

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XIII, NO 23.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 648.

R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office hours 11 to 2; 8:30 to 9:30.
Coleman Block.

T. H. OLIVER, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon
Office over Riggs' Store.
Hours—Until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., and after 7:00 p. m.

DWIGHT H. FITCH,
Attorney-at-Law and
Solicitor in Chancery
Real Estate and Fire and Tornado Insurance
Office in Coleman Block, over Gale's store
Plymouth, Mich.

E. K. LEACH, Pres.
L. C. HOWGH, Vice Pres.
C. A. FISHER, Asst. Cashier.

PLYMOUTH SAVINGS BANK
CAPITAL \$50,000.

3 Per Cent paid on certificates and savings deposits
A portion of your business solicited.

E. K. BENNETT,
Cashier
First National Exchange BANK
CAPITAL - \$50,000
All General Banking Business Transacted
3 PER CENT
Interest paid on Savings and Time Deposits.
Your Patronage Solicited.
O. A. FRASER, Cashier.

Robinson's Livery
Open at all hours.
FIRST CLASS RIGS
In every respect.
The Auctions are discontinued until about March 1st.
I always have something to sell. Come and see me.
HARRY C. ROBINSON
NEW LEADER
SELF-HEATING
Gasoline Sad-Iron

Is perfectly clean, very neat and as tractable and absolutely safe to operate in every respect by simply following our directions carefully. It costs but one cent a day to run it, and a lady can do double the work she can do with the ordinary old style of irons.
Every Lady Invited to Call and Examine It.
REA BROS.,
Agents for Plymouth
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.	
Wheat, No. 1 White	85
Wheat, No. 2 White	82
Wheat, No. 3 White	80
Wheat, No. 1 Red	85
Wheat, No. 2 Red	82
Wheat, No. 3 Red	80
Barley, No. 1	75
Barley, No. 2	72
Barley, No. 3	70
Oats, No. 1	65
Oats, No. 2	62
Oats, No. 3	60
Hay, No. 1	1.00 to 1.10
Hay, No. 2	90 to 1.00
Hay, No. 3	80 to 90
Straw, No. 1	40 to 50
Straw, No. 2	35 to 45
Straw, No. 3	30 to 40
DAIRY AND PRODUCE.	
Butter, cream, No. 1	25
Butter, cream, No. 2	22
Butter, cream, No. 3	20
Butter, salt, No. 1	18
Butter, salt, No. 2	15
Butter, salt, No. 3	12
Butter, salt, No. 4	10
Butter, salt, No. 5	8
Butter, salt, No. 6	6
Butter, salt, No. 7	4
Butter, salt, No. 8	2
Butter, salt, No. 9	1
Butter, salt, No. 10	0
Butter, salt, No. 11	0
Butter, salt, No. 12	0
Butter, salt, No. 13	0
Butter, salt, No. 14	0
Butter, salt, No. 15	0
Butter, salt, No. 16	0
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Butter, salt, No. 99	0
Butter, salt, No. 100	0

Job Printing
At this Office

Pencil and Pastepot

A new design in postage stamps is soon to make its appearance, when first second and third class offices will have engraved upon each stamp the name of the office from which it is sold. This means another harvest for stamp collectors.

Judge Hosmer is to be applauded for his action in sentencing ex-Justice of the Peace Otto Lüttermoser of Springwells to 90 days in jail. Lüttermoser had been convicted of stealing township funds, and as usual in such cases a big effort was made to save him from punishment. —Wyandotte Herald.

The proposed United States fish station which congress is being asked to build on Belle Isle, is causing considerable alarm and uneasiness among Northville people. They understand that it means the removal of the superintendent from Northville and the cutting off of much of the propagation of fish usually conducted there.

Landlord Shafer, of the Park hotel, announces that his hostelry will be entirely closed to the public after next Sunday night. As the Park is the only hotel in town the itinerant who stops off at Northville will have to put up at restaurants and boarding houses. The closing is attributed to the prohibitory license on liquor selling.

