt., and of dressed pork \$4.00 per cwt.

The average price of each class of horses was as follows: Under one year old \$21.25; between one and two years old \$32.38; between two and three years old \$46.87; three years old and over \$66.53.

Milch cows were worth \$32.82 per head. Cattle other than milch cows, under one year old were worth per head \$10.48; between one and two years old, \$18.52; between two and three years old, \$27.87; and three years old and over \$35.41.

The average price of sheep under one year old was \$2.91; and one year old and over \$3.77; and hogs not fattened were worth \$2.77 per cwt.

The prices given here are for the State. The prices of all kinds of live stock are higher than those one year ago except sheep under one year old, which show a decline of only 3 cents per head.

The prices of farm products vary considerably when compared with those of January 1, 1898. The price of wheat shows a decline of 23 cents per bushel while the prices of oats and corn have increased 5 cents and 8 cents respectively. One year ago the price of hay showed a decline of \$1.39 for the previous year. At this time it shows a still further decline of 13 cents per ton. The average price of dressed pork has declined 12 cents per cwt; fat hogs 8 cents per cwt, and stock hogs 22 cents per cwt; the average price of fat cattle is the same as one year ago. The price of live stock as a whole shows an increase of 8 per cent.

**Farmers Notice.**  
For one month from this date, I offer the Detroit Daily Tribune and the Plymouth MAIL for 3 months for \$1.35 in advance. One month 50c.  
G. M. ADAMS, Agt. Mail office.

**Oysters in Sickness.**  
Very few are aware of the vast faith that the London working-class mother has in the nutritive qualities of the oyster for a sick infant who may be unable to retain milk upon its stomach; and the chief dealers at Billingsgate, a contemporary tells us, have almost daily appeals made to them, which, in their charity of heart, they scarcely ever refuse if the request appears a genuine one, for "just a couple of oysters 'cos baby's so bad." In very many cases it has provided exactly the easily digested food required; and there is no question that many a little life has been saved in this way, even as those of older growth can often think gratefully of what the oyster has done for them in the limited dietary of the sick-room.—The Companion.

**Eliza Randall, Engineer.**  
Eliza Randall is a negro woman. She has charge of the engines and machinery in two mills belonging to Capt. W. H. Maddox, of Elbert county, Ga., and is a first-class mechanic. Male attire was adopted by her as more suitable than skirts in her trade, and with the approval of the county court. She is serving out a life sentence for murder, and has been a model prisoner since her conviction except on one occasion, when she escaped with one of her guards. Both were captured, and the ex-guard got four years for his little elopement. His time was passed in a prison many miles from Eliza. Capt. Maddox has quite a "bunch" of the state's women prisoners working on his place under contract with the state. He says that Eliza is about the best hand on the place, and her efficiency as an engineer has made her famous throughout the region. Her employer approves of the male attire, because it is safer for Eliza around the machinery, and he wouldn't have her hurt for the world.

If at any time a break occurs in the machinery Eliza promptly locates the trouble and as easily repairs it.

The Plymouth MAIL and the Detroit Daily TRIBUNE one month for 50 cents.  
G. M. ADAMS, Agent.  
Mail office.

**Card of Thanks.**

We desire to convey to the G. A. R., the choir and all others who so kindly condescended with us in the loss of husband and father, our most heartfelt thanks.  
MRS. ARLIN HOLLOWAY  
AND FAMILY.

**Candidates for West Point.**

A change has been made in the time and place for holding examinations of candidates for entrance to West Point. Owing to the scattered condition of the army and the trouble that would arise in selecting boards of officers to meet at military posts, as has been the custom in the last five years, the War Department has decided that instead of examination this year being held on March 1 at the military stations throughout the country, they be postponed until June 1, and that all candidates and alternates be ordered to examination at West Point, as was the practice some years ago. This order will work great hardship, especially to those candidates who fall for admission, as the government allows no expenses for traveling to and from West Point, which to boys coming from the far West is a considerable item. Frequently youngsters who want to West Point and find themselves financially straitened and sometimes find great difficulty in getting back home.

**Overpersuaded, but satisfied.**

An interesting letter from Mrs. T. L. Reynolds, of Eaton Rapids, Mich., to the manufacturers of Drake's Dyspepsia Cure and Nerve Restorer:

"DEAR SIR:—I have been troubled with stomach troubles for over two years. I was induced to try your Dyspepsia Cure and Nerve Restorer. After using three boxes my stomach troubles left me. It has been over six months and no signs of its returning. I feel as if I wanted to speak in praise of your medicine, you are at liberty to publish this to my friends, and those suffering with any stomach trouble. Yours very truly,  
MRS. T. L. REYNOLDS."

The title Mrs. Reynolds gives her letter is appropriate, from the fact that she had tried so many preparations for her disease without receiving any lasting benefit, that she very reluctantly consented to try this new treatment. Drake's Dyspepsia Cure and Nerve Restorer is a combined method treatment in tablet form, which does not contain opium or calomel, and will not harm the most delicate stomach. For any form of stomach or nerve trouble this treatment has no equal. For sale by John L. Gale.

**SOME QUEENS WHO SMOKE.**

Women of This Among Inveterate Lovers of the Cigarette.

As unexpected as a "bolt from the blue" came the sad tidings, promulgated a few days ago in court circles at St. Petersburg, that the graceful and gracious empress would be obliged to the ladies of her household if, for the future, they would forego from smoking cigarettes in her presence. This unlooked-for intimation reaching the Russian "dames et demoiselles d'honneur" from so exalted a quarter, was unavoidably accepted by them as a command, and they have summoned up courage to address a humble petition to her majesty, entreating her to revoke a request that is practically a decree. In this prayerful document they have ventured to remind Alexandra Feodrovna that ladies are permitted to smoke cigarettes at all the continental courts; that among the august female votaries of the narcotic herb, born in the purple, are the dowager carina and her sister, the Princess Thyra, duchess of Cumberland, as well as the Princess Henry of Prussia, born Princess Irene of Hesse and the Rhine, own sister to the reigning empress of all the Russias. The petition also deferentially points out that Maria Christina, queen regent of Spain; "Carmen Sylva," queen of Roumania, and the queen of Portugal, as well as many grand duchesses, archduchesses and princesses of the blood are inveterate smokers. To this category, moreover, belonged—though the Russian court ladies may not be aware of the fact—the lovely and intrepid former queen of Naples, Marie Von Wittelsbach, who took an active part in the defense of Gaeta wearing the undress uniform of one of her husband's crack infantry regiments, and, especially when under fire, was rarely seen without a lighted cigar between her lips. Her younger sister, the countess of Trani, was a no less habitual cigar smoker than she, and so was the countess of Girgenti, by birth an infanta of Spain. As for the society leaders and grandes dames de par le monde in Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain and even in the realm of Britannia Grundy, their name is legion. In the Turkish harem smoking is even more de rigueur than in the Selamlik, for the wives and daughters of the well-to-do faithful have few recreations besides inhaling the fumes of yellow Jendjie or Kiritschillar and nibbling what in the States is generally termed "sweet truck," a designation impartially applied to candy, pralines, fondus and rahat lakoum.

**Furs Wanted.**

I will pay the highest market price for all kinds of furs, horse hides, beef hides, sheep skins, etc. Bring them along.  
596 "Doc" PASSAGE,  
Bowery st.

**WANTED:**  
**FARM PRODUCTS**  
IN EXCHANGE FOR  
**BICYCLES**  
OR  
**HARNESSES.**  
Money not a necessity. You produce what we can use. We make what you want.  
"Marlo" Bicycle No. 1, one-piece crank, latest model, the equal of the best Bicycle made, your own specifications, \$50.  
"Marlo" Bicycle No. 2, three-piece crank, your own specifications, \$45.  
"Marlo" Racer, a very fine machine, \$60.  
We sell Bicycles for cash or on the monthly payment plan, anywhere in the United States or Canada. We make very liberal allowances for old wheels. We also sell second-hand wheels at from \$8 to \$20. Don't fail to write us if you want a wheel or harness on the best terms ever offered. We allow riding Buffalo prices for all kinds of farm products that can be shipped economically to Buffalo. Tell us what you have to exchange and we will quote prices we can offer. Enclose stamps for further information for price list of our Hand-made Harness and Horse Collars.  
**MARLO CYCLE CO.,**  
61 Terrace, Buffalo, N. Y.

**OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST.**  
Handsome. Durable.  
TRADE MARK.  
  
No place like Home.  
**GUTTA PERCHA PAINT**  
still stands first for quality. If your dealer does not sell it, be sure and write us for SPECIAL PRICES. We make everything you need in Paints, Colors, Varnishes, Brushes, Etc.  
**GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.,**  
CHICAGO.

