

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XIII, NO. 9.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1899.

WHOLE NO. 634.

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.

R. C. LEACH, Pres.

L. C. HOUGH, Vice Pres.

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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

General Banking Business Transacted

3 PER CENT

Interest paid on Savings and Time Deposits.

Your Patronage Solicited.

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A. PELHAM,



DENTIST.

NEW TAILOR SHOP,

Above American Exp. office, Plymouth

CLEANING & REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

F. FREYDL

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.

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, the city of Detroit, on the fifth day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Mrs. E. Clayton, deceased.

An instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, having been delivered to this court for probate.

It is ordered, That the fourteenth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, a said Probate office, be appointed for proving said instrument.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.

Wm. F. Frazee, Deputy Register.

Pencil and Pastepot

The most curious paper weight in the world belongs to the Prince of Wales. It is the mummied hand of one of the daughters of Pharaoh.

The furniture factory at South Lyon, which has been idle since the bank failure, has been purchased by a Mr. Ellsworth of Detroit and will be re-opened in the near future.

People who call for another person's mail at the postoffice and fail to deliver the same are liable to a fine of \$500, or one year in the penitentiary. This applies to newspapers as well as other mail matter.

Five Brightonites were brought before Justice Power Wednesday morning to explain how they happened to be spearing fish the night before. The Justice fined them each \$10 and \$5 costs, which they paid.

It is said that a new issue of stamps is to bear Dewey's portrait, and an exchange remarks that it would not do to use Hobson's face like this, as one-half the women would be licking the wrong side of the stamp.

If half the money that is spent in botched jobs of repairing roads was used in building roads upon correct principles, it would only be a few years until the farmers could get to town at all seasons with something more than an empty wagon.

The total enrollment at present in the Michigan University is larger than during the whole of any previous year. Last year the enrollment was 3,192, of which 235 were in the summer school. Of course, the summer school attendance this year will increase the enrollment to nearly 3,500.

Carl Webber of South Lyon shot himself through the heart Thursday morning, death resulting instantly. He was alone in a row boat on a lake a short distance west of town, when the shot was heard. It is not known whether the deed was accidental or intentional. He was 16 years old and a son of Mr. and Mrs. Rob Webber.

Great excitement prevails at Fowlerville over an oil find about ten miles northeast of the place. Four farmers who put down wells were unable to use the water because of the presence of the oil and this fact coming to the attention of representatives of the Standard Oil Co., options were secured on a large number of acres in the vicinity. Test wells are to be sunk at once.

When a young man has thoroughly mastered the fact that the only way to success in this world is hard and continued effort there is hope for him. No matter how much time he has wasted and money he has dribbled—we repeat it—there is hope: all kinds of hope. Another estimate of life will drive him to the wall as certainly as the shadows lengthen with the declining sun.—Ez.

It is rumored that the proposed consolidation of the Flint & Pere Marquette railroad with the Chicago & West Michigan and Detroit, Grand Rapids and Western, is really a move in the interests of the Michigan Central system. It is stated that the Michigan Central will, before many months, be identified with the consolidation, and it will acquire all the lines of roads interested in the consolidation.

Farmington Enterprise: Friday of last week occurred the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Allen, and the event was celebrated by their children and grand-children coming home quite unexpected. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Holden, and Mrs. Holden's son, James Mathews, wife and child, Mrs. Hedges, son and daughter of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Durfee, and little son, of Novi, C. B. Allen, wife and little son of this place. The day was pleasantly spent. There were four generations present.

The late Chas. E. Andrews, who died in Canton township August 19, left no widow and no children, and so far as known, only two grand-children. These are Horace J. and Charles C. Andrews, of Marquette. The deceased left no will. He left 95 acres of farm lands in Canton and considerable personal property. Lizzie Andrews, of Marquette, widow of a deceased son, thinks her children are the sole heirs-at-law, and has filed a petition in the probate court asking for a legal determination of the heirs.

Admiral Dewey is now in possession of the \$50,000 home at 1747 Rhode Island Avenue that was purchased for him with the fund subscribed by popular subscription. The house was his own selection and he is very much pleased

to have a home of his own. There is nothing serious in the matter with his health, though on the advice of his physician he cancelled all the invitations he had accepted, but he finds the strain of the continual receptions to which he would be subject is more than he can bear. He needs rest and quiet, though this will not interfere with his duties as one of the members of the Philippine Commission, of which all the members but General Otis are now in Washington, preparing their report to the President. The state of the Admiral's health has acted as considerable of a damper on the movement to make him a candidate for the presidency, with or without his consent. In conversation with newspaper men since coming here, he has reiterated his determination not to accept, and has stated his platform to be "no speeches, no banquets, and no receptions."

Attending His Own Funeral.

An interesting story is told about a French cab driver named Prosper Romieu, who actually attended his own funeral. Some time ago Romieu was convicted of some offense and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Since then he had been in hiding at the house of a brother. The brother died, and an inspiration occurred to the convicted cab driver. Accordingly he obtained a certificate of his own death and attended as chief mourner.

The fraud might never have been discovered, and Romieu might have passed as his own brother to his dying day but for the fact that at the graveside there was a policeman who happened to know him. The policeman accosted him and, on getting an answer, said facetiously, "This is the first time I have heard a dead man speak." The unlucky dissimulator was haled off to the bureau and has since been sentenced to five months' imprisonment.

An Ancient Military Devotion.

The eating of three blades of grass "in token of the holy communion" was a recognized form of military devotion in the middle ages. On the eve of battle one knight would make his confession to another, and then partake of this symbolical communion. It would not, however, be correct to speak of either derision or "an efficacious substitute" for the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist respectively.

The practices do not even amount to sacramentals. They were simply devotions in honor of the blessed Eucharist—plans and formal expressions of the individual's desire to communicate sacramentally, had the means been present. It may be, however, that in popular estimation these practices were in some sort considered "substitutes" for the sacraments which were for the time being unobtainable.—Notes and Queries.

Knew a Thing or Two.

When a boy at school, the late Mr. Spurgeon took a prominent part in answering all questions put to the class.

One cold day, however, the teacher noticed that he was so very backward that he remained the whole time at the bottom of the class.

This went on for some time and puzzled the teacher until he noticed that the fire was near the bottom of the class. He immediately changed the class about, making the bottom the top.

He then had the satisfaction of hearing all his questions fully answered by Spurgeon and that young hopeful keeping the same seat, the only difference being that he was at the top of the class instead of the bottom.—Spare Moments.

Regardless Of Age.

The kidneys are responsible for more sickness, suffering, and deaths than any other organ of the body.

A majority of the ills afflicting people to-day is traceable to kidney trouble. It prevails in all classes of society, in all climates, regardless of age, sex, or condition.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are unmistakable, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, pain or dull ache in the back, a desire to urinate often day or night, profuse or scanty supply.

Uric acid, or brick-dust deposit in urine are signs of clogged kidneys, causing swollen and germ-filled blood. Sometimes the heart acts badly, and tube casts (wasting of the kidneys) are found in the urine, which if neglected will result in Bright's Disease, the most dangerous form of kidney trouble.

All these symptoms and conditions are promptly removed under the influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It has a world wide reputation for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

No one need be long without it as it is so easy to get at any drug store at fifty cents or one dollar. You can have a simple bottle of wonderful discovery, Swamp-Root, and a book telling all about it, both sent you absolutely free by mail. Send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and kindly mention that you read this liberal offer in the Plymouth Mail.

Hunters' Rates via Ohio Central Lines.

The sale of tickets for the Hunting season has been authorized, and agents of the Ohio Central Lines will sell low rate excursion tickets to points in hunting territory of Michigan, Wisconsin, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Tennessee. For full particulars, rates, etc., call on Agents of Ohio Central Lines.

He Couldn't Help It.

The funniest interview I ever had or heard of, relates Julian Ralph in his reminiscences, was when I was on the staff of the New York Sun. I had been sent to look up some one in a suburb of the city. The address was a number on Fourth street, but, to my amazement, I found three such streets in the place. The house I sought was not in any of them. Tired and almost discouraged I turned into a cobbler's shop, and seeing a bearded German bending over a last in the glare of a swinging lamp, I cleared my throat and said:

"I beg your pardon, but I am a reporter of The Sun."

"Well, well," he said soothingly, before I could finish the sentence, "you cannot help dot."

I could not continue for a full minute, so struck was I by the unexpected philosophy and wisdom of his reply. I could not help being a reporter, and I knew it. When I explained that I wanted an address on Fourth street, and had already been to three Fourth streets, and would like to know if there were any more, he lifted his hammer and poised it in the air for half a minute.

"You want to know if there is some more of dose Fourt' streets?" he asked. "Well, I will tell you. I haf lived here twenty years, trying to find somedings owt, and I didn't find anydings owt yet."

The Elder Booth's Beautiful Reading.

I never heard any one read just like the elder Booth. It was beautiful. He made the figure stand before you! It was infinitely tender. Some of the passages of "Lear" were touching in the extreme, though he used Gibber's frightfully bad edition of that sublime tragedy.

He had some very odd ways at times. We were playing "Hamlet" one night in Natchez, and during Ophelia's mad scene a cock began to crow lustily. When the curtain fell upon that fourth act, this crowing became more constant. And when the manager could not find Mr. Booth to commence the next act he looked up and saw him perched on the top of the ladder, which was the only way to reach the "flies" in that primitive theater.

The manager ascended the ladder and had quite a lengthy discussion with Mr. Booth, who at last consented to come down on condition that he should resume his high position after the play and remain there until Jackson was re-elected president.—"Autobiographical Sketches of Mrs. John Drew," in Scribner's.

It is not what we have, but what we can do without, that makes us rich. Socrates, seeing a large load of valuables pass one day, exclaimed, "I am most happy, for there are so many things that I do not want!"

STORMY WEATHER

The Dread of the Rheumatic Sufferer.

A very doubtful accomplishment possessed by the patient who is undergoing the ordeal of Rheumatism or Neuralgia is that of foretelling the weather. Ath-lo-pho-ros takes this gift away if you want to stop being a weather shark buy a bottle of the nearest drug store, and we guarantee that your prophetic abilities in this line will entirely cease. Mrs. Della Henderson's experience is right along this line.

FOND DU LAC, Wis., Mar. 3rd, 1898. Gentlemen:—From my earliest remembrance I have suffered excruciating pains in my joints, not continuously but suffered often, and always when the weather was stormy or unsettled. I never found anything to help me but Ath-lo-pho-ros, and one dose will always stop the pain in half an hour from taking. I can say the times are few when I have been obliged to take the second dose to relieve the pain at any one time. Mrs. Della Henderson, 12 East Scott St.

For sale at Druggists. Send for free pamphlet to the Ath-lo-pho-ros Co., New Haven, Conn.

An interesting and successful operation was recently performed at the University Hospital. A lady came here afflicted with cancer of the jaw bone. Drs. Nancrede and Darling cut out half the jaw bone, commencing from the middle of the chin. As soon as the patient is stronger she will be supplied with a jaw bone of silver. It will be hinged on the proper place near the ear and riveted to the remaining part of the jaw so that the lady will be able to use her jaw almost as well as ever.—Ann Arbor Courier.

No Right To Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bittens is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good looking woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at John L. Gale's, Druggist.

Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but skin eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them, also old, running and fever sores, ulcers, boils, felons, corns, warts, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, chapped hands, chilblains, best pile cure on earth. Drives out pain and sores. Only 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by John L. Gale.

FREE! FREE

Again the Premium Gift has been started by others, and as we are forced into this we will not be outdone, but go one better. Listen to what we have to say: We do not require you to SIGN A CONTRACT to trade with us, but if you see fit to trade with us we will give you when your purchases amount to \$20.00 in cash in our

Dry Goods and Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Departments

FREE, YOUR PICTURE,

Including the Frame,

Like samples on exhibition in our window. Any person wishing to avail themselves of this great offer can do so by asking us for a ticket, and as fall and winter trade is just beginning, you can soon have one or more of these pictures.

Fall and Winter Goods

Are arriving every week. Look over our line of elegant line of Dress Goods in the latest patterns. Fleece lined Wrappers, Outing Flannel and Eiderdown Dressing Squares, Skirts, Petticoats and Underwear. To make this short, come in and see what we have. It costs you nothing to look.

We have a few Ladies' and Children's Jackets left that we are closing out at less than cost. Here is a bargain for you.

J. R. RAUCH & SON,

We are the People

WHO ARE SELLING

Dry Goods, Notions, Capes and Jackets, Furnishings, Chinaware, Crockery, Glassware and Groceries

Way Below Detroit Prices

WE HAVE PROVEN IT TO NEARLY

1,000 PEOPLE

During the past six months.

The first and second floor of our store is jammed full of Goods bo't at right Prices.

Come and Get Our Prices

And you will find we are the People you want to be to.

HILLMER & CO.

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 Chronicled in Condensed Form for the Busy Reader.

THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Three companies of Colonel Bell's regiment have had two encounters with the insurgents near Labam, and scattered them. The insurgents left four officers and eight men dead on the field, and the Americans captured three prisoners and several guns. On the American side one man was killed and two officers and six men wounded.

United States Consul Wildman, at Hong Kong, is said to be slated for removal because of his prominence with the affairs of Aguinaldo.

General Young's column encountered the enemy strongly entrenched just beyond the Tabasin river. A brisk fight ensued and the rebels were repulsed. Two Americans were killed and one wounded.

News has been received at the war department of the arrival of the hospital ship Relief at Manila.

The transport City of Peking sailed Saturday from San Francisco for Manila with eight companies of the Thirty-first infantry.

Li Hung Chang declares that the United States has made a mistake in assuming the Philippines, and suggests that Aguinaldo be bought off, or that the islands be sold to Japan.

A report to the navy department from Captain Leary, naval governor of the Island of Guam, says he has been forced to bound the Roman Catholic friars for interference with his government.

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

Mrs. Stockwell, of New York, was robbed of \$50,000 in jewelry and \$25,000 in money at a London hotel.

Murray Gilbert, a well-known musician, shot and killed John Hall, aged 25, and then blew out his own brains while in a saloon at Paducah, Ky. Jealousy.

An attempt was made near Watertown, S. D., to wreck a train on the Northwestern road, by placing obstructions on the track, consisting of planks spiked down and ties piled on the same braced with iron bars. It was discovered in time.

Alexander Jester has again been indicted at Paris, Mo., for the murder of Gilbert Gates.

Three unknown men murderously assaulted James O'Keefe and O. L. Little, conductors on a Chicago street car line, and probably fatally wounded Little.

Three cracksmen blew open the safe of Schram Bros. picture frame factory at Chicago and got away with a bundle of non-negotiable bank checks.

At El Reno, O. T., C. W. Hopkins, a stockman, and Deputy Marshal Fox engaged in a fight with six shooters in a saloon with a result that both were killed.

Ex-Treasurer Frank Parker of Vernon county, Mo., has pleaded guilty to a shortage of \$20,000 in county funds.

The grand jury at Cleveland, O., indicted Ralph Hawley for murder in the second degree. Hawley was a non-union conductor during the street car strike and on July 24 last shot and killed a boy during an attack on his car.

The plant of the Wisconsin Milling company, at Milwaukee, owned by the Pabst Brewing company, burned. Loss, about \$100,000.

John Goosby, a negro, was lynched at Rowan's Mill, Ga., by a mob from Twiggs county. Goosby tried to kill his employer.

At Hopkinsville, Ky., John Robinson killed his brother, Professor George Robinson, colored, in a quarrel over a corn crop.

At Putnamville, Ind., burglars entered Hurst Bros. store and blew open the safe. The noise aroused the citizens and the burglars beat a hasty retreat without securing any booty.

Leon Jackson, a miser and eccentric character of Newport, Tenn., was murdered at his home by three men, who secured \$8000.

Levi Pertz committed suicide at Chicago by hanging himself. He was 75 years old.

Christopher C. Chew, 40 years old, a department store owner of Camden, N. J., committed suicide by shooting himself.

After unsuccessfully trying to persuade her 17-year-old daughter to join her in committing suicide, Mrs. Pearl Oldham-Kennedy of Terre Haute, Ind., took a fatal dose of poison.

BUSINESS NOTES.

The National Lead, Zinc and Spelter company, with a capitalization of \$10,000,000, has been formed to work the Joplin-Galena mines.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad company has placed a contract with the American Foundry company of Detroit for the construction of 1,000 coal cars.

The Union bank of Rochester, N. Y., has gone into voluntary liquidation. It will pay in full.

Harper & Brothers, it is reported, is to be reorganized. J. Pierpont Morgan is said to have invested a large sum in the concern.

Louis Lewensohn, a clothing manufacturer of New York, filed a petition in bankruptcy. Liabilities, \$165,862; assets, \$79,870.

The receivers of the Walter A. Woodmow and Reaping Machine company at Troy, N. Y., have paid the last of the outstanding receivers' certificates.

The banking firm of D. A. Sayre & Co., at Lexington, Ky., whose president, E. D. Sayre, died recently, has assigned. It was the oldest bank in Lexington.

MISAPPROPRIATIONS AND DISASTERS.

Frank Cook was killed and George Cook was seriously injured in a collision between an electric car and a lumber wagon at Chicago.

Andrew Mattson was drowned in

Devil's lake, Wis. He was duck shooting and his canoe was overturned.

A Santa Fe cattle train was wrecked at Argonia, Kan. Two hundred head of cattle were killed, and 100 more crippled.

William McChristian, baggage-master; William Schriver, engineer; William French, conductor; S. M. Mitchell, fireman, were seriously hurt in a train wreck on the Pittsburgh and Western at Undercliff, Pa.

William Van Why and John Lambert, were killed in the Joe Dandy mine at Cripple Creek, Colo.

Mrs. James Seanor of Bucyrus, O., is dead from the effects of a bite of a pet roon and her daughter, 11 years old, is dying from the same cause.

Edward F. Berkeley, of St. Louis, a Cornell student, was drowned while undergoing preliminaries to initiation into the Kappa Alpha Society.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

The Spanish minister of justice, Senor Dufan, has resigned in consequence of the decision of the government to suspend the constitutional guarantees at Barcelona.

General Yule, in command of the forces at Genoa, has effected a junction with General Sir George Stewart White and another battle may soon be expected.

The French fleet has received instructions to watch the movements of the British Mediterranean squadron, and the Italian fleet is under orders to concentrate in the Bay of Spezia.

Later reports from the battle near Ladysmith, when General White engaged the Boers with the purpose of helping General Yule to join the Ladysmith force, indicate that it was quite a fight, the casualties on the British side being thirteen killed, including Colonel Wilford; ninety-three wounded and three missing.

The Boers have begun the bombardment of Mafeking. The women and children were given ample time to leave the place. Several houses have been set on fire.

The death is announced of General Sir William Penn Symonds, the British commander at Genoa, who was shot in the stomach in the battle there on Oct. 20.

Ex-State Attorney Koster, at one time the partner of the late Barney Barneto, was among the killed at Elandslaagte.

A state of siege has been proclaimed in the province of Barcelona, Spain.

The Boers are gradually closing Ladysmith. They have mounted two big guns on Tintira Ingoni, 4,500 yards from the British camp. An attack is expected.

General White has fought an engagement near Ladysmith with General Joubert's force, which was pushed back after several hours' fighting. The British lost about 100 men and the Boer losses were much greater.