General Manager Crapo, of the Pere Marquette, says regarding the petition of the old F. & P. M. engine men for a raise in wages to equal the wages paid the old D., G. R. & W. employees, that the policy of the road will be the equalization of wages, but that it would take time. Several Plymouth engine men will appreciate the change.

An exchange says that alcohol will remove grass stains from summer clothing, also remove the summer clothes, the spring, autumn and winter clothes not only from the one that drinks it but also from his wife and family. It will remove the household furniture and eatables from the home. As a remover of things alcohol has no equal.

The railroads fared well in Michigan last year. According to the statement of earnings issued by Railroad Commissioner Osborn, the earnings for December, 1899, were \$3,233,368.02, or \$644,870.64 greater than for December, 1898. The aggregate earnings in Michigan last year were \$36,092,123.27, an increase of \$4,549,745.35, or 14.42 per cent over 1898.

Northville goes dry. No more use for the jag cure in that town. Plymouth, however, will profit by Northville's dryness for a five cent street car fare will take all those who wish a "tight cap" or an early morning bracer to that burg. The D. P. & N. road have got a regular gold mine on their hands. Wonder if they didn't buy up the council. —Delray Times.

The Pere Marquette has adopted preliminary plans for renumbering and classifying the rolling stock of its system. This cannot all be done at once but as fast as possible the entire equipment of the three roads will be brought into harmony. Altogether there are 225 engines, 940 coaches and between 8,000 and 9,000 freight cars. The passenger engines will be numbered from 1 to 150, and the freight engines from the latter figure up.

Early spring will see the beginning of the work of construction on the proposed electric line from Ann Arbor to Jackson. It is asserted that the right-of-way has practically all been secured, chiefly through private property, and that Dexter and possibly Chelsea are to be left off the line. Leaving Ann Arbor by Huron street, the left fork of the road will be followed. The promoters insist that the time for talk is past and that for work has arrived. —Ann Arbor Courier.

The third assistant postmaster general is trying to have postage stamps in sheets of six each, two for more sheets.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

being bound together in a little book with paste board covers and sold for a mere nominal advance upon the price of the stamps alone, a book of twelve two cent stamps selling for twenty-five cents, and so on. The probabilities are that such an innovation would prove popular, as it would certainly be a great convenience in carrying stamps in one's pocket.

A Fenton lady keeps a dish of onions under her bed to scare away the chicken-pox. A pound or two of limburger cheese and a pail of sauerkraut might be added. Bold as this disease is it would hardly tackle such a combination.

Mothers often make liars of their sons by insisting upon being told everything that happens to them during their absence. Diplomatic mothers never do this. They keep young; take an interest in boyish sports and boyish pastimes, the result being that the boys are glad to tell her of their doings. Be sympathetic; not suspicious.

Away along last August the government decided that when a man draws a check to his own order he needn't put a two cent stamp on it. All you have to do if you want to get some money from your own account is to change your check so that it reads like a receipt. Write "received of" in front of the bank's name, cross out the words "pay to the order of" and then fill in the spaces with the amount of money required, sign as usual and you have a check that is legal without a stamp.

Bad blood has existed between two Ecorse women for some time, which finally resulted in a hair-pulling match. Last Thursday Mrs. Jennie Clifford made a complaint against Mrs. Emma LaBlanc for assault and battery before Justice Thiede. The trial, which was a jury one, was held Saturday and a verdict of guilty was rendered. Mrs. LaBlanc was fined \$8 or thirty days in the house of correction, but she appealed the case to the circuit court. —Wyandotte Independent.

During the year just past traffic at the Sault Ste. Marie canal increased to a most encouraging extent, making for 1899 the highest record of business activity ever known on the great lakes. Compared with the preceding year the number of sailing vessels passing through the canal increased seven per cent, the number of steamers fifteen per cent, the number of unregistered vessels twenty-nine per cent, the quantity of registered freight eighteen per cent, the quantity of actual freight nineteen per cent, passengers thirteen per cent, lumber sixteen per cent, and iron ore thirty per cent.