**City Comfort's Country Homes**  
  
**CHEAPER AND BETTER THAN ELECTRICITY—CITY GAS OIL LAMPS**  
Still light the house, cook, broil, roast, bake, wash, iron, heat rooms, pump water, supply, run gas engines, etc.  
Send for Free Catalogue LIGHT FOR EVENING HOURS.  
**DETROIT HEATING AND LIGHTING CO.**  
DETROIT . . . MICH.

**"ILLINOIS"**  
\* **BICYCLES**  
Are THE BEST Bicycles.  
  
"ILLINOIS" MODEL NO. 18.  
GRACEFUL OUTLINES  
LIGHT RUNNING  
SUPERB FINISH.  
We can furnish any equipment desired.  
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.  
**ILLINOIS CUTLERY CO.,**  
Decatur, Ill., U. S. A.

**FRANKLIN'S**  
**DETROIT HIGH HOUSE**  
Cor. Bates and Larned Sts.  
Most convenient and central location. Cars for every part of the city pass the door at short intervals.  
Electric service, steam heat, electric lights, etc. See us.  
Rates, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day.  
W. H. JAMES & SON, Proprietors.

NEW  
**Boot and Shoe Store.**  
**NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS.**

Men's Grain Domestic Boots.  
Choice Rubber Boots.  
Men's and Boys' Felts.  
Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Rubbers of Every Description.

LARGE STOCK OF MEN'S SHOES.  
LARGE STOCK OF WOMEN'S SHOES.  
LARGE STOCK CHILDRENS SHOES

Complete Line of Ladies' and Gents' Slippers.  
EVERYTHING NEW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.  
I will also pay the Highest Cash Prices for Butter and Eggs.

Very respectfully,  
**JOHN G. STRENG.**  
Starkweather Block. North Village.

TRY OUR  
The  
**House Keepers Delight!**  
**A Step-ladder.**  
TRY OUR  
One Free with every lb of  
Globe Baking Powder.  
TRY OUR  
Shredded Wheat Biscuit, 13c.  
5 pound sack Fallis Pan-cake Flour 20c.  
1 pound Coffee and fancy canister 25c  
Jardinieres 10c, 25c, 30c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25  
Flower Crocks, 5c, 7c, 10c, 12c, 15c.  
Try our Teas and Coffees, we have the best.

**Bogert & Co.**  
TRY OUR

**C. G. Draper, Jeweler.**  
Removed to my new location, Connor building  
I never was in better shape to display satisfactory goods. A large salesroom well lighted gives me an opportunity to show my stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,  
SILVERWARE, MUSICAL GOODS,  
OPTICAL GOODS, (eyes tested free)  
CAMERAS AND CAMERA SUPPLIES,  
AND SEWING MACHINE SUPPLIES,  
of which I have the Largest and Best selected assortment in the city.

**C. G. DRAPER,**  
Connor Bldg. JEWELER



# POSITIVE EVIDENCE

The prices we quote below is "positive evidence" of the bargains we offer for the next 30 days, from Jan 12. The immediate need for money drives us to it. Examine the list.

\$20 00 Suits and Overcoats, sale price, \$14 50	\$1 50 Ladies and Gents Underwear, now 98c
18 00 Suits and Overcoats, sale price, 12 50	1 00 Ladies and Gents Underwear, now 75c
15 00 Suits and Overcoats, sale price, 11 75	75 Ladies and Gents Underwear, now 60c
12 00 Suits and Overcoats, sale price, 9 00	50 Ladies and Gents Underwear, now 39c
10 00 Suits and Overcoats, sale price, 7 50	40 Ladies and Gents Underwear, now 25c
8 00 Suits and Overcoats, sale price, 6 00	25 Ladies and Gents Underwear, now 19c
5 00 Suits and Overcoats, sale price, 4 50	Childrens Underwear Cut in Proportion.
\$12 00 Boys Suits, sale price \$9 00	\$1 25 Dress Goods 89c yd
10 00 Boys Suits, sale price 7 50	1 00 Dress Goods 69c yd
8 00 Boys Suits, sale price 6 00	75 Dress Goods 59c yd
6 00 Boys Suits, sale price 4 50	50 Dress Goods 39c yd
5 00 Boys Suits, sale price 3 75	40 Dress Goods 29c yd
4 00 Boys Suits, sale price 3 00	30 Dress Goods 19c yd
3 00 Boys Suits, sale price 2 00	25 Dress Goods 17c yd
2 50 Boys Suits, sale price 1 50	20 Dress Goods 15c yd
Good Standard Prints 3c a yd	\$20 00 Capes and Jackets \$12 50
Good Unbleached Cotton 3 1/2c yd	15 00 Capes and Jackets 11 50
Good Lining Cambrics 3c a yard	12 00 Capes and Jackets 8 50
25c Linings, all grades, 17c a yard	10 00 Capes and Jackets 6 75
15c Linings, all grades, 10c a yard	7 00 Capes and Jackets 4 75
Good Gingham 3 1/2c a yard	5 00 Capes and Jackets 3 50
Good Bleached Cotton 5c a yard	4 00 Capes and Jackets 2 75
Finest Bleached Cotton 7c a yard	3 00 Capes and Jackets 2 00
85c Carpet 62c a yd	All Rubber Goods at Cut Prices \$3 00
75c Carpet 55c a yd	All Mackintoshes at Cut Prices 2 50
60c Carpet 42 1/2c yd	All Trunks, Valises at Cut Prices 2 00
50c Carpet 39c a yd	All Curtains, Shades Cut Prices 1 50
40c Carpet 30c a yd	All Gloves, Mittens Cut Prices 1 00
35c Carpet 28c a yd	All Blankets, Quilts Cut Prices 75c
25c Carpet 19c a yd	Fine Shirts, Neckwear Cut Prices All Caps Half Price

85c Carpet 62c a yd  
75c Carpet 55c a yd  
60c Carpet 42 1/2c yd  
50c Carpet 39c a yd  
40c Carpet 30c a yd  
35c Carpet 28c a yd  
25c Carpet 19c a yd

# E. L. RIGGS.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### LOCAL HAPPENINGS AND PERSONAL MENTION.

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

Ira Kinyon, who has lung trouble, does not improve.  
E. P. Baker went to Holly, Monday, to lease his hotel.  
Chas. R. Stevens, of Santa Anna, Cal., formerly of Northville, died this week.  
Harry Jolliffe who has had a tedious run of fever, is able to be out although very weak.  
C. D. Durfee, of Novi, was in town Saturday on business, and renewing his acquaintance with his many old friends here.  
Fred H. Wilkinson and Mabel L. Kimball, Ransom H. Sackett and Maude Garfield, all of Northville, were married this week.  
Ten days more in which to pay your water tax. The names of all delinquents will be handed to the water board on Feb. 1.  
The Methodist church at Chelsea was nearly destroyed by fire last week Sunday night. It is supposed to have caught from the furnace.  
We are making a specialty of Auction Sale bills this winter. Call and get our prices. We will print your full list in the Plymouth MAIL without extra charge.  
Huston & Co. are about settled in their new quarters in the Dohmstreich block. They have a fine large store where they can show off their goods to excellent advantage.  
D. B. Wilcox left Saturday for California. If he closes a certain deal he has been figuring on for some time past, the family will probably make that state their home.  
Plymouth's corps of physicians has received another addition. Dr. Mary Bradner, of Detroit, has located here. Her office is in the Voorhies building on Main street.  
Will Paddock has severed his connection with Prout's Tonsorial parlor, and left for Brighton. Will is a good fellow, and made many friends during his short stay, who hope to see him back soon.  
The "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" Co. played to a full house on Thursday night and their production of the old drama was a good one. The Co. was above the average which accounts for their meeting with unusual success.  
A through freight broke loose at the junction Saturday night and in coming together two cars were completely demolished. The train was loaded with potatoes. The balance of the train went on and the wrecking crew cleared the tracks.  
Mrs. Virgil Tillotson, of Canton, fell while attempting to get into her buggy on Thursday and fractured her hip. She was taken to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Farrand, in north village. Dr. Bennett, of Wayne, and Dr. Cooper, of Plymouth, reduced the fracture.  
Civil service examinations, open to all, will be held in most large towns in March, to get clerks for Uncle Sam. Persons wishing to know the dates and places and how the positions can be obtained can write Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C., and same will be furnished without cost.

Conner Hardware Co., will begin taking inventory Monday.

Lawyer Fitch had two suits in Northville this week and two in Plymouth.

Miss Gertrude Wallace entertained a few of her girl friends at her home Tuesday evening.

The grip is still prevalent. Several have recovered and several have been taken down.

L. H. Bennett's shop has been closed down temporarily on account of illness of employes.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Holloway and son, of Elkhart, Ind., attended the funeral of Mr. Holloway's father last week.