NOTABLE DEATHS.

Rev. P. J. McCabe, the well known Roman Catholic clergyman, is dead of Bright's disease at St. Mary's, a small mission near Wausau, Minn.

Grant Allen, the author, who had been in ill health for some time past, is dead at London.

General Guy V. Henry, formerly military governor of Porto Rico, is dead at New York from pneumonia.

Judge David W. Small is dead of consumption at Oconomowoc, Wis., aged 72 years.

Christian S. Engle, of Fabius, Mich., died Oct. 26, aged 75 years. He was the father of Miss Marie Engle, the opera singer.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Forest fires are still raging throughout the Great Dismal swamp, Virginia. Millions of feet of standing timber will be consumed.

A disastrous fire occurred at Bloomsdale, O. The fire started in the electric light works and before it was extinguished had totally destroyed the plant, a bowling alley and two barns.

The sheep pens at the Kansas City stock yards, covering an entire block, were destroyed by fire. Six hundred of the sheep were cremated. Four firemen were seriously injured.

New Boston, a suburb of Columbus, O., was almost wiped out by fire.

ODDS AND ENDS.

At New York an elaborate dinner was tendered to Sir Thomas Lipton at the Metropolitan club.

Ex-President Cleveland was asked for his opinion on affairs in the Transvaal. He said he did not care to say anything now on any public question.

General Benjamin F. Tracy has been served with a subpoena to appear before the Mazet investigating committee.

The fight within the United Brewery Workmen's association which resulted in the boycott in 1894 of the Pittsburgh brewery workers has been settled.

Admiral Dewey has written a note to Frank A. Vanderlip briefly but feelingly thanking the people for their gift to him of a home at Washington.

Dr. E. A. Van Tuyl, lately of Riverside, Ill., committed suicide at Denver. He left a note saying he had suffered with pain in his back for years.

The convention of the cotton states commissioners of agriculture passed resolutions inviting capital and emigration into the south.

Miss Mary Galt, the keeper of a fashionable lodging house at Cedar Rapids, Ia., attempted suicide by crawling into a big trunk and pulling the lid down. She probably will recover.

Notified the Insurance Company.

Terre Haute, Ind., Oct. 31.—Mrs. Pearl Kennedy, depressed by domestic troubles, committed suicide by taking poison after beseeching her 17-year-old daughter also to take poison. The daughter thought her mother was making a death threat until a few hours later, when the elder woman's heavy breathing alarmed her. When Mrs. Kennedy paid a premium on her life insurance policy a few days ago she told the agent that it would be her last and that the company's turn to pay her would come before another payment would be due from her.

Fell from a Tree He Was Climbing.

Stanford, Ill., Oct. 31.—Leonard McWilliams, aged 20, while climbing a tree to dislodge a squirrel fell to the ground and was instantly killed.

FRIGHTFUL DISASTER.

Many Lives Lost in a Montreal Hotel Fire.

CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN A TRAP.

Three Firemen Killed, Five Guests Suffocated and Twenty-Five Others Unscathed For—Ferry Boat Run Down and Sunk by Another Vessel at New York—One Life Known to Be Lost, and Others May Have Perished.

Montreal, Que., Oct. 31.—A terrible fire took place in the Webster House here early in the morning. Three firemen were killed, five guests were suffocated, and twenty-five guests are unaccounted for. The fire and its dire results is alone one of the worst fatalities of its kind which ever occurred in Canada. Men, women and children were entrapped in a veritable death-trap, with no avenues of escape left open.

Some of the Dead.

The dead, so far as identified, are as follows: James Wilson, deputy sheriff, Sherbrooke, P. Q.; T. J. Benbow, Ottawa, jumped from a second-story window; Jane Gaffney, scrub-woman, from suffocation; Colonel J. K. Oswald, a retired military officer, who boarded at the hotel, is in a dying condition. Several other guests were slightly scorched. The fire started in a recess under the stairs near the dining room and quickly spread by means of the stairs to every part of the house. It was discovered at 5 o'clock and much time was lost by the fire brigade, mistaking the Webster House for the Western House, which is in another part of the city.

FERRYBOAT SUNK.

One Man Known to Have Drowned and Others May Have Perished.

New York, Oct. 31.—The Pennsylvania Railway company's ferryboat Chicago, plying between Cortland street, this city, and the Pennsylvania railway depot in Jersey City, was cut down by the Savannah line steamship City of Augusta about 1 o'clock in the morning as the ferryboat was crossing to the east side of the North river. Within a few minutes of the collision, and before the Chicago could make her slip, she sunk in seventy-five feet of water. It is not definitely known how many passengers were on board the Chicago at the time of the disaster, but the number is variously estimated at from fifty to 100. One man, John Bryson, is known to have been drowned. His body was recovered. Fireman Vroom of the Chicago is missing, and is thought to have been caught in the hold. It is not improbable that other lives were lost.

Explosion Burns Ten Men.

Pittsburg, Oct. 31.—Ten men, two of whom will die, were burned at the Carnegie Steel works at Duquesne, yesterday. The victims fatally burned are: Robert Baxter and Theodor Nelson. The others injured are badly burned, but will recover. They are: O. House, Mike Fedore, John Sooman, Charles Johnston, Mike Binco, John Connor, Mike Durish and Mike Untish. The men were working in a pit engaged in making connection for a gas metre. It seems that the main had sprung a leak and when the gas engine passed hauling a train of hot logs, the gas was ignited and a terrific explosion followed.

Collision During a Fog.

Chicago, Oct. 31.—The dense fog, which prevailed early in the day, was the cause of a collision between a local passenger train on the Wabash railroad and a Wentworth avenue electric street car train, consisting of a motor car and trailer. The trailer was completely demolished, the motor car wrecked, and three persons injured. They are: Henry Barrett, conductor of the trailer, face and head severely cut; P. J. Kane, porter officer, head and left leg cut; Edward Drury, motorman, head cut and body bruised.

Explosion Kills Two Miners.

Iron Mountain, Mich., Oct. 31.—Richard Knight and Peter Pedro, miners, were killed at the Cundy mine. The accident was caused by a premature blast of dynamite in the Gray shaft. Knight was an Englishman, unmarried, and about 30 years old. Pedro was a middle-aged man, also unmarried. The accident occurred in nearly the same spot where three men were blown to pieces last Thursday.

Train Gone Through a Bridge.

Guilford, Ind., Oct. 31.—A freight train on the Big Four crashed through a bridge one mile west of here, killing Ed McCreary of South Bend, Ind., and seriously injuring W. D. Clark of Somerset, Ky., who may die. Both were stealing a ride. Clark says there is another man in the wreck and that he saw two colored men on the train before the accident. Fifteen cars of lumber were piled in the creek.

Fatal Steps in South Carolina.

Charleston, S. C., Oct. 31.—A small frame dwelling occupied by a colored family was wrecked here by the storm. One child was killed and three injured. The storm was severe, the wind reaching a velocity of fifty-eight miles. Shipping in the harbor suffered no damage and no marine disasters are yet reported.

Her Husband Was Lynched.

Boston, Oct. 31.—At a negro indignation meeting held in St. Paul's church last night by the Lillian Clayton Jewett League Miss Jewett read a letter from Mrs. Annie Nolan, Delta, S. C., stating that her husband, Rev. John H. Nolan, pastor of the Methodist church at that place, had been lynched for forming a Jewett Anti-Lynching League in Delta.

His Remains in a Cigar Box.

Buena Vista, Colo., Oct. 31.—Coroner Shelton was called yesterday by a telegram stating that Frank E. Tyler had been buried to death in his cigar box. Shelton brought all that was left of the remains to this city in a cigar box. The case is believed to be a murder case. All his valuables are missing.

Miss O'Leary Fox Improving.

New York, Oct. 31.—Shortly after 3 p. m. yesterday Della Fox's physician said that Miss Fox was better than at any time within a week. No change for

MEET WITH DISASTER

Crushing Blow to British Troops in South Africa.

BOERS CAPTURE 2,000 SOLDIERS.

After Losing Heavily the Royal Irish Fusiliers, No. 10 Mountain Battery and the Crack Gloucester Regiment Are Obligated to Surrender to the Boers—General White Takes All the Blame Upon Himself—The News in London.

Cape Town, Oct. 31.—It is reported from Barkly-West that the Boers are constructing forts around Kimberley for the purpose of shelling the town.

London, Oct. 31.—The war office has received a dispatch from General White, commanding the British forces at Ladysmith, reporting that the Royal Irish Fusiliers, No. 10 mountain battery and the Gloucestershire regiment were surrounded in the hills by the Boers and after losing heavily were obliged to capitulate. General White adds that the casualties have not yet been ascertained.

Among those captured are Major Edge of General White's staff; the lieutenant-colonel, the majors and all the captains and lieutenants of the Irish Fusiliers; the majors, captains and lieutenants of the Gloucester regiment; Major Bryant of the Royal Artillery, all the lieutenants of the Mountain Battery and also the chaplain of the Irish Fusiliers. Many of the captured officers and men were wounded. The British have retired within their intrenchments.

Text of General White's Dispatch.

The following is the text of General White's dispatch to the war office: "Ladysmith, Oct. 30, 10:35 p. m.—I have to report a disaster to the column sent by me to take a position on a hill to guard the left flank of the troops. In these operations to-day the Royal Irish Fusiliers, No. 10 mountain battery and the Gloucestershire regiment were surrounded in the hills and after losing heavily had to capitulate. The casualties have not yet been ascertained.

"A man of the Fusiliers employed as a hospital orderly came in under a flag of truce with a letter from the survivors of the column, who asked for assistance to bury the dead. I fear there is no doubt of the truth of the report. I formed a plan in the carrying out of which the disaster occurred and I am alone responsible for the plan. There is no blame whatever to the troops, as the position was untenable."

News Shocks England.

While minor reverses were not wholly unexpected, nothing like the staggering blow General Joubert delivered to General White's forces was anticipated. The full extent of the disaster is not yet acknowledged, if it is known at the war office. The loss in effective men must be appalling to a general who is practically surrounded. Two of the finest British regiments and a mule battery detached from the Ladysmith garrison weaken it about a fifth of its total strength and alters the whole situation very materially in favor of the Boers, who have again shown themselves stern fighters and military strategists of no mean order. The disaster cost the British from 1,500 to 2,000 men and six seven-pound screw guns, and as the Boer artillery is already stronger than imagined, the capture of these guns will be a great help to the Boers.

Forty Two Officers Made Prisoners.

Further news must be awaited before it is attempted to fix the blame where it belongs. General White manfully accepts all the responsibility for the disaster, which, apparently, was at least partially due to the stampeding of the mules with the guns. Forty-two officers were made prisoners, besides a newspaper correspondent, J. Hyde. The interest in the news was universal, pervading all classes and conditions of London's populace. The newspaper extras were eagerly read in business houses, on the streets and by women in their carriages.

Then there was a rush to the war office, which by noon was surrounded with private carriages and hansom, while many of the humbler class of people came on foot, all waiting and watching for the names they held dear.

Boers Suffered Heavily.

A special dispatch from Ladysmith says the Boers suffered heavily during the engagement, some persons estimating their loss at 900 to 1,000 killed and wounded. Reports are current here that General White may retire to Pietermaritzburg while the railroad is intact. There is much divergence of opinion in military circles as to the advisability of such a step.

The war office has sent the following dispatch to General Buller: "Three extra battalions of foot and one mountain battery, with reserves, will leave England during the course of ten days to make good the casualties."

BULLER AT CAPE TOWN.

The General Receives an Enthusiastic Reception.

London, Oct. 31.—A dispatch from Cape Town announces the arrival in Table Bay of the Dunottar Castle, with General Sir Redvers Buller and his staff.

General Buller's reception was most enthusiastic. He was welcomed by General Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, after which they both entered a carriage and drove to government house, escorted by mounted police and mounted volunteers. They were wildly cheered by the throngs of people lining the route. There were cries of "Avenge Majuba" and wild cheers for the general. General Buller's face was impassive as he returned military salutes for the cheers.

Other advices from Cape Town show that the Boers are gathering in considerable force at Dewdrop, southwest of Ladysmith, while large forces of Boers are advancing over the Helpmakaar road. A big camp of Boers is to be formed between Harrismith bridge and Potgieter farm camp, at Dewdrop, which, it is said, will extend four miles.

H. HARRIS.

Pure Lard, From Wayne Co. Hogs. Try it.
Our Pork and Corned Beef Are very fine
Beef, Choice cuts Sirloin and Porter House.
Cold Meats, Our own Pressed Meats
Always on hand, Sugar Cured Hams, Boneless Ham, Breakfast Bacon.
Sausage, Fresh Bologna, Fresh Frankforts, etc.

Orders Called for and Delivered to any part of the Village.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Beginning Nov. 5th, my market will be closed on Sunday.

H. HARRIS

Restaurant & Bakery!

FRESH BREAD EVERY DAY.

A fresh assortment of Cookies, Cakes, Pies, &c., always on hand.

FRUITS OF ALL KINDS.

Lunches & Regular Meals

Board and Lodging by the week at a reasonable price.

Yours to please,

G. A. TAYLOR

GAYDE'S MEAT MARKET

Spring Chickens, We have Spring Chickens ordered. We will dress them when ordered.

PORK SAUSAGE,

We have our own brand of the finest always on hand.

OYSTERS, OYSTERS

Steamed Ham for Cold Meats—Try it. Goods delivered to any part of the village free. Give us a call.

WM. GAYDE

NORTH VILLAGE.

PRINTING.

Good Printing always attracts attention, and it is only good printing that attracts the attention of the man with dollars. That's the kind we do. Come and see our samples, or ring us up by phone and we'll be glad to call on you.

The Plymouth Mail

Phone 6.

FLORIDA NEW ORLEANS
CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & DAYTON, KY.
THE SHORT LINE TO Cincinnati and the South
DIRECT CONNECTION MADE AT CINCINNATI FOR
LEXINGTON LOUISVILLE CUBA MEMPHIS
ASHESVILLE JACKSONVILLE ST. AUGUSTINE
KNOXVILLE CHATTANOOGA TAMPA
G. E. GILMAN, Michigan Post, Apt. 2, Detroit



If the Stove is a "Garland" it's Good.....

Some marks signify Definite Quality, like the "Hall Mark" of England. When the trade mark shown above appears on a Stove or Range it is an absolute GUARANTEE by the largest makers of Stoves and Ranges in the world, that it is the BEST ARTICLE of the kind that can be made for the price asked, and that price is no more than is asked for other high-grade stoves.

Every desirable feature of Durability, Economy and Convenience

Known to stove making, is combined in "Garlands." Well-cooked food and comfortably-warmed room go a long way toward making home happy, therefore, buy the best stove you can.

CONNER HDW. CO.,

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Exclusive agents for Garland Stoves and Ranges, dealers in General Hardware, House Furnishing Goods, etc.

You Know What it Means

To be satisfied with your purchase. It means goods that are all good, prices that are all right. When you purchase goods of us you know you are getting a first class article at a reasonable price.

Our Clothing is all Especially Manufactured for us.

The quality, fit and style is of the best and our prices range from \$5 to \$15 for Men's Suits, \$6 to \$15 for Men's Overcoats, boys' suits from \$1.50 up, and the best Ulsters you ever saw for the money, \$7 and \$8.50 for men, \$4, \$6 and \$8 for boys.

If you are in Need of Underwear

This is the place to buy it. We sell it in all grades, 25c., 50c., 75c. and \$1 a garment and offer you the best that can be had anywhere at our prices.

Our Duck Coats are Winners

All made of heavy duck, with good, firm linings, and the better grades lined with rubber. We sell them \$1, 1.50, 1.75 and \$2, tan and black.

It is well known that our stock of

Boots, Shoes, Felts, Mackinaw Socks & Rubbers

Is the largest and most complete to be found in this part of the country and the fact that we sell these goods at very low prices is also well known to every one.

Don't forget that we are selling the balance of our pointed toe shoes at half price and that \$1.00 buys a ladies' house shoe that sold from 3 to 4 dollars.

A. H. Dibble & Son

YOU CAN GET

The Best 25c. Meal

IN TOWN AT THE

Hotel Plymouth

Meal Tickets very Reasonable.

Everything First Class.

John Rice, Prop.

PLYMOUTH MAIL

F. W. SAMSEN & SON.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year \$1.00
Six Months75
Three Months50

ADVERTISING RATES.
Business Cards, \$5.00 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.
Cards of thanks, 25 cents.
All local notices will be charged for at 5 cents per line or fraction thereof, for each insertion. Display advertising rates made known on application. Where no time is specified, all notices and advertisements will be inserted until ordered discontinued.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1899.

The Navy Department is quite short of sailors to replace those now in the Philippines whose time has nearly expired, hence the battleship Indiana is to be put out of commission, and her crew sent to the Philippines.

Politics in Detroit are sizzling hot this week, with Maybury and Stewart being the respective candidates for Mayor. They opposed each other two years ago, and the Captain thinks he ought to win this time, his opponent winning out two years ago.

Advertising agents of railroads at a meeting recently held in Chicago unanimously agreed that newspapers are the best known mediums for advertising. The magazine comes next, but the newspaper was conceded first place without a struggle.

An investigation is to be made of the census enumerators appointed for Havana, several of whom it is reported by General Ludlow, the Military Governor, have an unsavory reputation. It is claimed by the census officials, that all of the 360 appointed were engaged on the recommendation of respectable citizens of Havana.

Every year, the treasurer of the United States is called upon to redeem millions of bank notes, which have become badly worn as a result of constant handling. During the fiscal year recently closed, Treasurer Roberts gave new bills in exchange for old to the amount of \$290,000,000, breaking the record of the last six years. This is an indication that, with the return of prosperity, money is in free circulation.

The United States Navy Department will bring home the bodies of the sailors who perished by the blowing up of the battleship Maine, which were buried at Havana, and they will be interred in the National Cemetery at Arlington. After the catastrophe a few of the bodies recovered were brought to the United States and interred at Key West, but most of the victims repose in the Christopher Colon Cemetery in the suburbs of Havana. The removal is expected to take place next January, and at the funeral it is likely that in addition to patriotic societies and United States troops, the President and the Cabinet will attend.

In an opinion handed down, the supreme court holds that where there is reason to suspect that property has been transferred to a surety on a liquor bond in order that he might be able to qualify as such surety, it shall be exclusively within the province of the village board to decide the question as whether or not the bond is sufficient. The opinion was handed down in a case where a mandamus was issued by the circuit judge to compel the village board of Lakeview to approve a liquor bond that had been rejected on the ground that that property had been transferred to one sureties with the sole purpose of enabling him to qualify on the bond.

"Johnny Bull" is not having things his own way just now, at least, in his war with the Boers, of South Africa. The British have lost some of their best officers and the other day two regiments and a battery were captured by the burghers. The latter have the best of it so far, and indications are that the British forces will have to be materially increased if they succeed in crushing the opposing armies. The Boers are determined to fight hard and will make a stubborn resistance, if indeed, they do not succeed in driving out the British, which some people, who claim to know what they are talking about, aver will be the case. The Boers have many sympathizers in this country in their fight for liberty from English greed.