J. C. Stellwagen sent some of his chickens to the poultry exhibit in Chicago last week and the first intimation that he received that they had scored high was a letter enclosing a check for \$100 for one of them and another with a check for \$35 for a young pullet. The chickens made the best showing of partridge cochins in the whole show and received most of the ribbons. When he received the birds Monday he found one of them was not his but upon wiring at once to Chicago he was able to locate and get his bird. They had been changed by mistake. J. C. feels proud of his pets and since bearing from Chicago the price of them has gone up several notches. —Wayne Review.

The proposed electric road through this place will use the Murphy system, which consists of a third rail and no overhead trolley. By this system every fourth division of the third rail may be charged with electricity, but only when the car is passing over it. When the car stops, the dog which runs on this rail rises by automatic process so that there is no electricity in the rail. A feed wire runs along beside the track and a storage battery is placed every 80 feet. When the car runs on that portion of the third rail opposite the battery the circuit is closed and the rail becomes charged. The cars also carry a storage battery which will run them for two and a half hours, if the other electrical supply is cut off by any accident. This storage battery enables them to give absolutely steady lights in the cars all the time. —Belleville Enterprise.

Glenn's News
Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by J. L. Gale, druggist. Guaranteed.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Plymouth, Feb. 5, 1900.
At a regular meeting of the common council of the village of Plymouth, Mich., held on the above date, present President Starkweather, Trustees, Lapham, Bennett, Hill, Conner, Reiman.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.
Motion by Trustee Reiman, supported by trustee Hill, that the village furnish water to the Pere Marquette Railroad Co., under a contract now in force with the F. & P. M. railroad company, at the rate of six hundred dollars per year, the village to reserve the right to cancel contract and shut off water on sixty days notice if the supply proves inadequate. Ayes—Lapham, Hill, Conner, Reiman; nays, Bennett.

The motion was declared carried.
A petition signed by Dwight Berdan, F. W. Samsen and others, requesting the council to enact an ordinance where by the village would pay a certain per cent of all cement walks hereafter to be built in the village, was presented.

Motion by Trustee Lapham, supported by Trustee Reiman, that the petition be referred to the committee on streets. Carried.

Motion by Trustee Conner, supported by Trustee Hill, that the ways and means committee be authorized to borrow \$1,000 for five months at as low rate of interest as possible, not to exceed six per cent per annum, same to be placed in general fund. Ayes, Lapham, Bennett, Hill, Conner, Reiman; nays, none.

The motion was declared carried.
Motion by Trustee Reiman, supported by Trustee Conner, that an order be drawn on the Treasurer in favor of Mrs. Margaret Polley for four hundred dollars in payment of land adjoining the village hall. Ayes, Lapham, Bennett, Hill, Conner, Reiman; nays, none. The motion was declared carried.

Under the head of claims and accounts, the following bills were presented:
L. C. Hassenger, \$11.33; J. E. Knapp \$9.80; Geo. Gartner \$19.25; F. W. Samsen & Son, \$3.55; J. R. Rauch & Son, \$17.95; T. H. Oliver, \$1; Dewey Holloway, \$1; J. L. Gale, \$3.55; Walter Kinsler, \$14; L. E. Cable, \$2.91.

Motion by Trustee Reiman, supported by Trustee Conner, that the bills be referred to the committee on claims and accounts. Carried.

The committee reported favorably on all bills except those of Dr. T. H. Oliver and Geo. Gartner.

Motion by Trustee Hill, supported by Trustee Conner, that the bills as recommended be allowed and orders drawn on the proper funds to pay the same. Carried.

Council adjourned to Feb. 19th.
HERBERT J. BAKER, Clerk.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night; and with two bottles has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hannick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at John J. Gale's drug store.

How to Build Up a Town.

