

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XII, NO. 48.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1899.

WHOLE NO. 621.

Professional and Business Directory.

R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,

Physician & Surgeon,

Office hours 11 to 2; 6:30 to 9:30.
Coleman Block.

T. H. OLIVER, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon

Office over Riggs' Store.

Hours—Until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after 7:00 p. m.

DWIGHT H. FITCH,

Attorney-at-Law and

Solicitor in Chancery

Real Estate and Fire and Tornado Insurance
Office in Coleman Block, over Gale's store
Plymouth, Mich.

E. C. LEACH, Pres.

L. C. HOUGH, Vice Pres.

C. A. FISHER, Asst. 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

First National Exchange BANK.

CAPITAL - \$50,000

All General Banking Business Transacted

3 PER CENT

Interest paid on Savings and Time Deposits.

Your Patronage Solicited.

O. A. FRASER, Cashier.

HARRY C. ROBINSON,

Livery and Sale Stable.

BUS AND TRUCK LINE.

Horse Clipping a Specialty.
Single horse \$2; Team \$3.

A. PELHAM,



DENTIST.

Are You Dissatisfied

with the way your linen is laundered? Lots of people are. We have a way of pleasing just such people.

The Plymouth Star Cash Laundry.

REA BROS., Props.

Full Price For The Empty Bottle.

If Cleveland's Lung Healer doesn't cure your cough return the empty bottle and get your money back. But it will cure you. It never fails. It has cured thousands of cases which other remedies failed to relieve in the slightest. Don't think that persistent cold or distressing cough develops into fatal consumption. W. Hunter & Co. will give you a bottle of this wonderful remedy. Large bottle 25 cents.

Pencil and Pastepot

The Fenton Agricultural Society will hold a fair October 10, 11, 12, 13.

Political aspirants for state and county offices in Washtenaw county are already making themselves very conspicuous by much talking. Evidently they believe in the old saying: "The early bird gets the worm."

A French publication refers to England as the "amiable land of hypocrisy," which sends missionaries "all over the world in order to save souls and to seize their neighbor's goods." Some French writers are very discerning.

During a wild rush of wind the guests of the Hotel Hodges were scared at one o'clock Tuesday morning and rushed out of the building. When they found the hotel still standing they went back. — Farmington Enterprise.

If the numerous editorial protests that are being made against the needless sacrifice of life and limbs shall result in a more rational celebration of Independence Day the deaths of this year will not have been in vain.

When you talk about there being a better state than Michigan, every potato winks its own eye, every beet gets red in the face, every onion gets stronger, every oats field is shocked, the corn pricks up its ears, and the rye strokes its beard.

It has finally been decided by Howell merchants to hold no street fair this year. There was a difference of opinion as to whether the benefits received justified the expense and as the business men had to go down into their pockets for the cash, there was a lack of interest.

The internal revenue bureau's figures just published estimate that little short of 103 million dollars in war taxes have been collected during the fiscal year just closed. About 40 millions of this has come from the sale of stamps, of which Wall street has used 11 million dollars' worth.

It is a curious fact that the roots and branches of a tree are so much alike in their nature, that if the tree be uprooted and turned upside down, the underground branches will take unto themselves the functions of roots, and the exposed roots will in time become veritable branches.

The Michigan Central Railroad Co., in paying its taxes to the state Thursday, declined to pay under the provisions of the Merriman tax law now in force in this state, under which it had been assessed \$206,866.18 on its main line. It paid \$163,725.42 under the provisions of its special charter.

Railroad Commissioner Chase S. Osborn reports that the Michigan earnings of railroad companies for June were \$3,153,063.44 an increase of \$519,378.41 over June, 1898. The earnings to July 1, this year, were \$16,492,565.97, an increase of \$1,596,181.88, or 10.75 per cent over the same period of 1898.

Andrew Joblinski, the saloonkeeper, thought he had a good opportunity to collect a back bill. So when John Horn threw down a \$10 bill in his place for a drink, Joblinski kept out \$4.90 in addition to the price of the drink. Horn swore out a warrant before Justice Thiede, and on Tuesday Joblinski admitted the facts as stated. He was let off with a \$5 fine or 30 days. — Delray Times.

Wm. Heschelwerdt, of Sharon, Washnaw Co., had a horse killed in a peculiar manner recently. When he went into the field to catch the animal he found it fastened by its hind foot to the top wire of a fence, evidently having kicked at another horse on the opposite side of the fence and the wire being drawn under the shoe it could not free itself. It had been dead some time when found.

Novi people had a grand gala day and carnival of fun last Friday and a large crowd was present. This was suggested to the Plymouth people some weeks ago by The Mail and we hope the suggestion will be yet carried out. It brings a crowd of people, advertises the town and leaves a lot of nickles and dimes with the merchants. And Plymouth has admirable advantages for just such kind of a day.

The two charming and accomplished young ladies (twins), Misses Amy and Annie Robinson, of this place, are as near alike as the proverbial two peas, and it is difficult to tell which is which. So near alike are they that the young men who are attracted to them are at a loss to know whether they are talking sweet to the right one or not. We suggest that they wear different colored ribbons on their hair so as to help the boys out of the difficulty. — Oxford Times.

SHE NAILS HIM.



"No; my husband doesn't come home late from the barrooms any more. I broke him long ago, and whenever he gets home after 11 I meet him with a glass of water, which he has to drink for punishment."

—Fliegende Blätter.

Harrison Yerkes, one of Northville's best known and wealthy citizens, died at his home, of consumption early Monday morning, aged 58 years. This family of Yerkes were the pioneer settlers of Wayne and Oakland counties, the father coming here in 1826. Of the eight sons five are now living, Harrison being the youngest. Deceased leaves a widow, but no children. The funeral occurred Wednesday afternoon.

Here are some of the terrible things which, according to a country exchange are likely to befall a delinquent: Last week a delinquent subscriber said he would pay on Saturday if he lived. He's dead. Another: "I'll see you tomorrow." He's blind. Still another said: "I hope to pay you this week or go to the devil." He's gone. There are hundreds who ought to take warning by these procrastinations and pay up their subscriptions now.

W. D. Crocker, a well-known Ypsilanti, being formerly proprietor of the Commercial, left the home of his father-in-law Saturday morning and has not been seen or heard of since. He was in hard financial straits at Eaton Rapids, where he has a newspaper, and had come to Ypsilanti for a week's rest, as he found himself breaking down under the strain. The belief is that he has made away with himself in a temporary fit of mental aberration.

Henry C. Smith, congressman from this district, is an ardent advocate of rural free mail delivery. He says that the money spent on flower seeds and rutabagas should be used in spreading the gospel of Americanism by delivering the newspapers to farmers. — Ann Arbor Register. If the honorable gentleman keeps on along this line, it will be hard to find a paper in the district but what will be whooping it up for him next year. — Milford Times.

Capt. Ross Granger, Capt. C. H. Manly and Fred Showerman had a curious experience Thursday while fishing at Consolidated Lake, near Whitmore Lake. Capt. Granger and Capt. Manly one after the other lost both hook and bait. Showerman followed by catching a six pound pickerel. On cutting the big fish open the hooks and bait lost by Capt. Granger and Manly were found, having been swallowed by the fish, whose capacity finally brought him to an untimely end. — Ann Arbor Courier.

One little decision of the supreme court last week effected a saving of at least \$50,000 a year to the taxpayers of the state. It was in the case of Starnoot vs. Cummins. The complainant was a constable in Ingham county and put in a bill for witness fees. The point was raised whether an officer could make an arrest, give testimony and receive a certificate for fees in both cases. The supreme court says there is nothing in the statutes to indicate it and decides that relator is entitled to but one fee. The decision effects every county in the State. — Helling Star.

Here is an item from an exchange that it will be well for owners of cement walks to remember. It is a fact not generally understood that salt will destroy a cement walk in less time than anything else known. The salt eats into the cement and destroys the original surface, leaving it rough and uneven. It is claimed by those in a position to know that this is responsible for the poor condition of a great number of walks. Residents sprinkle salt on them in the winter to clear the sidewalks. In the

spring they find the surface eaten away and blame the men who put down the walk. Fine sand will answer the purpose as well, and leave the walk unimpaired.

NEXT to the newspaper advertisement the best ad. for a storekeeper is attractive windows. This is true of country stores as well as the city. Many buyers are attracted by what appears in the windows and there should be a change in the "dressing" every few days. The country people look for attractive store windows at home as well as when they are in the city.

Crops All Look Well.

Lansing, Mich., August 1.—The United States weather crop bulletin issued by Director Schneider, of the Michigan station, to-day says the weather conditions of the past week have generally been very favorable for the advancement of crops and harvest work except in the upper peninsula, where frequent showers have interfered with haying. In the principal agricultural counties the condition of corn, late potatoes, buckwheat and pastures is very good. Corn has made splendid progress, and is in fine condition. Wheat and rye are nearly all secured in the principal winter counties, and threshing is well advanced. In the southern counties oat harvest is well along and much of the cut is secured; the yields are generally very good. In counties where oats have not been cut it is in a very promising condition. Pastures are in fair condition. Sugar beets, beans, buckwheat and garden truck have all made good progress. Plowing for fall wheat and rye has begun. Apples continue to drop badly, while those remaining on the trees are rather small and scrubby.

Teacher's Examination For Wayne Co. 1899-00.

Aug. 17 and 18. All grades. Gutchess Business College, Cor. Grand River Ave. and Griswold Street.

Sept. 15 and 16. 3rd grade. Plymouth.

Oct. 19 and 20. 2nd and 3rd grades. Trenton.

March 29 and 30. All grades. Gutchess Business College.

June 21 and 22. 2nd and 3rd grades. Gutchess Business College.

Examinations commence promptly at 8:30 a. m. The board will meet on Saturdays preceding the examination to consider applications for renewals. Candidates for admission to Agricultural College, may by law, be examined at the August and March examinations.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturdays.

Rooms 13 and 14 Tolsma Building, State St.

Board of Examiners:
E. W. YOST,
FRANK CODY,
ROBT. BARBOUR.

Spain's Greatest Need.

Mr. R. P. Oliver, of Barcelona, Spain, sends his writers at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of the head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve Remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, gives vim, vigor and new life into every tissue, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by John L. Gale Druggist.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF A

NEW SUIT,
COAT & VEST or
TROUSERS,

Call and see our

Fine New Line of
Fall Samples.

Do not be bothered with poorly fitting, uncomfortable clothing. We can clothe you comfortably and stylishly and will guarantee satisfaction in every respect.

We have Some Bargains

IN HOT WEATHER GOODS
AND SHOE LINE

To show you. Our Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes are being closed out at cost.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO VISIT OUR STORE.

J. W. OLIVER

Just what You Want

To Take with you on your Vacation Trip

UNTIL CLOSED OUT I WILL SELL

\$5.00 Quad Camera, 3 1/2 x 3 1/2, for \$4.00
5.00 Vive " " holds 12 plates, 4 1/4 x 4 1/4 .. 4.75
8.00 " " second-hand, 12 plates, 4x5 5.00
One Ladies' Wheel, \$25, for 20.00
One Man's Wheel, \$30, for 24.00

These are Spot Cash Prices.
First Choice is always best.

E. G. Draper,

Corner Building

Jeweler.

The Hot Weather is Here and You need Warm Weather Goods

In Ladies' Muslin Underwear

I HAVE EVERYTHING.

Child's Drawers, from 12c to 25c
Ladies' Drawers, from 25c to 75c
Ladies' Night Gowns, from 50c to \$1.25
Ladies' Skirts, from 50c to 2.00
And other articles too numerous to mention.

Organdies, Muslin, Swiss, Dimities, J. C. Cord's India Linons, and others too numerous to mention, for Dresses and Shirt Waists.

I have also the Denim Skirts and Calico and Lawn Gowns made up.

A. A. TAFFT

WEEK'S HISTORY.

News from All Parts of the Great World.

HAPPENINGS BRIEFLY NARRATED.

All the Latest Good News, Foreign Events Which Are of General Interest, Disasters, Crimes and Other Subjects Chronological in Condensed Form for the Busy Reader.

THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Four hundred members of the Seventh Illinois Infantry have signified their willingness to join the Thirtieth regiment, being organized for service in the Philippines.

Brigadier General R. H. Hall, with 1,000 men, has captured Calamba, on Laguna de Bay. The loss to the United States forces was four killed and twelve wounded.

The Filipinos attacked Calamba, but were easily repulsed. The American was killed and six wounded. The Filipino loss was heavy.

The First Nebraska disembarked at San Francisco yesterday and was given an ovation as it marched to camp preparatory to being mustered out.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

In response to Grand Army demands the president, it is said, is looking for an opportunity to transfer Pension Commissioner Evans to some other position.

The comptroller of the currency has declared dividends of 25 per cent. for the First National bank of Carthage, N. Y.; 10 per cent. for the First National bank of Neligh, Neb.; 5 per cent. for the City National bank of Fort Worth, Tex., and 15 per cent. for the First National bank of East Saginaw, Mich.

The secret service has received information of the arrest in Knoxville, Tenn., of Frank Farrell, charged with raising new \$1 silver certificates to give.

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

Charles Gottke, while riding on a Halsted street car at Chicago, was robbed of a watch, a gold ring and a pocketbook containing \$14.

Mrs. Helena Julia Gibbs of Galena, Ill., pleaded guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

F. Thever, a cobbler, 50 years old, shot and instantly killed Miss Dorothy McKee, aged 24 years, on the beach at Long Beach, Cal. Thever was jealous. After the girl had fallen he shot himself fatally.

Martin Collin was shot and killed at Bristol, Tenn., by Will Templin. Both were young business men and quarreled about money.

Pat Clardy killed Will Southall near Lafayette, Ky., and Charles Southall mortally wounded Clardy. Both families are wealthy.

Francis J. Curran, formerly a motor-man on New York trolley line, is under bonds to answer a charge of having dynamite in his possession and intending to blow up the car tracks.

Louis Pullerson and Michael McDonald were put to death by electricity in Sing Sing prison yesterday. They were both murderers, one having killed his mistress.

Benjamin Fennell was shot and killed by his son-in-law, Austin Stephens, at Morning View, Ky. Stephens and wife separated about eight months ago, and she got a divorce. Stephens blamed Fennell as the author of his troubles. Stephens escaped.

In a fight in a saloon at Omaha Ed Joyce was instantly killed and Ed Callahan mortally wounded.

BUSINESS NOTES.

Independent lake vessel owners are talking of forming a combine.

Hugh R. Healy, formerly a molasses merchant of New York, has filed a petition in bankruptcy. Liabilities, \$123,812; no assets.

C. O. Rucker traded his hardware store at Ramsey, Ill., to D. H. Holloway of Mason for real estate. Rucker's creditors allege fraud, and the store was closed and a receiver appointed upon an order of the federal court.

Oliver C. Fuller has been appointed receiver in involuntary bankruptcy for Charles Mayer of Milwaukee, doing business as A. W. Boettcher & Co. Dealers in carpets, draperies, etc. His liabilities are alleged to be \$62,814, with small assets.

The grocery house of E. P. Moss & Co. of Litchfield was closed on three executions of the J. A. Tolman Grocery company of Chicago, the J. M. Houston Grocery company of St. Louis and the Alton Packing company of Alton.

C. E. Lanstrum, for thirty-three years a grocer at Galesburg, Ill., and president of the Retail Merchants' association, has filed a petition in bankruptcy, showing liabilities amounting to \$9,700 and assets of \$37,000.

The wholesale liquor dealers of the country are grinding on their armor for a lively tilt with the whisky trust, so it is said.

The American Glass company has sent out circulars announcing to the grade an advance of 5 per cent. in the price of glass to take effect on Aug. 1.

DISASTERS AND DEATHS.

Jessie Hoover, 14 years old, a daughter of the engineer of the scenic railway, was drowned at the Omaha exposition grounds.

Edna Curtis, Miss Dedrich, Inez and Mabel Neil, of Caldwell, Kan., drowned while bathing.

The home of D. H. Knupp at Black Mountain, N. C., eighteen miles east of Asheville, was burned. E. Fogote, an architect, and an Englishman whose name is unknown perished in the flames.

T. J. McGuire, a printer, was killed by the St. Paul yards at Savannah, Ill. One man was killed and five injured by the collapse of the new pattern works of the Westinghouse company at East Pittsburg, Pa.

George Clarke, Fred Clarke and James Bowen of Bethel, Me., were drowned in Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Charles Richards of Chicago, who is visiting Rockville, Vt., was struck by a car on the Rutland road. He is said to be badly hurt.

bruised, but his injuries are not thought to be serious.

H. H. McConnell and his wife, an aged couple, were killed by lightning Saturday at their home near Cottage Grove, Henry county, Tenn.

Fire in a five-story brick building at 55 to 59 North Moore street, New York, did \$150,000 damage. A dozen firemen were injured or overcome by smoke.