All Maccabees are requested to be present at the meeting Monday evening next. Special business, also installation.

About 40 of Edgar Jolliffe's young friends spent Thursday evening, January 12th, with him. It was the occasion of his 14th birthday.

Harry Bradner, and wife, of Lansing, and Arthur Cable, of Detroit, were here this week to attend the funeral of their grandfather, David Cable.

While in the act of oiling machinery at the Markham shops last Saturday, Frank Dix, of Canton, had the little finger of his right hand almost severed in two by a saw. Dr. Cooper dressed the wound and hopes to avoid amputation.

About 35 little folks met at the home of Miss Ruth Huston on Tuesday to assist her in celebrating her third birthday. It was a very pleasant birthday party and the guests remembered their little hostess with a number of pretty gifts.

The Maude Henderson Company played three nights here to poor patronage. The company does some clever specialty work, but were seriously handicapped on other lines by the absence of some of its leading people who are sick.

Louis Hearn got badly mixed up with three live porkers on Tuesday of this week. He was at the freight house with Markham Briggs' team. Three large live hogs were in the wagon and so was Hearn. The team became frightened at the cars and started to run. The wagon overturned with man and hogs in a confused bunch underneath the box. The horses became detached from the wagon and ran as far as Al. Eckles' before being stopped. Hearn luckily escaped without a scratch. The hog rack was broken to splinters.

Episcopal church services will be held in the Presbyterian church, Plymouth, at 7:45 p. m. Sunday, January 22nd, 1899, by Rev. E. P. Smith, assistant rector of St. Paul's church, Detroit. Leaflets of the service will be distributed for use of congregation. A good attendance of members of the Episcopal church and all friends is desired.

One of our citizens interviewed the Armistage Mfg. Co. last week for the purpose of finding out what they expected the village to do for them in case they should locate here. All they want is two acres of ground and a three story building 50x180 feet, the amount of same to be taken in stock. They expect to make window shades and would employ about 25 men. Guess they're looking for suckers.

—FOR SALE—Good two-seated surrey, no use for it. Will sell cheap. Apply at MAIL office.

## FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST.

Service 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school 11:45 A. M. Wednesday evening meeting, 7:30. Christian Science Hall. All are most cordially invited. Subject for next Sunday will be: Morning, "Love." Evening, "The True Birth."

Sarah H. Marsh.

Another old resident of Plymouth passed away on Tuesday, Jan. 17, in the person of Sarah Marsh. She died of pneumonia at the home of her brother, Wm. Deland after an illness of two weeks. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. B. Oliver assisted by Rev. Parker, of Belleville, on Thursday afternoon. Interment in Riverside.

The deceased was born in New York state 78 years ago and came to Plymouth in 1861 and has resided here ever since. She leaves two daughters, Mrs. Walter Kinsler, and Mrs. Peter Cooper, and two brothers, William and Lorenzo Deland.

David Cable.

David Cable, at the advanced age of 80 years, died at his home in Plymouth on Monday, January 16, after a short illness. The funeral services were held at the house on Wednesday afternoon conducted by Rev. Lee S. McClester, of Detroit. The remains were placed in Riverside.

The deceased was born in Butler Co., Pa., March 23rd, 1819, and was the youngest of a large family of children who were scattered in his childhood days through the death of both father and mother. He came to Plymouth about 1835 and January 7, 1842 was married to Ruth Ann Gilson, who survives him. Three children were born to them—Joseph G. Cable, Mrs. W. J. Bradner and Lewis E. Cable, of whom the latter two are still living.

Mr. Cable had lived in Plymouth for nearly 50 years and was well known and much respected.

The Michigan Agricultural College.

The Michigan Agricultural College, by the way, is in the most prosperous condition of its history. There are at present in attendance 440 students taking the regular courses and 63 taking special winter courses. The enrollment will reach a total for the year of at least 540. About 80 of the regular students are ladies. The courses are all practical, and at the same time give a young person a very thorough general education.

Perhaps the best evidence that this College is growing in popularity among the people of the state is the fact that during the last three years it has actually doubled its attendance of students in the regular courses.

A very handsome calendar has been issued by this college and will be mailed to any address, postpaid, on receipt of five two-cent stamps. Address, College Field Agent, Agricultural College, Mich.

A Card.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. I also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

611 J. G. MILLER.

## LAUGH THRICE A DAY.

It's a Sovereign Remedy for Chastity Away Melancholy.

It has been said that we grow in face as we grow in thought, and that our faces are mirrors of our souls, but do we ever stop to think that our faces affect our souls? And if they affect our souls they also affect our health, for health is, to a greater or less extent, controlled by the mind and soul. It is a fact, as we have found out, that a woe-begone expression will drive every one away from us. Even fortune deserts us. If we sink in melancholy and indulge ourselves in our fancied or real ills of mind or body we become diseased. While on the other hand, a cheerful view of life is better than medicine. A bright smile is always a winner, and its possessor can guide fate wherever she chooses, says the New York Herald. On the other hand, if a woman sits down and broods over her own ugliness, longing for beauty, she will grow uglier and uglier every day. She should cultivate a smile and practice it frequently, no matter whether she feels like smiling or not, and laugh. It is a tonic. Laugh methodically, if you cannot laugh any other way. Make it a business to laugh three times a day, no matter whether there is anything to laugh at or not. Laugh with the others even if you do not see the joke. If there is no joke this fact merely makes one, and laughing being contagious every one around you feels exhilarated and more cheerful, and laughter as a duty becomes a habit, and one forgets to frown and groan and sigh. Laugh whenever seized with a desire to cry or scold. One woman not long since cured herself of chronic illness which no doctor seemed able to reach by simply making up her mind to treat herself in this manner. Her first prescription to herself was a good, hearty laugh at each meal, and the entire family circle were in league to help her. Her health improved, of course, as the return of health made her really happy, and happiness is the keynote to beauty.

## UNCLAIMED BANK BALANCES.

Amount to Nearly Half a Million Dollars in Canadian Institutions.  
From the Toronto Monetary Times: It may seem strange that there is in the banks of Canada a sum approaching \$400,000—in 1896 it reached \$427,108 and 1897 it was \$387,686—consisting of unclaimed balances. The sums are various, ranging from 1 cent or a fraction of a dollar to thousands of dollars. One wonders how many of these balances arise. We have been told that many an old man or old woman will make deposits and not wishing their relatives to know of their savings, will say nothing about the fact. Should such old persons die the only way in which this deposit could probably become known would be through the flat of such sums published annually. Again, there are numbers of persons who, having long had an account with a bank, will draw all their money except \$1 or \$2. This helps to account for many a small sum. Naturally, the older banks have the larger accumulation of unclaimed money in this or other ways. The Bank of Montreal and the British bank have large sums, but the City and District Savings bank exceeds either of them, having nearly 4,000 separate unclaimed balances, the aggregate of which is over \$80,000. It is only of late years that the government of Canada has bustled itself in taking custody of these funds. Not, presumably, that they are unsafe in the hands of the banks, but perhaps that it was a paternal duty of the state to control them.

## HOW CANYONS WERE FORMED.

Use to the Action of Rivers Through Countless Ages.  
The secret of the great denudation and of this wonderful achievement of the Colorado in carving out of rock a series of canyons about 500 miles long, and, in one place at least, more than a mile deep, with a multitude of tributary chasms and gorges, is very simple when you know it. The old lands bed slowly rose. At first the Colorado river and its tributaries, or some nameless monstrous ancestor of these, sweeping over the slowly rising surfaces, planed them down in most relentless fashion, and then began wearing out broad shallow stream beds. But then the country rose more rapidly, and the water had to cut deeper channels in the rocks in order to get out and away to sea. Owing in part to the wear of the water itself, but more to the ceaseless bombardment of the suspended sand which it bore from the up country, or picked up as it went along, and to the thump of pebbles and bowlders which it swept on in flood time, the river kept cutting down as the strata rose, until finally, when what was left of our inland sea bottom got thrust up so that, towering far above its erstwhile rocky shores, it had to be called a plateau, the Colorado and its auxiliaries found themselves at the bottom of a series of vertical canyons and gorges, where they are today.

Lost.  
He—"I wish you'd get me my new umbrella. I think it will rain." She—"But I lent it to Herr von Neugebauer last night when it was raining so hard." "Lent it to him, did you? Well, we'll never see it again." She—"Why not?" He—"Hm! because it was his umbrella."—Der Floh.

The Proper Place.  
Query Editor—This writer wants to know where the person with the wedding ring should be. Managing Editor (a confirmed bachelor)—Just say in the penitentiary.—Jewelry Weekly.

# BARGAIN SALE!

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On every article of Furniture we have in stock.

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We will quote you lower prices than any furniture house in the state.