Drunkenness today is deemed disreputable in the very quarters where only a little while ago it was looked upon simply as a misfortune. Every line of business shuts its doors absolutely to the drunkard. It has no use for him. Business competition has become so keen that only the man of steadfast habits can obtain employment. This fact the habitual indulger in alcoholics has found out and the different "cure" establishments for drunkenness are today filled with men who have come to a realization of the changed conditions. The man of steady habits is the man of the hour, and the drunkard realizes this. In the social world the same thing is true. The excessive indulgence of even a few years ago would not be tolerated at any dinner-to-day. Society has become intolerant of the behavior which inevitably results from excessive indulgence in drinking, and men realize this. It is bad manners to-day to drink to excess.

The New York World, Thrice-a-Week Edition.

The most widely circulated "weekly" newspaper in America is the Thrice-a-Week edition of The New York World. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Plymouth Mail together for one year for \$1.70. The regular subscription price is \$2.00.

Newspaper Bargains.

The Michigan Farmer is the oldest regular agricultural journal in this country. It is beautifully printed on high-grade paper and employs the most eminent writers on the science and practice of agriculture, horticulture, live stock, dairy, apiary, and poultry. Has a standard veterinary department for free treatment of all diseases of farm animals, and a legal department. It contains all the agricultural news of the country, and an invaluable literary and household department every week. You can get this fine paper and the Plymouth Mail together from now until 1901 by subscribing for both at the same time for \$1.50.

Faster than Ever to California.

"The Overland Limited," Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line, leaves Chicago daily 6:30 p. m., arrives San Francisco afternoon third day and Los Angeles next morning. No change of cars, all meals in dining car. Buffet smoking and library cars, with barber. The best of everything. "The Pacific Express" leaves Chicago daily 10:30 p. m., with first-class and through tourist sleepers to California. Personally conducted excursions every Thursday. Illustrated pamphlet describing fully this wonderful state sent free on application to Chicago & Northwestern Ry. or W. H. Guerin, 17 Campus-Martius, Detroit.

Does It Pay to Buy Cheap?

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible for you, then in either case take the ONLY remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles. "Boschee's German Syrup." It not only heats and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest, and cures the patient. Try one bottle. Recommended many years by all druggists in the world. Sample bottles at Geo. W. Hunter & Co's.

A CRY FROM NATURE.

A Warning that should be Heeded by Every Sufferer.

Nature soon rebels when the human machine is out of order. Her appeals for help should be quickly answered. Life is too short and dear to us to neglect our health.

When the system becomes run down, the blood impure, the liver torpid, nerves all on a quiver, and the stomach refuses to do its work, then nature utters her warning note. It may be a sick headache, nervousness, dyspepsia, catarrh, loss of appetite, insomnia, languor, constipation, but it is nature's signal of distress.

The human machine should be attended to without delay.

The system needs building up, the impurities must be driven from the blood, the liver made to do its work and the stomach placed in a natural, healthy condition.

Knox Stomach Tablets are a new combination of vegetable remedies compounded by one of the best chemists in the world, and are guaranteed to build up the whole system. They do not act as a stimulant, but are a sarsaparilla in tablet form, containing twice the medicinal properties of any other combination known. They give health and strength to the entire body and immediate relief indigestion and positively cure dyspepsia. A single box will prove their power to cure chronic invalids and make them strong, healthy men and women.

If unable to secure Knox Stomach Tablets of your druggist, send fifty cents to the Knox Chemical Co., Battle Creek, Mich., and a full sized package will be sent postpaid.

SUNSTROKE in Battle.



J. L. SPENCER,

of Plattsville, Wis., formerly of Co. G, 27th Wisconsin Infantry, has suffered many years from the result of a sunstroke. He has found relief and desires to tell his story for the good of other veterans. He says:

"At Petersburg I was sunstruck and carried off the field for dead. Later rheumatism of my heart developed as a result and physicians failed to benefit me. In the spring of '95 I began using Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Dr. Miles' Nerve and now my health is better than for 30 years before."

DR. MILES' Heart Cure

Is sold by all druggists on guarantee first bottle benefits or money back. Book on heart and nerves sent free. Dr. Miles' Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

LEWIS & LEWIS



FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

Night and Day Calls Promptly Attended.

Office over A. A. Tafft's Store, Plymouth.

The Fall and Winter Campaign now Open at A. A. TAFFT'S

Where you can buy as much or more for the Money as in any place in city or country. My line of

DRESS GOODS and DRESS TRIMMINGS,

Flanneletts, Shaker Flannels, Domestic Flannels, Made-up Flannel Gowns, also Night Gowns, Quilts, White and Colored Blankets is very complete. I can sell you Shaker Flannels at 5c per yd. 10-4 Blankets as cheap as 50c per pair.

In Hosiery I cannot be Beat, at all Prices and of all kinds.

Hats and Caps,

I have a complete line for both Fall and Winter As for Underwear,

For both ladies and gents, I have a large line

Yes, in Gloves & Mittens

I cannot be out-done, both in price and quality, as I buy direct from the factory.

I have a complete line in Gents' Furnishings, Shirts, Ties, Collars and Cuffs, Buttons, etc.

My Grocery Dep't is always Complete

Please call and be convinced that I can sell you as cheap as the cheapest.

A. A. TAFFT.

MILLINERY.

The Ladies of Plymouth are cordially invited to examine the styles of

Pattern Hats and Bonnets

FOR FALL AND WINTER 1899.

MY STOCK OF FANCY RIBBONS

At prices from 15 cents to 50 and 75 cents, shows desirable colors and designs.

Ostrich Feathers at 20c., 25c., 50c. up to \$3.00.

MAUD VROOMAN

Main Street, Plymouth.

FLOWER POTS

We have a full line of Flower Pots from 3 to 12 inches in size, plain and ornamented Hanging Baskets, and a few

Jardinieres that are Beauties.

Get our prices on Dishes before buying elsewhere. We can save you money.

NORTH VILLAGE.

GAYDE BROS.

Local Newslets

Walter Sherman is clerking for J. W. Oliver.

Japanese napkins for sale at this office.

J. A. Watts spent Sunday and Monday in Detroit.

C. J. Hamilton is having an addition built to his house.

New millinery goods just received at Bally and McLaren's.

T. C. Sherwood and wife are spending the week in Detroit.

Mrs. Coello Hamilton, who has been very ill, is convalescent.

The front of the Plymouth Savings bank is being re-painted.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. John Betty, Saturday, a 9 lb. baby girl.

E. A. Hauss and wife, of Detroit, visited at David Allen's Sunday.

Rev. Clark, of Birmingham, Mich., was in town on business Tuesday.

Miss Gertrude German, of Northville, visited Mrs. C. H. Rauch Wednesday.

A fine line of Perfumes and Ladies' toilet articles at Bailey and McLaren's.

Mrs. Mary Zollinger and daughter Alice, of Detroit, are visiting Mrs. A. A. Taft.

Ladies, call at Bailey and McLaren's and get a free sample package sachet powder.

Mrs. Tate, of Ferrisville, who has been very ill with typhoid fever, is convalescent.

Save one-half your coal bill by using one of Huston & Co.'s soft coal hot blast heating stoves.

We will pay ten cents for a copy of the Mail of date of October 6th. Bring in one, somebody.

Mrs. Henry Valentine, of Lexington, Mass., is visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Valentine's.

The local sportsmen are having great times these days hunting quail, which are plentiful around here this year.

Albert Zanders, of Newburg, who was so badly hurt by being thrown from a horse last week, is getting along nicely.

Frank Miller, of Detroit, has been visiting his parents, west of town, for a few days. He expects to leave shortly for Tucson, Arizona.

It was quite lively around the stock yards Wednesday forenoon, when the farmers brought in their loads of hogs, sheep, and cattle for shipment.

Miss Harriet Hartsough, President of the local Woman's Club, is attending a convention of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs at Jackson this week.

The boys of Plymouth are not a bad lot. Usually Halloween witnesses numberless pranks played by them, but this year nothing was disturbed. The boys are all right.

FOR SALE.—Black walnut roll-top office desk. MRS. CLARA KINYON.

Reginald Oliver and George Smith, two of Plymouth's popular young men, left for Calumet, U. P., Monday morning, with a view of looking up a place for opening business.

The next business meeting of the Epworth League will be held Monday evening, Nov. 6th, at H. A. Spicer's. As usual, a programme will be rendered after the business session. All are cordially invited.

FOR SALE.—House and two lots on easy terms. Enquire of J. R. RAUCH.

It was reported that some sneak gained access to the Masonic banquet hall Tuesday evening and abstracted half a dozen silver forks from the tables. Such vandalism is of the lowest type and condemned with the utmost severity.

Mr. B. B. Bennett entertained a company of twelve at duplicate whist Tuesday evening. L. H. Bennett scoring the highest number of points and H. W. Baker, the lowest. Refreshments were served and a pleasant time enjoyed by all.

Huston & Co. have a large line of wood heaters, which they bought before the last advance in price, hence can give you bargain.

The F. and P. M. has discontinued its semi-weekly, 25 cent excursions. There was no money in it and the railroad people probably have had enough "satisfaction" from the merchants of Northville and Plymouth because they didn't protest against giving franchises to the motor line.

Fifty new waist, silk, satin, wool and mercerized—all beautiful, bought cheap. All go at one-third off regular price. Come early and get your size. RIGGS.

His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hamlin, Mich., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. It was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of Consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvelous medicine is the surest and quickest cure for all throat and lung troubles. Regular sizes 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at John L. Gale's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

Japanese napkins for sale at this office.

The electric road is being planked on Mill street.

Miss Alice Murdock visited friends in Detroit Sunday.

Mrs. E. R. Phillips, of Bay City, visited Mrs. M. A. Draper Monday.

Mr. Boothwright, of Thanesville, Canada, is visiting Dr. Granger this week.

Mrs. M. S. Lee, of Detroit, visited Mrs. John Stuart the fore part of this week.

Mr. Geer, of Delta, Colorado, is visiting relatives and friends here and in Superior.

Mrs. Ed. Sackett and daughter Josie, of Detroit, spent Sunday with Mrs. Betsy Platt.

Seth Jacobs, one of the proprietors of the Brighton Argus, made us a friendly call last Friday.

Master Mechanic Temme, of the power-house, is moving into the Fisher house on Main street.

Some of the residents of Mill street are very anxious to have a cross walk built just east of the Commercial hotel.

Some of our theatre goers attended the performance by Sol Smith Russell at the Detroit opera house Saturday evening.

The dinner and supper served in the Presbyterian church parlors yesterday by the ladies aid society, was well patronized.

Noble Ashley, District Deputy K. O. T. M., has been in the village for the past week, working in the interests of the order.

Quite a number will attend the Football at Bennett Park, Detroit, Saturday between the U. of M. and Virginia University.

The property belonging to the David Gilson estate, on Mill street, was bought by Henry E. Haywood, consideration being \$1,100.

Miss Florence Curty, of Milford, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Scott, for two months, returned to her home Saturday.

Sam Millington has returned to his home in Calumet, after a visit of five weeks with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. H. Leadbeater.

"Pork and Beans" are climbing way up. At least, beans are getting expensive enough to be a delicacy for the rich at \$1.50 per bushel.

Mrs. A. L. Edwards, after visiting her brother, Mr. J. A. Lewis, five weeks returned to Greene, N. Y., her home, taking with her her niece, Nellie Lewis.

Geo. Vandecar, Clarence Hamilton, D. B. Moyer, and Chas. Hassenger left Thursday for McKinley, Oscoda County on a hunting expedition. They expect to be gone about a month.

Mrs. I. N. Dickerson and Mrs. J. H. Noyes acted as delegates from Plymouth Chapter No. 7687, at the Epworth League Convention, held in Detroit last Saturday. They report a good meeting.

The usual "Old Folks Service" will be postponed until Spring, it having been decided by the Epworth League to hold it in the Spring hereafter on account of the uncertainty of the weather.

F. A. Dibble is moving his household goods from Detroit into the H. H. Passage house on Bowery street. The house has just been entirely remodeled and now presents a neat and attractive appearance.

While H. Williams was working upon a scaffold in his barn Thursday morning, it broke, letting him fall some fourteen feet to the floor below, dislocating his left shoulder and cracking the shoulder blade. Mr. Williams is getting along as well as could be expected at this writing.

Our engine broke down last week necessitating the going out of town to get our paper printed. Brother Neal, of the Northville Record, was appealed to and gladly helped us out, giving his services and the use of press free gratis, for which we are greatly obliged. We shall be glad to reciprocate should occasion ever require.

Plymouth Chapter O. E. S. had a special meeting last Tuesday evening to confer degrees upon Chas. Butterfield and Mrs. Adams. It was the first work done by the newly-elected officers and they were highly complimented for their efficiency, it being perfect. There was a large attendance, quite a number of visitors being present from Belleville chapter. After work, the members were called to the banquet tables, where an elegant supper, prepared by the committee, awaited them, and to which full justice was done. It was an auspicious occasion, the attendance upon which left an impression long to be remembered. Plymouth Chapter ladies know how to conduct business and they are equally proficient in serving the inner man. May their number increase largely.

Bismark's Iron Nerve.

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at John L. Gale's drug store.

A Mutual Benefit.

A representative of The Mail has made a complete canvass of the territory surrounding Plymouth and succeeded in adding a large quota of names to our subscription list, with promises of many more, so that our circulation has been increased by more than one-third within the month. This is a good showing and testifies to the worth of The Mail as a news disseminator and at the same time a medium whereby the merchant or dealer may bring his wares before the public. That the newspaper is the best medium for such purpose is conceded, and our columns show that Plymouth merchants appreciate the fact.

The territory within a circle of six to seven miles around Plymouth is one in which the residents ought to find this village their natural and only trading point. Our representative has found, however, that this is not always the case. The question is, why? Many people were found who never came to Plymouth at all, and therefore had no use for the local newspaper. They appeared to think that they could not trade as advantageously here as in the large cities—Detroit and Ypsilanti. They are simply mistaken, and base their opinions on the past—several years past at that. This village has grown materially within the last two or three years, and our merchants carry stocks of goods as large or larger than most villages of equal size, with fine assortments, and what is better—prices lower than the city merchant can possibly sell. The market for produce is conceded as good as any and high prices prevail. The Mail would, therefore, suggest that extra efforts be made by our dealers to induce the trade that now goes elsewhere to come to Plymouth. We believe a concerted movement by all would secure it. Convince them you have the goods and the price and there will be no trouble. The Mail will make an extra effort to help bring about the desired state of things, and assures its patrons and readers that they cannot afford to go anywhere else but to Plymouth to do their shopping in any line of goods.

Mill-Lyndon Wedding.

A very pretty home wedding occurred Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Hill, when their daughter, M. Alethea, was united in marriage to Roy J. Lyndon by Rev. W. G. Stephens. The house was beautifully decorated with evergreen and bittersweet, carnations, smilax, and chrysanthemums.

The bride was attired in an elegant gown of pale green silk and carried white roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Alta Hill, who wore white silk and carried pink roses. The groom was attended by his brother, Alford S. Lyndon. About forty guests were present. Among those from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hill of Bay City; Mr. and Mrs. Outhwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson, Miss Lizzie Lilley, and Messrs. Will Hawley, George Brewer, and Milton Blunt of Wayne; and Miss Lela Eldred of Detroit. The presents were numerous and elegant.

After the receiving of congratulations, a dainty supper was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Lyndon departed on the 9:15 train for Detroit, deluged by the rice, showered upon them by those who secretly went to the train.

Foot-Ball at Wayne.

The N.Y. Club foot ball team took the 3 o'clock car for Wayne Tuesday afternoon to meet the High School of that place on the gridiron. The game was called about 4:30, the teams playing twenty minute halves. By hard work, Wayne succeeded in getting a touch down in the first half, winning the game for them, as there was not another point made by either side. In the second half, Plymouth made some great rushes and good gains but were unable to score a point when time was called. Wayne won the game by a score of 5 to 0. Considering the lack of practice and this being their first matched game the Plymouth boys ever played, it was a good one. Dr. Oliver, of this village, acted as referee and Frank Blakley, time-keeper for the home team. The boys were given a banquet in the evening by the Wayne High School girls and express themselves as being royally entertained, quite a number of Plymouth girls and boys also being present as invited guests.

Man's greatest responsibility on this mundane sphere is woman—and she never lets him shirk it, either.

FOR SALE.—Farm of 80 acres, half mile west of Plymouth, on the Ann Arbor road. Terms easy.

DWIGHT BERDAN.

A Grateful Mother.
Plymouth, Mich., Oct. 19, '04.
Members of Case Tent, K. O. T. M. Gentlemen: I desire in this way to express my appreciation of the promptness with which the Endowment claim of \$2,000 which my son, Harry Willett, had the forethought to provide for me, was paid. The Knights of the Macca-bees certainly deserve credit for the great amount of practical, substantial good accomplished for the widows, mothers, orphans, and dependents of our members, and I can readily see why your \$3,000 members value the protection they are providing for their loved ones. With best wish for the success of your grand society, and with gratitude for the courtesies extended during my bereavement,
I am gratefully yours,
Mrs. SARAH WILLETT.

The North Side

New salt mackerel at Gayde Bros. Millinery at bottom prices at Mrs. C. O. Dickerson's.

Joe Somers is building an addition to his house this week.

Miss Gusta Heide visited Miss Ada Westfall at Cherry Hill on Sunday.

Mrs. J. M. Burgess and her mother visited C. O. Dickerson the first of the week.

Jolliffe Bros. attended Congressman Dolivar's lecture at Ann Arbor Friday night.

Mrs. F. Moore and son have been visiting her parents in Detroit the past week.

Miss Hattie Jamison, of Bay City, is visiting her cousin, George Vandecar and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Blakley and daughter, of Willow, visited his brother Zenas, on Tuesday.

T. R. Navarre, of the Monroe nursery, is in town for a few weeks taking orders for spring delivery.

Mr. Frank Nicols, of Willow, visited his brother-in-law, Mr. Zenas Blakley, on Thursday of last week.

The remains of Harry Willett were taken from the vault and buried in Riverside cemetery, Sunday afternoon.

Geo. A. Starkweather lost one of his best horses this week. It had an abscess in its head where it could not be got at.

Miss Emma Smith, of Honolulu, Hawaii, S. L. visited her cousins, Misses Etta and Clara Reichelt, the fore part of the week.

The Women's Relief Corps met at the home of Mrs. Willard Roe on Wednesday to celebrate her birthday. All enjoyed a good dinner and a jolly good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Smith, of Northville, spent Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dickerson.

Mrs. Carrie Markham and son, Lee, returned from Dallas, Texas, on Wednesday, accompanied by her daughter, Maude. Mrs. Markham has been very sick while there, but has recovered so that she stood the journey home quite well.

Mrs. Maurice Smith and daughter, Grace, returned home on Thursday from Marshall, where they have been visiting their daughter, and sister, Mrs. Wm. Slater, the past six weeks. Mr. Smith is visiting his brother at Lawton, Mich.

When Louie Reber came to his shop on Wednesday morning, he found a man sitting in a chair on the top of his building with a fish-pole in his hand fishing. On his hook was a Michigan coddish or better known as a blind robin (hallowe'en).

SCHOOL NOTES.

Miss Durfee reports very good work in her first year of German class.

Carl Ebert of Miss Ruppert's room, visited in Monroe Monday.

Nilla Lewis, also of Miss Ruppert's room, left Tuesday Oct. 31, to live with her aunt in Greene, N. Y.