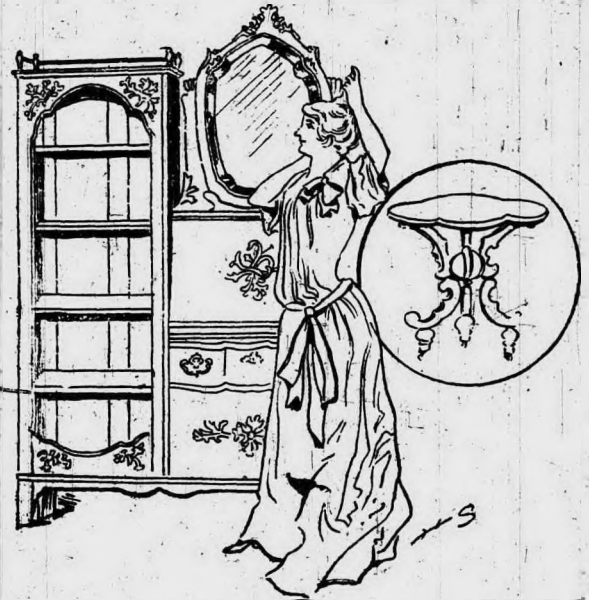
The only way to build up a town is for all to go hand in hand, every man to the wheel. Banish all feeling of discord, if any, let harmony prevail, and you are sure to prosper. Talk about your town, write about it, encourage your people at the head of municipal affairs when they deserve it, choke the croakers, beautify the streets in every way, patronize its merchants, refrain from sending outside for goods, advertise in the newspapers, favor home enterprise always, and if you can't say something good, be quiet. You are all hustlers—keep it up. Be courteous to strangers who come among you so they will go away with a good impression. Always cheer up the men who go for improvements. Don't kick about "unnecessary" improvements because they are not right at your door, or for fear your taxes will be raised a few cents. Let everybody labor in sympathy and harmony and you will not only get to the front, but stay there. —Michigan Tradesman.

Chronic Neuralgia.

There are some patients who cannot be absolutely cured. Their conditions are such that a positive cure is out of the question. We know that we are going out of the usual line in stating a case thus, but we desire to be truthful above all things. We frequently find in all forms of neuralgia and rheumatism, a certain small percentage who are only relieved by the use of Ath-lo-pho-ros. But we are glad to say that the relief is so great as to be almost a cure. The intense pain entirely disappears, and only an occasional twinge reminds the patient of his past sufferings. The following is a typical case of this class of patients:
Kankakee, Ill., March 17th, 1898.

Gentlemen:—I have used your medicine for about eight years and could not get along without it. It has cured me of neuralgia in my head almost. I never have it unless I have a very heavy cold in my head, but as soon as I take a few doses of Ath-lo-pho-ros it is all gone.
Yours truly,
MRS. ADA MAGGINDER.

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



OUR SUCCESS

In disposing of Furniture, which is going out all the time, is due to the very Low Prices which we are asking for it—10 per cent above cost. You certainly cannot afford to miss this opportunity. If you are in need of a Carpet, come to us, we will save you money. We also have on hand about 3,000 feet of Picture Mouldings, which we purpose to sell at one-third off the original price. Bring in your pictures and have them framed up at a very nominal sum, as we must make room for our Spring stock. Don't fail to look over our advt. from week to week, as we can certainly do you good. Don't delay, for these prices will not last long, for you are aware that furniture has advanced very much.

BASSETT & SON,

Furniture Dealers and Undertakers,

Masonic Block, Plymouth

One-half Off

THE CHANCE OF
A LIFE TIME.

Cold Weather Goods

—AT—

Hot Weather Prices.

If you ever wanted a Fur Collar, or want one now, do take the time to look at our line of

Collarettes,

Scarfs and Boas,

In Electric Seal, Imitation Seal, Persian Lamb, Stone Marten, Electric Seal and Thibet, Electric Seal and Astrachan and other combinations.

It means a loss of many dollars to us if you take advantage of this sale. But we cannot afford to carry these goods over, besides we need money right now, which is our excuse for offering goods much below the cost price. Remember \$3 Collar-ettes go at \$1.50, \$4 at \$2, and so on up to the \$12 at \$6. It will pay you to come miles for one of these Bargains.

HILLMER & CO.

Near Village Hall.

Visit The Mail Job Rooms,
FOR AUCTION BILLS.

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.

A scouting party operating near Subig was ambushed by insurgents and a lieutenant and three privates were killed and two or three privates were wounded.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Congressman Joy favors amendment of constitution to control trusts.

The house election committee has decided the Wise-Young contested election case for the Second Virginia district in favor of the contestant, Wise.