Investigate our prices And be convinced.

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# BASSETT & SON,

Masonic Temple Bldg. PLYMOUTH

## The New Bakery.

Having purchased the Bakery business of C. H. Nevison, we will endeavor to merit your patronage. A general bakery and restaurant will be conducted. Board by day or week. Meals at all hours. Oysters served in every style. Orders for pastry (received before nine o'clock each morning) will be given special attention. A fresh stock of home made candies and confectionery. Fresh roasted peanuts.

# AINSLIE & TAYLOR,

Successors to Nevison. Plymouth, Mich. The New Bakery.

## Look at New Year Prices.

A few Ladies' Dress Skirts, rich patterns, will be sold very cheap (\$1.75 to \$3.50) to close out.

Red Cross Water White Oil same old price	8c gl
18 pounds of Granulated Sugar	\$1.00
Lion and XXXX Coffee	11c
Arm & Hammer Saleratus 7c pound or 4 pounds for	25c
Saleratus, Gilt Edge, 5c pound or 6 pounds for	25c
Soda in Bulk 4c pound or 7 pounds for	25c
Bulk Starch 4c pound or 7 pounds for	25c
Silver Glos Starch	7c
Corn Starch 5c pound or 6 pounds for	25c
Best Rice 7c pound or 4 pounds for	25c
New Raisins, 3 Crown, 7c pound or 4 pounds for	25c
New London Layer Raisins fancy	10c
New Prunes 7c pound or 4 pounds for	25c
New Figs 15c pound or 2 pound for	25c
Mince Meat per package	07c
Rolled Oats 10 pounds for	25c
Good Syrup per gal.	20c
Molasses, per gal.	20c
9 Bars Queen Ann Soap for	25c
10 Bars Santa Claus Soap for	25c
10 Bars Lenox Soap for	25c
4 pound Sal Soda for	5c
1 dozen Clothes Pins for	1c
Pure Ground Pepper, per pound	20c
Nutmegs, 60c pound or	5c oz
Best Crackers, 8c or 4 1/2 pounds for	25c
Choice Potatoes, per bushel	30c
Young America Flour, per sack	35c
Good Tea, per lb.	35c
Our Best 80c Tea per pound now	50c
Parlor Matches 12 boxes 9c or 24 for	25c
Good Fine Cut Tobacco, per pound	30c
Quality & Quantity plug Tobacco lb.	20c

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# PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—  
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MAKRAT.

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"You shall have your three guilders and a half, and your vital to boot, Mr. Poots," replied he, as he rose from off the bed.

"Yes, yes; I know you mean to pay me—if you can. But, look you, Mynheer Philip, it may be some time before you sell the cottage. You may not find a customer. Now, I never wish to be hard upon people who have no money, and I'll tell you what I'll do. There is something on your mother's neck. It is of no value—none at all, but to a good Catholic. To help you in your strait, I will take that thing, and then we shall be quits. You will have paid me, and there will be an end of it."

Philip listened calmly; he knew to what the little miser had referred—the relic on his mother's neck; that very relic upon which his father swore the fatal oath. He felt that millions of guilders would not have induced him to part with it.

"Leave the house," answered he, abruptly. "Leave it immediately. Your money shall be paid."

Now, Mynheer Poots, in the first place, knew that the setting of the relic, which was in a square frame of pure gold, was worth much more than the sum due to him; he also knew that a large price had been paid for the relic itself, and as at that time such a relic was considered very valuable, he had no doubt but that it would again fetch a considerable sum. Tempted by the sight of it when he entered the chamber of death, he had taken it from the neck of the corpse, and it was then actually concealed in his bosom; so he replied:

"My offer is a good one, Mynheer Philip, and you had better take it. Of what use is such trash?"

"I tell you no!" cried Philip in a rage.

"Well, then, you will let me have it in my possession till I am paid, Mynheer Vanderdecken—that is but fair, I must not lose my money. When you bring me my three guilders and a half and the vital I will return it to you."

Philip's indignation was now without bounds. He seized Mynheer Poots by the collar and threw him out of the door. "Away, immediately," cried he, "or by—"

There was no occasion for Philip to finish the imprecation. The doctor had hastened away with such alarm that he fell down half the steps of the staircase and was limping away across the bridge. He almost wished that the relic had not been in his possession; but his sudden retreat had prevented him, even if so inclined, from replacing it on the corpse.

The result of this conversation naturally turned Philip's thoughts to the relic, and he went into his mother's room to take possession of it. He opened the curtains—the corpse was laid out—he put forth his hand to untie the black ribbon. It was not there. "Gone!" exclaimed Philip. "They hardly would have removed it—never would!—It must be that villain Poots—wretch!—But I will have it, even if he has swallowed it, though I tear him limb from limb!"

Philip darted down the stairs, rushed out of the house, cleared the moat at one bound and, without coat or hat flew away in the direction of the doctor's lonely residence. The neighbors saw him as he passed them like the wind; they wondered and they shook their heads. Mynheer Poots was not more than half way to his home, for he had hurt his ankle. Apprehensive of what might possibly take place, should his theft be discovered, he occasionally looked behind him; at length, to his horror, he beheld Philip Vanderdecken at a distance, bounding on in pursuit of him. Frightened almost out of his senses the wretched physician hardly knew how to act; to stop and surrender the stolen property was his first thought, but fear of Vanderdecken's violence prevented him; so he decided on taking to his heels, thus hoping to gain his house and barricade himself in, by which means he would be in a condition to keep possession of what he had stolen, or at least make some terms ere he restored it.

Mynheer Poots had need to run fast, and so he did, his thin legs bearing his shriveled form rapidly over the ground; but Philip, who, when he witnessed the doctor's attempt to escape, was fully convinced that he was the culprit, redoubled his exertions and rapidly came up with the chase. When within a hundred yards of his own door Mynheer Poots heard the bounding steps of Philip gain upon him, and he sprang and leaped in his agony. Nearer and nearer still the step, until at last he heard the very breathing of his pursuer; and Poots shrieked in his fear, like the hare in the jaws of the greyhound. Philip was not a yard from him; his arm was outstretched, when the miscreant dropped down paralyzed with terror; and the impetus of Vanderdecken was so great that he passed over his body, tripped, and after trying in vain to recover his equilibrium, he fell and rolled over and over. This saved the little doctor; it was like the double of a hare. In a second he was again on his legs, and before Philip could rise and again exert his speed, Poots had entered his door and bolted it within. Philip was, however, determined to repossess the important treasure; and as he peered he cast his

eyes around to see if any means offered for his forcing his entrance into the house. But as the habitation of the doctor was lonely, every precaution had been taken by him to render it secure against robbery; the windows below were well barricaded and secured, and those on the upper story were too high for any one to obtain admittance by them.

The door was strong, and not to be forced by any means which presented themselves to the eye of Vanderdecken. For a few minutes he paused to consider, and as he reflected, so did his anger cool down, and he decided that it would be sufficient to recover his relic without having recourse to violence. So he called out, in a loud voice:

"Mynheer Poots, I know that you can hear me. Give me back what you have taken, and I will do you no hurt; but if you will not, you must take the consequence, for your life shall pay the forfeit before I leave this spot."

This speech was indeed very plainly heard by Mynheer Poots; but the little miser had recovered from his fright, and thinking himself secure, could not make up his mind to surrender the relic without a struggle; so the doctor answered not, hoping that the patience of Philip would be exhausted, and that by some arrangement, such as the sacrifice of a few guilders, no small matter to one so needy as Philip, he would be able to secure what he was satisfied would sell at a high price.

Vanderdecken, finding that no answer was returned, indulged in strong invective, and then decided upon measures certainly in themselves by no means undecided.

## CHAPTER III.

There was part of a small stack of dry fodder standing not far from the house, and under the wall a pile of wood for firing. With these Vanderdecken resolved upon setting fire to the house, and thus, if he did not gain his relic, he would at least obtain ample revenge. He brought several armfuls of fodder and laid them at the door of the house, and upon that he piled the fagots and logs of wood until the door was quite concealed by them. He then procured a light from the steel, flint and tinder which every Dutchman carries in his pocket, and very soon he fanned the pile into a flame. The smoke ascended in columns up to the rafters of the roof, while the fire raged below. The door was ignited, and was adding to the fury of the flames, and Philip shouted with joy at the success of his attempt.

"Now, miserable despoiler of the dead—now, wretched thief, now you shall feel my vengeance," cried Philip, with a loud voice. "If you remain within, you perish in the flames; if you attempt to come out, you shall die by my hands. Do you hear, Mynheer Poots—do you hear?"

Hardly had Philip concluded this address, when the window of the upper floor furthest from the burning door was thrown open.