Parents may obtain the class standings of their children by applying to their teachers at the end of each month.

Alma Murray has been detained from school the last few days on account of sickness.

The foot ball game between Plymouth and Wayne High school boys, which would have been played Friday had it not rained, was not postponed, but forfeited by the Plymouth boys.

In spite of the rain the reception given the Wayne foot ball team at the I. O. O. F. hall was well attended, there being over one hundred present. Cake coffee and sandwiches were served. All report a pleasant time. Prof. Brandt, of Wayne, was also present.

FOOT BALL EXCURSION TO DETROIT.

U. OF M. VS. U. V., NOV. 4.

On account of the foot ball game at Detroit, Saturday, Nov. 4th, between University of Michigan and University of Virginia, the D. G. R. & W. R. R. will sell tickets to Detroit and return from stations within 155 miles at one way fare for the round trip. Sales will be made for morning trains only and good to return until morning train Nov. 6th.

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 "	53
Oats, white, per bu	35
Beans, per bu	1.25 to 1.35
Eye "	54
DAIRY AND PRODUCE.	
Butter, crock	18
Eggs, strictly fresh	15
Lard, lb.	06 to 07
POULTRY AND MEATS.	
Spring chickens, live, per lb.	06
Beef, dressed, per cwt.	08
Pork, "	07
Veal, "	07 to 07 1/2
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Flour, retail price per bbl.	\$3.75
Iron, per cwt	30
Short feed	25
Chops	25
Potatoes	25

LAMPS! LAMPS!

Come in and see our new Stock of Lamps.

Lamps from 12c to \$5.00

New Goods in this line every week.

For Wedding Presents and Birthday Presents....

Nothing is better than FINE CHINA. We have a large stock for you to pick from at the Bottom Price.

Don't forget that we keep as large a stock of

GROCERIES

as there is in town and can afford

TO SELL CHEAPER

than any store in Plymouth.

We quote for the next 10 days:

Best Granulated Sugar	5 1/2c
9 bars Queen Ann Soap	25c
Lyon Coffee	11c
XXXX Coffee	11c
Kingsford Corn Starch	8c
Kingsford Silver Gloss Starch	8c
Flour by the barrel	\$3.70

And all other Groceries at very cheap prices.

Just received a new stock of Sweet Oranges, Bananas, Grapes, Celery, Buckwheat Flour, Citron, Currants, Raisins, etc.

Do you have Rheumatism or Neuralgia? Are you sleepless, nervous, irritable? Rheumatic troubles make you miserable?

John L. Gale's Rheumatic Tablets,

is the great remedy for Rheumatism and Uric acid troubles.

JOHN L. GALE

That Almighty Dollar!

MAKE THE MOST OF IT.

We give you better values than others. Largest and most complete assortment. We buy and sell for cash. We can handle them cheaper than way. We sell goods on lower margins than others. Why don't you take advantage of it. You ought to. If you don't you make a mistake.

THIS WEATHER

Doesn't make things move, we are going

To Make Them Go!

We will give you exceptional good values in

Capes, Jackets, Collarettes, Overcoats and Suits

Yes! We mean better than others will. Come and see.

WE CAN SUIT YOU!

We have an elegant assortment and you ought to see it. You will be surprised.

Don't Fail to give us a Look.

E. L. RIGGS,

Plymouth Cash Outfitter.

WRITTEN ON BIRCH BARK.

The legend is that once when Orpheus played Upon his magic lute, the forest trees Were so enraptured of the melodies They gathered round him charmed and unafraid. But the trim birch, in sober suit arrayed, Deeming a finer dress would better please, Withdrew, and, while she tarried, on the breeze The lute's last echo vanished from the glade. Expectant still, she patiently awaits In silver silence through the long dim years Those wonder waves of harmony again. But, ah, the gods, with their large loves and hates, Their joys, their cares, their tumults and their tears, Are gone forever from the path of men. —Critic.

Life's Possibilities

BY EDGAR TEMPLE FIELD.

It was at the Waldorf-Astoria during horse show time and the dinner hour, the busiest time of the whole day at that wonderful hostelry.

Uniformed attendants flew here and there in breathless haste, waiters and "omnibuses" hovered distractedly about the flower bedecked tables in the grand dining saloon and the palm garden, and through the rich corridors flowed a ceaseless stream of elegant women in trailing silken gowns and prosperous looking men in Tuxedos or swallowtail coats cut to reveal dazzling segments of shirt front.

The riot of luxury, feasting and enjoyment was at its height when two men met in the office—two men of 40 or thereabout, with that indefinable air of self-conscious power that marks the successful business man.

"By the gods, if it isn't Ned Frink!" exclaimed the taller of the two, stopping suddenly with outstretched hand. "Teller!" cried the other, joyfully seizing the proffered hand. "I'm glad to see you, old man!"

In another moment the two, seated in a couple of the big, throne-like leather chairs which the Astor millions have provided for the purpose of at once comforting and impressing the hotel patrons, were giving an account of themselves in true American fashion.

They had not seen each other since 15 years before they had separated after four years of intimate companionship at a fresh water college to go out and seek their fortunes after the impetuous fashion of western youth.

"You have prospered, I hear," said Frink, "and have become an out and out New Yorker in fact and sentiment."

"Oh, I've had my ups and downs," replied Teller with a little laugh. "But I'm on top now! As for being a confirmed New Yorker, well, Mrs. Teller, like most eastern women, doesn't care for the west. We've never even done the conventional trip to California. She prefers crossing the pond when we travel."

In the last words was all the complacency of the man who had had a hard fight of it and won, but Frink easily forgave the little touch of vanity. He had been through it all himself.

"Then there's a Mrs. Teller?" he said, smiling.

"Oh, yes, and a Jack Teller the second," replied the other. "You must see that boy, Ned."

"I want to," said Frink, but something wistful in his voice struck his friend.

"And you?" he asked quickly. "Surely you've not remained single, my boy?"

"I've never married," was the brief reply.

"Why, you're the very fellow to have a romance, I should think," went on Teller. "You used to be a sentimental chap at college, always writing verses and all that."

Frink laughed.

"Yes, I had my romance," he said. "Well, I'm sorry it doesn't seem to have had a happy ending," said Teller sincerely. "A wife is a great help to a man. I'd like to tell you before you meet her," he went on, bending forward earnestly, "what mine has done for me. She's made a man of me and proved that I was worth the job. She's been more than a wife to me. She's been my good, honest, loyal chum. There are not many men who can say that of their wives."

"No, I fancy not," assented Frink, smiling.

"It's wonderful the understanding she had of the way a man feels, an inexperienced girl like her," proceeded the other. "You see she was a stenographer in our office when I first met her, and I fell in love with her at first sight almost. I'd made a little pile, and when we were married I thought things were coming pretty much my way. But hard times settled in, and I lost everything. For a long time it was hard work to get bread and butter, but that girl stood by me through thick and thin. When I was sick for a year with rheumatism, she went back to office work and kept me and the boy with what she earned with never a word of complaint or regret through it all. I tell you, old boy, she's got the stuff in her that heroes are made of. Goodness knows where she got it, that courage of hers. I never asked her about her family, and she's not one to talk much, but I fancy they were ordinary enough. I believe she came from some little town in New York state, and I know she never had anything much in her life. But now the struggle is over, and I can give her about what she wants, thank God. I tell you, Ned, it's a pity you let one disappointment spoil your life. There's nothing so sweet as existence as the companionship of a good woman."

"And nothing poisons it like a bad one," said Frink bitterly.

"But surely the good ones outnumber the bad. Forgive me, Ned, but isn't it rather narrow to let one wo-

man prejudice you against the whole sex? Of course I don't know your story?"

"It's not pleasant," said the other man, knocking the ashes from his cigar with nervous fingers. "It all happened the year I left college. I met a girl in Denver. She was beautiful and clever, and you're right about my being sentimental. Teller, I fancied because her eyes were pure and bright as the stars in heaven that she must be an angel. She was poor too. Her father was a drunk, a good for nothing fellow, and she was very unhappy, and I pitied her. Ah, I was very far gone indeed. We were going to be married when I had made money enough, and meantime I was happy as well as happy as a fool."

"And then one day as we were walking down the street together we met a man, a low fellow, with a dyed mustache. I knew him. He was a shooting gambler who came down sometimes from the mining camps and as vile a cur as ever breathed. To my amazement he stopped and spoke to me. 'What are you doing with my wife?' he asked angrily. I supposed he'd been drinking and was about to brush him aside when I happened to look at her, and what I saw told me all. She was cowering before that beast, with every vestige of color gone from his face and her eyes fastened on his with such a look that in a flash I knew that her fear of him was no new thing with her."

"Great God, Lucy," I cried, "tell me this isn't true!" But she only gave a little moan, and so I turned away and left them there. I never saw her again."

There was a moment's pause. The orchestra from its perch on the landing of the marble stairway was playing an air from "La Boheme," repeating the refrain over and over again with passionate insistence.

"Isn't it possible there was some mistake?" asked Teller at last, a little awkwardly.

"No," said Frink in a hard voice. "Her father came to see me afterward. She was getting a divorce quietly, he told me, and they had agreed to keep me in ignorance of the whole affair. Of course the black-guard threatened to shoot me if I didn't marry his daughter, but when he saw I was not afraid of him he let me alone. They came east after that, I believe."

"Perhaps she wasn't as much to blame as he," observed Teller thoughtfully.

"Perhaps—she was very young. But such training in deceit doesn't turn out the women who make good wives, and divorced women are hardly in my line. No, there was no excuse for her, and it was only my luck. You fell in love with the right woman, and I fell in love with the wrong one—that's all."

A woman came down the corridor as he spoke the last words, a tall, elegant woman, in a modish gown, whose gleaming folds clung closely to her slender figure. A boy of 8 or 9 years held her by the hand, and both looked out on the world with the same eyes, great, beautiful, gray eyes, at once proud and sad.

As the woman's eyes met Frink's they dilated suddenly, and he started with a sharp pain at his heart that caught his breath.

How had she come there just then—the very woman of whom he had been talking? As he started up Teller glanced around and then rose also with a happy smile.

"Ah, Lucille," he cried, "I have met an old friend, Ned Frink! He must be your friend also. Ned, this is my wife."

The joyous pride in his friend's voice made Frink wince inwardly as he bowed ceremoniously.

"I'm very glad to meet Mr. Frink," she said calmly. How well he knew her voice.

"You'll dine with us, I hope, Ned?" called Teller over his shoulder as he started on with the boy.

"Thank you, no. I leave for Denver in half an hour," replied Frink. Then a sudden surge in the crowd brought some one between them for a moment, and the woman turned to him abruptly.

The pitiful appeal in her eyes went straight to Frink's heart, and he felt his own eyes grow dim with tears.

"He does not know," she said simply. "He never shall," cried Frink.—Chicago Herald.

An Unobliging Brother. In writing to us to protest against the readiness with which criminals are pronounced by public opinion to be mentally deficient, "B. A." tells the following extraordinary story:

"Personally," he says, "I am acquainted with a case in which two sisters—the united annual income of whose husbands is not less than £4,000—have for years been trying to persuade a brother incapacitated by ill health from work to commit suicide, in order that they may be absolved from a yearly contribution of £50 toward his maintenance. At first I absolutely refused to believe that such heartless selfishness actually existed, until I was shown letters from one of the ladies in question, which left no further doubt in my mind."

"Yet," he adds, "if these sisters were to put an end to their brother's existence, there would be hundreds to contend that the motive of pecuniary benefit was totally inadequate to account for such a crime, which must consequently be attributed to mental aberration."—London Chronicle.

Tommy Spoke. Minister—If any one precept can show cause why this couple should not become man and wife, let him speak now or forever hold his peace.

Tommy—I kin, mister. He thinks aunty's only 25, and she's 40.—Ohio State Journal.

NOON TIDE.

From portals that gazed with the sunset splendour Still the rows unvoid and die. She came and passed in her grace so tender, And noontide hangs in the silent air. The butterflies fit in the drowsy weather Either and on in a maze of Or drowsily fan their wings together To the tune of the locust's droning wheel. In zigzag courses the fences shimmer, Ferns and faint in the pallid moon The corn leaves curl and the poplars glimmer And drowsily wait for the south wind's boon. And airy and white as a wing drifts over, Flimsy and fair in the silent blue. A ghost of a cloud, through fields of clover Its shadow is trailing slowly through. The poplar leaves in the silence quiver, Restless in stunner, while all things seem— The birds and the bees and the shaded river— Lapped in the maze of a moonlit dream. —Benjamin F. Legett in Youth's Companion.



There was mystery beyond the green baize door, tangible or intangible nobody knew, since no one but Mr. Blakely ever saw the inside of the door which shut his private room at Messrs. Blakely & Stephen's bank from the narrow passage connecting it with the general offices.

Mr. Blakely was sole proprietor of the bank, which was the only one in the town and showed every semblance of the soundest financial basis.

Mr. Blakely was a man strangely devoid of eccentricities. The chief faults the bank staff found with him were his indefatigability and that whenever there was business to be done in London—selling or buying stock, buying cash, etc.—he invariably attended to it himself.

I was seated at the desk of the head cashier, who was away on a short holiday, one morning in September, when one of our clients entered the counting house.

"Mr. Boyton, look here," he said, slipping a crown piece upon the counter. "Where did you get it?"

"What's wrong with it?" I inquired, examining it closely without noticing any defect. "Did I give it to you?"

"Yes. Look at the edge. It's quite smooth."

I passed him two half crowns, and as he went away I slipped the crown into my pocket, intending to keep it as a curiosity, but later in the day, when Mr. Blakely was in the office, I showed it to him.

"Curious!" he muttered. "One of an experimental mint, no doubt, for it's dated 1890. Do you think we've any others similar?"

"No, I have been through them."

"Strange! Well, I'll keep it. It is probably unique."

I was disappointed with his decision, as I wanted the coin myself. It was against my principles, however, to protest. I forgot it entirely until some weeks later, when Mrs. Blakely, to the utter astonishment of the bank's staff, turned up an hour or so before luncheon time.

Up to that time, although she had been married more than ten months, Mrs. Blakely had never been inside the bank. Now she drove up in her carriage, came in proudly and asked for Mr. Blakely.

I replied that if she would step into the waiting room I would summon him in the usual way.

"No. Show me into his private room. I am Mrs. Blakely," she said hastily. "I recognized you, madam," I replied. "But the rule is that all visitors who ever they may be, are to be shown into the waiting room, where Mr. Blakely will interview them."

"Nonsense!" she ejaculated. "Such rules do not refer to Mr. Blakely's wife. The room is at the end of the passage. Is it not?"

"You are putting me in an awkward position," I replied. "I am not allowed to let visitors approach the green baize door."

"Ah!" Her proud eyes flashed. "So there is a green baize door which no one approaches?"

When Mr. Blakely came he did so in his habitual leisurely manner, and he walked into the waiting room, leaving the door ajar.

"Mr. Blakely," she said haughtily, "I have been insulted by one of your clerks. Since when has your wife been denied the right to enter your private room?"

"Ever since she wrongly assumed that she had such a right. My clerks have their orders; they obey them. You cannot blame them for upholding rules I myself have framed. What do you want? I am very busy this morning. The market is very unsteady just now."

"Tell me, Richard, had you known I was coming would you have allowed your clerk to deny me access to your private room?" Mrs. Blakely inquired.

"The rule is of many years' standing, Mary," he said deliberately. "If it were set aside for you, it would be the thin end of the wedge. My room would no longer be private."

"You indorse your clerk's insult?"

"I uphold my clerk who upholds the bank's rules."

I felt her brush past me as she came out of the room and saw her walk round the desks, her lips tightly compressed and her head very high.

The following morning when I turned up at the bank the porter met me with the inquiry, had I seen anything of Mr. Blakely? No one had seen him since the bank closed the night before. He was not in the bank—had not been home—indeed, it was Mrs. Blakely who had driven down the first thing to in-

quire about him, and no one had seen him.

"Mr. Boyton," she asked, "have you seen my husband? You were the last to leave, I believe?"

"Yes, madam, but I have not seen Mr. Blakely since he put you into your carriage yesterday."

"That decides it," she muttered. "Something has happened to him in his room. The door must be forced. Porter, go for a carpenter."

"You take the whole responsibility of forcing the green baize door?" I suggested.

"The whole responsibility," she replied and turned away impatiently.

When the carpenter arrived Mrs. Blakely led him to the door and ordered him to force it. He smiled grimly as he looked the door up and down. He sounded it with a mallet, and his jaw fell.

"Iron!" he said laconically. "That's my job; you want a blacksmith."

The porter was sent off in the carriage to fetch a smith. When the man arrived, he eyed the door critically and looked dubious.

For five minutes he dealt a rapid fire of blows, and then the door began to tremble then to shake. Finally, after 10 or 12 minutes, it gave a shudder and came forward, swinging on its hinges.

Mrs. Blakely darted forward and stopped. Six feet farther down the narrow passage another door obstructed the way. She signed impudently to the smith, who stepped forward and slivered the lock of the second door, which was only light wood. All was darkness beyond the door.

I turned to Mrs. Blakely, who stood gazing in wonderment into chaos.

"Porter," she said, in a husky voice, "get me a lantern. Then you can both leave us. Mr. Boyton's will be all the help I shall need."

We passed through the doorway and into a small, dark room, poorly furnished with a little office furniture and littered with papers. There was no sign of Mr. Blakely.

"Look!" cried Mrs. Blakely. "Look! A trapdoor!"

I saw a square had been cut out of the carpet, in the center of which was a ring by which I raised the trap.

Looking through we saw a ladder leading down to darkness.

Going carefully down four rungs of the ladder I held the lantern out at arm's length and surveyed the scene.

A stone walled chamber stretched before me like a large vault. In one wall was a low, barred door. In a corner was a small furnace. A peculiar looking machine stood in the middle of the vault, and upon a ledge of its frame rested a row of silver coins.

I went down, and, stepping as I thought to the ground, my foot encountered something soft. I sprang aside, avoiding it, and saw the body of Mr. Blakely budded up in a broken bundle.

"Ah, me! Ah, me!" she moaned, propping the head upon her knee with frenzied tenderness. "Richard! Husband! You did not merely dream—you lived your crimes that night—and now! This is his secret! Last night—the night before, he was restless in his sleep. He talked of coining, years of coining—coining silver coins and reaping profit—profit. The mint makes profit on its silver coins, and why not I? He said that, and as I lay awake I hoped he merely dreamed. Dead, dead! Yes, yes, and if you lived these hands should kill you for the ignominy and shame! Richard! Oh, Richard! Richard!"

Beyond the police only Mrs. Blakely and myself knew the true secret that hid behind the green baize door.—London Tit-Bits.

The English and the Irish. That the English and the Irish, living under the same physical conditions, should have the most opposite characteristics of any two people in the world is one of the mysteries. The physical conditions of the two races are almost identical. Ireland, like England, being insular, with a surface marked by moderate irregularities and possessing a moist and equable climate, the chief differences being that Ireland is rather more mountainous than England and its climate being a little milder and wetter. Yet the two peoples are sharply contrasted in temperament and character.