The Republican members of the ways and means committee have agreed on the Puerto Rican tariff.

A bill has been introduced in congress to appropriate \$4,000,000 to buy the Danish West Indies.

The senate has confirmed H. S. Hirst to be postmaster at Chillicothe, O.

The director of the census has ordered the removal of Chief Clerk A. F. Childs and named Edward F. McCauley as his successor.

The diplomatic and consular appropriation bill carries a total of \$1,740,476, as against \$1,711,533 last year and \$1,805,948 estimated by the state department.

The president has nominated Charles Lawton to be United States marshal for the western district of Wisconsin.

Mrs. Kate P. Pier and her daughter, Miss H. H. Pier, of Milwaukee, have been admitted to practice before the United States supreme court. This makes four women members of the same family who are practicing before the court.

The senate has confirmed Edwin N. Consalus of Ohio, to be consul of the United States at Pernambuco, Brazil.

Secretary Root has sent to congress an estimate for \$500,000 for jetty work on the South pass, Mississippi river, for the current year.

The postmaster general has directed that leave of absence be given all postmasters who desire to attend the Missouri postmasters' convention at St. Louis, Feb. 22.

The British government has agreed to amend the Clayton-Bulwer treaty to permit construction of the Nicaraguan canal.

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

Senator Goebel was shot while passing through the capital grounds at Frankfort, Ky. He may die. A farmer from Butler county named Whitaker was arrested but denies his guilt. The state election board has declared Goebel governor and he will be deposed if he lives.

A jury at Milwaukee has found Harry Dunn guilty of the murder of Saml Lieber.

Joseph Furnace, who assaulted Gen. A. W. Greeley, chief signal officer, several weeks ago at Washington was fined \$300 with the alternative of serving six months in jail.

Henry Walsh, a Chicago postoffice employe, has been arrested on a charge of robbing the mails. It is thought he has opened 5,000 through packages.

BUSINESS NOTES.

The net earnings of the Northern Pacific for December were \$1,182,797, an increase of \$15,141 over December, 1906. The gross receipts increased \$391,111.

Chicago capitalists are said to be behind the newly projected line to the Black Hills, known as the Sioux City, Black Hills and Pacific coast railway.

Western roads have agreed to make a rate of one fare for the round trip from all points in Illinois and from St. Louis for the state Grand Army encampment, to be held at Jacksonville, Ill., May 24.

The directors of the New York, Chicago and St. Louis Railway company have declared a dividend of 5 per cent on its preferred stock payable March 1.

The Fergus Printing company of Chicago, established in 1840, has ended its existence.

A movement is on foot to unite the automobile and bicycle interests in a gigantic combine with \$200,000,000 capital.

Miners and operators have settled the wage scale for 1907 at the Indianapolis conference.

A plan for the reorganization of the United States Flour Milling company has been perfected and will soon be officially announced.

Dairying is developing rapidly in Georgia, and a state dairymen's association was recently organized.

The Great Northern, Wisconsin Central and Baltimore and Ohio railroads are said to have agreed to unite as a transcontinental line.

Business in Wall street improves and another low look for a boom.

Chicago financiers see indications of a renewal of business demand for money.

DISASTERS AND DEATHS.

The Spanish steamer Valls was stranded off the coast of Spain, thirteen of the crew being drowned.

Two sailors on the American gunboat Wheeling were killed while firing a salute in honor of the Kaiser's birthday.

Mrs. Bridget Grady, aged 48, was burned to death yesterday in a fire at Lowell, Mass.

Albert Fletcher was burned to death while attempting to save his goods from a burning building at 437 West Forty-fifth street, Chicago.

The Italian bark Quirinale from Carrara has been wrecked near Villal. Captain Calde and six men of the crew were drowned.

THE BOER WAR.

General Buller says he has the key to the situation and will relieve Ladysmith within a week.

General Buller still holds the Tugela drifts and will possibly renew his attempt to force his way through the Boer defenses before long. In any case, Ladysmith is capable of holding out for a considerable time.

Henri Rochefort says 211 French officers are serving under the Boers in South Africa.