"Ay—you come now to beg and to entreat; but, no—no," cried Philip, who stopped as he beheld at the window what seemed to be an apparition, for instead of the wretched little miser he beheld one of the loveliest forms Nature ever deigned to mold—an angelic creature of about sixteen or seventeen, who appeared calm and resolute in the midst of the danger by which she was threatened. Her long, black hair was braided and twisted around her beautifully formed head; her eyes were large, intensely dark, yet soft; her forehead high and white, her chin dimpled, her ruby lips arched and delicately fine, her nose small and straight. A lovelier face could not be well imagined; it reminded you of what the best of painters have sometimes, in their more fortunate moments, succeeded in embodying, when they would represent a beautiful saint. And as the flames wreathed and smoked burst out in columns and swept past the window, so might she have reminded you in her calmness of demeanor of some martyr at the stake.

"What wouldst thou, violent young man? Why are the inmates of this house to suffer death by your means?"

For a few seconds Philip gazed, and could make no reply; then the thought seized him that in his vengeance, he was about to sacrifice so much loveliness. He forgot everything but her danger, and seizing one of the large poles which he had brought to feed the flame, he threw off and scattered in every direction the burning masses, until nothing was left which could hurt the building but the ignited door itself; and this, which as yet—for it was of thick oak plank—had not suffered very material injury, he soon reduced, by beating it with clouds of earth, to a smoking and harmless state. During these active measures on the part of Philip the young maiden watched him in silence.

"All is safe now, young lady," said Philip, "God forgive me that I should have risked a life so precious. I thought but to wreak my vengeance upon Mynheer Poots."

"And what cause can Mynheer Poots have give for such dreadful vengeance?" replied the maiden, calmly.

"What cause, young lady? He came

to my house—despoiled the dead—took from my mother's corpse a relic beyond price."

"Despoiled the dead—he surely cannot—you must wrong him, young sir."

"No, no. It is the fact, lady—and that relic—forgive me—but that relic I must have. You know not what depends upon it."

"Wait, young sir," replied the maiden. "I will soon return."

Philip waited several minutes, lost in thought and admiration; so fair a creature in the house of Mynheer Poots! Who could she be? While thus ruminating, he was accosted by the silver voice of the object of his reveries, who, leaning out of the window, held in her hand the black ribbon to which was attached the article so dearly coveted.

"Here is your relic, sir," said the young female. "I regret much that my father should have done a deed which will might justify your anger; but here it is," continued she, dropping it down on the ground by Philip; "and now you may depart."

"Your father, maiden! can he be your father?" said Philip, forgetting to take up the relic which lay at his feet.

She would have retired from the window without reply, but Philip spoke again:

"Stop, lady, stop one moment, until I beg your forgiveness for my wild, foolish act. I swear by this sacred relic," continued she, taking it from the ground and raising it to his lips, "that had I known that any unoffending person had been in this house I would not have done the deed, and much do I rejoice that no harm hath happened. But there is still danger, lady; the door must be unbarred, and the jambs, which still are glowing, be extinguished, or the house may yet be burned. Fear not for your father, maiden; for had he done me a thousand times more wrong, you will protect each hair upon his head. He knows me well enough to know I keep my word. Allow me to repair the injury I have occasioned, and then I will depart."

"No, no; don't trust him," said Mynheer Poots from within the chamber.

"Yes, he may be trusted," replied the daughter; "and his services are much needed, for what could a poor, weak girl like me, and still weaker father, do in this strait? Open the door, and let the house be made secure." The maiden then addressed Philip: "He shall open the door, sir, and I will thank you for your kind service. I trust entirely to your promise."

"I never yet was known to break my word, maiden," replied Philip; "but let him be quick, for the flames are bursting out again."

The door was opened by the trembling hands of Mynheer Poots, who then made a hasty retreat upstairs. The truth of what Philip had said was then apparent. Many were the buckets of water which he was obliged to fetch before the fire was quite subdued; but during his exertion neither the daughter nor the father made their appearance.

When all was safe, Philip closed the door, and again looked up at the window. The fair girl made her appearance, and Philip, with a low obeisance, assured her that there was then no danger.

"I thank you sir," replied she—"I thank you much. Your conduct, although hasty at the first, has yet been most considerate."

"Assure your father, maiden, that all animosity on my part hath ceased, and that in a few days I will call and satisfy the demand he hath against me."

The window closed, and Philip, more excited, but with feelings altogether different from those with which he had set out, looked at it for a minute, and then bent his steps to his own cottage.

(To be continued.)

## THE CLIENT OBEYED ORDERS.

Clemenceau Promised to Use His Influence and Did So.

M. Georges Clemenceau, who has been so prominently before the public in the Dreyfus affair as editor of the *Aurore*, told us a good story in the chamber of deputies the other day, says *To-Day*. Years ago, when he was the mayor of Martre and at the same time a deputy, he opened a dispensary in the quarter, where advice was given free, for Clemenceau is a specialist in skin diseases. One day he noticed that he had just one hour in which to get his luncheon and go down to the chamber, where he had to interpellate the government. He called his assistant and said: "How many more patients are there waiting?" "Six," replied the man. One after the other had his case diagnosed, and Clemenceau, after another glance at his watch, said: "Tell the other two to undress at once, as I have only two more minutes to wait." One entered and Clemenceau wrote out a prescription in the twinkling of an eye. The last man came in as naked as the day when he was born. Clemenceau eyed him for a minute and then said: "You are suffering from no skin disease. What have you come here to worry me for?" The man looked at him aghast for a minute and replied: "Skin disease? I never said I had a skin disease. Your man came and told me to undress, monsieur le deputé, and I did so. All I wanted to ask you was to use your influence to get my sister a place in the postoffice in Algeria." Clemenceau smiled, took his name and did use his influence.

It should be the duty and privilege of all Christian people to help their fellowmen.—Rev. R. S. Dawson, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## DAIRY AND POULTRY.

### INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

#### Gas in Cheese.

The Manhattan cheese factory has been having trouble from gas and foul odor in its cheese curd, writes D. H. O. in *Kansas Farmer*. The gas would not only push the curd out of the press, but would leave it full of holes. These holes are caused by the presence of gas, which in turn is produced by the action of certain bacteria.

The Farm department of the Agricultural College was asked to investigate the trouble and if possible discover its source. A small sample of each patron's milk was placed in a tumbler and subjected to the Wisconsin curd test. This consists in heating the milk up to 98 degrees F., adding about ten drops of rennet extract to each sample, cutting up the curd with a knife to leave the whey out, and then allowing the curd to ferment from six to twelve hours. Examination of these small curds revealed the fact that two patrons were delivering milk that contained these gas producing germs in very considerable quantity. Another curd contained but little gas but had a very foul odor; in fact, was filthy. When the milk of these patrons was refused the gas ceased to be produced in the cheese.

While testing the milk for gas, another test was made by heating a sample of each patron's milk up to 115 degrees F., to see the character of the odor given off. Two samples had a very rank smell, doubtless due to the presence of animal odor and from the milk absorbing odors from filthy surroundings. One of these had a gassy curd in the previous test. Two other samples had a little peculiar odor that, it was thought, might be due to the cows eating some objectionable plant, as *Osage orange* or *rag-weed*. Both of the above tests show very clearly the need of more care in handling of milk. Animal odor can be removed by aerating the milk soon after milking, while it is still warm, and filthy surroundings should not be tolerated under any circumstances.

Gas-producing germs are rather common, and it is sometimes difficult to say just how they obtain entrance to the milk. Two of the most common sources of infection are from the cows drinking water from stagnant ponds or creeks, and from fermenting matter in the stable. The presence of these germs cannot be readily detected in the milk. It often happens that they are not noticed until the curd is ready to go to press, or even after it is put to press. Their presence is first observed by the curd having an appearance as if it had been finely-punctured with a pin. If the fermentation goes on it may cause the cheese to smell or "huff," and this fermentation may be so energetic as to cause the cheese to crack, due to the pressure of the enclosed gas. On account of the difficulty of detection and of the injurious effects of these germs, it should be the duty of every patron to inspect his premises and remove every source of infection, whether it be the water, the feed, or the surroundings.

#### The Dairy Thermometer.

One of the most difficult things to control in making butter on the farm during the hot months is the temperature, says *Colman's Rural World*. Few farmers have ice and many no facilities for cooling the milk and cream with water. The woman's ingenuity is taxed and so the solution, too many times, is to hang the cream pail in the well, which, in the majority of cases, is a thin one, and the expert butter-makers never ripen cream in a vessel made of tin. But a pail of other material is too heavy to trust the cream in when hanging in the well. During the winter the farmer's wife can get the cream cold enough, and she can easily warm the cream if she knows just how much to increase the temperature. The one article needed for this is a dairy thermometer. Do not churn again without one. The cost is only a trifle, but the saving of worry is immense. Before we learned its use and value we were under constant strain, lest we would have the butter come a mass of white grease or whatever we would be two hours churning. Test with the thermometer the temperature of the cream, if too cold, set the cream jar in a vessel of hot water and stir the cream occasionally to have that in the center of the jar of the same temperature as that next to the sides. If the room in which the churning is done is very warm then the cream ought not to be too warm. If your hardware merchant does not keep dairy thermometers, he can easily order one for you. When once their real value is known, churning will never be done without the use of one. Don't call this a "new fangled" notion. Get one, use it and then report as to its value.