The Irish are as impulsive, mercurial, humorous and unmethodical as the English are stolid, orderly and practical. In war the Irish are most successful in attack, the English in defense. The Irishman enters into matrimony with his heart only, the Englishman calculates the cost of marriage before making a proposal. Irish literature is more witty, more tender, more glowing than English, but is less solid and enduring.

The contrast of character is most strikingly demonstrated by the fact that the two nations, during an intercourse of more than seven centuries, have never been able to thoroughly understand each other, and apart from artificial difficulties manufactured by unscrupulous agitators, the real differences between the two countries have been entirely due to a mutual misunderstanding of each other's characteristics.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why She Was Anxious. He had been out for a day's fishing, and as he proudly displayed the contents of his basket to his wife she exclaimed:

"Oh, John, aren't they beautiful! But I've been so anxious for the last hour, dear."

"Foolish little one," said John carelessly. "Why, what could have happened to me?"

"Oh, I didn't worry about you, love, but it grew so late I was afraid that before you got back to town the fish shops would all be shut."—Spare Moments.

THE FUR FASHIONS.

LATEST POINTS IN THE BUILDING OF FUR GARMENTS.

The ubiquitous Bolero in Evidence. Long Stole Ends Very Swell—Luxury in Linings—Muffs and Collars. Fur Bats Replace Tails.

London, which has much to say about the building of fur garments, has practically settled the fashions in this direction, and perhaps the least surprising detail in connection with them is the predominance of the bolero.

A spade fronted bolero in sealskin, with revers and collar of broadtail, is at once replete with elegance and style and is sure to prove itself of good report in the eyes of fashionable women.



No doubt the immaculate fit of our skirts about the hips has been a large factor in favor of the bolero. It were woeful waste to hide from view such positive evidences of sartorial skill.

A fur bolero of supreme novelty and one likely to be applauded by portly personages owes for its chiefest virtue long stole ends in front, which may reach—well, frankly, as long as your purse will permit—the full length of the figure, if you will. Of course so detached a detail presents itself to the artistic eye as having been specially ordained for the display of linings of rich and attractive character, though that might be said of all furry wraps, which could quite as successfully be worn inside out as in their destined way.

A remnant of the latter end of last season is the chiffon scarf, matching exactly the tone or one of the tones of the fur upon which it forms a decorative feature.

Various smart little coats have been designed, and one of the most becoming models is shown in the first cut—a Persian lamb jacket with chinchilla collar and facings. The sleeves are cut in bell shape at the wrists, so that they can either be turned up like cuffs or allowed to fall over the hands in very cold weather, and a muff may thus be dispensed with.

The long coat of the second cut is tailor made, and is trimmed with mink or other suitable fur. It also has the convenient bell cuffs.

Fur collars can hardly be built too high. Big muffs are likely to have much vogue, but small muffs and reticules.

General Cassius M. Clay is growing blind, and his physicians fear that they will be unable to save his sight.

Under the heavy burden of his age and infirmities the lion hearted old man is becoming more and more eccentric. His constant delusion is that a vendetta has been declared against him.

The man whose naked knife was once his sufficient protection against all the world is now guarded in his castle home night and day by armed servants.

Not one of these guardians, black or white, who guard Whitehall would hesitate for an instant to shoot—and shoot to kill—were any intruder rash enough to disregard their directions.

And to back up the orders there is a loaded cannon at the front porch, and the thick brick walls are pierced for double barreled shotguns.—Kansas City Independent.

George Was Stubborn. "George, we must commence going to church again."

"Has the parson got back?"

"Yes, he returned last week."

"Choose his own time for his vacation, didn't he?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, then, I'll choose mine."

"Why, George, what do you mean?"

"He staid away from church in the summer. I'll stay away in the winter."

"But, George, you know that isn't right. Don't you remember that he had a substitute several Sundays?"

"Well, I'm willing to send a substitute several Sundays."

"George Blinkerhoff, you march down town and get a new fall overcoat, and be prepared to go with me to church next Sunday. Do you hear?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RISKS OF BULLFIGHTING.

No Uncommon Thing For the Bull to Climb Among the Spectators.

"If the French are going to take up bullfighting as one of their regular amusements," says a New Yorker who has seen a good deal of the peninsular sport in its native home, "they will have to get themselves accustomed to seeing a bull break loose, clear the barrier and make himself gay among them."

To judge by the talk there has been in some of the papers about what happened at Deuil a few Sundays ago, one would think that such a thing was quite a rare accident in the history of the bull ring, but in the course of a single season that I was at Lisbon I must have seen it happen at least half a dozen times—that is, more than once for every Sunday I went to a bullfight.

"What is rare is for a bull to get clear away from the building and go careering about the streets of the neighborhood. That is prevented effectually by the way a bull ring is built. To get to or from your place you have to go up or down flights of steps, and rather narrow ones at that, and a bull, however active he may be, is not good at flights of steps."

"The bulls I saw in the Lisbon ring were active, being wiry, thin flanked, deep chested brutes that thought nothing of leaping over the barrier into the narrow space between that and the high stone parapet in front of the spectators' seats. Sometimes when a bull had made this jump in pursuit of a fleeing 'capinha' and couldn't find his man in the passage he would half jump, half climb, over the parapet. When he got up there, he would flourish his horns about, but could do no damage to any one who had the sense to get up and move out of his way. You see, the benches around the ring are set on a sloping base of cement, and that makes it impossible for a beast with hoofs to move about. Besides, the benches always impede him."

"You never hear women screaming on those occasions. All the women are up in the boxes, and they know, besides, that there isn't any danger. The bull always gets pushed back somehow. One day I saw a little cigar store clerk, when a bull landed close to him, coolly get between the animal's horns and cover up his eyes until the attendants came and dragged him off. If that bull had been on level ground, it would have taken a thorough professional to go as near him as that, and it would have been at the risk of the man's life."—New York Tribune.

FEDERAL RED TAPE. Routine to Be Gone Through to Have a Clock Repaired.

A week ago the clock in the office of Postoffice Inspector Waters stopped at exactly 9:30. While Mr. Waters was winding it a cord broke and let one of the weights fall to the bottom of the case. That was all.

The only reason that the timepiece has not been repaired is the fact that it belongs to Uncle Sam. A watchmaker would probably have charged 50 cents to replace the cord, but Uncle Sam is not in the habit of allowing his representatives to be arbitrary even for 50 cents. Here is the course that had to be taken to fix the clock, which will probably be ticking again within two weeks. According to the rules, Custodian Brickenstein of the building had to be notified in writing that the clock had ceased to run. He in turn was obliged to send word to the general custodian of federal buildings at Washington and state specifically how the accident occurred.

Custodian Brickenstein is now awaiting a reply from Washington, which will give him permission to see to the repairing. In the account of expense Custodian Brickenstein will itemize the 50 cents and attach to the statement a voucher from Inspector Waters detailing the whole thing over again.

It might seem funny to an ordinary citizen, but the officials are accustomed to it. For instance, one day last month a roller top to a desk in one of the federal offices refused to work, and the regulation mode was followed.—It was repaired last week.—Denver News.

Long Coat Fur Trimmed. Fur tassels furnish the new adjunct of the season. They consist of round balls of long, soft hair and will replace the too familiar tails of the past. There is much talk of white baby lamb being worn in combination with sealskin.

Colors in Clothesland. Colors are all bright and consist of automobile, a garnet red; lie de vin, copper, emerald green, cream, cran-stad, a true blue, but not so deep as the navy; drab mauve, periwinkle, orange, pastelle blue, a new beige and silver gray. But the colors of the opening season are cran-stad and automobile.

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, Oct. 27.—Shortly before midnight yesterday car No. 15 of the Mount Clemens Rapid railway, a suburban electric line, was struck by a Michigan Central freight train at the corner of Gratiot and Bellevue avenues, killing Conductor Schneider and injuring twenty-two men and women, one of them fatally. The suburban car was filled with the regular theatre load bound for Mount Clemens. Between twenty-five and thirty passengers were thrown violently from their seats as the heavy train threw the car from the track and crushed it against an adjoining building.

Conductor Schneider was just mounting the rear step, and was instantly crushed to death between the car and a telephone pole. Omitting the conductor the following are the worst of the casualties: Mrs. Joseph Egenolf, Mount Clemens, face cut; John Neiberger, Detroit, fatally injured; Mrs. E. Richmond, Mount Clemens, slightly injured internally; head cut; R. M. Eyrh, Mount Clemens, leg injured; Maggie Kernes, Mount Clemens, shoulder cut open and ear cut; Maud Donaldson, Mount Clemens, hip injured and injured internally; Frank W. Pruessel, Mount Clemens, back injured.

TWO BODIES FROM THE RIVER.

Nobody Saw Them Drown and There is No Sign of Foot Print.

Saginaw, Mich., Oct. 31.—The bodies of two men have been taken from Saginaw river here since Sunday morning. At 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon the body of Charles Blooper, a well-to-do farmer residing in James township, this county, was taken from the river at Genesee avenue bridge. He was 45 years old and leaves a widow and family.

At 1:30 o'clock yesterday morning the body of William Tolin, a lumber handler, residing on Berry street, this city, was found in the river near C. K. Eddy & Son's lumber yard. Both bodies are at Coleman's morgue. The drowning of both men is a mystery. Neither bears traces of foul play, and the theory of suicide is strongly adhered to in the case of Blooper. The authorities are investigating.

CAN FITCH KEEP HIS PIGS?

Question That is Agitating a Section of Pontiac Citizens Just Now.

Pontiac, Mich., Oct. 30.—A complaint has been issued before Justice Linnabury against Postmaster Ferris & Fitch on the charge of violating a city ordinance. A few weeks ago the common council passed an ordinance prohibiting the keeping of pigs within three-fourths of a mile from the court house.

Fitch has a drove of prancing young porkers which he keeps in the rear of his residence on Williams street, one of the best residence portions of the city. Fitch's neighbors claim that the pigs are a nuisance and have often complained of his keeping them. Fitch alleges that the ordinance passed by the council is invalid, and has engaged Attorney Lynch to defend the suit. He says that if necessary he will carry it to the supreme court.

BURNING OF A SHAFT HOUSE.

That at the Negaunee Mine Goes Up in Smoke—Loss is \$10,000.

Negaunee, Mich., Oct. 27.—The shaft house of the Negaunee mine was destroyed by fire at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. Fortunately the shaft had just finished work and all the men, with the exception of one straggler, were out of the mine when the fire broke out. The miner was rescued, but was almost dead when gotten out of the mine.

The burning of the shaft house will make it necessary to lay off 250 men, as the mine will be tied up for at least two weeks. It is figured that the loss in wages and curtailment of production will amount to \$50,000. The company is building an extra shaft which will make a repetition of similar suspension impossible.

Always American Exp. Office, Plym.

CLEANING & REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

F. FREY

Are You Dissatisfied

Michigan Law as to Fish.

Attorney General Gives an Opinion That Will Interest Many Citizens.

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 28.—At the request of the state game warden Attorney General Owen has given an opinion as to the construction of the Michigan law relative to commercial fish, his conclusions being as follows: Foreign fish that are immature, according to the Michigan standard, cannot be held or marketed in Michigan at any time, the reason as to such fish being continuously closed.

Foreign fish that were caught contrary to the laws of the state or county where caught cannot be held or marketed in Michigan. Between Nov. 15 and Dec. 15 fish caught in foreign waters between those dates cannot be held or marketed in Michigan.

New Hospital at the University.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 28.—The plans for the new homeopathic hospital at the University of Michigan provide for 10 wards. They are a men's medical, a men's surgical, a women's medical, a women's surgical, an obstetrical, and a children's ward. Besides these there

will be operation rooms for major cases, and for diseases of the eye, several private rooms, and recovery rooms. The larger operating room will be finished in marble. Two anaesthetical rooms have been arranged for and a lecture room for general medical, clinical, and demonstration courses.

Michigan Hollenders for the Bears.

Holland, Mich., Oct. 30.—The Hollenders of western Michigan, who comprise a considerable part of the population, are signing petitions, asking Representative Smith to present in congress a proposition directing the tendering of the good offices of the United States in behalf of arbitration of the difficulties between Great Britain and the South African Republic.

Dickinson Is for Maybury.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 30.—Ex-Postmaster General Don M. Dickinson has come out openly in favor of William C. Maybury for mayor, although Maybury was nominated on a platform that reiterated and indorsed all the planks of the Chicago platform, which drove Dickinson out of the party in 1888. Dickinson, however, says he has not changed his mind at all.

Loss for Damages of \$20,000.

Port Huron, Mich., Oct. 30.—Mrs. Martha Johnstuck, widow of the late Lewis Johnstuck, who was killed June 3, at the Port Huron engine-thresher works by the bursting of an emory wheel, and administratrix of his estate, has commenced suit in the circuit court against the thresher company for \$20,000 damages.

Killed by Her Little Brother.

Saginaw, Mich., Oct. 30.—Bertha, the 2-year-old daughter of Joseph Keller, of Carrollton, died from the effects of a gunshot wound inflicted by her 6-year-old brother. The two children were playing in the yard, the boy having procured possession of a .22-caliber rifle, and in their play the little girl was shot in the stomach.

Lumber from the Piles.

Bay City, Mich., Oct. 31.—The old piles in dismantled docks along Saginaw river have become so valuable that pile drivers are engaged pulling them. They are then taken to saw mills and converted into lumber, which is worth from \$12 to \$20 per 1,000 feet.

Lighting for Calumet.

Calumet, Mich., Oct. 31.—Calumet capitalists are organizing a stock company to erect an electric lighting plant at Lake View, a mile from the city, and purpose to furnish lights for business houses and residences in Calumet, Red Jacket and Laurium.

Just Returned from the War.

Flint, Mich., Oct. 31.—Charles F. Thompson, of this city, who served with the First Montana volunteers in the Philippines, has just returned home. He says his regiment went on the firing line on Feb. 4 last and had a warm time for six months.

The Boy and the Great Powder.

Walton, Mich., Oct. 31.—John Ward, an 11-year-old boy, visiting at Lake City, was firing giant fire-crackers Saturday when a premature explosion shattered his hand, removing thumb and several fingers.

Badly Hurt by a Colt.

Traverse City, Mich., Oct. 31.—Geo. W. McWhorter, a prominent farmer, living near here, was kicked by a colt and frightfully injured.

Disappearance from Niles.

Niles, Mich., Oct. 31.—William Trokendorf disappeared from this city a week ago and cannot be found.

"BULLET CATCHER" IS KILLED.

Hatal Was Struck by a Leaden Missile as he by Mistake.

New York, Oct. 31.—Michael Hatal, the magician, known as "the bullet catcher," who was accidentally shot while giving an exhibition at an east side hall, is dead at Bellevue hospital. Frank Benyo, who, under Hatal's instructions, fired the fatal shot at him, was discharged by Magistrate Olinstead in the Yorkville police court, Hatal having made an ante-mortem statement exonerating him from blame.

Hatal was a cabinet-maker by trade, but devoted much of his spare time to conjuring. His prize trick was catching a bullet supposed to be fired at him from an old-fashioned musket. The leaden bullet chosen by somebody in the audience to be fired, when the trick was properly performed, was never placed in the gun, a harmless one of wax, which the heat of the explosion would melt, taking its place. On this occasion the leaden bullet got into the musket somehow, and Benyo, who had gone from the audience to fire the gun, shot the conjurer near the heart.

BATTLE IN THE CONGO.

Belgian Expedition Attacked by Natives, of Whom 300 Are Killed.

London, Oct. 31.—Mail advices from the Congo announce that Captain Mohun, formerly United States consul at Zanzibar, who is commanding the Belgian Tanganyika-Congo telegraph expedition, has reached the Congo Free State and was engaged, at the end of July, in a fierce battle at Zanzibar, where the force consisted of ten Europeans, with Captain Mohun commanding.

Shortly after the attack commenced Baron Dhamis, the Belgian commander, dispatched three companies of soldiers to assist Mohun, and an enemy, consisting of cannibals, who horribly torture their wounded, were finally routed. Captain Mohun did great execution with a Winchester repeater. It is estimated that the enemy numbered 1,500 men and lost 300 killed and 800 wounded. The Belgian force lost nine men killed and forty-seven wounded. The enemy fled to Tanganyika.

Forced to Leap from Train.

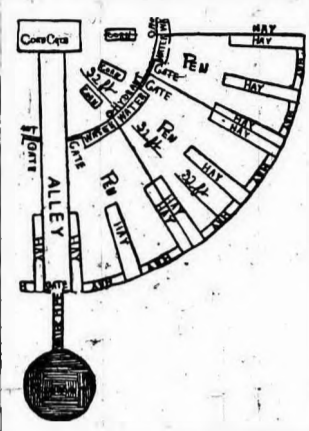
Sandusky, O., Oct. 30.—Rollu Thorne, residing at Graytown, Ottawa county, O., entered a box car on the Lake Shore railroad here, intending to ride to his home. A tramp, whom he did not notice on entering the car, tucked him while the train was running at full speed three miles west of here and robbed him of his watch and \$7 and then threatened to shoot him if he did not jump from the car. To escape being murdered Thorne leaped from the car and fell under the wheels, which cut both of his legs off below the knees. The injured man was brought to this city and placed in the infirmary.

FARM AND GARDEN

SHEEP PENS.

A Circular Corral, Which Minimizes Time and Labor in Feeding.

Sheep men are divided somewhat in opinion as to the best manner of handling sheep when preparing them for market. Some prefer square or oblong pens, but a number of Colorado feeders build their pens on the general plan of a circular inclosure. The Daily Drovers' Telegram gives an account, which bears upon this point, of the farm and feeding pens of one of the



QUARTER SECTION OF CIRCULAR CORRAL.

most successful sheep men of the Rocky Ford region, who buys southwestern lambs and prepares them for market. It is stated that of the farm of 320 acres 250 are needed to alfalfa and the remainder is used for pens, barns and residence. The manner in which the corral and feed lots are arranged is an admirable one for caring for sheep, and it would be a hard matter to devise a more practical arrangement.

The corral is circular in shape and has a smaller pen in the center. Radiating from this center pen to the outside are fences, as shown in the cut, which divide the outer portion of the corral into 12 different pens. These outside pens are called hay pens, where the sheep remain when not in the corral pens, two smaller pens in the center. At the immediate center of the corral is located the corn bin or crib. Water is furnished by means of a reservoir and pipes, which are connected with each pen, necessitating the use of six hydrants, one for each two pens. The feeding pens are connected with gates to the hay or outer pens.

Feed is given twice a day, and it usually takes three hours each time to handle the 12 pens. Two pens are fed at the same time, one pen on each side of the dividing fence, thus minimizing both labor and time. All the corn used is carefully weighed each day as it is fed. This is a point that a good many feeders overlook. A pair of hand scales is kept at the pens, and not a grain of corn more than the determined weight is given.

The accompanying diagram shows a little more than a quarter section of the whole arrangement.

Suffocation in a Silo.

The suffocation of three men by carbonic acid gas in a silo in Wisconsin is reported. Carbonic acid gas is not itself a poison, but being heavier than the air it had collected below the silo opening to such a depth that the men entering the silo were drowned as if in water. While this case occurred through an unusual combination of circumstances, it seems to show the desirability of starting the cutter before men enter a silo that has been left standing for some time when filling is in progress. The stirring of the air by the falling silage dilutes the gas and renders it harmless. Doors should be so close together that the heads of the men are always above an opening when working. The accident appears to have been analogous to the deaths that occur when men descend into wells and are overcome by accumulated gas.