It is reported on good authority that General Buller has again crossed the Tugela river at three places and that fighting has been proceeding all day long.

The Prince of Wales has sent the collection of bamboo walking sticks which he made during his Indian tour for the use of invalided and wounded soldiers from the Cape.

It is probable that General Buller crossed at a spot above Trichard's drift and that, leaving the enemy to the right, he is marching to Ladysmith.

According to advices from Cape Town British military authorities have been asked to make known what terms Great Britain would be disposed to offer to secure peace.

NOTABLE DEATHS.

Mrs. Mary J. Markham, a character in the novel, "David Harum," is dead at Binghamton, N. Y.

Joshua L. Foster, editor of Foster's Daily Democrat of Dover, N. H., is dead.

Charles Franklin Dunbar, professor of political economy in Harvard university, is dead.

Loriston M. Fairbanks, father of Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, is dead at Pasadena, Cal.

Cardinal Vicar D. M. Jacobini, formerly papal nuncio at Lisbon, is dead. He was 63 years of age and received the red hat in 1896.

Cardinal Jacobini is dead. Satolli is likely to succeed him as vicar general.

Governor Goebel died at 6:44 o'clock Saturday evening and Lieutenant Governor Beckham took the oath of office one hour later. Matters are still badly mixed.

TERMS AGREED UPON.

Republicans and Democrats Hold Peace Conference.

GOVERNOR TAYLOR TO STEP ASIDE.

If the Agreement is Carried Out He Will Surrender the Office of Governor on Monday in Favor of Beckham—Militia Will Be Withdrawn—Leaders of Both Parties Sign the Pact—Deboe's Telegram to Taylor.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 6.—The peace conference held at the Galt House between seven representatives of the Republican party and seven representatives of the Democratic party resulted in unanimous signing of an agreement embodying seven specific propositions, which promise a settlement of the party differences which have brought about two state governments in Kentucky. This agreement is in substance as follows:

1. That if the general assembly, in joint session, shall adopt a resolution ratifying their recent action adopting the contest reports sealing Goebel and Beckham, the contestees, W. S. Taylor and John Marshall, shall submit without further protest.

2. That all parties shall unite in an effort to bring about such a modification of the election law as will provide for non-partisan election boards and insure free and fair elections.

3. That the conditions shall remain in status quo until Monday, the general assembly meeting and adjourning from day to day until that time.

4. That nothing shall be done to hinder or prevent a joint session of the general assembly for taking action on the ratification resolution.

5. That the state contest board shall meet and adjourn from day to day until Tuesday without taking any action on the contests for minor state offices. This postponement is suggested in order that the action of the general assembly on the ratification resolution may be taken first.

6. To Remove Troops at Once. That the state troops shall be removed from the state capital at once, though with all necessary precaution for the public safety. This matter is to be under the direction of General Dan Lindsay of Frankfort.

7. That the Republican officials and officers of the state guard shall have immunity from charges of treason, usurpation, court-martial, or any other such offenses.

The agreement was signed by the following: Republicans: John Marshall, Judge John W. Barr, General Dan Lindsay, T. L. Edelen, Dr. T. H. Banter, David W. Raleigh, C. T. Hallard.

Democrats: J. C. S. Blackburn, J. C. W. Beckham, Sam J. Shackelford, Urey Woodson, James B. McCreary, Phil Thompson and Robert J. Breckinridge.

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All Depends on Taylor. Until Monday, while the situation is in statu quo, Governor Taylor will remain in possession of the executive buildings while the Republicans will recognize him and the Democrats will recognize Governor Beckham as governor. After the conference Governor Beckham at once took a train for Frankfort. Senator Blackburn and ex-Governor McCreary remained in Louisville over night.

The course of events in the immediate future depends largely upon Governor Taylor. An important influence in shaping the Republican policy has been, no doubt, the lack of support from the national administration for the course pursued by Governor Taylor since he assumed office. The latest manifestation of the feeling at Washington is the following telegram from Senator Deboe, which was in the hands of the Republican conferees before the meeting:

Washington, D. C., Feb. 4, 1907.—Hon. W. S. Taylor, Frankfort, Ky.: The unanimous sentiment here is that you are wrong in preventing the legislature from meeting, and that you should submit the disputed questions to the civil courts. Federal assistance can not be given you on your resolution so long as the legislature is in session or can be convened. There is no doubt but that it can be convened if you will permit. The Democrats intend that if any violence occurs you shall be the aggressor. You will by forcible resistance alienate all who formerly sympathized with your case. No assistance. Answer: W. J. DEBOE.