A threshing machine engine exploded near Big Prairie, Mich., and Charles Haight, Alpha Haight, Charles Crabtree, George Overly, Cecil Priest and Raymond Howe were killed. Oscar Evans and George Haight were severely injured.

Uriah Fouts of Cleveland, O., died at the home of his son in Peekskill, N. Y., as a result of an internal fracture of the skull received by falling down stairs. Mr. Fouts was a Republican and had a wide acquaintance with Republican politicians and politics in Ohio and adjoining states.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

Sir Matthew White Ridley, the home secretary, says the British government has no intention of releasing Mrs. Maybrick.

The remains of Grand Duke George, heir apparent to the throne of Russia, who died in the Caucasus of consumption last week, were received with great pomp at St. Petersburg yesterday.

President Heureaux of San Domingo has been assassinated.

The international peace conference has held its final sitting. Baron de Staal delivered the farewell address.

Five newspapers of Vienna were confiscated as punishment for their protest against the exercise by the crown of parliamentary prerogatives.

Percival Spencer, the famous aeronaut, with a companion named Pollock, has arrived at Dieppe, France, from the Crystal Palace at London. The balloon reached an altitude of 12,000 feet.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The cruiser Marblehead has arrived at Coquimbó and the cruiser Newark has sailed from Mollendo for Callao. Both are en route to San Francisco.

James E. M. O'Neil died at Greencastle, Ind., at the age of 95 years.

The Illinois naval militia will camp at Waukegan.

The Republic Iron and Steel company of East St. Louis has increased the wages of its 1,000 employes 15 per cent.

The new passenger steamer Mistastini has been burned at her wharf at Roberval, on Lake St. John.

The four mill of the Davis Milling company at Gatesville, Wis., was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$50,000.

At Logansport, Ind., William Stevens and Elmer Garver were struck by lightning and instantly killed. Abraham Downman was fatally shocked.

George Satterthwaite, a carpenter, committed suicide at Muscatine, Ia.

At Bicknell, Ind., William Pinkstaff's livery stable was destroyed by fire and horses cremated. No insurance.

At Dubuque, Ia., Allen Wilson, while delivering, jumped from the third story of Mercy hospital and was instantly killed.

In Chicago 33,000 dog licenses have been issued for this year and 7,000 or 8,000 more are expected to be taken out.

A stranger named James Mascham is believed to have committed suicide at Oconto, Wis. He acted as if mentally deranged and disappeared.

The body of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll was cremated at Fresh Pond, L. I. The body was placed in the retort at 11:50 and at 2 o'clock all that remained was ashes.

Adolph L. Luetger, the wealthy Chicago sausage-maker, who was serving a life sentence in the penitentiary at Joliet for the murder of his wife, was found dead in his cell.

It is estimated that this year the yield of the three principal grains will be: Corn, 2,121,600,000 bushels; oats, 778,600,000 bushels, and wheat, 560,140,000 bushels.

On a recent scientific test a worker in metals succeeded in drawing a copper cent out into 5,700 feet of wire.

Andrew Carnegie has offered to give \$50,000 for a public library in San Diego, Cal., if a site be donated.

The productive area of the Klondike gold fields covers from 1,000 to 1,300 square miles.

At two meetings of New York city newsmen it was decided to support the newsboys in their strike against The Evening World and Evening Journal.

Of late there has been a noticeable increase of tourists' travel to Ireland.

The American Travelers' Defense association has been organized in New York to secure the repeal of the Dingley bill clause imposing a duty on wearing apparel, etc., over \$100 in value, purchased abroad and brought in by returning residents.

About 500 persons a month are reported for jury duty in the New York courts.

F. W. Bartlett, who died in London as a result of eating canned fruits, was the conductor of a party of tourists, among them being Professor A. S. Olin of Kansas university.

Dr. J. H. Hall is dead at New Philadelphia, Ill. He was 85 years old and for many years practiced at Louisville, Ill.

John Boynton, a leading fire insurance agent of Lorain county, O., is dead at Elyria. He had been in the insurance business since 1850.

More than 150,000 bushels of wheat were burned in a fire which destroyed the Nickel Plate elevator at Greenspring, near Tiffin, O.

The Western Union Telegraph company is arranging to lay a new cable between Miami, Fla., and Havana, Cuba.

Mrs. Kate Sprague (born Chase), daughter of the late Chief Justice Chase, and one-time wife of the governor of Rhode Island, is dead at her home near Washington.

Six thousand persons attended the funeral of Luetger at Chicago, and Attorney Harmon at the exercises made a dramatic appeal for Mrs. Luetger to come forth from her hiding place.

It is expected that Alfred Vanderbilt, son of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and his friends, who are accompanying him on a trip across the Pacific ocean, will sail from Vancouver by the steamer Empress of Japan. Included in the party are Douglas Cookman, Ernest and...

ROOT TAKES THE OATH

New Secretary of War Sworn in by Judge Cole.

MANY ARMY OFFICERS PRESENT.

After the Ceremony the New Secretary Is Congratulated by General Alger, Secretary Gage and Others, the First Named Presenting the Commission—Army Officers Entroduced to the New Secretary by Victor L. Mason.

Washington, Aug. 1.—Mr. Elihu Root took the oath of office as secretary of war at 10:45 a. m. The ceremony occurred in the large office of the secretary of war in the presence of Secretaries Gage and Hitchcock, Assistant Secretary Meiklejohn, a large number of army officers in uniform and



ELIHU ROOT.

other employes and officials. The oath was administered by Judge Cole of the supreme court of the District of Columbia. Secretary Alger arrived at the war department at 10:40, accompanied by Mr. Root, for whom he had called in his carriage. They went immediately to the secretary's private office, where were Secretaries Gage and Hitchcock, and were soon joined by Adjutant General Corbin and Major Hopkins, the latter being the military secretary of Secretary Alger.

Judge Cole Presented.

A moment later Assistant Secretary Meiklejohn and Judge Cole entered the room and the judge was formally presented to the new secretary. The commission bearing date Aug. 1 was in possession of Adjutant General Corbin. By this time all of the army officers on duty in the department had gathered in the main office and Mr. Root and Secretary Alger and other members of the party entered the room. It was 10:45 when Mr. Root stood up and took the oath of office. Judge Cole then addressed him as "Mr. Secretary" and shook hands and congratulated him. General Alger then advanced and shook his hand most cordially and said, with evident feeling:

"With all my heart I congratulate you and the administration. You will find around here men who will help in the arduous duties of your position. May God bless you and give you strength."

More Congratulations.

Secretary Gage then stepped forward and congratulated Secretary Root. He was followed by Secretary Hitchcock, Assistant Secretary Meiklejohn, General Corbin and Chief Clerk Schofield. General Alger picked up the commission, signed by the president, and attested by the secretary of state, appointing Mr. Root secretary of war. "Here is your commission," he said with a smile, handing it to Mr. Root, "in which you lose your identity and become Mr. Secretary. I go back to become a sovereign citizen of the United States and become Mr. Alger."

"I sincerely wish it were the other way," said Mr. Root, as he accepted the parchment.

Then the officers were presented to Secretary Root by Mr. Victor L. Mason, the confidential secretary of the secretary of war.

Shook Hands with Alger.

As soon as they were introduced they passed on and shook hands with General Alger. Nearly all stopped to express their regrets upon his retirement and wish him success in the future. They also thanked him for his consideration and many acts of kindness and uniform courtesy during the time they had been associated with him. General Miles appeared with his staff in the full dress uniform of the major general commanding the army. He stopped to talk with Secretary Root for some time, longer than any of the others. Following the presentation of the officers, the civilian officials and clerks of the department came in and shook hands with Secretary Root and said farewell to General Alger.

Alger's Last Official Act.

Secretary Gage, before leaving the room, went up to General Alger, shook him cordially by the hand, bidding him good-bye. General Alger was to sign a regulation for the allotment of \$30,000 for transport. Secretary Alger intended that his last act should be signing the order directing Major Charles Bird, assistant quartermaster, to accompany the transport Thomas to Manila when she was ready. He signed such an order, but the other business was presented a few moments later.

Shook Her Alleged De-famer.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Aug. 1.—Miss Fannie Goodwin, a milliner at Fairview, this county, shot and mortally wounded Bryan Allegree. She charged that he wrote scurrilous notes, made remarks, wrote with chalk on the front of her store, and cut offensive phrases in her windows with a diamond. Miss Goodwin and a friend were stopped by Allegree. Her escort stopped toward him. "Stand aside," said Miss Goodwin, when she shot. Miss Goodwin was "wounded" without bond.

Out. De Faly de Clem Liberated.

Paris, Aug. 1.—Le Soir announces that Colonel de Faly de Clem was liberated at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He immediately drove to his home and retired to bed, albeit grieved; etc. etc. He declined to see anybody.

BAD RAILWAY WRECK.

"Kate Shelly's Curve" the Scene of the Disaster.

FOUR KILLED AND SEVERAL HURT.

The Engine and All the Cars Leave the Track and Go Over the Embankment—Nothing Left of the Express Car but the Wheels—Engineer, Fireman and Two Postal Clerks Killed in the Wreck—Cause of the Derailment Unknown.

Boone, Ia., Aug. 1.—The last mail train on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, which left Chicago at 10 o'clock Monday night, left the track at "Kate Shelly curve," just east of the Des Moines river bridge at 5 in the morning. The engine and all the cars left the track. Four passengers were killed. The cause of the derailment is unknown at present. Conductor Rose said that he did not notice that the train was going at other than the usual speed. The engine rolled completely over and the body remained clear of the track while the front truck was thrown 150 feet into a cornfield. All the cars went over the bank. Nothing was left of the express car but the wheels. The postal car was badly wrecked and the storage car and mail car turned over on their sides. The dead were placed in charge of an undertaker here, and the injured are being attended to in the local hospital.

The Dead and Injured.

The following were killed: Engineer John Masterson, Boone, Ia.; Fireman Arthur Schmidt of Boone; Postal Clerk G. G. Stone, Austin, Ill.; J. J. O'Brien, a postal clerk living in Chicago, died after reaching this city.

The following were injured, but the extent of the injuries cannot be determined until the surgeons at the hospital have examined them. They were covered with mud, their clothing torn off, badly bruised, and covered with blood: Postal Clerk Packert, Dixon, Ill.; Postal Clerk A. W. Hoyt, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Postal Clerk E. H. Shirk, McCausland, Ill.; Postal Clerk C. C. Moorhead, Dixon, Ill.; Messenger Helper F. L. Figafox, Missouri Valley, Ia.; Brakeman Thomas Flannery was slightly injured internally; Postal Clerk E. C. Lindell of Chicago was badly shaken up, but apparently not much injured. The others on the train, Conductor Rose, Brakeman Dorman and Bridge E. T. McVarnes escaped unhurt.

DEATH OF AN AERONAUT.

Amateur Falls 3,000 Feet into Findlay Lake, Pa., and Is Drowned.

Corry, Pa., Aug. 1.—Frank Reynolds of Ripley, Chautauque county, fell 3,000 feet to his death. The Findlay Lake assembly opened at Findlay Lake, fifteen miles from this city. Reynolds, who was 25 years of age and had a wife and child, is said to have been inexperienced. He had made but one ascension before and had never dropped with a parachute.

It promised to be a dangerous drop for a seasoned veteran, but Reynolds, the novice, never faltered. An immense crowd was present. When the balloon had reached a height which appeared to be fully 3,000 feet in the air and directly over Findlay lake it was seen that the unfortunate young man had dropped with the parachute. He came down slowly. The aeronaut's young wife shouted that Reynolds could not swim and would drown. Boats were quickly put out. Reynolds struck the water where the lake is ninety feet deep. He threw up his hands and sank like a stone. The nearest boat was yet 200 feet off. The lake is being dragged but up to a late hour no trace of the body had been secured.

PRICE PUT ON DAN COUGHLIN.

County Board Authorizes the Offer of a Reward of \$5,000.

Chicago, Aug. 1.—The county board has authorized State's Attorney Deneen to offer a reward of \$500 for information which would lead to the arrest and return of Daniel Coughlin, now under indictment for attempted jury bribing, to this county. Two thousand dollars additional was voted the state's attorney's office to assist in the work of keeping the Coughlin case intact and gathering new evidence.

Mr. Deneen has received a telegram from Detective Tyrrell, who is in Seattle, Wash., saying that a desperate legal battle is to be fought out this week in the case of William Armstrong, the fugitive, who will resist extradition. "It is probable that the arguments will consume most of the present week," said Mr. Deneen. Governor Rogers of Washington will take up the matter immediately. In the event that the requisition is granted the case will go into court on a writ of habeas corpus.

Death of a Dowry Adherent.

Columbus, Ind., Aug. 1.—Cordelia Deboos died in this city of consumption, having refused to have a doctor called. She had been sick for nearly three years and during this time received only meagre medical assistance. She and her family were firm believers in the "faith cure" and would permit no one to interfere in the case. She had taken treatment with "Dr." Dowie in Chicago, but after her return home grew rapidly worse until her death.

Three Hundred Made Homeless.

Malone, N. Y., Aug. 1.—The village of Tupper Lake was almost entirely wiped out by fire. Save two hotels, the opera house, the Catholic church and a few straggling tenement houses on the outskirts, not a single block or house remains. Not a business establishment of any kind escaped. Three hundred persons are left homeless and destitute. The loss is placed at \$200,000.

Indian Kills a White Girl.

Amherst, Mass., Aug. 1.—Eugene Pakahpoo, a graduate from the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., shot and killed Edith Morell, aged 17 years, at the home of Mrs. J. F. Morell, in South Amherst. The Indian had been employed on the farm for about a year. The murder was the result of the refusal of his wife's parents to let her marry him. No trace has been found of the Indian.

MICHIGAN ITEMS.

MATTERS WHICH WILL BE OF INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Important Happenings of the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph—Michigan News Selected with Care and with a Purpose of Pleasing Our Readers.

Detroit, July 28.—Mayor Maybury's plan to make the street railway companies reduce their fare by the exercise of the city's police power was the subject of general discussion at the office of the corporation counsel. The consensus of opinion was that there was no chance for the plan to be successful.

The Pingreeites are preparing to revive the municipal railway issue. Conferences are held every day and speakers are being engaged. The actual time for the opening of the campaign rests with Elliott J. Stevenson, who is away from the city. The governor and his associates will open the night schools and will invade every ward of the city with three or four meetings. An effort will be made to have speakers in nearly every precinct.

The application of the new "Union Railway company" for a franchise, giving eight-for-a-quarter working-men's fares from 5 to 8 a. m. and 5 to 7 p. m. and school children's tickets at ten for a quarter, is looked upon by the aldermen as a feeler put out by the Citizens' Street Railway people in the hope that the council may be disposed to grant a franchise at seven tickets for a quarter. There is little chance for the ordinance granting the franchise being passed by the council.

Judge Lillibridge of the circuit has delivered a decision permanently enjoining the street railway companies from carrying freight over their lines within the city. Hebert to the suburban companies' cars have carried freight over the city companies' lines although there has been no specific authority for doing so.

PINGREE'S PROCLAMATION.

He Calls on Michigan to Unite in Welcoming Alger Home.

Detroit, July 29.—Governor Pingree yesterday issued a proclamation "To the People of the State of Michigan" which says: "On Wednesday, Aug. 2, the Hon. Russell A. Alger will return to his home in Detroit from Washington. Upon request of the citizens and mayor and common council of Detroit I extend to you an earnest invitation to join in giving him a hearty reception and greeting. It is fitting that the state recognize the worth and value to the nation of the services of General Alger as secretary of war.

"You are cordially invited to attend the reception at the city hall and the meeting in the Light Guard armory, Detroit, at which time the people of Michigan will be given an opportunity to express their appreciation of General Alger and to extend their welcome to Michigan's late representative in the highest council of the nation."

All the Michigan railroads have decided to make a half fare rate to Detroit for the Alger reception.

HE HAS BONDS FOR SALE.

Offers \$7,000 Worth for \$1,500 and Gets Under Suspicion.

Detroit, July 29.—A huge bond counterfeiting deal is believed to have been unearthed by the Detroit police. Last Thursday Percy L. Fuller was brought into police headquarters on suspicion. He had been trying to dispose of \$7,000 worth of American Sugar Refining company bonds for \$1,500. After his arrest a banker pronounced the bonds genuine, and Fuller was released. He went immediately across the river to Windsor, Ont.

This aroused the officers' suspicions and they wired the Chicago police about him. They immediately answered that he was indicted in that city for forging bonds, and had jumped his bail. Fuller has been watched ever since, but has not ventured to cross the river into the United States. Chief of Police Martin says there has been a lot of bond-forging of late, and believes Fuller to be a very "smooth" individual.

MICHIGAN BOY KIDNAPED.

Believed to Have Been Stolen to Obtain a Reward for Return.