Comparative Yields of Oats.

In four years' experience in growing oats the highest yields at all the Canadian experimental farms have averaged as follows:

Brand	Bushels	Pounds
American Beauty	71	17
Columbus	70	16
Golden Beauty	67	17
Bavarian	66	15
Holstein Promise	66	18
White Swallow	65	22
Early Golden Promise	65	27
Wallis	65	16
Abundance	65	19
Golden Giant	64	15
White Russian	64	24
Improved Ligowo	64	6

A Handy Device.

In making a husking horse an Ohio Farmer correspondent employs a pair of old wheels of convenient size, an



FOR HUSKING AND FODDER CARTING.

Axle of gas pipe the desired length and two pieces 1 by 3 and 10 feet long for sides. These are made up like a wheelbarrow. Then he puts uprights in a slant over the wheels. You can husk on one end and pile the fodder on the other end. He uses it for carting fodder from one shock to the other and has hauled five shocks at once on it. It is very handy in winter, when feeding under the ground is frozen, to wheel fodder or straw on.

SUGAR BEETS.

The Time For Harvesting—Storing or Siloing—Frozen Beets.

The time of harvesting is governed by the time of ripening of the beets. This ripening is made apparent by the outside leaves of the plant taking on a yellowish tinge and drooping to the ground. An experienced eye soon learns to detect a field of ripe beets that is ready for harvesting. The beets having now finished their work, the next step of the grower must be governed by his locality. If he is in a section where there is a probability of rain, the beets must be harvested and placed in silos. This should be the case in most of the sections where rain conditions prevail. Such places usually have heavy rains in September and October, followed by more or less warm weather. The effect of the rain will be to cause the beets to begin growing again, and if the rains are heavy and followed by warm days, it is possible for a whole crop to be lost, so far as fitness for factory purposes is concerned.

It is the custom in such localities to haul the beets to the factory if possible. If it is not possible to do this, they are gathered and placed in long ricks or piles on the surface of the ground. The bases of these ricks or piles are from three to three and a half feet wide and the height from three to four feet, tapering toward the top. Along each side of each rick several furrows are run with a stirring plow in order to loosen the dirt. The ricks are then completely covered with this dirt by the use of shovels. This covering is put on to the depth of about six inches, occasional air spaces of ventilators being left on the tops of the ricks, for which purpose is commonly used tiling or small, elongated wooden boxes or simply straw, the object being to prevent fermentation.

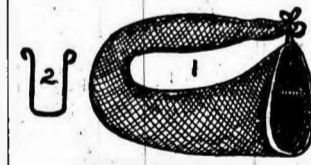
Storing the beets in this way is called "siloing," and the ricks or piles are called "silos." These silos are closely watched, in order that no heating may occur to cause fermentation, which lessens the sugar content of the beet. The ricks are opened occasionally by way of inspection. It is the aim of the grower, as already stated, to get the beets to the factory as soon as possible, but this will depend on "his turn." In case he is delayed in this way until cold weather comes on, these silos are covered with straw, manure or something of that sort, and then an additional amount of dirt is thrown on the straw covering. In this way it has been found that the beets will keep in very good condition until the last of January if necessary.

In this connection Charles F. Saylor, a special investigator for the department of agriculture and authority for the foregoing, states that it does not necessarily follow that the beets are lost even if they should be frozen solid, as the factories can readily work them frozen, and, in fact, some factory superintendents say they prefer to work frozen beets. The one thing to be guarded against in the case of frozen beets is thawing. In California, where rain or freezing is not liable to occur, after the beets have ripened and have gone into this state of rest they are allowed to remain in the field until the grower is notified by the factory that his beets must be delivered, when they are harvested and taken to the factory. Thus the expense of siloing is avoided.

Convenient in Apple Picking.

In picking apples a good sack spread is very convenient, says an Ohio Farmer writer. When picking winter apples, as a rule, we take a mill sack and put an apple in a corner in the bottom of the sack and a string through the corner at the top. Then, tying the string around above the apple, one has a shoulder basket, as illustrated.

In order to have both hands free, many apple pickers will cut a short stick and by sharpening both ends push each end through the sack, as shown at the top of the dotted line in



A SHOULDER BAG FOR APPLES.

Fig. 1. This is very good if it does not fall out, but that "measly" stick is continually coming out by wearing larger holes in the sack. To save all such trouble take a piece of heavy, smooth wire, bend it in the shape of the letter C, as shown by Fig. 2, and slip the wire on the outside of the sack, as at the dotted line. Turn the edge of the sack back over the wire and with a darning needle and good cording string commence at one ring end, hem the sack thoroughly clear around to the other end of wire and sew it well, especially at the ring ends. You will then have a handy and convenient sack spread.

Pasturing Sorghum.

Some trouble is reported in Nebraska in regard to pasturing sorghum. Dr. Peters of the experiment station of that state reports a considerable number of deaths occurring from this cause, but sufficient investigation has not yet been made to ascertain positively whether the trouble is impaction, poison or a germ disease. Investigation is to be made, however, and in the meantime the caution is published for the guidance of cattlemen who use sorghum. Commenting upon this matter, the Iowa Homestead remarks that the frequent evil effects that follow the use of second growth sorghum have often been mentioned, but it does not understand that it is the second growth crop that is now complained of.

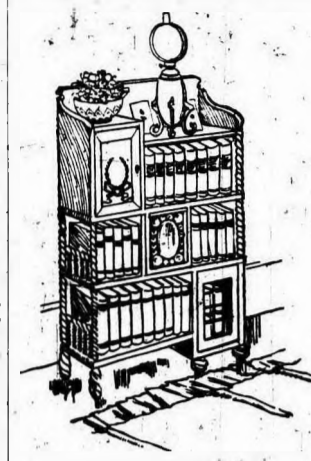
In some Utah tests wheat sown in November gave better results than the earlier sown.

BITS OF FURNITURE.

IDEAS FOR THINGS ODD, ORIGINAL AND PLEASING.

A Fine Cabinet For Books and Photographs, Inexpensively Constructed—A Convenient and Picturesque Window Arrangement.

"Odd bits of furniture, something out of the common run of things seen in the furniture shops—these are the things that many are looking for. To be unique, original and pleasing a bit of furniture need not be ex-



CABINET FOR THE LIBRARY.

persive, though if bought at a dealer's it usually is. If one can put his ideas upon paper, the cabinet maker or the skillful two-dollar-and-a-half-a-day carpenter will translate them into wood very accurately. This opinion The Ladies' World has illustrated as follows:

Take, for instance, the design that is shown herewith. Outside of the fluted corners and ends and the center door of heavy glass a carpenter could construct this bit of furnishing in a very short space of time and consequently at small expense. The fluted material can now be bought at lumber yards, machine turned, at trifling cost. If the glass door, with its bulbs of opaque glass, cannot readily be found, substitute a wooden door of some attractive design, but the colored, rough surfaced glass will be exceedingly attractive if it can be obtained where the cabinet is to be constructed. One of the closets may well be used for the storing of mounted photographs of scenery and of great paintings or as a receptacle for the annual picture harvest of the amateur photographer who may be a member of the family, most families having such a member now.

Books scattered about in such receptacles as these make a library a much more attractive and homelike place than do the stiff rows of closely filled shelves so often seen. The second cut shows a treatment for library window that provides a number of conveniences, not the least of which are the numerous drawers beneath the broad window seat (another convenience and the bookshelves. No room can have too many drawers. In

Unexpected.

One of the district school trustees was a crank on the subject of fire, and when he called round with the examining board he always confined his remarks to a question addressed to the pupils as to what they would do in case the building should catch fire.

The teacher was acquainted with his hobby, so she prompted her scholars as to the answers they should give when he rose to propound his accustomed inquiry. When the board called, however, this particular trustee, perhaps from a desire to emulate his associates in their addresses, rose and said:

"You boys and girls have paid such attention to Mr. Jones' remarks, I wonder what you would do now, if I were to make you a little speech?"

Quick as thought a hundred voices piped in unison:

"Form a line and march down stairs."—London Answers.

So Very Accommodating.

Scene—A swell restaurant (any, Simpson's). Waiter presents bill to swell, who has been dining both "wisely and well."

Swell—Waiter, just tell Mr. Simpson I should like a word with him. Ah, how do you do, Mr. Simpson? Some 12 months ago I dined here, but unfortunately, was unable to pay. You made a few rather powerful remarks and then very properly kicked me down stairs.

Mr. Simpson—Ah, I do remember the matter, now you mention it. But, never mind, sir—never mind. Let by-gone be by-gone.

Swell—Just so, sir. I have now to compliment you upon the charming dinner I have just enjoyed. The wine was really excellent, but I am sorry to say—or that is, I regret—or, well, the fact is (lifting his contrails accommodatingly) I must trouble you again, Mr. Simpson.

How to Fall Unhurt.

"People wonder how an actress can fall on the stage without hurting herself, but it is the easiest thing in the world," said an actress.

"The great secret of falling is to relax. If you slip and fall some time when you do not wish to, if you can only remember to relax your muscles, you will be saved perhaps from a serious injury. Children and drunken people fall relaxed."

In Some Places.

Shooting Tenant (just arrived for the grouse)—What a beautiful place to live, Dougald!

Dougald—It's no a bad place to live. But what was ye think o' havin' to travel 15 miles for a glass o' whisky?

Shooting Tenant—But why don't you buy some and keep it?

Dougald—Ah, mon, but whisky will na' keep!—Punch.

Dogs Growing Weaker.

Experts agree that the life of a dog is shortened by close breeding and exhibition and that we are gradually raising dogs that will not be so long lived as the semi-wild mongrel types.

The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us is not to resort to lamentation, but to act; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

Not Allowed to Read the Bible. But few people know that in the sixteenth century an Englishman was not allowed to read the Bible, yet it is perfectly true. Henry VIII issued a decree prohibiting the common people from reading the Bible. Officers of state were exempt from this law. Probably the king thought these officials would be none the worse for perusing the sacred work, and noble ladies or gentlemen might read the proscribed volume if they did so in their gardens or orchard, but no one was allowed even to read it to the lower classes.

During the reign of Catholic Queen Mary even more rigorous restrictions were enforced. Dr. Franklin, in his own "Life," preserves an anecdote which admirably illustrates this. His family had early adhered to the reformation, and they possessed an English Bible, which they concealed by fastening it beneath the lid of a close stool. When the doctor's great-grandfather desired to read to the family, he reversed the lid of the stool upon his knees and passed the leaves from one side to the other, each portion being fastened down with pack threads. One of the children was stationed at the door on the watch to see if an officer of the spiritual court came in sight. When such an individual bore in sight, the lid, with the Bible beneath it, was quickly replaced. This was in "Merry England."—Scottish Nights.

The Bet Won the Case.

"In one of the remote counties of the Panhandle of Texas," says Law Notes, "two lawyers were trying a case before a justice of the peace. It was 60 miles as the crow flies to the nearest law book, and the attorneys differed, of course, as to the law upon the main issue in the case. They were trying the case without the intervention of a jury, and his honor, who conducted a gambling house in connection with his hotel, saloon, livery stable, stud horse and jackass, was in doubts as to what his decision ought to be.

"Finally Miller, the plaintiff's counsel, offered to bet Hoover, the defendant's attorney, \$10 that he was right. Hoover did not happen to have that much of the circulating medium concealed about his person, and was naturally at a loss how to parry this forcible argument.

"The court waited a few moments on Hoover, and finally said: 'Well, Mr. Hoover, the court has waited long enough. Miller's proposition seems to be a fair one, and, since you don't put up, I will decide this case in favor of the plaintiff.'"

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"You boys and girls have paid such attention to Mr. Jones' remarks, I wonder what you would do now, if I were to make you a little speech?"

Quick as thought a hundred voices piped in unison:

"Form a line and march down stairs."—London Answers.

So Very Accommodating.

Scene—A swell restaurant (any, Simpson's). Waiter presents bill to swell, who has been dining both "wisely and well."

Swell—Waiter, just tell Mr. Simpson I should like a word with him. Ah, how do you do, Mr. Simpson? Some 12 months ago I dined here, but unfortunately, was unable to pay. You made a few rather powerful remarks and then very properly kicked me down stairs.

Mr. Simpson—Ah, I do remember the matter, now you mention it. But, never mind, sir—never mind. Let by-gone be by-gone.

Swell—Just so, sir. I have now to compliment you upon the charming dinner I have just enjoyed. The wine was really excellent, but I am sorry to say—or that is, I regret—or, well, the fact is (lifting his contrails accommodatingly) I must trouble you again, Mr. Simpson.

How to Fall Unhurt.

"People wonder how an actress can fall on the stage without hurting herself, but it is the easiest thing in the world," said an actress.

"The great secret of falling is to relax. If you slip and fall some time when you do not wish to, if you can only remember to relax your muscles, you will be saved perhaps from a serious injury. Children and drunken people fall relaxed."

</

WRITTEN ON BIRCH BARK.

The legend is that once when Orpheus played Upon his magic lute, the forest trees Were so enamored of the melodies...

Life's Possibilities

BY EDGAR TEMPLE FIELD.

It was at the Waldorf-Astoria during horse show time and the dinner hour, the busiest time of the whole day at that wonderful hostelry.

Uniformed attendants flew here and there in breathless haste, and "omnibuses" hovered distractingly about the flower bedecked tables...

The riot of luxury, feasting and enjoyment was at its height when two men met in the office—two men of 40 or thereabout, with that indefinable air of self-conscious power...

"By the gods, if it isn't Ned Frink!" exclaimed the taller of the two, stopping suddenly with outstretched hand.

"Teller!" cried the other, joyfully seizing the proffered hand. "I'm glad to see you, old man!"

In another moment the two, seated in a couple of the big, throne-like leather chairs which the Astor millions have provided for the purpose of at once comforting and impressing the hotel patrons...

"You had not seen each other since 15 years before they had separated after four years of intimate companionship at a fresh water college to go out and seek their fortunes after the impetuous fashion of western youth."

"You have prospered, I hear," said Frink, "and have become an out and out New Yorker in fact and sentiment."

"Oh, I've had my ups and downs," replied Teller with a little laugh. "but I'm on top now! As for being a confirmed New Yorker, well, Mrs. Teller, like most eastern women, doesn't care for the west. We've never even done the conventional trip to California. She prefers crossing the pond when we travel."

"In the last words was all the complacency of the man who had had a hard fight of it and won, but Frink easily forgave the little touch of vanity. He had been through it all himself."

"Then there's a Mrs. Teller?" he said, smiling.

"Oh, yes, and a Jack Teller the second?" replied the other. "You must see that boy, Ned."

"I want to," said Frink, but something wistful in his voice struck his friend.

"And you?" he asked quickly. "Surely you've not remained single, my boy?"

"I've never married," was the brief reply.

"Why, you're the very fellow to have a romance, I should think," went on Teller. "You used to be a sentimental chap at college, always writing verses and all that."

Frink laughed.

"Yes, I had my romance," he said.

"Well, I'm sorry it doesn't seem to have had a happy ending," said Teller sincerely. "A wife is a great help to a man. I'd like to tell you before you meet her, if he went on, bending forward earnestly, 'what mine has done for me. She's made a man of me and proved that I was worth the job. She's been more than a wife to me. She's been my good, honest, loyal chum. There are not many men who can say that of their wives.'"

"No, I fancy not," assented Frink, smiling.

"It's wonderful the understanding she had of the way a man feels, an inexperienced girl like her," proceeded the other. "You see she was a stenographer in our office when I first met her, and I fell in love with her at first sight almost. I'd made a little pile, and when we were married I thought things were coming pretty much my way. But hard times settled in, and I lost everything. For a long time it was hard work to get bread and butter, but that girl stood by me through thick and thin. When I was sick for a year with rheumatism, she went back to office work and kept me and the boy with what she earned with never a word of complaint or regret through it all. I tell you, old boy, she's got the stuff in her that heroes are made of. Goodness knows where she got it, that courage of hers. I never asked her about her family, and she's not one to talk much, but I fancy they were ordinary enough. I believe she came from some little town in New York state, and I know she never had anything much in her life. But now the struggle is over, and I can give her about what she wants, thank God. I tell you, Ned, it's a pity you let one disappointment spoil your life. There's nothing so sweetens existence as the companionship of a good woman."

"And nothing poisons it like a bad one," said Frink bitterly.

man prejudice you against the whole sex? Of course I don't know your story?"

"It's not pleasant," said the other man, knocking the ashes from his cigar with nervous fingers. "It all happened the year I left college. I met a girl in Denver. She was beautiful and clever, and you're right about my being sentimental. Teller, I fancied because her eyes were pure and bright as the stars in heaven that she must be an angel. She was poor too. Her father was a drunken, good for nothing fellow, and she was very unhappy, and I pitied her. Ah, I was very far gone indeed. We were going to be married when I had made money enough, and meantime I was happy as—well, as happy as a fool."

"And then one day as we were walking down the street together we met a man, a low fellow, with a dyed mustache. I knew him. He was a shoe-string gambler who came down sometimes from the mining camps and as vile a cur as ever breathed. To my amazement he stopped and spoke to me. 'What are you doing with my wife?' he asked angrily. I supposed he'd been drinking and was about to brush him aside when I happened to look at her, and what I saw told me all. She was cowering before that beast, with every vestige of color gone from her face and her eyes fastened on his with such a look that in a flash I knew that her fear of him was no new thing with her."

"Great God, Lucy!" I cried, "tell me this isn't true!" But she only gave a little moan, and so I turned away and left them there. I never saw her again."

There was a moment's pause. The orchestra from its perch on the landing of the marble stairway was playing an air from "La Boheme," repeating the refrain over and over again with passionate insistence.

"Isn't it possible there was some mistake?" asked Teller at last, a little awkwardly.

"No," said Frink in a hard voice. "Her father came to see me afterward. She was getting a divorce quietly, he told me, and they had agreed to keep me in ignorance of the whole affair. Of course the black-guard threatened to shoot me if I didn't marry his daughter, but when he saw I was not afraid of him he let me alone. They came east after that. I believe."

"Perhaps she wasn't as much to blame as he," observed Teller thoughtfully.

"Perhaps—she was very young. But such training in deceit doesn't turn out the women who make good wives, and divorced women are hardly in my line. No, there was no excuse for her, and it was only my luck. You fell in love with the right woman, and I fell in love with the wrong one—that's all."

"A woman came down the corridor as he spoke the last words, a tall, elegant woman, in a modish gown, whose gleaming folds clung closely to her slender figure. A boy of 8 or 9 years held her by the hand, and both looked out on the world with the same eyes, great, beautiful, gray eyes, at once proud and sad."

As the woman's eyes met Frink's they dilated suddenly, and he started with a sharp pain at his heart that caught his breath.

How had she come there just then—the very woman of whom he had been talking? As he started up Teller glanced around and then rose also with a happy smile.

"Ah, Lucille," he cried, "I have met an old friend, Ned Frink! He must be your friend also. Ned, this is my wife."

The joyous pride in his friend's voice made Frink wince inwardly as he bowed ceremoniously.

"I'm very glad to meet Mr. Frink," she said calmly. How well he knew her voice.

"You'll dine with us, I hope, Ned?" called Teller over his shoulder as he started on with the boy.