#### Suggestions on Poultry Raising.

Eighteen years ago I experienced the sensation of having my neighbors all give me the laugh for trading a yearling steer for six Brown Leghorn pullets, writes "Buff Jersey" in *Colman's Rural World*. They made so much fun of me that when I bought a rooster to place with the pullets, I took him from the express office and covered him up in the buggy so no one could see him. So much was said of "Buff Jersey's" trade that I determined to keep track of the year's outcome from my start in pure bred poultry. We hatched and raised from this pen 320 chickens; sold at produce prices \$36 worth of chickens, also 18 roosters for \$12, and a breeding pen for \$18 besides we used a large num-

ber of chickens and eggs in the family. We kept a pen of 13 pullets and a rooster that were successfully kept for some years after. That year we exhibited our chickens at our county fair and carried away every premium offered for that breed. Since that time I have bred the Brown Leghorn in preference to any other breed.

I have found that poultry is a fine side line to carry along with the hog and the cow. Where I have been engaged in dairying and our output of butter was delivered to customers from a wagon, it was no trouble to take our eggs along, and they were always eagerly sought after because they were always found to be like our butter—fresh.

We have for the past eight years used the incubator to the exclusion of the old way of hatching, and we find it as much of an advantage in the poultry business as the separator is in the dairy. Incubators, like the separators, are of both good and bad makes. One must get the right kind if he would succeed and get both pleasure and profit. The machine we use and have used for the past seven years will hatch a larger per cent of eggs than will the hens, and its running and care do not consume more than ten minutes each day. When chickens come they are more easily handled, a greater per cent can be raised and chicks are at all times free from vermin, that damage young poultry so much. Last spring we bought eggs by the case for our machine and hatched 185 chickens from 200 eggs. We find skim milk a very valuable feed for laying hens and also young chickens.

#### The Law and the Hen.

The following appears in the *Rural New Yorker*:

"We would like to know to what extent the laws regarding trespassing of live stock apply to poultry. Is it necessary for a man to keep his poultry fenced in order to protect his neighbor's property? If his hens run over the line and scratch in the neighbor's garden, has he the same redress he would have in case a larger animal did the mischief?"

Any direct interference with the person, land, inclosure, or property of another by a person, his stock, or his poultry, is a trespass. A single trespass by poultry upon a neighbor's garden or inclosure would scarcely constitute a trespass; yet everything in which the law recognizes property may be the subject of trespass, and the common and statutory law makes no exception of poultry. Therefore, whatever provisions of the law apply to the trespassing of live stock, will also apply to poultry. Wherever there is a wrong there is a remedy. The action generally called trespass (sometimes regulated by statute) may be brought for a great variety of injuries, either to person or property. The measure of damages is usually the actual value of the property destroyed (double and triple damages are allowed in some state by statute); such damages are intended as a compensation to the damaged party for the injury done. A wrongdoer is responsible for the consequences which flow immediately from his wrongful or negligent acts, and the responsibility is not relieved by the fact that the consequences of the injurious act could have been prevented by the care or skill of the injured party. A party is not bound to fence his inclosure in a manner to provide against foraging chickens belonging to another. But such injured person cannot, because a wrong has been done to his property by trespassing fowls, commit some other wrong for the purpose of repairing the injury or preventing future injury, but must endeavor to obtain redress in a lawful manner.

R. D. F.

R. N. Y.—In other words, we cannot lawfully kill the tramp hen that scratches up our garden!

#### Teaching the Calf to Drink.

It is curious what a lot of tommyrot one reads upon the subject of teaching calves to drink, says *National Stockman*. The latest thing I have forgotten just where I read it, said that the fingers should be wet with milk and held out to the calf, and when he got a smell of the milk he would suck the fingers, and then he was to be gradually led to the bucket by means of the fingers and the fingers then withdrawn and he would learn to drink; but on account must he be held. I tried this plan on the last calf we had to see just what the calf would do. It smelt of my fingers wet with milk and walked over to the other side of the stall. And then in spite of all the coaxing I could do he staid there until I went back to the good old-fashioned way and got astride it and jammed its head into the pail of milk with my fingers in its mouth. It snorted a little, but soon came to terms and finished the milk in short order. And in one more lesson it had learned to drink without aid or assistance from me. There is one point to keep well in mind, and that is not to lose your temper. Don't get mad. It does not do the least bit of good in the world whether the object of your anger is horse, cow, hired man or worst of all your boy.

Training the Horse.—A horse that has been brutally handled while being broken to the saddle or harness ought not to be expected to have a good disposition, or to be a safe animal in any kind of work. He knows man at first only as an animal that inflicts pain and it is often a long time before he learns what is required of him that he may escape the punishment of the whip or spur. There ought to be no such a process as that which is known as breaking. The training that leads gradually to excellent performance of all his duties should begin with the colt, and be accompanied always with kindness and patience, yet with a firmness that exacts obedience always.—Ex.

## Warm Blood

Course through the veins, feeds, nourishes and sustains all the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes warm, rich, pure blood. It is the best medicine you can take in winter. It tones, invigorates, strengthens and fortifies the whole body, preventing colds, fevers, pneumonia and the grip.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price 50.  
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache, etc.

### FUNNYGRAPHS.

Hibber—Does your novel end happily? Scribber—No; it's been rejected by every publisher.—*Brooklyn Life*.  
Injustice of Fate.—"A man can't do much without money." "No, and when he has money he doesn't need to do anything."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Celia, don't buy my Christmas present at the church fair." "Why, Della?" "Because you might buy me something that I made myself."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mabel—Do you think the use of slang by a young woman could ever lead to profanity? Abel—It might on the part of the man who heard her.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Christmas comes but once a year, you know," exclaimed the cheery citizen. "Yes," answered the dyspeptic, "and the bills come twelve times a year. That's the difference."—*Washington Star*.

Two of a Kind.—"Beg pardon, are you McOrbit, the prize-fighter?" "Young feller, I am a pugilist, not a prize-fighter. Are you one of them reporters?" "No, sir; I'm a journalist."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

#### There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Any man knows what the girl who doesn't think talks about, but it's impossible for him to discover what the girl who doesn't talk thinks about.

Henry A. Salzer, manager of the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., sent his alma mater, the Charles City, Iowa, College, a check for \$3,000 as a New Year's gift.

People who never get down to business seldom get up in the world. The polish on a man's coat doesn't help him to get into society.

## TWO GRATEFUL WOMEN

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

#### "Can Do My Own Work."

Mrs. PATRICK DANIEL,  
West Winsted, Conn., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—It is with pleasure that I write to you of the benefit I have derived from using your wonderful Vegetable Compound. I was very ill, suffered with female weakness and displacement of the womb. I could not sleep at night, had to walk the floor, I suffered so with pain in my side and small of my back. Was troubled with bloating, and at times would faint away; had a terrible pain in my heart, a bad taste in my mouth all the time and would vomit; but now, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound, I feel well and sleep well, can do my work without feeling tired; do not bloat or have any trouble whatever."

"I sincerely thank you for the good advice you gave me and for what your medicine has done for me."

#### "Cannot Praise It Enough."

Miss GERTIE DUNNIN,  
Franklin, Neb., writes:

"I suffered for some time with painful and irregular menstruation, falling of the womb and pain in the back. I tried physicians, but found no relief. I was at last persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot praise it enough for what it has done for me. I feel like a new person, and would not part with your medicine. I have recommended it to several of my friends."

WANTED—Case of bad health that B-I-P-A-V-E will benefit. Send 5 cents to Rippey Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 100 testimonials.