Houghton, Mich., July 31.—Joseph, the 10-year-old son of Charles Ruelle, disappeared last Friday afternoon. His father believing that the lad has been stolen has offered a reward of \$500 for his safe return or information to his recovery. When last seen the boy, who has dark eyes and complexion, with small and rather sharp features, was dressed in a blue striped calico waist, with dark knee breeches, black stockings and shoes and a dark cap.

Ruelle's wife died recently, and the boy now missing is an only son. Knowing the father to be wealthy, it is believed the lad has been stolen by some of the many suspicious characters with which the copper district is filled and is being held for ransom.

Street Car Man Refused an Increase.

Detroit, July 28.—The request of the employees of the Citizens' Street Railway company for an increase in wages of 4 cents an hour was late yesterday refused by the company. The employees held a meeting to decide what action they will take on the refusal. When the railway officials announced their decision the men's representatives asked them to meet their employes half way, with an increase of 2 cents an hour, and this they also declined to do. They would, they said, pay the men the 4-cent increase for overtime work, but would make no other concession on the wage scale. Whether the men will strike over the matter seems very much in doubt.

Michigan Grapes Threatened.

St. Joseph, Mich., July 31.—Reports from the vast grape sections at Lawton and Livingston are that the entire crop is in danger of being ruined from what is known as the dry rot. The only hope to check the spread of the disease is continuous warm and dry weather until gathering time.

More Grand Weddings at St. Jo.

St. Joseph, Mich., Aug. 1.—The following Michigan secured licenses to wed at the residence of County Clerk Neesham Sunday: Abram E. Staver, Heather Oleson; Thomas Jensen, Olga

Holmbol; John Hannekamp, Annie Gehouter; William W. Thomas, Julia Smith; John Sefton, Emma Craig; George A. P. Johnson, Imogene Weldenbaum; Louis Lieberman, Mary Lieberman; George Weinhaus, Susan Lamont; W. J. Ryan, Jennie Laplette; Charles Austin Murray, Alta May McGoon. The names in four other licenses were kept secret by request of the applicants.

Six Boys in a Robber Gang.

Calumet, Mich., July 29.—Laurium authorities have finally succeeded in locating guilty parties to a number of petty thievery about the village during the past three months. Last Sunday Hargrave's store was entered and a lot of goods taken, together with considerable cash. The police found some small boys with shelf articles with the price marks on them and traced the boys who had them to a den on the outskirts of the city, where all the goods were found. Six boys were arrested and they broke down and confessed to having read dime novels and then organized a "gang" to rob and plunder.

Gave the Detective the Slip.

Durand, Mich., July 29.—A negro named Ballard, who is wanted for a murder committed in Tennessee three weeks ago, has eluded three detectives from Nashville, Tenn., who had traced him to Michigan. Ballard caught sight of E. H. McArthur, one of the detectives, at the railroad station. The negro ran and was pursued by McArthur to a small piece of woods east of the village. The detective firing meanwhile at the fleeing colored man. The officers finally concluded that Ballard had gotten away, but say they are confident of catching him yet.

Marriage Just Made Public.

Manistique, Mich., July 31.—The announcement of the marriage of the Hon. George P. McCullum of this city and Miss Agnes E. Forshar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Forshar, South Manistique, was made public. The marriage occurred in March at the home of a school-mate of the groom in southern Ohio. At that time Mr. McCullum was representing the Delta district in the Michigan legislature and the bride was a student in the state normal school at Ypsilanti. Mr. McCullum is deputy collector of internal revenue for this district.

Miners Demand More Wages.

Ironwood, Mich., July 29.—Five hundred miners employed in the big Norrie mine, owned by the Oliver Mining company, have made a demand for an increase in wages amounting to about 20 per cent. The company is given three days to consider the proposition. The company claims that the men agreed to ask for no further raise for a year when their last raise was given in December. In all, 2,000 men are employed in the Norrie.

Says Both Bugs Are Humbugs.

Ann Arbor, Mich., July 29.—Professor J. B. Stege, the well-known authority on natural history, gives it as his opinion that the kissing bug and the strangling bug are two humbugs. He says the feeling concerning them strongly reminds him of the fears of the Filipinos, or the natives of Brazil, who lived in deadly terror of harmless winged insects, while they stepped about among venomous snakes and reptiles without fear.

Michigan Mines to Reopen.

Negaunee, Mich., Aug. 1.—The Riverside and Magnet mines, the first named having been shut down six years, while the other was closed a generation ago, are to be reopened at once and worked vigorously. Both are located near Republic. The Kloman mine, near Republic, another veteran producer, idle for twenty-five years, is likely to resume work soon.

Gold-seeker Has More Luck.

St. Joseph, Mich., July 28.—Frank Phiscator, the gold-seeker, is again in luck. Information has been received here through a letter dated at Dawson City, June 26, and addressed to W. C. Hovey from A. A. Johnson, saying that Ph

GLIENDOWER—"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."
HOTSPUR—"Why, so can I, or so can any man."
 "But will they come when you do call for them?"—SHAKESPEARE.

How quickly Hotspur's wise and witty retort tears the tragic mantle in which Gliendower stalks, and shows beneath the actor's robe, the motley of the mountebank. Most people would have taken the Welchman at his word, and called him seer, without noting the difference between to call and to command.

Certain points of comparison are suggested between Gliendower's tragic claim and the comic claim made in some specious advertisements. "I am a woman, I know all about woman. I understand woman, and I can cure woman because I am a woman." The modern Mrs. Hotspur puts her finger right on the weak spot of that clamorous claim by saying: "Why if you can cure woman simply because you are a woman, then so can I and so can any woman." Which very plainly brings out the common sense fact that the cure of diseases does not depend upon being a man or being a woman but does depend upon being a trained and experienced physician.

There is, as far as is known, no qualified woman physician associated with any proprietary medicine firm. It is certain that there is no one, man or woman, who can show an experience or record equal to that of Dr. R. V. Pierce; more than thirty years of treatment of women's diseases with ninety-eight per cent. cured out of more than half-a-million women treated. Sick women can consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely free of charge. Every letter is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. All answers are mailed securely sealed in perfectly plain envelopes. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

\$5 = 2000 Sewing Machines

Largest variety of the very highest grade sewing machines to select from. We sell a first-class machine guaranteed to be absolutely perfect, lightest and most durable, guaranteed by a responsible concern for 20 years, lower than any other factory in America; only \$5. to \$25. That may sound strong but write for our Art Catalog and prices. We will prove it. We handle only the finest grade goods, \$5. to \$25. You have privilege of thorough test before paying, money refunded on any machine not absolutely satisfactory. Why pay \$40. or \$50. for a machine we sell at wholesale only. You can save \$5. to \$25. by dealing with us. Remember trial cost nothing.

Pianos and Organs
 the best on earth at unheard of prices. Some wonderful summer bargains. Write for confidential offers.
BROOKLYN CO.
 (Dept. 17.) CHICAGO, U.S.A.
 Above Company are perfectly reliable.—Editor.

His Tongue His Weapon.
 An English writer who likens Talleyrand to a cat, which scratches, dealing wounds that inflame, but that do not kill, gives a few examples of his irritating wit.
 The Director Rewbell, in a fit of rage, flung an inkstand at Talleyrand's head, exclaiming, "Vile emigre, your mind is as crooked as your feet."
 The cripple waited his revenge.
 "How are things going?" asked Rewbell one day of the prince.
 "Crossways, as you see," replied Talleyrand to the director, whose eyes crossed.

Mme. de Stael was suspected of painting herself as the heroine of her romance, "Delphine," and Talleyrand in the character of the greedy and artificial Mme. de Vernon.
 "They tell me," said the wit, meeting her soon after her book had appeared, "that both you and I are in the book, madam, disguised as females."

IS YOUR HAIR TURNING GRAY?

What does your mirror say? Does it tell you of some little streaks of gray? Are you pleased? Do your friends of the same age show this loss of power also?

Just remember that gray hair never becomes darker without help, while dark hair rapidly becomes gray when once the change begins.

Ajex's Hair Vigor

will bring back to your hair the color of youth. It never fails. It is just as sure as that heat melts snow, or that water quenches fire.

It cleanses the scalp also and prevents the formation of dandruff. It feeds and nourishes the bulbs of the hair making them produce a luxuriant growth. It stops the hair from falling out and gives a fine soft finish to the hair as well.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp which you may obtain free upon request. If you do not obtain all the benefits you are entitled to from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it.

Address, 233 N. W. 4th St., Lowell, Mass.

"No Eye Like the Master's Eye."
 You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver. **Kidneys**—"My kidneys troubled me, and on advice took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gave prompt relief, better appetite. My sleep is refreshing. It cured my wife also." MICHAEL BOYLE, 3473 Denny Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Scrofulous Humor—"I was in terrible condition from the itching and burning of scrofulous humor. Grew worse under treatment of several doctors. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills. These cured me thoroughly." J. J. LITTLE, Fulton, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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especially constructed and patented for the local treatment of female ill; the one so extensively recommended by the Lydis E. Pinkham Medicine Co., will be

SENT FREE

In a plain, sealed envelope to any one who will write for it. This book contains pages of other helps for women who suffer from any vaginal illness, also thirty-eight testimonials selected from thousands we have received from grateful women, who have given us their permission to print them. Don't wait until to-morrow, — send for the book to-day; a postal card will do.

Price of Syringe, \$1.60. Guaranteed. With proper care it will last a lifetime.

RUTH PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

Special Mail Edition of Randall Irving Tyler's Books of Modern Fiction

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 A Business Romance

The Blind Goddess
 Being a Tale of To-day, Showing Some of the Undercurrents of a Big City

In these books Tyler has struck a new and popular vein. You can't put them down unfinished but you read them a second or third time. They make people stop and think. Both books are handsomely illustrated and printed on fine paper. If you get one, you'll want the other, so send for both.

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The Blind Goddess, 50 cents

Special Mail Order Edition sent promptly, postpaid, on receipt of price.

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 233 Broadway, New York

Hard to Credit.
 Pollwog—Cholly Fastface has a pretty bad name as a never pay, hasn't he?
 Jollydog—I should say so. I don't believe he could even borrow trouble.—Kansas City Independent.

He Told the Truth.
 Employer—How is James, that you are so late this morning?
 Office Boy—I—I—didn't know you were coming so early, sir.—Golden Days.

WHAT HE WAS AFTER.

The Old Farmer's Answer Made the Young Fellows Weary.

The help we get nowadays don't amount to shucks. Time was when the help you hired in haying time could do a decent day's work, but this year they're wurs'n ever."

Old Farmer Smith was getting in hay at his farm in a suburban town, and had two or three new men at work with him. The old man continued: "Tell you what it is, old as I am I can pack more hay on to a wagon than any two men of the present day can fork up."

"Suppose you try it, old man," suggested one of the men, at the same time tipping the wink to his mate on the opposite side to "sock it" to the old man.

The old fellow needed no second invitation. With a bound he mounted the cart, and was stowing away hay at a tremendous rate. Up came, forkful after forkful, first on one side and then upon the other.

The "help" was putting in its best licks and the old man was kept squirming around in lively style, much to the amusement of all hands.

The "help" was rapidly getting tired; it would never do to give up and allow the old man to come off victorious. Something must be done at once.

"When I put up a heavy forkful on this side, give him all you can lift from the other end and knock him out," said one of the men to the other in an undertone.

The plan worked well. One of the men lifted an extraordinary big forkful, just putting it upon the edge of the load, and while the old man was leaning over endeavoring to get it in place the fellow on the other side threw all he could lift upon the back of the old fellow, which, of course, upset him and sent him sprawling to the ground.

"Hello! what are you down here for?" asked help No. 1, endeavoring as well as he could to conceal his merriment.

Quick as a flash from the old man came the answer: "After more hay!"

This answer tired the help completely.—Boston Courier.

HE'S WISE NOW.

Declares That No Girl Can Use Him For a Dray.

"You don't catch me ever doing anything for any girl again as long as I live," said the young man with the polka dot band on his hat. "No, stree. I was an easy mark once, but I've got wise to myself now."
 "Miss Peach went to Cape May last Thursday, and when I heard she was going I had to break in and ask if I might come up and carry her bag to the train. I was bound to make a grand stand play with her, you understand. She said I might, and you couldn't have held me. I was up at her house before the doors were open, and there she was with a bag the size of a trunk, all knobby and lumpy on the outside from the things she'd jammed into it. You know how a woman packs — puts five Saratogs full of things into one small steamer trunk and gets the janitor to sit on the lid so it'll go shut."

"Well, that's the way Miss Peach's bag was packed, and it weighed a ton at that. I picked it up gayly—it had a crate of umbrellas and parasols and a box of candy and a basket of fruit and a rug and a jacket and a bandbox and a bundle of magazines and a few other trifles—and we set off. When we got to the station, I lugged the things into the waiting room and sat down with the bag on my knees.

"Pretty soon I looked down, and there was a stream of something black running out of it and soaking into my new gray trousers. Did that girl say she was sorry? Did she say she was a born fool for packing things like that in a bag? Did she tell me I was an angel of light? No, she didn't. She just looked at me haughtily.

"Oh, Mr. Skaggs," says she, "There you've gone and spilled all my shoe polish. How awfully careless of you!" "Never again, and you watch me. No more helping girls get out of town for me. They're all selfish brutes. This are, and I'm a wise guy to learn it so early."—Washington Post.

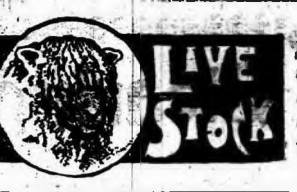
He Followed Suit.
 The principal of one of the public schools was very much surprised one day not long before school closed. It is the custom in some of the schools when a stranger, or more likely the principal or one of the trustees, enters for them to say to the school at large: "Good morning, children." Then the children, as with one voice, will answer: "Good morning, sir."

It may have been this custom which brought about the surprise for the principal. The children in the primary school had been sewing, and the work was done remarkably well. It was warm, uncomfortable weather, and the children had done so well that the teacher thought they should be rewarded by the approbation of the principal, and she sent for him to come to her room. When he entered, the sewing was around everywhere, and the room looked so much more like a dressmaker's shop than a school that he exclaimed involuntarily:

"Why, hello!"

"Hello!" responded every little mite in the room and so spontaneously that teacher and principal turned away that the children might not see them smile.—New York Times.

Cool in Church.
 Said an experienced church officer: "The grumbling and r over the heat in church largely sprit from original sin. As a matter of fact, a church, especially if of brick or stone construction, is generally the coolest place in town."—Church Economist.

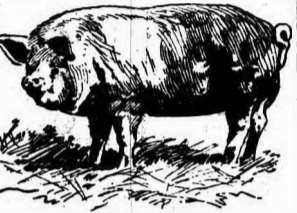


LIVE STOCK

PIG OF TODAY.

Changes Wrought by Breeding in Twenty-Five Years.

The majority of pig breeders would doubtless show little hesitation in affirming that the pig of today is infinitely superior to that which was generally found in this country, say, a quarter of a century since, writes Sanders Spencer in the London Stock Breeder's Magazine. Of this there appears to be little doubt, and further, the breeders of pure bred pigs would appear to be well within their right when claiming that this marked improvement was mainly owing to the pigs which had been distributed from their herds, principally for crossing in the more ordinary farm pigs. But do the pure bred pigs of today possess anything approaching as many of those commercial points as they should possess or are they so much in advance of



TYPICAL PIG OF TODAY.

the common country pigs as they were two or three decades since? We fear not. And yet the difficulty of improving the pig stock of the country is now far greater than it was in years gone by, owing to the difference in form and quality between the two classes of pig having become less pronounced.

Another difficulty presents itself to the breeders of pure bred pigs of today — the public taste, or fashion, demands a pig of the form and substance which is somewhat contrary to the form of the original pig, which carried the greater part of its weight in the fore quarters, whereas now the pig of today must furnish the greater portion of its meat from the ribs and hind quarters. Thus the pig of today must be a manufactured article, since the wild hog, from which all our domesticated pigs are descended, was so formed for defense and for the search for roots, bulbs, etc., that the major portion of its weight was in the fore quarters. We not only have to attempt to produce pigs totally dissimilar in form and character to the original foundation stock, but we have to be most particular in mating animals from as similar a source as possible, or we inevitably produce a pig with many of the undesirable points of the parents, and with few of those qualities which we are anxious to see exemplified in the pig of today. It is a well known fact that if we cross animals of two diverse types, and having but little in common, the probabilities are that the element of value in each particular parent will war with those of the other parent, and that the result will be an animal very similar to the original foundation stock, which possessed few, if any, of those points which had been cultivated.