"Thank you, no. I leave for Denver in half an hour," replied Frink.

Then a sudden surge in the crowd brought some one between them for a moment, and the woman turned to him abruptly.

The pitiful appeal in her eyes went straight to Frink's heart, and he felt his own eyes grow dim with tears.

"He does not know," she said stupidly.

"He never shall," cried Frink.—Chicago Herald.

An Unobscuring Brother. In writing to us to protest against the readiness with which criminals are pronounced by public opinion to be mentally deficient, "B. A." tells the following extraordinary story:

"Personally," he says, "I am acquainted with a case in which two sisters—the united annual income of whose husbands is not less than £4,000—have for years been trying to persuade a brother incapacitated by ill health from work to commit suicide, in order that they may be absolved from a yearly contribution of £50 toward his maintenance. At first I absolutely refused to believe that such heartless selfishness actually existed, until I was shown letters from one of the ladies in question, which left no further doubt in my mind."

NOON.TE.

From portals that glow with the sunset's fire— Stillier than roses unfold and die— She came and passed in her grace so tender, And noontide hangs in the silent sky.

The butterflies fit in the drowsy weather Higher and fly in a maze red— Or dreamily fan their wings together To the tune of the locust's droning wheel.

In zigzag courses the fencible shimmer, Ferid and faint in the pallid moon The corn leaves curl and the poplars glimmer And drooply wait for the south wind's boom.

And stir and white as a wing drifts over, Filmy and fair in the sibilant blue— A ghost of a cloud, through fields of clover— Its shadow is trailing slowly through.

The poplar leaves in the silence quiver— Restless in slumber, while all things seem— The birds and the bees and the shaded river— Lapped in the maze of a noontide dream.

—Benjamin F. Leggett in Youth's Companion.



BEYOND THE GREEN BAIZE DOOR A Wife Forces Her Husband's Secret Chamber and Makes a Discovery.

There was mystery beyond the green baize door, tangible or intangible nobody knew, since no one but Mr. Blakely ever saw the inside of the door which shut his private room at Messrs. Blakely & Stephens' bank from the narrow passage connecting it with the general offices.

Mr. Blakely was sole proprietor of the bank, which was the only one in the town and showed every semblance of the soundest financial basis.

Mr. Blakely was a man strangely devoid of eccentricities. The chief faults the bank staff found with him were his indefatigability and that whenever there was business to be done in London—selling or buying stock, buying cash, etc.—he invariably attended to it himself.

I was seated at the desk of the head cashier, who was away on a short holiday, one morning in September, when one of our clients entered the counting house.

"Mr. Boyton, look here," he said, slipping a crown piece upon the counter. "Where did you get it?"

"What's wrong with it?" I inquired, examining it closely without noticing any defect. "Did I give it to you?"

"Yes. Look at the edge. It's quite smooth."

I passed him two half crowns, and as he went away I slipped the crown into my pocket, intending to keep it as a curiosity, but later in the day, when Mr. Blakely was in the office, I showed it to him.

"Curious!" he muttered. "One of an experimental mint, no doubt, for it's dated 1836. Do you think we've any others similar?"

"No; I have been through them."

"Strange! Well, I'll keep it. It is probably unique."

I was disappointed with his decision, as I wanted the coin myself. It was against my principles, however, to protest. I forgot it entirely until some weeks later, when Mrs. Blakely, to the utter astonishment of the bank's staff, turned up an hour or so before lunch on time.

Up to that time, although she had been married more than ten months, Mrs. Blakely had never been inside the bank. Now, she drove up in her carriage, came in proudly and asked for Mr. Blakely.

I replied that if she would step into the waiting room I would summon him in the usual way.

"No. Show me into his private room. I am Mrs. Blakely," she said hastily.

"I recognized you, madam," I replied. "But the rule is that all visitors who ever they may be, are to be shown into the waiting room, where Mr. Blakely will interview them."

"Nonsense," she ejaculated. "Such rules do not refer to Mr. Blakely's wife. The room is at the end of the passage, is it not?"

"You are putting me in an awkward position," I replied. "I am not allowed to let visitors approach the green baize door."

"Ah!" Her proud eyes flashed. "So there is a green baize door which no one approaches?"

When Mr. Blakely came he did so in his habitual leisurely manner, and he walked into the waiting room, leaving the door ajar.

qure about him, and no one had seen him.

"Mr. Boyton," she asked, "have you seen my husband? You were the last to leave, I believe?"

"Yes, madam, but I have not seen Mr. Blakely since he put you into your carriage yesterday."

"That decides it," she muttered. "Something has happened to him in his room. The door must be forced. Porter, go for a carpenter."

"You take the whole responsibility of forcing the green baize door?" I suggested.

"The whole responsibility," she replied and turned away impatiently.

When the carpenter arrived Mrs. Blakely led him to the door and ordered him to force it. He smiled grimly as he looked the door up and down. He sounded it with a mallet, and his law fell.

"Iron!" he said laconically. "Tisn't my job; you want a blacksmith."

The porter was sent off in the carriage to fetch a smith. When the man arrived, he eyed the door critically and looked dubious.

For five minutes he dealt a rapid fire of blows, and then the door began to tremble, then to shake. Finally, after 10 or 12 minutes, it gave a shudder and came forward, swinging on its hinges.

Mrs. Blakely darted forward and stopped. Six feet farther down the narrow passage another door obstructed the way. She stepped impetuously to the smith, who signed forward and shivered the lock of the second door, which was only light wood. All was darkness beyond the door.

I turned to Mrs. Blakely, who stood gazing in wonderment into chaos.

"Porter," she said, in a hushed voice, "get me a lantern. Then you can both leave us. Mr. Boyton's will be all the help I shall need."

We passed through the doorway and into a small, dark room, poorly furnished with a little office furniture and littered with papers. There was no sign of Mr. Blakely.

"Look!" cried Mrs. Blakely. "Look! A trapdoor!"

I saw a square had been cut out of the carpet, in the center of which was a ring by which I raised the trap.

Looking through we saw a ladder leading down to darkness.

Going carefully down four rungs of the ladder I held the lantern out at arm's length and surveyed the scene.

A stone walled chamber stretched before me like a large vault. In one wall was a low, barred door. In a corner was a small furnace. A peculiar-looking machine stood in the middle of the vault, and upon a ledge of its frame rested a row of silver coins.

I went down, and, stepping as I thought to the ground, my foot encountered something soft. I sprang aside, avoiding it, and saw the body of Mr. Blakely huddled up in a broken bundle.

"Ah, me! Ah, me!" she moaned, propping the head upon her knee with frenzied tenderness. "Richard! Husband! You did not merely dream—you lived your crimes that night—and now this is his secret! Last night—the night before, he was restless in his sleep. He talked of coining, years of coining—coining silver coins and reaping profit—profit. The mint makes profit on its silver coins, and why not I? He said that, and as I lay awake I hoped he merely dreamed. Dead, dead! Yes, yes, and if you lived these hands should kill you for the ignominy and shame! Richard! Oh, Richard! Richard!"

Beyond the police only Mrs. Blakely and myself knew the true secret that hid behind the green baize door.—London Tit-Bits.

The English and the Irish. That the English and the Irish, living under the same physical conditions, should have the most opposite characteristics of any two people in the world is one of the mysteries. The physical conditions of the two races are almost identical. Ireland, like England, being insular, with a surface marked by moderate irregularities and possessing a moist and equable climate, the chief differences being that Ireland is rather more mountainous than England and its climate being a little milder and wetter. Yet the two peoples are sharply contrasted in temperament and character.

The Irish are as impulsive, mercurial, humorous and unmethodical as the English are stolid, orderly and practical. In war the Irish are most successful in attack, the English in defense. The Irishman enters into matrimony with his heart only, the Englishman calculates the cost of marriage before making a proposal. Irish literature is more witty, more tender, more glowing than English, but is less solid and enduring.

The contrast of character is most strikingly demonstrated by the fact that the two nations, during an intercourse of more than seven centuries, have never been able to thoroughly understand each other, and, apart from artificial difficulties manufactured by unscrupulous agitators, the real differences between the two countries have been entirely due to a mutual misunderstanding of each other's characteristics.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why She Was Anxious. He had been out for a day's fishing, and as he proudly displayed the contents of his basket to his wife she exclaimed: "Oh, John, aren't they beauties! But I've been so anxious for the last hour, dear."

"Foolish little one," said John carelessly, "Why, what could have happened to me?"

"Oh, I didn't worry about you, love, but it grew so late I was afraid that before you got back to town the fish shops would all be shut."—Spare Moments.

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"What is rare is for a ball to get clear away from the building and go careering about the streets of the neighborhood. That is prevented effectually by the way a bull ring is built. To get to or from your place, you have to go up or down flights of steps, and rather narrow ones at that, and a bull, however active he may be, is not good at flights of steps."

"The bulls I saw in the Lisbon ring were active, being wiry, thin flanked, deep chested brutes that thought nothing of leaping over the barriers into the narrow passage between that and the high stone parapet in front of the spectators' seats. Sometimes when a bull had made this jump in pursuit of a fleeing 'capinha' and couldn't find his man in the passage he would half jump-half climb, over the parapet. When he got up there, he would flourish his horns about, but he could do no damage to any one who had the sense to get up and move out of his way. You see, the benches around the ring are set on a sloping base of cement, and that makes it impossible for a beast with hoofs to move about. Besides, the benches always impede him."

"You never hear women screaming on those occasions. All the women are up in the boxes, and they know, besides, that there isn't any danger. The bull always gets pushed back somehow. One day I saw a little cigar store clerk, when a bull landed close to him, coolly get between the animal's horns and cover up his eyes until the attendants came and dragged him off. If that bull had been on level ground, it would have taken a thorough professional to go as near him as that, and it would have been at the risk of the man's life."

—New York Tribune.

FEDERAL RED TAPE. Routine to Be Gone Through to Have a Clock Repaired.

A week ago the clock in the office of Postoffice Inspector Waters stopped at exactly 9:30. While Mr. Waters was winding it a cord broke and let one of the weights fall to the bottom of the case. That was all.

The only reason that the timepiece has not been repaired is the fact that it belongs to Uncle Sam. A watchmaker would probably have charged 50 cents to replace the cord, but Uncle Sam is not in the habit of allowing his representatives to be arbitrary even for 50 cents. Here is the course that had to be taken to fix the clock, which will probably be ticking again within two weeks. According to the rules, Custodian Brickenstein of the building had to be notified in writing that the clock had ceased to run. He in turn was obliged to send word to the general custodian of federal buildings at Washington and state specifically how the accident occurred.

Custodian Brickenstein is now awaiting a reply from Washington, which will give him permission to see to the repairing. In the account of expense Custodian Brickenstein will itemize the 50 cents and attach to the statement a voucher from Inspector Waters detailing the whole thing over again.

It might seem funny to an ordinary citizen, but the officials are accustomed to it. For instance, one day last month a roller top to a desk in one of the federal offices refused to work, and the regulation mode was followed. It was repaired last week.—Denver News.

Tottering Cassius Clay. General Cassius M. Clay is growing blind, and his physicians fear that they will be unable to save his sight.

Under the heavy burden of his age and infirmities the lion hearted old man is becoming more and more eccentric. His constant delusion is that a vendetta has been declared against him.

The man whose naked knife was once his sufficient protection against all the world is now guarded in his castle home night and day by armed servants.

Not one of these guardians, black or white, who guard Whitehall would hesitate for an instant to shoot—and shoot to kill—were any intruder rash enough to disregard their directions. And to back up the orders there is a loaded cannon at the front porch, and the thick brick walls are pierced for double-barreled shotguns.—Kansas City Independent.

George Was Stubborn. "George, we must commence going to church again."

"Has the parson got back?"

"Yes, he returned last week."

"Chose his own time for his vacation, didn't he?"

"Yes, of course."

"Why, then, I'll choose mine."

"Why, George, what do you mean?"

"He staid away from church in the summer. I'll stay away in the winter."

"But, George, you know that isn't right. Don't you remember that he had a substitute several Sundays?"

"Well, I'm willing to send a substitute several Sundays."

"George Blinkerhoff, you march down town and get a new fall overcoat and be prepared to go with me to church next Sunday. Do you hear?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RISKS OF BULLFIGHTING.

No Uncommon Thing For the Bull to Climb Among the Spectators.

"If the French are going to take up bullfighting as one of their regular amusements," says a New Yorker who has seen a good deal of the peninsular sport in its native home, "they will have to get themselves accustomed to seeing a bull break loose, clear the barrier and make himself gay among them. To judge by the talk there has been in some of the papers about what happened at Devil a few Sundays ago, one would think that such a thing was quite a rare accident in the history of the bull ring, but in the course of a single season that I was at Lisbon I must have seen it happen at least half a dozen times—that is, more than once for every Sunday I went to a bullfight."

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—New York Tribune.



PERSIAN LAMB JACKET. No doubt the immaculate fit of our skirts about the hips has been a large factor in favor of the bolero. It were woeful waste to hide from view such positive evidences of sartorial skill.

A fur bolero of supreme novelty and one likely to be applauded by portly personages owns for its chiefest virtue long stole ends in front, which may reach—well, frankly, as long as your purse will permit—to the full length of the figure, if you will. Of course so detached a detail presents itself to the artistic eye as having been specially ordained for the display of linings of rich and attractive character, though that might be said of all furry wraps, which could quite as successfully be worn inside out as in their destined way.

A remnant of the latter end of last season is the chiffon scarf, matching exactly the tone or one of the tones of the fur upon which it forms a decorative feature.

Various smart little coats have been designed, and one of the most becoming models is shown in the first cut—a Persian lamb jacket with chinchilla collar and facings. The sleeves are cut in bell shape at the wrists, so that they can either be turned up like cuffs or allowed to fall over the hands in very cold weather, and a muff may thus be dispensed with.

The long coat of the second cut is tailor made, and is trimmed with mink or other suitable fur. It also has the convenient bell cuffs.

Fur collars can hardly be built too high. Big muffs are likely to have much vogue, but small muffs and reticules.

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—New York Tribune.

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, Oct. 27.—Shortly before midnight yesterday car No. 15 of the Mount Clemens Rapid railway, a suburban electric line, was struck by a Michigan Central freight train at the corner of Gratiot and Bellevue avenues, killing Conductor Schneider and injuring twenty-two men and women, one of them fatally. The suburban car was filled with the regular theatre load bound for Mount Clemens. Between twenty-five and thirty passengers were thrown violently from their seats as the heavy train threw the car from the track and crushed it against an adjoining building.

Conductor Schneider was just mounting the rear step, and was instantly crushed to death between the car and a telephone pole. Omitting the conductor the following are the worst of the casualties: Mrs. Joseph Egenoff, Mount Clemens, face cut; John Neiberhiser, Detroit, fatally injured; Mrs. E. Richmond, Mount Clemens, slightly injured internally; head cut; R. M. Eyrh, Mount Clemens, leg injured; Maggie Kernes, Mount Clemens, shoulder cut open and ear cut; Maud Donaldson, Mount Clemens, hip injured and injured internally; Frank W. Pruessel, Mount Clemens, back injured.

TWO BODIES FROM THE RIVER.

Nobody Saw Them Drown and There is No Sign of Foul Play.

Saginaw, Mich., Oct. 31.—The bodies of two men have been taken from Saginaw river here since Sunday morning. At 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon the body of Charles Bloorer, a well-to-do farmer residing in James township, this county, was taken from the river at Genesee avenue bridge. He was 45 years old and leaves a widow and family.

At 1:30 o'clock yesterday morning the body of William Tolin, a lumber handler, residing on Berry street, this city, was found in the river near C. K. Eddy & Son's lumber yard. Both bodies are at Coleman's morgue. The drowning of both men is a mystery. Neither bears traces of foul play, and the theory of suicide is strongly adhered to in the case of Bloorer. The authorities are investigating.

CAN FITCH KEEP HIS PIGS?

Question That is Agitating a Section of Pontiac Citizens Just Now.

Pontiac, Mich., Oct. 30.—A complaint has been issued before Justice Linbury against Postmaster Ferlis S. Fitch on the charge of violating a city ordinance. A few weeks ago the common council passed an ordinance prohibiting the keeping of pigs within three-fourths of a mile from the court house.

Fitch has a drove of prouling young porkers which he keeps in the rear of his residence on Williams street, one of the best residence portions of the city. Fitch's neighbors claim that the pigs are a nuisance and have often complained of his keeping them. Fitch alleges that the ordinance passed by the council is invalid, and has engaged Attorney Lynch to defend the suit. He says that if necessary he will carry it to the supreme court.

BURNING OF A SHAFT HOUSE.

That at the Negaunee Mine Goes Up in Smoke—Loss \$100,000.

Negaunee, Mich., Oct. 27.—The shaft house of the Negaunee mine was destroyed by fire at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. Fortunately the shaft had just finished work and all the men, with the exception of one straggler, were out of the mine when the fire broke out. The miner was rescued, but was almost dead when gotten out of the mine.

The burning of the shaft house will make it necessary to lay off 250 men, as the mine will be tied up for at least two weeks. It is figured that the loss in wages and curtailment of production will amount to \$50,000. The company is building an extra shaft which will make a repetition of similar suspension impossible.

That is the story of the shaft house burning.

MICHIGAN LAW AS TO FINE.

Attorney General Gives an Opinion That Will Interest Many Citizens.

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 28.—At the request of the state game warden Attorney General Owen has given an opinion as to the construction of the Michigan law relative to commercial fish, his conclusions being as follows: Foreign fish that are immature according to the Michigan standard, cannot be held or marketed in Michigan at any time, the reason as to such fish being continuously closed.

Foreign fish that were caught contrary to the laws of the state or country where caught cannot be held or marketed in Michigan. Between Nov. 25 and Dec. 15 fish caught in foreign waters between those dates cannot be held or marketed in Michigan.

New Hospital at the University.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 28.—The plans for the new homeopathic hospital at the University of Michigan provide for six wards. They are a men's medical, a men's surgical, a women's medical, a women's surgical, an obstetrical, and a children's ward. Besides these there

will be operation rooms for major cases, and for diseases of the eye, several private rooms, and recovery rooms. The larger operating room will be finished in marble. Two anaesthetical rooms have been arranged for and a lecture room for general medical, clinical, and demonstration courses.

Michigan Holders for the Bore.

Holland, Mich., Oct. 30.—The Hollanders of western Michigan, who comprise a considerable part of the population, are signing petitions, asking Representative Smith to present in congress a proposition directing the tendering of the good offices of the United States in behalf of arbitration of the difficulties between Great Britain and the South African Republic.

Dickinson Is for Maybury.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 30.—Ex-Postmaster General Don M. Dickinson has come out openly in favor of William C. Maybury for mayor, although Maybury was nominated on a platform that reiterated and endorsed all the planks of the Chicago platform, which drove Dickinson out of the party in 1896. Dickinson, however, says he has not changed his mind at all.

Case for Damages of \$20,000.

Port Huron, Mich., Oct. 30.—Mrs. Martha Johnstuck, widow of the late Lewis Johnstuck, who was killed June 3, at the Port Huron engine-thresher works by the bursting of an emory wheel, and administratrix of his estate, has commenced suit in the circuit court against the thresher company for \$20,000 damages.

Killed by Her Little Brother.