**PENSION** JOHN W. ROBERTS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Procures Civil War Pension. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. Civil War, 1846-1862, 1863-1865, 1866-1868, 1869-1870, 1871-1872, 1873-1874, 1875-1876, 1877-1878, 1879-1880, 1881-1882, 1883-1884, 1885-1886, 1887-1888, 1889-1890, 1891-1892, 1893-1894, 1895-1896, 1897-1898, 1899-1900, 1901-1902, 1903-1904, 1905-1906, 1907-1908, 1909-1910, 1911-1912, 1913-1914, 1915-1916, 1917-1918, 1919-1920, 1921-1922, 1923-1924, 1925-1926, 1927-1928, 1929-1930, 1931-1932, 1933-1934, 1935-1936, 1937-1938, 1939-1940, 1941-1942, 1943-1944, 1945-1946, 1947-1948, 1949-1950, 1951-1952, 1953-1954, 1955-1956, 1957-1958, 1959-1960, 1961-1962, 1963-1964, 1965-1966, 1967-1968, 1969-1970, 1971-1972, 1973-1974, 1975-1976, 1977-1978, 1979-1980, 1981-1982, 1983-1984, 1985-1986, 1987-1988, 1989-1990, 1991-1992, 1993-1994, 1995-1996, 1997-1998, 1999-2000, 2001-2002, 2003-2004, 2005-2006, 2007-2008, 2009-2010, 2011-2012, 2013-2014, 2015-2016, 2017-2018, 2019-2020, 2021-2022, 2023-2024, 2025-2026, 2027-2028, 2029-2030, 2031-2032, 2033-2034, 2035-2036, 2037-2038, 2039-2040, 2041-2042, 2043-2044, 2045-2046, 2047-2048, 2049-2050, 2051-2052, 2053-2054, 2055-2056, 2057-2058, 2059-2060, 2061-2062, 2063-2064, 2065-2066, 2067-2068, 2069-2070, 2071-2072, 2073-2074, 2075-2076, 2077-2078, 2079-2080, 2081-2082, 2083-2084, 2085-2086, 2087-2088, 2089-2090, 2091-2092, 2093-2094, 2095-2096, 2097-2098, 2099-2100, 2101-2102, 2103-2104, 2105-2106, 2107-2108, 2109-2110, 2111-2112, 2113-2114, 2115-2116, 2117-2118, 2119-2120, 2121-2122, 2123-2124, 2125-2126, 2127-2128, 2129-2130, 2131-2132, 2133-2134, 2135-2136, 2137-2138, 2139-2140, 2141-2142, 2143-2144, 2145-2146, 2147-2148, 2149-2150, 2151-2152, 2153-2154, 2155-2156, 2157-2158, 2159-2160, 2161-2162, 2163-2164, 2165-2166, 2167-2168, 2169-2170, 2171-2172, 2173-2174, 2175-2176, 2177-2178, 2179-2180, 2181-2182, 2183-2184, 2185-2186, 2187-2188, 2189-2190, 2191-2192, 2193-2194, 2195-2196, 2197-2198, 2199-2200, 2201-2202, 2203-2204, 2205-2206, 2207-2208, 2209-2210, 2211-2212, 2213-2214, 2215-2216, 2217-2218, 2219-2220, 2221-2222, 2223-2224, 2225-2226, 2227-2228, 2229-2230, 2231-2232, 2233-2234, 2235-2236, 2237-2238,



# REMOVED.

We are now located in our new store in the Dohmstreich Store, where we have ample room to display our wares to good advantage.

## Everything in the Hardware Line

We desire to thank our patrons for the many favors shown us, and invite you to visit us in our new quarters. Everybody Welcome.

# HUSTON AND CO.

## Preparing to Make a Change

In my business. I will close out my entire stock of

Blankets, Robes, Whips, Trunks, and Valises at Cost.

## F. E. LAMPHERE, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

### The Detroit & Lima Northern Railway.

Time Card in effect May 12, 1898.

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7	No. 8	No. 9	No. 10
Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.
7:15 am	7:25 am	7:35 am	7:45 am	7:55 am	8:05 am	8:15 am	8:25 am	8:35 am	8:45 am
9:15 am	9:25 am	9:35 am	9:45 am	9:55 am	10:05 am	10:15 am	10:25 am	10:35 am	10:45 am
11:15 am	11:25 am	11:35 am	11:45 am	11:55 am	12:05 pm	12:15 pm	12:25 pm	12:35 pm	12:45 pm
1:15 pm	1:25 pm	1:35 pm	1:45 pm	1:55 pm	2:05 pm	2:15 pm	2:25 pm	2:35 pm	2:45 pm
3:15 pm	3:25 pm	3:35 pm	3:45 pm	3:55 pm	4:05 pm	4:15 pm	4:25 pm	4:35 pm	4:45 pm
5:15 pm	5:25 pm	5:35 pm	5:45 pm	5:55 pm	6:05 pm	6:15 pm	6:25 pm	6:35 pm	6:45 pm
7:15 pm	7:25 pm	7:35 pm	7:45 pm	7:55 pm	8:05 pm	8:15 pm	8:25 pm	8:35 pm	8:45 pm
9:15 pm	9:25 pm	9:35 pm	9:45 pm	9:55 pm	10:05 pm	10:15 pm	10:25 pm	10:35 pm	10:45 pm

For information relative to rates to all points East, West, North or South call on nearest agent or address the General Passenger Agent, J. R. MERRILL, General Mgr., Detroit.

## Meat Market.

## A BIG BUSINESS

Because our customers are treated right at our market.

## Our Trade is Increasing

Because we sell the Best Meats that can be procured.

Orders called for and delivered.

## H HARRIS.

## A Laundry That's Careful

is the laundry for you to patronize. We do our work in a manner somewhat out of the ordinary. Modern machinery, the best soap and starch and the non-use of chemicals prolongs the life of every piece of linen we launder for you. Want your linen done up that way? Try

## The Plymouth Star Laundry.

REA BROS., Proprietor.

**COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.** In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM TYLEY, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court, for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the residence of the late Wm. Tyley, in the township of Canton in said county on Thursday, the sixteenth day of March, A. D. 1898, at ten o'clock a. m. of each said day, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 6th day of December, A. D. 1898, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

**Are You Going to Build?**  
If so call on us for Figures.

We will not be undersold by any retail yard. We handle all kinds of

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, etc.  
Get our figures before going elsewhere.

## COAL COAL

We have on hand the best grade of both Scranton and Lehigh Coal, \$5.75 per ton delivered, \$5.50 at the yard. Also a fine lot of Cedar Shingles at \$2.45 per thousand.

## C. A. FRISBEE.

E. C. LEACH, Pres. L. H. BENNETT, Vice-Pres.  
C. A. FISHER, Assistant Cashier

## PLYMOUTH SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL \$50,000.

3 Per Cent paid on certificates and savings deposits

A portion of your business solicited.

## E. K. BENNETT, Cashier

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

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OHIO CENTRAL LINES  
T&OCRY. K&MRY.

## The Through Car Line

DETROIT, TOLEDO & CINCINNATI.  
DETROIT, TOLEDO & COLUMBUS.  
TOLEDO, COLUMBUS & CHARLESTON, W. V.  
COLUMBUS & MARIETTA.

Carriage Cars on Day Trains.  
Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.  
Always Low as the Lowest.  
ways Confer with Ohio Central Agents or address

MOULTON HOUSE,  
Gen'l Passenger Agt., TOLEDO, O.

**Joe Billings on Hens.**  
The best time to set a hen is when the hen is red. I can tell you what the best breed is, but the stanghi is the meanest. It costs as much to breed as it does to raise and you might as well undertake to run a saw mill by running out thru it. Their ain't no profit in keeping hens for eggs if he laze less than one a day. Hens are long lived if they don't contract the throat disease; their is a great many goes ter pot every year by this mellonkolly disease. I can tell eggactly how tew pick out a good hen, but as a general thing the long-eared ones are counted as best, the one-legged ones I kno are the best apt tew stretch up a garden. Fresh beefstake iz good fer hens; I suppose 4 or 5 pounds a day wud be awl a hen wud need at fust along. Eggs packed in equal parts of lime water, with the other end down, will keep from 30 to 40 years, if not disturbed. I shall be happi to advise with you at any time on the hen question and take it out in eggs.

**Women Should Know It.**  
Many women suffer untold agony and misery because the nature of their disease is not correctly understood. They have been led to believe that womb trouble or female weakness of some sort is responsible for the many ills that beset woman, kind.

Neuralgia, nervousness, headache, puffiness or dark circles under the eyes, rheumatism, a dragging pain or dull ache in the back, weakness or bearing down sensation, profuse or scanty supply of urine with strong odor, frequent desire to pass it with stinging or burning sensation, sediment in it after standing in bottle or common glass for twenty-four hours, are signs of kidney and bladder trouble.

The above symptoms are often attributed by the patient herself or by her physician to female weakness or womb trouble. Hence, so many fail to obtain relief, because they are treating, not the disease itself, but a reflection of the primary cause, which is kidney trouble.

In fact, women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble and both need the same remedy.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is the great discovery of the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is easy to get at any drug store for fifty cents or one dollar.