Barley For Horses.
 If barley is used at all for horses, it should be boiled and mixed with cut hay, roots, etc., and in this shape is far less dangerous and well adapted for fitting a horse quickly for sale or show, but for farm horses or those working at common labor there is no necessity of giving such boiled feed more than once a week, say on Saturday night, to move the bowels freely and cool the horse out over Sunday. If fed dry, the barley should be ground and mixed with oats and bran and should not form over one-quarter of the mass at any one meal and should not be fed more than once daily. We are insisting upon this because barley is dangerous food for horses, not so nutritious or digestible as oats, can usually be sold for a good price to buy oats and bran and finally for the reason that barley is splendidly adapted for the feeding of hogs along with boiled potatoes. Another danger in feeding barley is due to the "awns" or beards causing intestinal irritation, even enteritis and death, and this is the more liable to happen where the barley has not been properly cleaned, as is apt to be the case on the farm. In the malted state, or as brewers' grain, barley is often fed to brewers' horses and keeps them fat, soft and sleek, but such horses have to be gradually accustomed to the food and any horse put suddenly upon it would be liable to colic and death. In India they parch the barley, and we understand that in this form it is much less dangerous and proves valuable as food for horses.—Dr. A. S. Alexander in Breeder's Gazette.

Weaning Young Pigs.
 Almost all pigs are more or less stunted when it comes time to wean them from the dam. The only remedy to prevent this is to accustom the pigs early to eat a little milk, which may be given to them when they are 3 weeks old. This is a good thing for the sow also, as the pigs will not tug at her teats so ravenously and will gradually begin to wean themselves. If any are runts, it is a good plan to let these suckle the dam one or two weeks after the thrifty pigs have been taken off.

Beef Bulls.
 The Texas Stockman says: The demand for pure bred bulls of the beef breeds' still continues, and prices for prime stock will doubtless remain good for several years, as the demand is large and the supply limited.

THE DORKINGS.

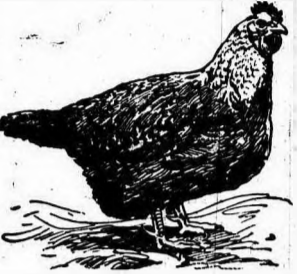
Fowls That Are Successfully Bred and Are Very Popular in England.

These fowls are pre-eminently English and take their name from the old fashioned town of Dorking, in Surrey, which is the great center of their production. Dorkings are fine, handsome birds of much avoirdupois, some of the



SILVER GRAY DORKING COCK.

roosters going up to 14 pounds in weight, and in tenderness and succulence there is no fowl to equal them. In color they vary from white to silver gray and dark, but in all the skin is white, and so are their legs, two necessary desiderata for the table, and a peculiarity in all Dorkings is that they



PRIZE SILVER GRAY DORKING HEN.

have five toes on each foot, without which none are genuine. The pictures of Mr. Reeves' birds show some big prize winners, big in two senses, for they have won many prizes and are monsters of their kind. Mr. Reeves has scores of these fowls.

Color of the Shell.

Where the fancy of the buyers is for a brown shelled egg, either the White Wyandottes, Langshans or Rhode Island Reds should fill the demand very well if they do not prove too dark. Some of them are a very dark brown, although there will always be a difference between different strains, though each may be thought as pure blooded as the other, and also between different fowl in the same lot, though they may be own sisters. The Plymouth Rocks are not so dark, but usually average a little darker than the Brahma, and we think quite as heavy, though not looking so large.

Where the demand is, as it is in New York market, for a white shelled egg, it will be found that the White Leghorns are white enough and probably as large as the eggs of larger breeds. The Minorcas are also very white, but such as we have seen were not large. In this respect they do not seem to be equal to the Black Spanish. We do not consider that color of the shell is any indication of the quality of the egg, but where one is in the business for profit in eggs, like many other things, it is less trouble to produce what the market calls for than to convince the buyers that they want just what you have to sell.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Cut Clover and Clover Meal.
 Two things have lately come into poultry keeping commercially that old fanciers hardly recognized the worth of—namely, clover meal, or cut clover, and that chickens are carnivorous rather than grain eaters; that they must have meat if they are to make eggs. Clover meal has been in the market only a little while, but is being very generally used. For young chicks and for laying hens it is generally accounted a profitable part of the ration. Mixed with the sand on the floor of the brooders is one way of using it. Another is to soak it, make a tea of it and then thicken with meal until all of the moisture is absorbed; or, soaked in water and squeezed dry, using the tea for mixing a cake of meal baked several hours in a slow oven; or, with those who do not believe in the mixed food, the cake and the like, the clover tea is given the chicks for their drink.

Practice proves it that the percentage of loss is less in yards when the chicks are fed on the uncooked grain, on oatmeal, the siftings of the table cornmeal, cracked corn, wheat and the like from the beginning.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dry Soil For Henhouses.
 No matter what kind of floor the henhouse has it should have a covering early in fall of dry loam, so as to receive and hold the excrement as it falls from the birds on the roost. It should be deep enough so that with a garden rake the excrement and soil may be mixed together, thus keeping a clean and sweet surface. In this way, as the manure decomposes, all the ammonia is absorbed by the soil, and a very valuable manure is made. It is well, while the weather is fine, to secure several barrels of this dry dust so as to use successively during the winter. Ordinary road dust is best, taking care not to get stones with it, and selecting the dust from much traveled roads, where there will be more or less horse excrement mixed with it. Cared for thus, most of the hen manure will be in spring a fine, dry powder mixed with road dust. By adding potash and phosphate to this mix it will be made one of the most effective fertilizers for any kind of crop. It is especially good manure to drop in of corn or potatoes, mixing it with soil so as to fertilize the whole.

BAR-BEN
 THE GREAT RESTORATIVE
 It is not a medicine, but prepared direct from the formula of E. H. Barton, J. D. Cleveland's most eminent specialist, by J. L. O. Benson, M.D., B.S. BAR-BEN is the greatest restorative and vigorator known. It creates solid flesh, builds and strengthens, clears the brain, makes the blood pure and rich and causes a general feeling of health, strength and renewed vitality, while the generative organs are helped to regain their normal powers and the sufferer is quickly made conscious of direct benefit. One box will work wonders, and should be kept in every household. It is sold in small sugar coated tablets easy to swallow. The days of calico compounds, nervous sarsaparillas and vile Bala-tonics are over. BAR-BEN is for sale at all drug stores, a 60-tablet box for 50 cents, or we will mail it securely sealed in the outfit of price. DR. BARTON AND BENSON, F. O. 488 Park Street, Cleveland, O.
 For sale by J. L. Gale, druggist, Plymouth

THE DETROIT & LIMA NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Time Table in effect Jan. 29th, 1899.

SOUTH BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1	No. 3
Detroit	8:30am	4:00pm
Dundee	10:15	6:50
Tecumseh	10:45	6:30
A.ria	11:08	6:45
Wauwasau	11:37	7:14
Napoleon	12:30	8:11
Mallota	12:51	8:30
Leipzig	1:08	8:40
Leipzig	1:28	9:00
Ottawa	1:40	9:18
Columbus Grove	1:58	9:34
Lima	2:52	10:10pm
Lake View	3:22	
Bellevue	3:54	
Columbus	Ar	6:55

NORTH BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 2	No. 4
Columbus	Lv 7:50am	
Bellevue	9:46	
Lake View	10:18	
Lima	11:00	6:00am
Columbus Grove	11:44	6:37
Ottawa	12:02pm	6:52
Leipzig	12:16	7:08
Leipzig	12:37	7:24
Mallota	12:51	7:39
Napoleon	1:04	7:54
Wauwasau	1:28	8:19
A.ria	2:25	7:46
Tecumseh	2:45	8:45
Dundee	3:15	10:16
Detroit	Ar	5:10 12:10

No. 3 and 4 run daily, other trains daily except Sunday.
 F. E. DEWEY, C. A. CHAMBERS, Gen'l Supt. Gen'l Pass. Agt. Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT, Grand Rapids & Eastern
 June 29, 1899.

STATIONS	GOING EAST	Ar.	PL. 10 P.M.
Lv Grand Rapids	7:00	12:20	6:30
Lonia	7:30	12:22	6:20
LANSING	8:24	1:45	7:23
Salem	11:00	3:25	9:00
PLYMOUTH	10:30	3:25	9:15
Ar Detroit	11:40	4:05	10:45

ED. PELTON, Local Agent.

F. & P. M. R. R.
 TIME TABLE.
 In effect June 19, 1899.
 Trains leave Plymouth as follows:
 STANDARD TIME.

GOING SOUTH	GOING NORTH
Train No. 4, 10:05 a. m.	Train 1, 8:10 a. m.
" No. 6, 2:25 p. m.	" 3, 9:12 a. m.
" No. 8, 8:45 p. m.	" 5, 2:00 p. m.
" No. 10, 6:30 a. m.	" 7, 7:05 p. m.

Trains Nos. 3 and 9 run through to Alpena.
 Train No. 3 connects at Ludington with steamer for Manitowick and No. 5 with steamer for Milwaukee (weather permitting) making connections for all points West and North-west.
 Sleeping Parlor Cars between Alpena, Bay City Saginaw and Detroit.
 Trains leave for Toledo at 10:55 a. m., 2:25 p. m. and 8:45 p. m.
 For further information see Time Cards of the company.
 ED. PELTON, Local Agent.

Ohio Central Lines
 T. O. CRY K. B. M. W.

The Through Car Line

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

Parlor Cars on Day Trains.
 Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.
 Rates Always Low as the Lowest.
 Ways Confer with Ohio Central Agents.
 or address
 MOULTON HOOK,
 707 1/2 Passenger Art., TOLEDO, O.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
 TRADE MARKS
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion from whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through MUNN & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated work. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
 Branch Office, 65 F. St., Washington, D. C.

PLYMOUTH MAIL

BY
F. W. SAMSEN & SON.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1899.

THE ALGER RECEPTION.

Detroit and the State did themselves a great honor Wednesday evening in extending a welcome home to one of its most noted citizens—General R. A. Alger. The city was beautifully decorated along the line of march and more than 150,000 people turned out and gave expression to the esteem in which they held their honored son. It was an ovation the General will treasure in his mind as long as he lives. Gov. Pingree and Mayor Maybury expressed their greeting in behalf of the city and State, to which the General responded briefly, uttering not a word of criticism or complaint. The Detroit Free Press of yesterday morning says this of the reception:

It is about 800 miles from Washington D. C. to Detroit, Mich., but it is an immeasurably shorter distance to the loyalty and enthusiasm of the people of Michigan, as was demonstrated yesterday by the welcome to his home given by that people to Gen. Russell A. Alger and his wife. The spontaneous character of the incoherence of the welcome left no doubt as to the genuineness of what would follow and the demonstration which is now a part of history, is a record of superb neighborly fealty to a citizen who, better than having attained wealth and political distinction, still carries untarnished his first record of being a straightforward honorable, public spirited man.

The reception began early in the morning when along the main thoroughfares of the city were seen workmen busily engaged in placing the bunting decorations; it continued through the forenoon, when everywhere was visible the efforts of the people to add their mite to the general enthusiasm; then a section of the sincerity and earnestness started to meet the guests at a point sixty miles away, as though impatient to begin the bestowal of their tribute. Meanwhile the hotels filled up with delegations from every direction, and from far-off. Presently the marshals and their aids, the brass bands and the uniformed platoons began to appear, the general public began to show itself in great groups located at vantage points, and by 4 o'clock the entire route to be marched over was plainly indicated by boundary lines of humanity on either side.

It was an unqualified pronouncement on the part of the people of Michigan, and it was and will be a record without a rival, as to the esteem in which Gen. Alger is held by the people of the state that is honored by his citizenship. It was an honor, by the same token, bestowed upon American citizenship of the best order, and as such cannot fail to serve as an example both to individuals as well as to communities. That it was a function rightly conceived, broadly executed and magnificent as to results, cannot be doubted by any person who is fair minded and intelligent, and who entertains a decent estimate as to the efficacy of spontaneous public opinion.

ALGER was pushed out of the Cabinet. Will he be pushed into the Senatorial chair?

WILL President McKinley send a man to tell another man to tell Gen. Otis, in the Philippines, that his resignation would be acceptable?

MUNICIPAL ownership of street cars in Detroit seems to have received a quietus for the present. Hope so, anyway. Public at large has grown tired of the matter.

WAR Secretary Root may be able to root around and ascertain whether the government can obtain damages from the people who furnished it with rotten beef during the war.

JUST why it was necessary to put in a lawyer for secretary of war, with an attorney-general already in the cabinet, does not seem apparent, as yet. Another good soldier ought to have taken the place of Gen. Alger.

IT'S only when business is most prosperous that strikes are most numerous. The laborer seems to want some of the prosperity and strikes for higher wages. Sometimes he gets it and sometimes he don't. But how much more refreshing it is to read where labor has been granted a voluntary increase.

WITH the advent of threshing comes also the usual reports of barn burnings and boiler explosions. A boiler of an engine at White Cloud burst the other day, killing six men. These outbreaks are usually managed in a careless manner and by inexperienced men and accidents happen as a natural result.

SENATOR Burrows has vouchsafed the opinion that the prolongation of the war in the Philippines will not be productive of benefit to the Republican party. Without reference to politics whatever the war should be ended as speedily as possible. After the rainy season is over, operations will be pushed to their utmost, with a large army in the field.

WHILE some are troubled about what to do with their great wealth, there are many who find it a great burden to keep soul and body together. In Detroit Tuesday Mrs. Mary Stevenson ended her suffering, and that of two of her children, by morphine, because she had become tired of the unequal struggle for life. But the world moves on just the same, and the poor unfortunates are brushed aside and forgotten in the push for existance.

GERMANY IS READY.

The Roads Leading to France Are One Continuous Front.

Metz and Strassburg, the outposts of the German army, face watchfully toward the west. From the gates of Metz the roads to Paris taper through wall after wall of intrenchments, which end with the heights above the stricken field of Gravelotte. Thence to the frontier of France is only a short walk across the grave covered ground. From Metz to France is one long "glacis," unassailable by the invader. Above it rise the five great sentinel forts which surround Metz, and from the high ground on which these stand can be seen 15 miles to the west Verdun, the nearest French fortress, the threat of France.

In Metz and Strassburg a great German army stands at attention, ready for war.

Touch the right button in Berlin, and in half an hour 30,000 men will be marching from Metz, and within 12 hours 100,000 men—the frontier field force of Alsace-Lorraine—will be crossing the border, while the system in accordance with which the railway touches all the great cantonnments of Germany and then converges on the frontier will land half a million men near Metz in three days. In a week 2,500,000 men will be on and beyond the frontier; in a week 4,000,000 Germans will be under arms.

In Metz and Strassburg stores and food and fodder lie ready in magazines, the transport animals stand harnessed by the wagons. All the appliances and munitions of modern war are at hand and would be on the road in a few minutes. When the troops go "route marching," they carry with them three days' food and three days' ammunition; their clothes are in their knapsacks. They can carry no more in war.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GRANULATED SUGAR.

Why It Has Crowded Out the Old Fashioned Brown Kind.

"When I was running a boarding house for gangs at work on new railroads in the west a few years ago," said the tall man, "brown sugar cost 5 cents a pound when I bought it by the hoghead; and granulated sugar cost 12 cents a pound when purchased in equally large amounts. Now, if you had 200 men to board, all of whom used sugar in their coffee, what kind of sugar would you buy?"

"I suppose I'll make a mistake, but as far as I know now, I would buy brown sugar, for that would be the cheapest," was the reply.

"And that's where you've made a mistake," said the tall man. "I'll prove it to you in a minute. When you go home tonight, you take a teaspoon and experiment with both kinds of sugar. You'll see that with granulated sugar you can pick up only as much as the bowl of the spoon will hold. But it's different with brown sugar. If you dig your spoon deep into it, when you lift the spoon you bring nearly three spoonfuls of sugar along with it, as it packs closely. That is what housewives call a 'heaping teaspoonful.' Now, the average rail-roader is used to putting three to four spoonfuls of sugar in his coffee, and he never looks to see whether they are heaping ones or not. Therefore the brown sugar is the more expensive. I tried both ways, and I found that using granulated sugar saved me over \$15 a month over what it cost to serve brown sugar. There's even more difference now and then too. The big sugar concerns have eaten down the price of granulated sugar until it costs but a penny a pound more than brown sugar. That's why you see granulated sugar in all the cheap boarding houses today."—New York Sun.

President Dwight's Fan.

President Dwight and President Elect Hadley were returning home from the annual alumni dinner when they were caught in the rain. President Elect Hadley had an umbrella with him, and President Dwight did not. Professor Hadley, of course, wished the retiring president of Yale to protect himself from the rain by the use of the umbrella, but President Dwight declined to rob Professor Hadley of his umbrella in order that he himself might ward off the rain. Professor Hadley, however, insisted that President Dwight accept the courtesy, and his arguments became so energetic that finally President Dwight turned and said:

"See here, Hadley, this is my reign still. Your reign doesn't commence until tomorrow."