Saginaw, Mich., Oct. 30.—Bertha, the 2-year-old daughter of Joseph Keller, of Carrollton, died from the effects of a gunshot wound inflicted by her 6-year-old brother. The two children were playing in the yard, the boy having procured possession of a .22-caliber fife, and in their play the little girl was shot in the stomach.

Lumber from the Piles.

Ray City, Mich., Oct. 31.—The old piles in dismantled docks along Saginaw river have become so valuable that pile drivers are engaged pulling them. They are then taken to saw mills and converted into lumber, which is worth from \$12 to \$20 per 1,000 feet.

Lighting for Calumet.

Calumet, Mich., Oct. 31.—Calumet capitalists are organizing a stock company to erect an electric lighting plant at Lake View, a mile from the city, and purpose to furnish lights for business houses and residences in Calumet, Red Jacket and Latham.

Just Returned from the War.

Flint, Mich., Oct. 31.—Charles F. Thompson, of this city, who served with the First Montana volunteers in the Philippines, has just returned home. He says his regiment went on the firing line on Feb. 4 last and had a warm time for six months.

The Boy and the Giant Powder.

Walton, Mich., Oct. 31.—John Ward, an 11-year-old boy, visiting at Lake City, was firing giant fire-crackers Saturday when a premature explosion shattered his hand, removing thumb and several fingers.

Bully Hurt by a Colt.

Traverse City, Mich., Oct. 31.—Geo. W. McWethy, a prominent farmer, living near here, was kicked by a colt and frightfully injured.

Disappearance from Niles.

Niles, Mich., Oct. 31.—William Trokendorf disappeared from this city a week ago and cannot be found.

"BULLET CATCHER" IS KILLED.

Fatal Was Struck by a Lead Bullet as He Drove to a Show.

New York, Oct. 31.—Michael Hatal, the magician, known as the "bullet catcher," who was accidentally shot while giving an exhibition at an east side hall, is dead at Bellevue hospital. Frank Benyo, who, under Hatal's instructions, fired the fatal shot at him, was discharged by Magistrate Olmstead in the Yorkville police court, Hatal having made an ante-mortem statement exonerating him from blame.

Hatal was a cabinet-maker by trade, but devoted much of his spare time to conjuring. His prize trick was catching a bullet supposed to be fired at him from an old-fashioned musket. The leaden bullet chosen by somebody in the audience, to be fired, when the trick was properly performed, was never placed in the gun, a harmless one of wax, which the heat of the explosion would melt, taking its place. On this occasion the leaden bullet got into the musket somehow, and Benyo, who had gone from the audience to fire the gun, shot the conjurer near the heart.

BATTLE IN THE CONGO.

Belgian Expedition Attacked by Natives, of Whom 300 Are Killed.

London, Oct. 31.—Mail advices from the Congo announce that Captain Mohun, formerly United States consul at Zanzibar, who is commanding the Belgian Tanganyika Congo telegraph expedition, has reached the Congo Free State and was engaged, at the end of July, in a fierce battle at Zangulu, where the force consisted of ten Europeans, with Captain Mohun commanding.

Shortly after the attack commenced Baron Dhamis, the Belgian commander, dispatched three companies of soldiers to assist Mohun, and an enemy, consisting of cannibals, who horribly torture their wounded, were finally routed. Captain Mohun did great execution with a Winchester repeater. It is estimated that the enemy numbered 1,500 men and lost 300 killed and 400 wounded. The Belgian force lost nine men killed and forty-seven wounded. The enemy fled to Tanganyika.

Forced to Leap from Train.

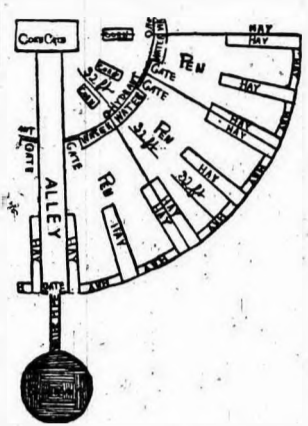
Sandusky, O., Oct. 30.—Rollin Thorne, residing at Graytown, Ottawa county, O., entered a box car on the Lake Shore railroad here, intending to ride to his home. A tramp, whom he did not notice on entering the car, tucked him while the train was running at full speed three miles west of here and robbed him of his watch and \$7 and then threatened to shoot him if he did not jump from the car. To escape being murdered Thorne leaped from the car and fell under the wheels, which cut both of his legs off below the knees. The injured man was brought to this city and placed in the infirmary.

FARM & GARDEN

SHEEP PENS.

A Circular Corral Which Minimizes Time and Labor in Feeding.

Sheep men are divided somewhat in opinion as to the best manner of handling sheep when preparing them for market. Some prefer square or oblong pens, but a number of Colorado feeders build their pens on the general plan of a circular enclosure. The Daily Drover's Telegraph gives an account, which bears upon this point, of the farm and feeding pens of one of the



QUARTER SECTION OF CIRCULAR CORRAL.

most successful sheep men of the Rocky Ford region, who buys southwestern lambs and prepares them for market. It is stated that of the farm of 320 acres 250 are seeded to alfalfa and the remainder is used for pens, barns and residence. The manner in which the corrals and feed lots are arranged is an admirable one for caring for sheep, and it would be a hard matter to devise a more practical arrangement.

The corral is circular in shape and has a smaller pen in the center. Radiating from this center pen to the outside are fences, as shown in the cut, which divide the outer portion of the corral into 12 different pens. These outside pens are called hay pens, where the sheep remain when not in the corral pens, two smaller pens in the center. At the immediate center of the corral is located the corn bin or crib. Water is furnished by means of a reservoir and pipes, which are connected with each pen, necessitating the use of six hydrants, one for each two pens. The feeding pens are connected with gates to the hay or corral pens.

Feed is given twice a day, and it usually takes three hours each time to handle the 12 pens. Two pens are fed at the same time, one pen on each side of the dividing fence, thus minimizing both labor and time. All the corn used is carefully weighed each day as it is fed. This is a point that a good many feeders overlook. A pair of hand scales is kept at the pens, and not a grain of corn more than the determined weight is given.

The accompanying diagram shows a little more than a quarter section of the whole arrangement.

Suffocation in a Silo.

The suffocation of three men by carbonic acid gas in a silo in Wisconsin is reported. Carbonic acid gas is not itself a poison, but being heavier than the air it had collected below the silo opening to such a depth that the men entering the silo were drowned as if in water. While this case occurred through an unusual combination of circumstances, it seems to show the desirability of starting the cutter before men enter a silo that has been left standing for some time when filling is in progress. The stirring of the air by the falling silage dilutes the gas and renders it harmless. Doors should be so close together that the heads of the men are always above an opening when working. The accident appears to have been analogous to the deaths that occur when men descend into wells and are overcome by accumulated gas.

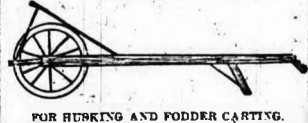
Comparative Yields of Oats.

In four years' experience in growing oats the highest yields at all the Canadian experimental farms have averaged as follows:

	Bushels.	Pounds.
Banner	71	17
American Beauty	71	16
Columbus	70	5
Golden Beauty	67	37
Bavarian	66	18
Holstein Prolific	66	18
White Schonen	65	29
Early Golden Prolific	65	27
Abundance	65	9
Waller	65	9
Golden Giant	64	11
White Russian	64	12
Improved Ligowo	64	6

A Handy Device.

In making a husking horse an Ohio farmer correspondent employs a pair of old wheels of convenient size, an



FOR HUSKING AND FODDER CARTING.

axle of gas pipe the desired length and two pieces 1 by 3 and 10 feet long for sides. These are made up like a wheelbarrow. Then he puts uprights in a slant over the wheels. You can husk on one end and pile the fodder on the other end. He uses it for carting fodder from one shock to the other and has hauled five shocks at once on it. It is very handy in winter, when feeding when the ground is frozen, to wheel fodder or straw on.

LUGAR BEETS.

The Time for Harvesting—Storing or Siloing—Frozen Beets.

The time of harvesting is governed by the time of ripening of the beets. This ripening is made apparent by the outside leaves of the plant taking on a yellowish tinge and drooping to the ground. An experienced eye soon learns to detect a field of ripe beets that is ready for harvesting. The beets having now finished their work, the next step of the grower must be governed by his locality. If he is in a section where there is a probability of rain, the beets must be harvested and placed in silos. This should be the case in most of the sections where rain conditions prevail. Such places usually have heavy rains in September and October, followed by more or less warm weather. The effect of the rain will be to cause the beets to begin growing again, and, if the rains are heavy and followed by warm days, it is possible for a whole crop to be lost, so far as fitness for factory purposes is concerned.

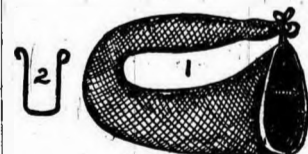
It is the custom in such localities to haul the beets to the factory if possible. If it is not possible to do this, they are gathered and placed in long ricks or piles on the surface of the ground. The bases of these ricks or piles are from three to three and a half feet wide and the height from three to four feet, tapering toward the top. Along each side of each rick several furrows are run with a stirring plow in order to loosen the dirt. The ricks are then completely covered with this dirt by the use of shovels. This covering is put on to the depth of about six inches, occasional air spaces or ventilators being left on the tops of the ricks, for which purpose is commonly used tiling or small elongated wooden boxes or simply straw, the object being to prevent fermentation.

Storing the beets in this way is called "siloing," and the ricks or piles are called "silos." These silos are closely watched, in order that no heating may occur to cause fermentation, which lessens the sugar content of the beet. The ricks are opened occasionally by way of inspection. It is the aim of the grower, as already stated, to get the beets to the factory as soon as possible, but this will depend on "his turn." In case he is delayed in this way until cold weather comes on, these silos are covered with straw, manure or something of that sort, and then an additional amount of dirt is thrown on the straw covering. In this way it has been found that the beets will keep in very good condition until the last of January if necessary.

In this connection Charles E. Saylor, a special investigator for the department of agriculture and authority for the foregoing, states that it does not necessarily follow that the beets are lost even if they should be frozen solid, as the factories can readily work them frozen, and, in fact, some factory superintendents say they prefer to work frozen beets. The one thing to be guarded against in the case of frozen beets is thawing. In California, where rain or freezing is not liable to occur, after the beets have ripened and have gone into this state of rest they are allowed to remain in the field until the grower is notified by the factory that his beets must be delivered, when they are harvested and taken to the factory. Thus the expense of siloing is avoided.

Convenient in Apple Picking.

In picking apples a good sack spread is very convenient, says an Ohio Farmer-writer. When picking winter apples, as a rule, we take a mill sack and put an apple in a corner in the bottom of the sack and a string through the corner at the top. Then, tying the string around above the apple, one has a shoulder basket, as illustrated.



A SHOULDER BAG FOR APPLES.

Fig. 1. This is very good if it does not fall out, but that "measly" stick is continually coming out by wearing larger holes in the sack. To save all such trouble take a piece of heavy, smooth wire, bend it in the shape of the letter U, as shown by Fig. 2, and slip the wire on the outside of the sack, as at the dotted line. Turn the edge of the sack back over the wire and with a darning needle and good cord, hem the sack thoroughly clear around to the other end of wire and sew it well, especially at the ring ends. You will then have a handy and convenient sack spread.

Pasturing Sorghum.

Some trouble is reported in Nebraska in regard to pasturing sorghum. Dr. Peters of the experiment station of that state reports a considerable number of deaths occurring from this cause, but sufficient investigation has not yet been made to ascertain positively whether the trouble is impaction, poison or a germ disease. Investigation is to be made, however, and in the meantime the caution is published for the guidance of cattlemen who use sorghum. Commencing upon this matter, the Iowa Homestead remarks that the frequent evil effects that follow the use of second growth sorghum have often been mentioned, but it does not understand that it is the second growth crop that is now complained of.

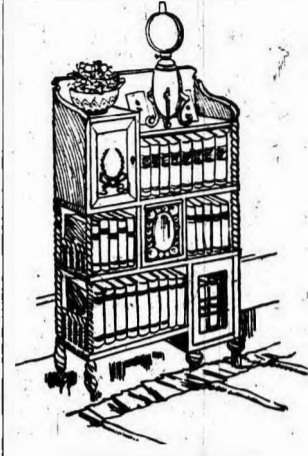
In some Utah tests wheat sown in November gave better results than the earlier sown.

BITS OF FURNITURE.

IDEAS FOR THINGS ODD, ORIGINAL AND PLEASING.

A Fine Cabinet For Books and Photographs, Inexpensively Constructed—A Convenient and Picturesque Window Arrangement.

"Odd bits of furniture, something out of the common run of things seen in the furniture shops—these are the things that many are looking for. To be unique, original and pleasing a bit of furniture need not be ex-



CABINET FOR THE LIBRARY.

pensive, though if bought at a dealer's it usually is. If one can put his ideas upon paper, the cabinet maker or the skillful two-dollar-and-a-half-a-day carpenter will translate them into wood very accurately. This opinion The Ladies' World has illustrated as follows:

Take, for instance, the design that is shown herewith. Outside of the fluted corners and ends and the center door of heavy glass a carpenter could construct this bit of furnishing in a very short space of time and consequently at small expense. The fluted material can now be bought at lumber yards, machine turned, at trifling cost. If the glass door, with its bulbs of opaque glass, cannot readily be found, substitute a wooden door of some attractive design, but the colored, rough surfaced glass will be exceedingly attractive if it can be obtained where the cabinet is to be constructed. One of the closets may well be used for the storing of mounted photographs of scenery and of great paintings or as a receptacle for the annual picture harvest of the amateur photographer who may be a member of the family, most families having such a member now. Books scattered about in such receptacles as these make a library a much more attractive and homelike place than do the stiff rows of closely filled shelves so often seen.

The second cut shows a treatment for library window that provides a number of conveniences, not the least of which are the numerous drawers beneath the broad window seat (another convenience) and the bookshelves. No room can have too many drawers. In



TREATMENT OF A WINDOW.

the library they are specially useful for folding old magazines and papers, pamphlets, writing paper and envelopes bought in bulk by the pound and the thousand, photographs and scores of other things. Where there are children in the family they will appropriate some of these drawers to their own use and here their playthings can be kept.

Fashion's Latest Maneuvers.

Stitchings, stitchings all the way, and the tailor well to the fore—this about explains the position of affairs in fashion's maneuvers. Cloth gowns of light colors and of a claret and mulberry shade are alike to be patronized, and these are invariably trimmed with many stitchings set very closely together. There are many editions of the tunic skirt to be seen.

Besides the faced cloths, the rougher kinds of tweeds are to be recognized, and dark red chevrot will be among the prime favorites. A gown of this trimmed with spotted plume; a gray cloth, with a coat boasting a plastron of stitchings set across, revers of gray panne and a huge collar of chinilla; a claret colored cloth, with an ermine hood to the coat which displays a small sock and cravat of pale yellow lace—these are confections that represent the glory and richness of coming styles. Besides stitching our dresses and our coats, we stitch our hats, a fashion which first made its appearance last autumn. The stitched velvet toque or turban is comfortable may be made becoming and is therefore likely to succeed.

Not Allowed to Read the Bible.

But few people know that in the sixteenth century an Englishman was not allowed to read the Bible, yet it is perfectly true, Henry VIII issued a decree prohibiting the common people from reading the Bible. Officers of state were exempt from this law. Probably the king thought these officials would be none the worse for perusing the sacred work, and noble ladies or gentlewomen might read the prescribed volume if they did so in their gardens or orchard, but no one was allowed even to read it to the lower classes.

During the reign of Catholic Queen Mary even more rigorous restrictions were enforced. Dr. Franklin, in his own "Life," preserves an anecdote which admirably illustrates this. His family had early adhered to the reformation, and they possessed an English Bible, which they concealed by fastening it beneath the lid of a close stool. When the doctor's great-grandfather desired to read to the family, he reversed the lid of the stool upon his knees and passed the leaves from one side to the other, each portion being fastened down with pack threads. One of the children was stationed at the door on the watch to see if an officer of the spiritual court came in sight. When such an individual hove in sight, the lid, with the Bible beneath it, was quickly replaced. This was in "Merry England."—Scottish Nights.

The Bet Won the Case.

"In one of the remote counties of the Panhandle of Texas," says Law Notes, "two lawyers were trying a case before a justice of the peace. It was 60 miles as the crow flies to the nearest law book, and the attorneys differed, of course, as to the law upon the main issue in the case. They were trying the case without the intervention of a jury, and his honor, who conducted a gambling house in connection with his hotel, saloon, livery stable, stud horse and jackass, was in doubt as to what his decision ought to be.

"Finally Miller, the plaintiff's counsel, offered to bet Hoover, the defendant's attorney, \$10 that he was right. Hoover did not happen to have that much of the circulating medium concealed about his person, and was naturally at a loss how to parry this forcible argument.

"The court waited a few moments on Hoover, and finally said: 'Well, Mr. Hoover, the court has waited long enough. Miller's proposition seems to be a fair one, and, since you don't put up, I will decide this case in favor of the plaintiff.'"

Unexpected.

One of the district school trustees was a crank on the subject of fire, and when he called round with the examining board he always confined his remarks to a question addressed to the pupils as to what they would do in case the building should catch fire.

The teacher was acquainted with his hobby, so she prompted her scholars as to the answers they should give when he rose to propound his accustomed inquiry. When the board called, however, this particular trustee, perhaps from a desire to emulate his associates in their addresses, rose and said:

"You boys and girls have paid such attention to Mr. Jones' remarks, I wonder what you would do, now, if I were to make you a little speech?"

Quick as thought a hundred voices piped in unison:

"Form a line and march down stairs."—London Answers.

So Very Accommodating.

Scene—A swell restaurant (say, Simpson's). Waiter presents bill to swell, who has been dining both "wisely and well."

Swell—Waiter, just tell Mr. Simpson I should like a word with him. Ah, how do you do, Mr. Simpson? Some 12 months ago I dined here, but, unfortunately, was unable to pay. You made a few rather powerful remarks and then very properly kicked me down stairs.

Mr. Simpson—Ah, I do remember the matter, now you mention it. But, never mind, sir—never mind. Let by-gone be by-gone.

Swell—Just so, sir. I have now to compliment you upon the charming dinner I have just enjoyed. The wine was really excellent, but I am sorry to say—that is, I regret—er—well, the fact is (lifting his coat tails accommodatingly) I must trouble you again, Mr. Simpson.

How to Fall Unhurt.

"People wonder how an actress can fall on the stage without hurting herself, but it is the easiest thing in the world," said an actress.

"The great secret of falling is to relax. If you slip and fall some time when you do not wish to, if you can only remember to relax your muscles, you will be saved perhaps from a serious injury. Children and drunken people fall relaxed."

In Some Places.

Shooting Tenant (just arrived for the grouse)—What a beautiful place to live, Dougald!

Dougald—It's no a bad place to live. But what wad ye think o' havin' to travel 45 miles for a glass o' whisky?

Shooting Tenant—But why don't you buy some and keep it?

Dougald—Ah, mon, but whisky will na' keep!—Punch.

Dogs Growing Weaker.

Experts agree that the life of a dog is shortened by close breeding and exhibition and that we are gradually raising dogs that will not be so long lived as the semi-wild mongrel types.

The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us is not to resort to lamentation, but to act; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