To prove its wonderful merits you may have a sample bottle and book telling all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Kindly mention the Plymouth Mail and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

**Why Does a Woman Gossip?**  
Because she is a woman. Thousands of them are talking about Cleveland's Lung Healer, and out of the warmth of their hearts, can't help telling their friends what good they have gotten from this wonderful balsam, which never fails to cure a cough or cold, and which is sold on a positive guarantee, no cure, no pay. The proprietors of this noted remedy are now offering \$250 in cash prizes to the people of Plymouth in order to introduce it. For full particulars and free samples apply at once to Geo. W. Hunter & Co.

**HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.**  
Via Ohio Central Lines. Dates of Sale Jan. 17th, Feb. 7th and 21st.  
Rates for the round trip—one first-class regular fare. See map of Ohio Central Lines in another column.  
For tickets and full particulars call on or address  
W. A. PETERS, M. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

Friends of the MAIL, having business in the Judge of Probate's office, will confer a favor on us if they will request that their legal notices be published in the PLYMOUTH MAIL.

SAVE THIS COUPON

THE -OLD-RELIABLE-PORTRAIT-OR-E. A. MARVIN-123 W. WASHINGTON DETROIT, MICH.

A LIFE-SIZED INK PORTRAIT. Cut out this coupon and send it to E. A. Marvin, 123 W. Washington, Detroit, Mich. You will receive a life-sized ink portrait of yourself, or of any other person, for the price of the coupon. The portrait is guaranteed to be a perfect likeness, and is made by the best process. It is a most valuable and beautiful gift, and is suitable for all occasions. It is a most reliable and durable portrait, and is a most valuable and beautiful gift, and is suitable for all occasions. It is a most reliable and durable portrait, and is a most valuable and beautiful gift, and is suitable for all occasions.

**THE DEADLY GRIP**  
Is again abroad in the land. The air you breathe may be full of its fatal germs. Don't neglect the grip or you will open the door to Pneumonia and Consumption and invite death. Its sure signs are chills with fever, headache, dull heavy pains, mucous discharges from the nose, sore throat and never-let-go cough. Don't waste precious time treating this cough with troches, tablets, or poor, cheap syrups. Cure it at once with Dr. King's New Discovery, the infallible remedy for bronchial troubles. It kills the disease germs, heals the lungs and prevents the dreaded after effects from the malady. Price 50c and \$1.00. Money back if not cured. A trial bottle free at J. L. Gale's drug store.

**Plymouth Markets.**  
The following is the market report for Plymouth as corrected every Friday:  
Wheat, No. 2 red, 64  
Wheat, No. 1 white, 65  
Oats, new 28  
Rye, No. 2, 50  
Butter, 15  
Eggs, 20  
Potatoes, 25  
Beans, according to sample, 60 90

## CORRESPONDENCE.

**South Salem.**  
Mrs. Harvey Nelson, of West Salem, is very ill with droopy of the heart. She is attended by Dr. Walker.

The Ladies' Society meet at the home of Mrs. Nathan Ryder next Wednesday, Jan. 25. The guests are invited to be present.

Mrs. Fred Sober, who has been seriously ill at the home of her father, Wm. Bussey is improving in health and her friends hope for her speedy recovery.

The grip claims a good many victims in this vicinity. Miss Quackenbush had to give up teaching last week on its account. Ed. Smith, Mrs. H. Smith, Tena Packard and Wm. Tait are also among its victims.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Withee are at Northville with their daughter, Mrs. A. B. VanAken, who is quite ill.

Rev. Coffin and family returned from Nebraska last Friday where Mrs. Coffin has been since Sept. She is much improved in health. Mr. Coffin spent the month of December there. Their youngest child is quite ill with the grip.

**A Noted English Military Expert**  
said that the battle of San Juan demonstrated that Americans were the nerviest people in the world. No wonder, for the soldier boys took to Cuba with them plenty of Cleveland's Celery Tea, the greatest nerve and brain builder on earth. The proprietors of this remarkable remedy are now offering to the people of Plymouth \$250 in cash prizes in order to introduce it to everybody. For full particulars apply at once to Geo. W. Hunter & Co.

**Stark.**  
The social that was held last Friday evening at Harmon Gottschalk's was a very successful one in spite of the bad weather. A carpet was raffled and drawn by Mrs. Sherwood, the lucky number being 72.

School commenced here Monday with Mr. Trainor as teacher.

Mabel Chilson is spending the week in Detroit.

The milk patrons have filled their ice house with a fine lot of ice.

Mrs. Sela Stoneburner is very sick at this writing.

George Oldenburg is on the sick list.

Last Thursday John Bennett entertained his two nephews, Wilbur Bennett, of Fowlerville, and Fred Orr, of Salem.

The Epworth League will give an entertainment at Newburg Hall on Jan. 28.

**Yellow Jaundice Cured.**  
Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from Yellow Jaundice for over six months and was treated by some of the best physicians in our city and all to no avail. Dr. Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Bitters, and after taking two bottles I was entirely cured. I now take great pleasure in recommending them to any person suffering with this terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hogarty, Lexington, Ky."  
Sold by John L. Gale, Druggist.

**Auction.**  
I will sell at public auction on the Dan Blue farm three-fourths of a mile north of Elm station and two miles east and three-fourths of a mile south of Livonia Center, on Wednesday, February 1, the following property: 25 milch cows, 2 fat steers, 8 calves, 1 fat bull, 1 white team of horses, 1 brown horse, 1 bay horse, 1 brown horse, 2 lumber wagons, 1-3 spring wagon, 1 milk wagon, 1 Syracuse steel beam plow, 1 Bissel plow, 1 Gale plow, 2 sets iron harrows, 2 five tooth cultivators, 1 hay tedder, 1 hay rake, 1 grinding stone, 2 corn shellers, 3 sets good farm harness, 1 set single harness, 3 ten gallon milk cans, 1 pair hobsleighs, 200 bushel of oats, and other articles. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock sharp. Lunch at noon. John Bennett, Auctioneer.

**THE**  
GEO. DE HAVEN,  
G. P. A. Grand Rapids

**THE**  
Best Hotel in Detroit  
Can do no more for you in the way of comfortable beds and good meals than the FRANKLIN HOUSE, at Bates and Larned Sts. Rates are \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day, American plan. Woodward and Jefferson Aves. are only a block away, with cars to all parts of the city. Excellent accommodations for wheelmen.

**H. H. JAMES & SON, Proprietors,**  
Bates and Larned Sts., Detroit, Mich.

**UNIVERSITY**  
DETROIT, MICH.  
The best place in America for young men and women to acquire a Business Education, Short-hand, Mechanical Drawing or Penmanship. Through system of Actual Business, Duration entire year. Students receive any time, day or night. For particulars, apply to W. F. JEWELL, Pres. F. B. BRADSHAW, Sec.

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

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40 years experience  
Best large Mantellas \$3.00 doz  
Cabinets 2.00 doz  
Small Mantellas 1.50 doz  
Diamond Shape 1.50 doz  
Minnette 1.00 doz

## E. P. BAKER,

Plymouth, Mich.  
We make all sizes and all our work is warranted not to fade. The finish is equal to any.

**NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK**  
CAPITAL, \$50,000.

A General Banking Business Transacted  
**3 PER CENT**

Interest paid on Savings and Time Deposits.

Your Patronage Solicited.  
O. A. FRASER, Cashier.

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General Insurance.  
Detroit Fire and Marine.  
Hartford.  
Phoenix, of Hartford.  
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Pennsylvania.  
Niagara.  
Commercial Union.  
Sun, of London.  
Phoenix Assurance of London.

Office at Residence, Plymouth, Mich

## HARRY C. ROBINSON,

Livery and Sale Stable.

**BUS AND TRUCK LINE.**  
Horse Clipping a Specialty.  
Single horse \$2; Team \$3.

## F. & P. M. R. R.

**TIME TABLE.**  
In effect Oct. 16 1898.  
Trains leave Plymouth as follows:  
STANDARD TIME  
GOING SOUTH GOING NORTH  
Train No. 4, 10:05 a. m. Train No. 1, 3:10 a. m.  
" " 6, 2:25 p. m. " " 3, 9:15 a. m.  
" " 8, 8:45 p. m. " " 5, 2:00 p. m.  
" " 10, 6:40 a. m. " " 7, 7:00 p. m.

GOING EAST	GOING WEST
Grand Rapids 7:00	8:00
Salmon 7:30	8:30
Lansing 8:00	9:00
Salem 8:30	9:30
PLYMOUTH 9:00	10:00
Detroit 9:30	10:30

**THE**  
Best Hotel in Detroit  
Can do no more for you in the way of comfortable beds and good meals than the FRANKLIN HOUSE, at Bates and Larned Sts. Rates are \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day, American plan. Woodward and Jefferson Aves. are only a block away, with cars to all parts of the city. Excellent accommodations for wheelmen.