President Elect Hadley allowed the president of Yale to have his own way on the last day of his administration.—New Haven Register.

The Mask.

A peculiar nature is that which combines impulsive frankness with the reserve acquired by a thoughtful mind accustomed to depend upon itself. Such a person hates to reveal a trait of character. In early times men made their houses of tree branches covered with mud. There is still much of the savage in us, and we enjoy hiding in such an aboriginal habitation. We cover our true self with cynicism or conceit it under reserve. Occasionally a passerby knocks off a bit of the outer crust and catches a glimpse of the interior, and then we feel annoyed at the mental Paul Pry.

Followed Instructions.

Senator Clark of Montana recently laid an asphalt walk before his western home and, the composition being not yet dry, caused a temporary board-walk to be erected with the sign, "Take the Boardwalk."

Some local wags noted this and the day after its appearance carried off the walk and wrote under the sign the words, "We Have."

Clearing Out Sale.

Once-in-a-Season Chance

Though it is early mid-summer, the policy of this store is not to be changed, as we do not intend to carry any of this season's goods over, and it is time to begin to make preparations and room for our fall trade and large stock of goods to arrive. Space will not permit us to quote prices. We ask you to call and see the

Great Reduction in Prices

We are making in Ladies' Wrappers, Shirt Waists, Skirts, and on Lawns, Dimities, Challies, &c.

Try the
LOOMER CORSET.
The Only Patent Steam Moulded.
Comfortable to the wearer.
Combines beauty and Durability

Loomer's Mode Bust Cutaway:



Dressmaker—Did you notice Mrs. B's dress? Customer:—Yes! Such a beautiful fit and so stylish looking, where did she get it? Dressmaker—Here—I always have the same success when I fit over

Loomer's Mode Bust Cutaway, you should wear one.

In Gents' Furnishing Goods

We have just received another lot of those heavy 50c Working Shirts that we are selling for 35c. We are also selling a 50c Fancy Shirt, with detachable cuffs and collars for only 39c. Only a few dozen left.

If you want an up-to-date Collar and Cuff, call on us and get the Arrow brand.

For the best White and Fancy Shirt that is made, buy the Monarch Shirt—we have them.

Do not think we have gone out of the Grocery business. Oh, no; for we are right in it for prices, quality and quantity.

J. R. RAUCH & SON,

The First Chew of Tobacco

Usually makes the boy deathly sick, but if he persists in using the filthy weed he will come to like it.

YOU MAY DRINK THOSE

Deadly, Cheap Package Coffees

Until you actually come to like them; until you have poisoned your whole system; until you have forgotten what good coffee tastes like; until you have driven the whole family to drink and perdition. But it's not our fault. We sell a Coffee, "as is Coffee."

At 15c per lb.

It gives satisfaction in the cup. It is not egged, doped or doctored. What's more, we grind it with a mill in which only good coffees are ground.

Lovers of Mocha and Java Blend

Say ours is all right, and say the same of our Tea. The prices are all right, too. In fact everything in our Grocery line, with the exception of our 5 cent canned goods are strictly first class and

Cannot be Bought in Detroit at our Prices

We want all the fresh eggs we can get and will allow the highest market price for them.

See our Shirt Waists for the best Bargain of the season. Nearly 150 to select from.

HILLMER & CO.

Muddy Main st., Plymouth, Mich.

Shingles! Shingles!

We have just received a car load of Cedar Shingles that we will close out at

\$1.50 PER M.

These shingles are exceptionally good value for the money. Come and get them while they last.

EDDY & BETTY

Are you looking for a Place to Buy your Groceries?

We have a full line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Teas and Coffees. Best goods at Popular Prices.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

Our line is complete. We handle only the best Royal Ironstone China. Every piece guaranteed not to glaze. We have a few table sets and 6, 10 and 12 piece Chamber sets that are beauties.

Now is the Time to Buy your Fruit Jars

We have a large stock of Mason Fruit Jars, Jelly Tumblers, Jar Covers and Rubbers at LOW PRICES.

NORTH VILLAGE.

GAYDE BROS.

Harris Sells All Kinds of Meats,

And He Gives You Just What You Call For.

If you send your Child for a Porter House, he will not send you a piece off the round.

Orders Called for and Delivered.

H. HARRIS

I HANDLE ONLY THE BEST!

Planet Jr. Tools,
Gale Plows,
Rollers,
Cultivators, etc.



GET MY PRICES ON IMPLEMENTS, BUGGIES, WAGONS, etc.

CHAS. BREMS

WE WANT TO BE REMEMBERED

WHEN YOU ARE . . .

BUYING MEAT.

YOU can send us your order by telephone and it will receive the same attention as if you called in person. Give us the chance and we will make a life-long customer of you.

FREE DELIVERY.

WM. GAYDE

NORTH VILLAGE.

Local Newslets

The council meets Monday night. Mr. Carmon Root spent Thursday at Walled Lake.

Miss Verna Root spent last Thursday at Walled Lake.

Miss Isabel Stellwagen visited in Plymouth Saturday.

Miss Mabel Spicer is visiting at Wayne this week.

J. C. Wilcox is clerking for the Conner Hardware Co.

Clifford McClumphia and wife left Thursday for a visit in New York.

C. Wesley Price, of Detroit, was in town Monday calling on friends.

Mrs. Henry F. Horner, of Cherry Hill, visited Mrs. Oscar Huston Tuesday.

Bert Leadbeater played ball with Northville at Novi last Friday afternoon.

Fred Dibble and wife, of Detroit, have been visiting his parents for the past week.

For tin, copper and sheet iron work go to James Huff at Huston & Co.'s Hardware.

Miss Flora Fitzgerald arrived home from Athens, Pa., where she has been for the past few weeks.

Will Roe and wife left Thursday for Atlantic City, New Jersey, Philadelphia, and Washington, D. C.

Frank Spicer left Wednesday on his wheel for Milan. He will ride from there to Marshall, Mich.

Edwin Covert, of Caro, Mich., spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. R. W. Brown, who is very sick.

Mrs. W. T. Conner and daughter, Hazel, have been spending a few days at Walled Lake this week.

Have troungling and repair work promptly looked after by James Huff at Huston & Co.'s Hardware.

Zaida Pinckney and Verna Root spent last Thursday and Friday with a camping party at Walled Lake.

Dexter Wilmarth and Columbus Starkweather, of Detroit, visited their niece, Mrs. Clara Kinyon, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Miller and daughter, Esther Irene, of Detroit, spent last Sunday with Mrs. Miller's parents.

Geo. Prindle and wife, of Redford, accompanied by Geo. Gittins and wife, of Canton, called at Ira Kinyon's Saturday.

Supt. Russell, of the street car line, says cars will be running between Plymouth and Northville by Sept. 1st. Hope so.

Miss Anna E. Green, accompanied by friend, Mrs. Selesky, of Grand Blanc, so Willow last Friday. Miss Green returned Tuesday.

About 39 members of the Baker family gathered at Belle Isle last Saturday at their annual reunion. A delightful time is reported.

MAIL has received a copy of the anti-high school catalogue for 1900 with the compliments of Austin George, superintendent.

The MAIL will furnish one hundred name cards and plate engraving for 1.00. Send your order in or come and see the different styles of engraving.

E. K. Bennett resumed his place as cashier of the Plymouth Savings bank last Monday morning, having enjoyed a month's outing in Upper Michigan.

The Wayne Masons are to have an excursion and picnic to Sugar Island, August 14th, and among the sports advertised is a ball game with Plymouth Masons.

The band boys are thinking of giving an excursion to Belle Isle or the Flats sometime the latter part of the month. They certainly would be assured of a big crowd.

The lumber barons have taken the price of lumber down and have advised the price of lumber. Better get what you want now before prices rise again.

The Epworth League of the Methodist church will hold a business meeting at Monday evening. A report of the convention recently held at Indianapolis will be read.

Twenty-six houses have been built and are building in the village so far as spring, and more to follow. Good body growth for Plymouth, with every house in town occupied, too.

Ernest Blanchard and wife, of California, visited at Mrs. A. D. Lapham's today. They formerly lived in Anonia township and are spending the summer with friends in that vicinity.

John Ross, aged 51, of Ypsilanti, committed suicide last Tuesday by hanging himself in his barn. He had some time been effected with temporary state of insanity, and the last act was hastened by brooding business embarrassments.

A Frightful Blunder.
An old man named a horrible Burn, Stoddard, Backen's Arnica Salve, will kill the pain. Cures old sores, ulcers, boils, felon, corns, etc. Best pile cure on the market. Cure guaranteed. Sold by John L. Gale, druggist.

Jacob Browner is on the sick list. Mrs. Phillip Dingeldey is quite ill. Rather dull for local news this week. Read all the news this week and you will save money.

Saline will have a German and American Day Aug. 17th.

Miss Jessie Burt visited Mrs. James Dunning Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunham, of St. Mary's, Ohio, are visiting at F. B. Parks'.

A number went from here to Detroit to see the Alger reception Wednesday.

Miss Minnie Beaumont, of Clyde, Mich., is visiting friends in town this week.

Frank Davidson & Son, of Ypsilanti, called on Mr. and Mrs. Jud Noyes, Wednesday.

Henry Sage is giving his house a new coat of paint which greatly adds to its exterior looks.

Miss Laura Wagner, of Detroit, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Below, at Hotel Plymouth.

What has become of the proposed furniture factory in Plymouth? Well, it's still located in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Dunning, of Belle Brook, called on Mr. and Mrs. James Dunning Wednesday.

Dwight Berdan left Wednesday night for Grandon, South Dakota, to visit his son. He expects to be gone two weeks.

The Presbyterian social, which was to have been held in the Park to-morrow night, has been indefinitely postponed.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the fair association Saturday evening E. K. Bennett was elected treasurer, to succeed the late E. W. Chaffee.

The walls for the new addition to the Daisy Mfg. Co.'s plant are up and the new 4-ton boiler was placed in position the fore part of the week. The work is pushed along as fast as possible to be ready for the opening of the factory Sept. 1st.

On Sunday Aug. 6, '99 at 3:30 p. m., the first gospel service will be held from the Star of Hope gospel wagon upon the streets of Plymouth, by Tom Mackey, wife and daughter, assisted by Miss E. B. Alverston. This band of workers will be glad to come to any small towns or villages where there is a need of purely gospel work.

Some peddlers canvassed among the ladies at Allegan recently and sold several of them dress patterns of "genuine Japanese silk" for only \$1.30 a yard. Then they made themselves scarce before their customers found out that they could get the same material at any of the village stores for 50 cents a yard. Another argument in favor of patronizing home industries.

The same splendid orchestra from Northville will furnish music at the dance at the Markham factory building this evening, for the benefit of the band. Ice cream and cake will be served on the second floor and a general good time is promised by the band boys, who will do their best to entertain their many friends. As the object is a worthy one, it is expected the people of the village generally will turn out.

It is stated unofficially that next year one or two thousand dollars worth of improvements will be put on the village park, to include a fountain in the center. Certainly there is no handsomer spot in the village and with the improvements noted, the people would have cause to point to it with greatest pride. We hope the village council will take the matter into consideration when it is time to make the next tax levy.

The Flower Show to be given by the W. C. T. U. in the village hall, August 30 and 31, will undoubtedly be a grand success. Every effort will be made to have the floral exhibit one of which our village may be proud. The evening entertainments will be very fine. The program will be varied and entertaining, consisting of short plays, tableaux, comic songs, and recitations. There will be a change of program each evening with lots of fun for everybody. Don't forget the dates, August 30 and 31.

E. L. Riggs announces by handsome posters printed at the MAIL office, a great midsummer clearance sale, to begin Saturday, Aug 5th, and continue for 30 days. Great bargains are offered and everybody should take advantage of the sale. "Patronize home industry," and never mind the alleged "bargains" offered in the city. Keep the money at home and encourage efforts of home dealers; if everybody would make this a practice, we would soon have a class of business houses here that would be a credit to a town of 10,000 people.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press tells the following good story on Asa B. Smith, Northville's wealthy cheese maker, and it's all the more funny because it's true. Asa has a summer cottage at Island Lake, and desiring to get there early the other morning, he hired a man to drive him over to Plymouth to catch the Detroit, Grand Rapids & Western train. The Flint & Pere Marquette and the Detroit, Grand Rapids and Western train gets there about the same time, and Asa, being in a hurry, boarded the first train that came along. In about a dozen minutes he was back in Northville.

Geo. McGill, of Detroit, spent Sunday in town.

Calling cards printed at this office 50 cents per hundred.

Mrs. Smith mother of Mrs. E. W. Chaffee, is quiet ill.

Mrs. Mary Wheelock, of Salem, is visiting at C. A. Pinckney's.

Mrs. J. R. Rauch is visiting friends at Milford for a few days.

Mrs. Josie Sackett, of Detroit, called on Mrs. Platt one day last week.

S. C. Cutting, of Tecumseh, Mich., is visiting friends in the village this week.

Mrs. Chas. Morton and children visited at James Dunning's the first of the week.

Mrs. John Boyd, of Fowlerville, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Ira Platt and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wells returned home Sunday from a few days visit with friends at Dexter.

The Plymouth Cornet Band will take part in the Band Tournament at Detroit August 16 and 17.

On Tuesday John Bradner received a full blooded Jersey calf by express, the gift of a friend at Kawkawlin, Mich.

Misses Grace and Mabel Spoor and Miss Bower, of Detroit, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mimack Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Adams and daughter and Mrs. Linsley and daughter, Detroit, are visiting relatives and friends here this week.

Ties have been laid on the D. P. & N. as far south from Northville as Waterford and grading has progressed to near the Phoenix mills.

H. J. Baker, Harry Bennett and Fred Gray and Oscar Baker, of Wayne, are spending the week at the Hanford cottage at Walled Lake.

The Plymouth Fair Association are sparing no pains to make the coming fair one of the best that has ever been held in Plymouth. Make preparations to attend.

James Marquis and daughter, of Detroit, spent Tuesday with Rev. Oliver's family. Mr. Marquis is 87 years old, hale and hearty and has never drank a glass of intoxicants or used any tobacco in his life.

The entertainment given by Mrs. Preston at the Methodist church last Friday evening was very fine, but a small audience was present. Her recitation from the colored poet, Dunbar, was very fine.

One of our citizens became involved in an altercation last Friday night that resulted in his being locked up in the "cage" for a couple of hours. He now says that hereafter he will keep strictly sober, and we hope he will.

The water supply was shut off at the reservoir about eleven o'clock Tuesday night, that connections might be made with the main pipes at the Markham and Hamilton factories. Extensions are also made on Depot street.

The first load of wheat was taken in at the Hough elevator the other day and was of poor quality. Mr. Hough estimates the yield will not be much over five bushels to the acre, and where last year the receipts were ten cars the first week there will only be about one now.

An excursion will be given by the D. G. R. & W. Saturday, Aug. 19th, to the Agricultural College at Lansing. Train leaves Plymouth 8:10 a. m., and the fare round trip is \$1.25; children under 12, half fare. Returning train leaves Lansing at 5:30 p. m. This affords a splendid opportunity for all to visit the capital city and enjoy a day at the college farm and notice how things are conducted there.

The house of Wm. Creger, near the cemetery, was entered by tramps, (supposedly) last Wednesday afternoon and thoroughly ransacked. Entrance was gained by cutting through a screen door. The family cupboard was depleted of everything in the line of pies and cakes and cold meats, and a bank belonging to one of the children was broken open and robbed of several dollars in change.

Quite a number of Plymouth Odd Fellows went up to Northville Wednesday afternoon to play a game of base ball with the members of the order in that village. Judging from the score neither team had practiced base ball only to a certain extent, but they had all the fun out of it that could possibly be had. Some of the plays made were startling in the extreme and time and space forbids us mentioning them. The errors were all errors of the hand and not of the head. It was amazing to see the "boys" reach out for a "hot liner" or sky scraper and not get within "gun shot" of it. But fun, oh my! After the terrific battle the fraters partook of a nice supper at the Park House, and they showed much better skill in "putting away" the eatables than they did on the ball field. They voted it an enjoyable affair and a return game will be played in Plymouth August 15th. The Plymouth ballists were lined up as follows: W. Peck, c; F. Reiman, p; H. Peck, 1b; H. Roe, 2b; Geo. Springer, 3b; Ed. Peck, ss; Geo. Knapp, lf; H. Gottschalk, cf; Will Stewart, rf; Czar Penney, of Northville.

The North Side

Frank Houston moved into his new house on Friday.

Louie Reber and Wm. Gayde were in Detroit on business Monday.

Maurice Smith is visiting his brother at Lawton for a few weeks.

Miss Laura Ruppert is attending the Teachers' Institute at Wayne.

Miss Grace Spoor, of Detroit, is visiting at Daniel Jolliffe's this week.

Mrs. Geo. E. Williams and daughter are visiting at Saginaw a few days.

Miss Blanche Starkweather and her mother visited at Wayne on Tuesday.

Frank Blakely, who has been laying off since he got hurt in the wreck here two weeks ago, went to work on Monday.

Miss Dora Widder, of Ypsilanti, is visiting Chas. Brems and family this week.

Fred Germer, wife and daughter are visiting relatives at Ludington this week.

Miss Amelia Gayde has been visiting relatives in Detroit a few days this week.

Isaac Gleason is having his house painted a light color which looks very neat.

Louie Reber moved into his new quarters in the Starkweather block on Tuesday.

A. J. Lapham has two new gasolene lamps in his store. Jack says they beat kerosene all hollow.

Harry Willett, who is working for Gray & Oscar Baker, of Wayne, spent Sunday with his parents.

Mrs. Chas. Burrows and Mrs. Will Mason and children, of Fargo, S. D., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Willard Roe.

A load of young people from here attended the ball at Cherry Hill on Friday evening. All reported a jolly good time.

Wm. Alexander knows how to raise cabbage. He brought to town one day this week a head of early cabbage that weighed 15 1/2 pounds.

Miss Mercy Beaubien, of Detroit, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Gottschalk, the past week, returned home on Wednesday.

Mrs. Daniel Jolliffe, Mrs. Wm. Bowman and daughter, Lottie, and Miss Grace Spoor visited the former's sister, Mrs. Duncan Leitch, at Salem, on Tuesday.

Mrs. Wm. Smitherman and daughters, Ethel and Hazel, Mrs. James Howell and daughter, Maude, Mrs. Zena Blakeley, Miss Lillie Blakeley and Miss Maggie Packard spent Wednesday at Belle Isle.

On account of a breakdown on engine 55 on Monday morning the local crew did not get out of town until in the afternoon. Chas. Eberts, repairer at the round-house fixed her up so they were able to go but rather a little behind time.

Evered Jolliffe has bought the Evening News of the former agent, L. C. Hassenger. Ray Smith assists him in peddling them. They are both hustlers and the readers will surely get the papers early now as they come in on the street car at 5:30.

E. D. Colby, of Milford, was instantly killed Wednesday night in a gravel pit by the bank caving in on him; he was buried under three feet of gravel, it took three hours to dig him out.

Lightning struck several of the D. P. & N. trolley poles on Mill street Thursday afternoon, shattering some of them.

Mrs. E. L. Riggs who has been visiting at Richmond, Mich., and other places returned home Thursday.

Miss Nellie Rooke is spending this week with her cousin, Miss Goldie Holt of Howell.

Lightning caused considerable trouble for the street car company yesterday.

Get The Mail regularly; don't borrow it from your neighbor.

Miss Mary Barger, of Howell, is visiting friends in town this week.

Postmaster Hall was at Milford Thursday.

First Church of Christ, Scientist. Service 10 A. M. Wednesday evening meeting, 7:30. In Christian Science hall. All are most cordially invited. Subject for next Sunday will be: "Soul."

Will It Be Accepted?
Below is printed a challenge by the business men of Wayne for a friendly game of ball with their Plymouth associates, which it is hoped may be accepted:
WAYNE, Mich., July 25th, 1899.
HON. HARRY ROBINSON,
Plymouth, Mich.
Dear Robinson:
Inasmuch as this is the time of the year when life has departed from business and the "breath from out of its nostrils" our mutual friend, John Fitzgibbon, in behalf of the Wayne business men, desires through me, to extend to the business men of Plymouth a friendly greeting, and arrange, through you, with them, if to them convenient, for a friendly game of ball to be played at Wayne in the near future.
Your friend,
EDWARD M. VINING.

Just Received NEW STOCK SARDINES.

Domestic Sardines at 5c can; 6 for 25c
Boneless Sardines, large can 30c
Spiced Sardines 20c
Sardines in Mayonnaise Dressing 10c and 15c
Imported Sardines, Harlequin 15c
Imported Sardines, 20c brand, at 15c

We have just Received

New Canned Pineapple, sliced, also grated
Curtis & Son's Boned Chicken.
We expect to have Celery on hand nearly every day the balance of the season.

We are selling Granulated Sugar 6c.; 17 lbs. for \$1
Queen Anne Soap, 9 bars for 25c.
Light C Sugar 5c lb.

We Make a Specialty —OF— FINE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,

John L. Gale's Rheumatic Tablets cure Rheumatism
Call for sample.

Dr. Cooper's Dyspepsia Tablets cure Dyspepsia.
Call for sample.

JOHN L. GALE

Riggs' Great Midsummer Clearance Sale.....

—COMMENCES—
**Saturday, Aug. 5,
FOR 30 DAYS,**

The Entire Stock to be Put
on the Bargain Counters

REGARDLESS OF COST

You Need the Goods, we Need the Money,
It's a Mutual Benefit.

This will be the greatest chance of the season to
Save Money on Good, fresh
Up-to-Date Goods.

Everything Goes,
Nothing Reserved.....

Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Underwear, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings, Trunks and Valises, Carpets, Curtains, Shades, Draperies, Capes and Jackets, Ladies' Suits, Ladies' Dress Skirts, and hundreds of things too numerous to mention in our space,

Remember this is a genuine sale. Everything just as advertised. Come early and get first choice.

E. L. RIGGS,
Plymouth Cash Outfitter.



Then there had come, not to him, but to the post surgeon at Yuma, another letter just before Loring started down the Colorado. The doctor was with his patient at the moment, and the super-scription caught the latter's eye. The doctor changed color and looked embarrassed as he read. Evidently he did not desire to be questioned, nor was he at the time, for Loring had a way of



The steward uncorked another bottle of Margaux.

thinking before he spoke, but as the doctor completed certain injunctions at parting the engineer turned full upon him:

"Any news of Nevins in the letter you got this morning?"

The doctor flushed, looked bothered and confused, then finally fished the letter from an inner pocket. "Read it yourself," said he and turned away. It was from Miss Allyn. It apologized for intruding on a stranger, on his time and patience, but she knew he had been Mr. Loring's medical adviser, and she felt compelled to make certain inquiries, her sister being still unable to write for herself. The doctor was probably aware that Mr. Loring had written apprising them of the loss of certain articles of great value that had been entrusted to his care and intended for them. He had expressed the utmost sorrow and had tendered certain reimbursement (that check was for \$200, not a cent less), not a fortieth part of the value of the lost articles probably, but now they were in receipt of a letter from Captain Nevins that must have come by private hand to San Francisco, telling them that he must go forth to seek his fortunes anew; that his wife would never hear from him until he could come with full hands; that he had sent her every penny and possession he had—enough to keep her in comfort—and that if Lieutenant Loring did not promptly deliver the same to take legal steps to compel him so to do, as Nevins was now convinced the officer might appropriate them to his own use if he could find any way to cover his breach of trust, such as swearing they were stolen from him. Captain Nevins had written other things in condemnation of Mr. Loring which neither Mrs. Nevins nor herself could believe, but it did seem strange that an officer could find no safe method of sending valuable jewels when so much depended on his fidelity.

Loring read no further. His blue eyes were blazing already, and his face was white with wrath when he returned themissive to his friend, who, knowing nothing of Loring's past infatuation for the writer, wondered at sight of his emotion.

"Why, Loring," said he, "you take this shallow girl too seriously. It's the way with women all over the world. They can never wholly acquit a man of complicity when they have suffered a loss. If that package were with you on the Idaho and she was to go down in midocean and the jewelry with her, some women would say you had scuttled the ship in order to rob them."

The doctor's name, it must be observed, is unrecorded because of the extremity of his cynicism. He went back to Yuma and his duties and stowed that letter away to be answered later on. What the writer said her sister desired most to know was whether Mr. Loring had sustained any injury that might affect his mind or memory, and the doctor sniffed indignantly at the notion while he read, yet marveled much at the effect that half uttered accusation had on his usually calm, self-poised patient. He spoke of it to Turnbull when that veteran came hurrying in by stage and followed Loring down the murky stream, only just in time to catch the steamer, but Turnbull paid faint heed. Loring was still weak, he said, and a man of sensitive honor might well be wrathful at such insinuations.

And now as Loring clung to the rail upon the lofty deck and gazed out over the waste of tumbling waters toward the barren shores he was thinking deeply of that letter, of the strange bent of mind that could dictate such unjustifiable suggestion, if not accusation. He was thinking, too, of Pancho and that little packet in the purser's safe when suddenly that officer himself came popping up the narrow stairway and poked his unprotected head into the whistling wind.

"Lieutenant, come below a have a bite while we're here of . . . We'll be suzzing handprints in half an hour." And Loring followed to the steward's tiddy, where a smacking inebriated awaited them, and the silent

steward fell so with the appetite that follows fever. Purser and steward looked on with admiration.

"I'll prescribe a course of typhoid to the next friend of mine that contemplates a voyage like this," said the former presently. "It made you invulnerable. But was it typhoid?"

"No; some head trouble."

"Sanstruck?" queried the purser.

"Hot as it is, that doesn't often happen in Arizona; too dry."

"Struck, but not by sun; pistol butt perhaps," said Loring; "night attack at Gila Bend—robbers."

"O Lord, yes! I remember. I hear about that," said the genial purser. "Got away with some money, didn't they?"

"No money, but with a valuable package," and the blue eyes were fixed intently on the purser as he spoke, while the steward uncorked another pint of Margaux; "a tin box about 8 by 3, containing a watch and jewels. You sometimes get such for safe keeping, do you not?"

"Got one now," was the prompt reply as the officer smacked his lips and held out his glass for another sip of the red wine of France. "Old Escalante gave it to me at Guaymas. It's the little senorita's."

CHAPTER XII.

The afternoon and night that followed brought little comfort to the cabin passengers. Not till nearly dark did the steamer find the shelter of another island, and all the intervening hours she wallowed in the trough of the sea, with the wind abeam, and by the time the heights of Carmen island loomed between them and the red glow of the sunset skies Turnbull had thrice wished himself in hotter climes than even Arizona and could only feebly damn his junior for coming down to ask if there were not something he could do for him.

"Yes; take this pistol and shoot me," moaned the sufferer. "No, of course, I don't want brandy and water nor you nor anybody. It's simply scandalous for you to be up and well. Go away!"

And, though Loring sorely needed counsel, he felt that Turnbull was in no mood for talk and so climbed back on deck again. He had made up his mind to tell the purser the whole story and to ask him to examine the contents of the package. All the livelong night the Idaho plowed and censored through the rolling seas, gaining scant relief off Santa Catalina and San Jose, but when in the undimmed splendor of the morning she swept proudly into the placid, landlocked harbor of old La Paz Loring was the only man among her passengers to appear on deck. Even after she dropped anchor and one or two bedraggled victims were hoisted from below and dropped over the side to be rowed ashore none of the women of the gay Guaymas party was able to climb the stairs. The wind was gone by sundown, and the Idaho once more steered coastwise for Cape San Lucas. The night wore on and Loring was still alone when, just as the tinkle of the ship's bell told that 9 o'clock had come, with a soft, warm air drifting off the lead, a fragile little form issued slowly from the companionway, and the stewardess smiled invitingly on the blue-eyed officer, as though begging him to aid her feeble charge to a seat.

"I have brought the senorita up for half an hour. I made her come," said she as she dumped the pile of shawls into a spreading chair and began preparing a nest, while Pancho, turning away at sight of Loring, sank to the end of the bench, the very seat she occupied as they put to sea from Guaymas. But now it was Loring who tendered his arm, and, calmly ignoring her evident if unspoken protest, aided in lifting her from the bench and seating her in the depths of the easy reclining chair. The stewardess, with practiced hand, carefully tucked the rugs about her and, bidding the little damsel make the most of the soft, salt air while she herself ran below to prepare her chocolate, would have gone at once but for Pancho's trembling yet restraining hand. The child seemed to cling to her in desperation. Rapidly and in low tones she poured forth a torrent of pleading, and the kind-hearted woman looked about her in perplexity and distress.

"What can I do, sir?" said she to Loring in English. "This poor little thing has eaten nothing since she came aboard. She has cried herself sick. She is as weak as a baby and must have food, yet she will not let me go."

"Stay with her until she is calmer," said Loring. "I'll get what is needed."

"But I cannot. The other ladies call for me incessantly."

A little disk of gold was slipped quickly into the disengaged hand. "Let them call awhile, but don't you go," was the double answer. It is odd to note how soon the troubled waves subside along those summer shores. The Idaho was only lazily bowing and courtesying to old Neptune now. A long, languorous heave of the billows, as though worn out with the furious lashing of the last few days, was the only greeting of the broadening sea as the steamer rounded the southeast headland and slowly bore away for Cape San Lucas. Little Pancho's dusky head was resting wearily yet resignedly on the pillow, her hand still clasping that of the stewardess, as

an attendant from below appeared with a little tray and some scalding hot chocolate, some tender slices of the breast of chicken, some tempting little dainties were quickly set before her.

"Make her take them," whispered Loring from the shadows, and, once the effort was made and the "ice broken," the dark-eyed invalid ate almost eagerly. At three bells the stewardess was allowed to slip away for just a little more chocolate, and glancing furtively, fearfully about her Pancho was aware of a dim masculine form seated not ten feet away. She knew it was Loring and yet could not move. She felt that he must presently rise and accost her, and she shrank from the meeting in dismay, yet soon began to look again and to note that he had not changed his attitude. Apparently indifferent to her presence, he was gazing dreamily out across the slowly heaving billows, wherein the stars were dancing.

The stewardess was gone full quarter of an hour, and in all that time he never even once glanced her way, and poor Pancho found her eyes flitting toward him every little while in something almost akin to fascination. Could it be that he had forgotten or that he did not recognize her? Yet she had heard how both Loring and the other, that elder officer, Colonel Turnbull, had carried her below as she slowly rallied from her fainting spell two nights before. Surely she thought she remembered seeing recollection or recognition in the eyes of both, yet now, when he had opportunity to accost her, not one word did he attempt. She was warmed and comforted by the chocolate and the food. She enjoyed the second cup just brought her. She begged the stewardess to stay, yet only faintly protested when told she had to go.

Once again Pancho was alone when the chiming tinkle, four bells, told that 10 o'clock had come, and then for a moment she turned cold again and shrank within her rugs and wraps, for Loring slowly and deliberately rose and looked toward her. Now he was coming. Now he would speak. Now he would demand of her to explain her part in the wicked thing that had happened. She dreaded, yet she longed to stay, for she had a story that she could eagerly tell to him. For a moment her heart lay still and then leaped and fluttered uncontrollably. Slowly, the shadowy fellow passenger had found his feet. Steadily he looked, as though straight at her, for nearly a minute, then as slowly and deliberately turned his back and walked away forward. When, nearly an hour later, the stewardess came to lead her below and the purser and one of the ship's officers had both been to inquire if she felt better and to tell her to be of good cheer—she'd be all right on the morrow and troling for dolphin on the blue Pacific—though she saw Loring slowly pacing up and down, though twice he passed so close to her that by stretching forth her tiny foot she could have checked or tripped him, not once again did she detect so much as a glance at her.

And yet, when a little later the stewardess tucked her in her white berth and invented messages and inquiries from her prostrated aunt and cousins in neighboring staterooms, that designing



Pancho had been reclining ever since noon.

woman wove a tale about the blue-eyed, silent officer pacing the lonely deck—how anxious he was to do something for the little invalid; how eagerly he had gone and ordered for her and superintended the preparation of that dainty little supper; how he had bidden the stewardess to stay by her and soothe her and was so deeply interested. High and low, rich and poor, they love romances, these tender hearts, and for that reason, doubtless, no reference did Mme. Flores make of the \$5 gold-piece that had found its way to her ready palm.

"And he spoke Spanish beautifully, did the Senor Teniente," said Mme. Flores, whereas did Pancho's heart begin to flutter anew, for that meant that he must have heard and understood her pleadings.

And so it happened that till long after midnight the child lay wide-eyed and awake, listening to that steady, measured tread upon the upper deck. Strange and sad and eventful had been that young life thus far. What strange, new thing had fate in store for her now?

The Idaho dropped anchor at San Lucas and put off a passenger and took on the mails—two bags, with flasks as fast as the sandy strand on which the long, white line of breakers beat in ceaseless, soothing melody. The broad, blue ocean glistened under the sunshine of another day, and late in the afternoon one or two pallid and attenuated shapes were aided to the deck, where Pancho had been reclining ever since noon, and the captain had come and rallied her upon her big, pathetic eyes and hollow cheeks and coaxed her to promise to play her guitar that evening, and the purser had been polite, and the stewardess had brought up an appetizing lunch, and Colonel Turnbull had put in an appearance toward sundown—a growler's face was his—and all this time Mr. Loring either briskly pacing the deck or, in a sheltered nook back of her or intrude

Petoskey, Charlevoix, Traverse City

LOW RATE EXCURSION

August 22

VIA D. G. R. & W. AND C. & W. M. RAILWAYS

TICKETS GOOD 15 DAYS

Best Chance of the Season to Visit the North Country.

upon her meditations. Pancho's epixits and courage—or was it innate coquetry?—began to ferment. That evening no fewer than five passengers appeared at table, though all five did not remain through the several courses.

That evening Pancho was again tucked in her chair, and Cousin Inez was aided from her room and placed beside her, and very attentive was Mr. Traynor, the purser, though fair Inez was but languid and unresponsive still and kept her veil about her face, and Colonel Turnbull came and poured champagne for both with lavish hand and vowed it was specific against further assaults of the salty seas, and still Mr. Loring never spoke a word. With the sparkling sunshine of yet another day the little maid was early on the shining deck, fresh from its matutinal ablutions, and there was Loring taking his early exercise, striding up and down, up and down, and drinking in the glorious, invigorating sea air, but even now he came no nearer, and she who feared at first to venture to her accustomed seat lest he might take advantage of her solitude and come and ask things or say things she could not bear to hear finally sidled along one side while he was patrolling the other, made her timid way to the stern and stood there clinging to the flagstaff and became absorbed in the rush of foaming, foiling waters unrolling a gradually narrowing streak of dazzling white through the blue green waste of billows, all sparkling in the glancing sunshine.

Wheeling in flapping circles, overhead, skimming the crested waves, settling down and lazily floating on the heaving flood, so many dots of snow upon the sapphire, the flock of gulls sailed onward with the ship, white scavengers of the sea, and sometimes dropped so close to the rail on wide extended wing that Pancho could plainly see the eager little red beads of eyes, could almost bury her soft cheek in the thick plumage of their fleecy breasts. Away out toward the invisible coast a three-master was bowing along under full speed of canvas, and midway between some huge black fish were plunging through the swelling brine. Early as it was the deckhands had cast astern the stout trolling line, and far in their wake the spinning, wivry bait came leaping and flashing from the northward slope of each succeeding wave, and Pancho, who had seen the previous day a dolphin hauled in to die in swiftly changing, brilliant hues upon the deck, tested the taut lanyard with her slender fingers, wondering whether she alone could triumph over the frantic struggles of the splendid fish, or what she would do if she found she could not.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NARROW ESCAPE.
Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Grotton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God, I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at John L. Gale's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

Job Printing At this Office

Train Time and Round Trip Rates

LEAVE	Special Train	Regular Train	Petoskey Train
Detroit (Fort St. Station)	7 30		\$5 00
Delray	7 40		5 00
Beech	7 57		5 00
Elm	*		5 00
Stark	8 05		5 00
Plymouth	8 15		5 00
Salem	8 28		5 00
South Lyon	8 40		5 00
Brighton	8 55		5 00
Howell Junction		10 18	4 75
Howell	9 15		4 75
Fowlerville (Meet No. 2)	9 37		4 50
Webberville	9 47		4 50
Williamston	10 00		4 50
Meridian		*11 03	4 50
Okemos		*11 09	4 25
Trowbridge		*11 45	4 00
Lansing	10 25		4 00
North Lansing	10 37		4 00
Delta		*11 36	4 00
Leagle		* 8 10	4 00
Grand Ledge	10 55	11 54	4 00
Mulliken	11 10		4 00
Sunfield	11 20		4 00
Woodbury		*12 23	4 00
Lake Odessa	11 35		4 00
Clarksville		12 47	4 00
Lowell (L. & H. R. R.)		12 10	4 00
Elmdale		12 50	4 00
Alto		*12 56	4 00
McCords		* 1 02	4 00
East Paris			
Grand Rapids	Ar. 12 30	1 30	
Traverse City	Lv. 12 45	1 45	
Elk Rapids	Ar. 1 15	5 40	
Charlevoix	Ar. 6 30	6 30	
Petoskey	Ar. 7 20	7 38	
Petoskey, Bay View	Ar. 7 45	8 15	

Return Limit Sept. 5th

Stops will be made at Baldwin, Manistee-Crossing and Thompsonville and at principal stations north of Traverse City to let off passengers who do not wish to go through to Petoskey. Baggage will be checked to such stations on application to baggagemen at starting point.

J. K. V. AGNEW, GEO. DeHAVEN, General Superintendent, General Passenger Agent.

Baked Goods.

Everything in the line of Breads, Cookies, Cakes, Doughnuts, &c., always on hand, baked fresh every day. We ask a trial for our goods.

Meals and Lunches at all hours.
Ice Cream Every Day and Evening.

Finest Line of Candies in Town.

We take Orders for all kinds of Pastry and guarantee to give satisfaction.

Board by Day or Week at Reasonable Prices.
Transient Trade Solicited.

G. T. TAYLOR, Prop.
SUTTON ST., PLYMOUTH.

The "White"

RIDDEN by the professional racer, it has proven a winner oftener than any in competition. Ridden by the non-professional, by the "scorcher," for business or pleasure, it has a record second to none. Material used in its construction, pains-taking care in manufacturing details, ease in running, and handsome, symmetrical design are a few of its claims for superiority. Reasonable prices, coupled with high values, are characteristics of the "WHITE." Our long established reputation guarantees the excellence of our product.

Models A and B.....\$50.00
Model G (30-in. wheel)..... 60.00
"Special Racer"..... 75.00
Models E and F (chainless)..... 85.00

White Sewing Machine Company,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

A. S. LYNDO Agent, Plymouth.

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail

A Letter to Mrs. Pinkham Brought Health to Mrs. Archambo.

LETTERS TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 4, 1891.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For two years I felt tired and so weak and dizzy that some days I could hardly go around the house. Backache and headache all the time and my food would not digest and had such pains in the womb and troubled with leucorrhoea and kidneys were affected.
"After birth of each child I grew weaker, and hearing so much of the good you had done, I wrote to you and have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one box of Lozenges, one box of Liver Pills, one package of Sanative Wash, and today I am feeling as well as I ever did. When I get up in the morning I feel as fresh as I did when a girl and eat and sleep well and do all of my work. If ever I feel weak again shall know where to get my strength. I know your medicine cured me."—MRS. SALINA ARCHAMBO, CHARLESTON, MASS.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled; for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women a year. All women who suffer are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which will be promptly given without charge.

\$5. BICYCLES \$30.



3000 HIGHEST GRADE BICYCLES, Nearly 500 different styles. Must be closed out at the lowest possible price. Write at once for agents. Wonderful bargains for everybody. Hundreds of good second hand bicycles, many as good as new, go for \$5. to \$15. New models, new high grade, \$12.50 to \$15.00. Write at once to see. We have so many, take advantage of this great opportunity at once.
Write for our new plan by which thousands have secured a bicycle by working for us. Easiest yet, only \$1 required to start. Any wheelchairs or approved subject to examination. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write at once for agents.
BROWN-LEWIS CO., (Dept. 17) Chicago, U. S. A. Above Company are perfectly reliable.—Editor.

Love at First Sight.

In Garibaldi's autobiography the story of his love is told. He relates how, feeling the need of some one who would love him, and believing women to be "the most perfect beings," he determined to seek a wife for himself. He was then pacing the deck of the Itanarica, and he chanced to look upon the houses of the Barra, a little hill at the entrance of the Laguna of St. Catherine, in Brazil. With the aid of a glass which he carried he saw a young girl, and he ordered the men to put him ashore. On landing he tried to find the house which he had seen from the ship, but failed, and, meeting an acquaintance, he accepted an invitation to take coffee at his house.

"On entering the house," says Garibaldi, "the first person on whom my gaze fell was the one who had caused my coming ashore. It was Anita, the mother of my children. We both remained in an ecstatic silence, gazing at each other like two persons who do not meet for the first time and who seek in each other's lineaments something which shall revive remembrance. At last I saluted her, and I said, 'You must be mine.' I spoke but little Portuguese, and I said these audacious words in Italian. However, I seemed to have some magnetic power in my insolence. I had felt a knot which death only could break."

A Feature of Western Roads.

A characteristic feature of the equipment of Western railroads is the "chair car" (seats free). These cars add materially to one's comfort in traveling, particularly those of the most modern pattern, such as have recently been placed on the Burlington railroad. They are fitted with the most comfortable sort of reclining chairs, toilet rooms, wash basins and a smoking compartment. Each car is in charge of a uniformed colored porter and the whole effect is very attractive. Eastern managers have something to learn from this.

Creeping Numbness is a Danger Signal

Mr. G. H. Snyder, a well known citizen of Lawrence, Kan., said: "About three years ago I experienced a coldness or numbness in the feet, then creeping up my legs, until it reached my body. I grew very thin in flesh, appetite poor and I did not retain my food. At last I became unable to move about. I consulted several distinguished physicians, one telling me I had locomotor ataxia, another that I had creeping paralysis. I took their medicines but continued to grow worse. Almost a year ago a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Before I had finished my first box I found they were benefiting me. I used twelve boxes in all, and was perfectly cured. Although it is six months since I used my last pill there has been no recurrence of the disease."—From Lawrence Journal.

GLORIES OF HEAVEN.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DESCRIBES THE WORLD TO COME.

The Great Divine Patina the Attractiveness of Christ in Glowing Colors—From Ivory Palaces to Crucifixion Agony.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1891.]
WASHINGTON, July 30.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth the glories of the world to come and the attractiveness of the Christ, who opens the way; text, Psalms, xiv, 8. "All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with great towers and elaborate rose windows and sculpturing of the last judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of quatre foik its sacristy, with ribbed ceilings and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which lay in oaken presses—robes that had been embroidered with gold and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Plus VII at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost and lifted them up the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth and embroidery and perfume. But today I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

The Robes of Christ.

In my text the King steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as he advances. His pomp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is he than Queen Vashti moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette on the day when Louis XVI put upon her the necklace of 800 diamonds; than Anne Boleyn the day when Henry VIII welcomed her to his palace—all beauty and all pomp forgotten while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory. King of Zion, King of earth, King of heaven, King forever! Her garments not worn out, not dust bedraggled, but radiant and jeweled and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed 100 years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphor and frankincense and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Aye, aye. "They smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright leaved Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh thrown on his infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of his crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and brise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for the purposes of merchandise. One piece of it no larger than a chestnut would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus.

Spice Gales From Heaven.

I know that to many he is only like any historical person; another John Howard; another philanthropic Oberlin; another Confucius; a grand subject for a painting; a heroic theme for a poem; a beautiful form for a statue; but to those who have heard his voice and felt his pardon and received his benediction he is music, and light, and warmth, and thrill, and eternal fragrance—sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betrays; lifting you up while others try to push you down; not so much like morning glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic—the same morning, noon and night, yesterday, today, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear him out. We put on him all our burdens and afflict him with all our griefs and set him foremost in all our battles; and yet he is ready to lift and to sympathize and to help. We have so imposed upon him that one would think in eternal affront he would quit our soul; and yet today he addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smiles, pities us with the same compassion.

There is no name like his for us. It is more imperial than Caesar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos. It grows with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to thimble a cemetery all plowed with graves, to make a queen unto God out of the last woman, to catch the tears of human sorrow in a lacrymatory

that shall never be broken? Who has such an eye to see our need, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities? I struggle for some metaphor with which to express him. He is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra. That is too loud. He is not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest. That is too boisterous. He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightning. That is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see him with our eyes and to hear him with our ears and to touch him with our hands. Oh, that today he might appear to some other one of our five senses! Aye, the nostril shall discover his presence. He comes upon us like spice gales from heaven. Yea, his garments smell of lasting and all pervasive myrrh.

Aloes of Bitterness.

Would that you all knew his sweetness! How soon you would turn from all other attractions! If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy and clasped his hands and rushed through the streets because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed clean and made white as snow, when the question has been solved. "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frost bitten, storm lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor they suggest to me "the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who ever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in oyer and terminer another, a foul mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on his back as wide as your two fingers where he was not whipped? Was there a space on his brow an inch square where he was not cut of the briars? When the spike struck at the instep, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage! Aloes! Aloes!

Man Made Free.

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour; who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ? He had a fit place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer his dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Was it not all aloes? Our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup, and that pressed to his lips until the acid, nauseating, bitter draft was swallowed with a distorted countenance and a shudder from head to foot and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes, aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubbornness, because he did not like Caesar? No, no! All this because he wanted to pluck me and you from hell. Because he wanted to raise me and you to heaven. Because we were lost, and he wanted us found. Because we were blind, and he wanted us to see. Because we were serfs, and he wanted us unmanumitted. Oh, ye in whose cup of life the saccharin has predominated; oh, ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward him who in your stead and to purchase your disenfranchisement, took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes?

The Divine Physician.

Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant which grew in India and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So, when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous idea! We are not sick. Why do we want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and on bright cool days we feel we could bound like a roe." I beg to differ; my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have to tell you that you are "full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores which have not been bound up or mollified with ointment." The miasm of sin is on us—the palsy, the dropsy, the leprosy. The man that is expiring tonight in the next street—the allopathic and homeopathic doctors have given him up and his friends now standing around to take his last words—do you not certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's apothecary. All the knives of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the Divine Physician, written, not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physicians,

but written in plain English, so that a "man, though a fool, need not err therein." Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell of cassia!

Christ the Healer.

Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantelpiece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say of him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace offered him and refuses to take it? If he dies, he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and led him out to darkness and death, as though he brought him up to the cliffs and then pushed him off. Oh, no! When a man is lost, it is not because God pushes him off; it is because he jumps off. In olden times a suicide was buried at the crossroads, and the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me; there may be at this time a man who is destroying his soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misimproved privileges, so that those going by may look at the fearful mound and learn what a suicide it is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died, puts itself out of the way.

When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after him—people who were sick, and those who, being so sick they could not walk, were brought by their friends. Here I see a mother holding up her little child, saying: "Cure this croup, Lord Jesus! Cure this scarlet fever!" And others: "Cure this ophthalmia! Give ease and rest to this spinal distress! Straighten this club foot!" Christ made every house where he stopped a dispensary. I do not believe that in the 19 centuries which have gone by since, his heart has got hard. I feel that we can come now with all our wounds of soul and get his benediction. O Jesus, here we are. We want healing. We want sight. We want health. We want life. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Blessed be God that Jesus Christ comes through this assemblage now, his "garments smelling of myrrh"—that means fragrance, "and aloes"—that mean bitter sacrificial memories, "and cassia"—that means medicine and cure.

Out of Ivory Palaces.

According to my text, he comes "out of the ivory palaces." You know, or if you do not know I will tell you now, that some of the palaces of olden time were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manner of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory, and chairs of ivory, and tables of ivory, and floors of ivory, and pillars of ivory, and windows of ivory, and fountains that dropped into basins of ivory, and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering beauty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Silvery music rippling on the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say: "Oh, if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place he came, and to that place he proposes to transport you, for his "garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces." What a place heaven must be! The Tuilleries of the French, the Windsor castle of the English, the Spanish Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin, are mere dungeons compared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God—the ivory palaces! One for the angels, insufferably bright, winged, fire eyed, tempest charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood red robes from under the altar; one for the King, the steps of his palace the crown of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the 144,000; one for you, ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces!

Realms of Beauty.

Today it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see, climbing the stairs of ivory and walking on floors of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, not 82 years and 79 years, as when they left us, but blithe and young as when on their marriage day. And there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heart breaker over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And your dear little children that went out from you—Christ did not let one of them drop as he lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No. They went as from one they loved well to one, whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while, but when you, the mother, came along, it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room and the little one sprang out greet him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust and the gravel and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, and the water came up to the wheel's hub as you drove out to the cemetery, it made no difference to them; for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the ivory palaces. All is well with them. All is well.

It is not a dead weight that you lift

when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and he says: "Put her down here very gently. Put that head which will never ache again on this pillow of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces!" And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But, oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbor. You might as well take the Southern Pacific railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going, and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to or to be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones! Call louder from the ivory palaces!

Mystery Solved.

When I think of that place and think of my entering it, I feel awkward. I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been bemired, and my coat is soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am and sit among the guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed; we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of thy pardoning mercy roll over us! I want not only to wash my hands and my feet; but, like some skilled diver, standing on the pier head, who leaps into the wave and comes up at a far distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down, and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of thy salvation!

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for 80 years. I have been asking it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and today I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem; meanwhile and now taking it as the tenderest, mightiest of all facts that Christ did come, that he came with spikes in his feet, came with thorns in his brow, came with spears in his heart, to save you and to save me. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." O Christ, whelm all our souls with thy compassion! Mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of thy grace! Ride through today the conqueror, thy garments smelling "of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces!"

An Odd Experience.

James Dillingworth, a Cincinnati man, had an experience in a Chicago violin shop recently that might happen once in 10,000,000 times. Mr. Dillingworth came over from Cincinnati with his daughter, who is a somewhat skilled violinist. On the road the daughter's pet violin got smashed in a trunk. It was a medium good instrument. Mr. Dillingworth paid \$75 for it in a London shop and had given it to his daughter. He took it to a State street store to have it repaired. The next day he went back to get it. "We haven't finished the repair yet," said the clerk. "You see we had to take the violin apart," he explained, exhibiting the pieces.

Mr. Dillingworth was astonished to catch sight of his name on the underside of the top piece. He examined it more closely. "This is a violin I made 50 years ago," he gasped, more surprised than he had ever been in his life. Half a century ago Mr. Dillingworth made the violin just as an experiment and because he had a knack for using cabinet tools. He afterward sold the violin to a friend for \$2.50. The friend sold the instrument to a man who was just starting for Australia. Dillingworth bought his own fiddle back at a London violin shop for \$75.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

May Be a Raphael.

An alleged new Raphael picture has been discovered at the exhibition of sacred art at Como. In one of the galleries of the exhibition there is a picture representing "The Massacre of the Innocents," belonging to Dr. Blondi of Pavia. A number of artists, attracted by the beauty of the painting, formed a committee to examine it attentively. The surface of the canvas was carefully scratched in the spot where the signature was expected to be, and below the varnish was found the signature Raph. VRBI and the year MDX. The picture would, therefore, belong to the beginning of the last decade of Raphael's life, he having died in 1520. It is believed that the picture was bought toward the middle of the seventeenth century at a sale of a cardinal's possessions.

A Rational Argument.

"You once said you would die for me, Jonas, and now you refuse to cut the grass." "That's perfectly logical, might I say? If I died for you, I'd be done with it, but if I mow the grass once you'll make me do it every two weeks."—Chicago Record.

The Kidney Completion.

The pale, sallow, sunken-shoeked, distressed-looking people you so often meet are afflicted with "Kidney Completion." Their kidneys are turning to a parmap color. So is their complexion. They may also have indigestion, or suffer from sleeplessness, rheumatism, neuralgia, brain trouble, nervous exhaustion and sometimes the heart acts badly. The cause is weak, unhealthy kidneys. Usually the sufferer from kidney disease does not find out what the trouble is until it is almost too late, because the first symptoms are so like mild sickness that they do not think they need a medicine or a doctor until they find themselves sick in bed. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root will build up and strengthen their weak and diseased kidneys, purify their disease, kidney-poisoned blood, clear their complexion and soon they will enjoy better health. You can get the regular sizes at the drug store, at fifty cents and one dollar, or you may first prove for yourself the wonderful virtues of this great discoverer Swamp-Root, by sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent to you absolutely free by mail. When writing kindly mention that you read this liberal offer in The Plymouth Mail.

That Throbbing Headache.

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for sick and nervous headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by John L. Gale.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas default has been made in the conditions of certain mortgage, dated the twenty-third day of February, A. D. 1891, executed by Elsie A. Hedden, of Plymouth, Wis., as a party, and William F. Mackinnon, as the name of said mortgage, and the same is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said county of Wayne in Liber 123 of Mortgage at page 351 thereof, and the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars (\$130.00) of principal and interest, and the sum of twenty dollars (\$20.00) as a attorney's fee stipulated for in said mortgage and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law or in equity to enforce the same, and the said mortgage is now in default, and the power of sale contained therein, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that with the view of carrying out the provisions of the said mortgage, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder at the Western or Griswold street entrance to the City Hall in Detroit, (that being the place in which the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held) State of Michigan, on the twenty-fourth day of August, A. D. 1891, at 11 o'clock a. m., and whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of Four hundred and sixty-seven and 100/100 dollars (\$467 7/10) of principal and interest, and the sum of twenty dollars (\$20.00) as a attorney's fee stipulated for in said mortgage and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law or in equity to enforce the same, and the said mortgage is now in default, and the power of sale contained therein, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that with the view of carrying out the provisions of the said mortgage, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder at the Western or Griswold street entrance to the City Hall in Detroit, (that being the place in which the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held) State of Michigan, on the twenty-fourth day of August, A. 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Say, Wife,

You do get up the best meals!
I do enjoy them so!

Well, you know, John, I always buy our Groceries at Hunter's, where everything is fresh and of the best quality. This Soup is made from None Such Condensed Soups. It only cost 10 cents a package and each package is enough for four meals. That Pumpkin Pie is made from None Such New England Prepared Pumpkin. A 10 cent package makes two large, fat pies.

I have been all around town, but there is no one that keeps as fine a line of Groceries as Geo. W. Hunter & Co. They have that new drink, "Tricola," and Fanny says it is just lovely.

When you are hot and thirsty, try an

Orange Sunday,

Cherry Monday or

A Plum Julip,

Then go and get your Overcoat.

G. W. Hunter & Co.



IT'S EASY

To make your homes bright and attractive with . . .

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

because they are each made for certain purposes.

A paint for Furniture, for Floors, for Bath Tubs, for Houses, in fact anything paintable, not one slap-dash mixture for all kinds of surfaces. Remember, it's putting the right paint in the right place that's the secret of paint success. We will tell you the right paint to use.

Conner Hardware Co.



FLORIDA
NEW
ORLEANS



CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & DAYTON RY.
THE SHORT LINE TO
Cincinnati and the South

DIRECT CONNECTION MADE
AT CINCINNATI-FOR

LEWISVILLE CUBA
LOUISVILLE ATLANTA
KNOXVILLE JACKSONVILLE
CHATTANOOGA MEMPHIS
TAMPA

Mail Order
Cash Selling Cars
Patent Sleeping Cars

G. E. GILMAN,
Michigan Pass. Agt., Detroit

Breezy Items

By Elze Correspondents.

SHELDON.

Mr. W. J. Gillepie, a first class young man in possession of education and refinement, and a leader in society, is about to embark into the shoe business in Ypsilanti. He has had an option on the proprietor of the store for some and thinks now he will close the bargain. He has the good wishes of his many friends for his success.

Shoemaker and blacksmith are good trades in this town. Both keep busy.

Berry pickers have discontinued their operations on account of scarcity of berries.

The Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Belleville, preached a very able discourse in the M. E. church Sunday morning.

The threshing machine whistles can be heard in all directions.

PERRINSVILLE.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Richards, a boy, last Saturday. Oz wears a 7x9 smile.

Mrs. Phoebe Robinson, who has been staying with her son in Detroit, has returned home.

J. F. Brown and George Cooper took a business trip to Northville last Tuesday.

Thieves are calling on farmers in these parts. Robt. Wuschack had his canvas, wrench and driving chair stolen from his binder on the night of July 31.

Miss Catharine Rose, of Plymouth, and Miss Hattie Spiera, of Detroit, have been visiting Ada Badelt.

Mrs. Geo. Draper and son have been staying with her mother-in-law the past week.

Mr. Abbie Tait had his shoulder broken while working for his aunt, Mrs. Sanderson, of Northville.

E. L. Parmelee, who has been sick the past week, is better at this writing.

Mrs. Willard Sherman is improving slowly.

Mrs. D. L. Dickerson and daughter, Nettie, have been visiting relatives in Detroit.

Miss Cora Meyers has returned home.

TOWNSHIP LINE.

Mrs. Harry Stevens and children, of Detroit, are spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Cook.

Miss Blanche Orr, of East Salem, has been spending several days with Miss Lizzie Tiffin.

Mrs. Peter Van Voorhies is recovering slowly from her sickness under the care of Dr. E. P. Waid, of Salem.

Clyde Whittaker, little son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whittaker, who was very sick last week is some better.

Mr. Lewie Knapp, of Canton, visited Harry Eldred a few hours Sunday.

Chas. Taming is the hustling farmer of the neighborhood. He has finished his oats harvest and is plowing for wheat.

Don Packard is the owner of a fine little Shetland colt that weighs 30 pounds.

Mrs. Orrin Cook and Jennie Van Voorhies spent Monday afternoon in Northville.

Mr. Will Smith, who has been on the sick list, is much better.

Mr. Harry Stevens and brother-in-law, of Detroit, spent Sunday with Ed Cook.

The highway commissioner, Mr. Chase, is putting in a good and much needed culvert by Mr. Reeves' this week.

Mr. Bert Hobert was calling on friends in the neighborhood Tuesday.

Perry Jolley has purchased a fine flock of ducks of Frank Butler.

SOUTH LIVONIA.

Fred Wilson has purchased a new surrey and piano.

Mrs. Wm. Everson, of Detroit, and Mrs. Benj. Rathburn, of this place, spent Wednesday and Thursday at Salem.

Several of the people who were picking berries in Wilson's woods recently were very politely requested to vacate. Some started to pick berries there since, and we imagine the next request was not as polite, but probably was more like a command.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kirk and daughter, Eva, of Detroit, spent last Saturday and Sunday with Lean Meldrum's family.

The dance at Mr. Mau's barn last Friday evening was attended by some 60 couples. The music was furnished by H. E. Meldrum, 1st violin, Jesse Outhwaite, cornet, Miss Rathburn, organ. Wm. Garchow had an ice cream stand which was very liberally patronized. All spent a very pleasant evening.

Master Frankie O'Bryan, who has been spending a few weeks in Detroit, has returned home.

Harry Rattenbury is on the sick list. Dr. Cooper, of Plymouth, removed an oat from L. Meldrum's ear last Saturday.

Mrs. Benj. Rathburn, of this place, and Mrs. Edna Everson, of Detroit, spent Sunday in Plymouth.

Albert Tait, who broke his shoulder recently, is getting along nicely under the care of Dr. Turner, of Northville.

Several young people from the center of the town spent Sunday at Orchard Lake.

QUARTEL'S CORNERS.

Miss Minnie Fox returned to Battle Creek Monday.

Miss Etta Quartel visited friends in Wayne last week.

Mrs. Hilmoth visited Mrs. Schrader last week.

Fred Palmer improved his house very much by putting on a chimney.

The social at Wm. Meinhart's was well attended.

Mrs. Sly intends to break up house keeping on account of her poor health. She intends to live with her daughter, Mrs. John Root.

CANTON CENTER.

There will be preaching in Edward Corwin's yard at 2 o'clock, Aug. 6, and the Canton Centre Sunday school will be at half past three.

Miss Minnie Fox returned to Battle Creek Monday, July 31st, where she will teach school this coming fall.

Mrs. Arthur Huston has been ill, but is some better at this writing.

Mrs. H. C. Blount, of Wayne, made Mrs. Nash a flying visit Aug. 1st.

Frank Dick has been ill, but is now recovering.

CHERRY HILL.

Too late for last week.
The C. H. dancing club give a hop this Friday evening.

The Epworth League held a very interesting meeting at R. L. Huston's Tuesday evening. The League will give an entertainment at the church in the near future.

The Cherry Hill ball club are very successful this season. They have lost only one game so far. Their last victory was at Plymouth, Wednesday, Score 22 to 6.

Mrs. Cora Cape, of Marion, Osceola Co., is visiting relatives here.

There will be no preaching Sunday as the pastor is taking a vacation. Rev. Timothy Edwards, of Belleville, occupied the pulpit last Sabbath. His discourse was very interesting.

Oats are being secured at a lively rate. Someone who is desirous of prolonging the school trouble here wrote a lot of mistatements in the Detroit Courier last week.

Prof. Chapman, of the Normal faculty, and Fred H. Ziegler, student, dined at ye Scribes' last Sunday.

MURRAY'S CORNERS.

Miss Millie Jackson entertained a party of young people Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Pooler spent Sunday at Walled Lake.

Miss Daisy Brown, of Northville, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. R. J. Brown.

Will Lewis, of the firm of Lewis & Lewis, of Northville, Mr. Frank Hill, of Cherry Hill and Miss Beatrice Clark of Detroit, spent Sunday evening with Miss Martha Walker.

Miss Anna Sly is spending the week with her mother, Mrs. Roby Sly.

A party of people from the surrounding neighborhood spent Saturday at Walled Lake and all returned with a fine string of fish.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Shuart and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Voorhies accompanied by Miss Minnie Fowler, were camping at Walled Lake last week.

Don Voorhies and Leon Shuart spent Sunday at Walled Lake.

Miss Inez Geer, of Detroit, and Miss Anna Conklin called on Miss Martha Walker, Monday.

Miss Grace Truesdell, of Canton, spent Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. Randolph Brown.

Clarence Sayles has supplied himself with a new air motor to grind his feed.

Allen Brown is very ill with gastric fever.

Mrs. Albert Cole, of Canton and Mrs. Cora Cape spent Thursday with Mrs. Orson Westfall.

Miss Martha Walker spent Wednesday in Detroit.

Martin Kinyon, after spending a few days with his brother, Ira Kinyon, started for his home in South Dakota Saturday morning.

D. W. H. Moreland and T. Weller, of Detroit, accompanied by Chas. Miller and Chas. Bennett, of Plymouth, called at Orson Westfall's Friday.

Friday evening, Aug. 18, there is to be a social at Miss Matt Walker's. All are invited to attend.

NEWBURG.

Julia A. Wight, only child of Samuel Wight, was born in the township of Livonia, Jan. 8, 1841. She was married to Sylvester Ostrander, Sept. 14, 1864, and died July 31, 1899. Julia Ostrander joined the Methodist church in 1893, and died as she had lived, in the full faith in the Lord. She had for some years been an active member of the W. R. C. and at her death held the office of senior vice-president and will be greatly missed by that order, but what is their loss is her gain. She leaves a husband and a host of friends to mourn her loss. The funeral occurred Wednesday morning at her late residence, being conducted by Rev. J. B. Oliver. A large congregation was present. The interment took place in Bell Branch cemetery.

Ed Kerr's finger that was broken is not doing as well as he could wish. He fears it will have to be amputated.

There was not one teacher in Sabbath school last Sunday. There was quite a large attendance at church. The text chosen by Rev. J. B. Oliver is found in St. Johns—14:12, and was handled with great ability and many new thoughts suggested.

Miss Carrie Rutter's vacation has been shortened so that she will have to return to Detroit soon.

Mrs. Clara Bennett and children visited her great-grandma and other friends at Ypsilanti, returning home Sunday.

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He Looked Marvellous.
Thomas G. Shaughnessy, recently chosen to succeed Sir William Van Horn as the president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad company, has a host of admirers in Milwaukee, where he spent his younger years. He had scarcely reached his majority when he was elected a member of the board of aldermen, and owing to his extremely youthful appearance it became necessary to consult the church register before his fellow aldermen could be satisfied that he was old enough to sit among them in the council chamber.



Given Free.
What other way of "Sodio" is there? I can recommend it as being a good article stronger than any soda I have ever used, therefore, do not use as much as of other brands.
Michigan Chemical Co.,
Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. J. L. Van,
Plymouth, Mich.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.
At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-seventh day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, Edgar G. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Catherine E. Pate, deceased.
Yarnum E. Hill, administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account, and on reading and filing the petition of said administrator, praying that the residue of said estate may be assigned to the persons entitled thereto.
It is ordered, That the twenty-ninth day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.
EDGAR G. DURFEE,
Judge of Probate.
JOHN F. PETERS, Deputy Register.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.
At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-sixth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, Edgar G. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Thomas Smith, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified of David D. Allen, administrator of said estate, praying that he may be licensed to sell said real estate of said deceased for the purpose of distribution.
It is ordered, That the twenty-ninth day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court at said time and place, to show cause why a license should not be granted to said administrator to sell said real estate as prayed for in said petition. And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.
EDGAR G. DURFEE,
Judge of Probate.
JOHN F. PETERS, Deputy Register.

Commissioner's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Nathaniel Kinyon, 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 store of Albert H. Dibble, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Tuesday, the twelfth day of September, A. D. 1899, and on Friday, the twenty-first day of January, A. D. 1900, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that all persons having claims against said deceased, are allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated July 25, 1899.
ALBERT H. DIBBLE,
ROBERT C. SAFFORD,
Commissioners.

Plymouth Markets.

The prices paid for farmers' products as given to THE MAIL by dealers and which will be corrected weekly are as follows:

GRAIN AND SEEDS	
No. 2. Red Wheat	54
No. 1. White " "	54
Oats, white, per bu. net wt. oil	24
Beans, per bu.	7 to 30
Eye	20
DAIRY AND PRODUCE	
Butter, cream	18
Swiss, strictly fresh	18
Lard, lib	10 to 17
POULTRY AND MEATS	
Spring chickens, live, per lb.	15 to 18
Pork, dressed, per cwt.	10 1/2
Beef	10 1/2
Veal	10 1/2
MISCELLANEOUS	
Flour, retail price per bbl.	24.00
Bras. per cwt.	20
Short feed	20
Timothy	20
Potatoes	25

GET OUR PRICES

ON

Binder Twine

Before Buying Elsewhere

L. C. HOUGH & SON

F. & P. M. ELEVATOR