Taylor Declines to Talk. Will Not Discuss Agreement Until Officially Informed of Text.

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The news of the agreement reached Louisville with great relief in Frankfort. The strain of the last ten days has been very great and any lessening of tension was most welcome to the members of both parties. Not a single member of the legislature, Democrat or Republican, is in the city, and none are expected here until late in the afternoon.

At 11:30 o'clock Governor Taylor acknowledged that he would make a public statement regarding his attitude toward the resolution of the Louisville conference before Wednesday.

A legal proposition has been submitted to him, he said. "I wish time

TERMS AGREED UPON.

Republicans and Democrats Hold Peace Conference.

GOVERNOR TAYLOR TO STEP ASIDE.

If the Agreement is Carried Out He Will Surrender the Office of Governor on Monday in Favor of Beckham—Militia Will Be Withdrawn—Leaders of Both Parties Sign the Pact—Deboe's Telegram to Taylor.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 6.—The peace conference held at the Galt House between seven representatives of the Republican party and seven representatives of the Democratic party resulted in unanimous signing of an agreement embodying seven specific propositions, which promise a settlement of the party differences which have brought about two state governments in Kentucky. This agreement is in substance as follows:

1. That if the general assembly, in joint session, shall adopt a resolution ratifying their recent action adopting the contest reports sealing Goebel and Beckham, the contestees, W. S. Taylor and John Marshall, shall submit without further protest.

2. That all parties shall unite in an effort to bring about such a modification of the election law as will provide for non-partisan election boards and insure free and fair elections.

3. That the conditions shall remain in status quo until Monday, the general assembly meeting and adjourning from day to day until that time.

4. That nothing shall be done to hinder or prevent a joint session of the general assembly for taking action on the ratification resolution.

5. That the state contest board shall meet and adjourn from day to day until Tuesday without taking any action on the contests for minor state offices. This postponement is suggested in order that the action of the general assembly on the ratification resolution may be taken first.

6. To Remove Troops at Once. That the state troops shall be removed from the state capital at once, though with all necessary precaution for the public safety. This matter is to be under the direction of General Dan Lindsay of Frankfort.

7. That the Republican officials and officers of the state guard shall have immunity from charges of treason, usurpation, court-martial, or any other such offenses.

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HEAT FROM THE SUN.

HOW LITTLE OF IT WE GET IS SO MOST BEYOND BELIEF.

Scarcely One Sunbeam in Two Thousand Millions Alights Upon This Earth—A Pen Picture of the Actual Condition of the Fiery Orb.

The sun is for the most part simply wasting his heat—flinging away the golden rays that are the life of the world with a recklessness beside which all human waste is mere parsimony. It is almost beyond belief. Scarcely one sunbeam in 2,000,000,000 alights upon the earth, and allowing for the whole solar system not more than one in 100,000,000 ever hits anything, so far as we can ascertain.

Sir Robert Ball's comment on this waste of the sun's heat is: Suppose a man with an income of \$1,000,000 a year. He spends for useful purposes 1 cent and throws the rest away. His wastefulness is no greater than that which this old prodigal the sun has practiced for untold ages.

The untold amount of heat which thus leaks away through the cracks in the sky cannot be expressed by figures. It is only by considering what it might do that we can get any conception of it. This is probably the most striking illustration, and is given by an eminent astronomer:

Suppose a solid shaft of ice two miles square to be extended like a bridge across the gulf which separates the earth from the sun. If a track were laid on its surface an express train running at full speed would require more than 150 years to traverse it. Yet, if the whole heat of the sun were turned upon it for a single second it would be melted, and in a few seconds more all, even to the railroad iron, would drift away as vapor.

But what is the source of this heat that flows into space as the gulf stream pours into the Atlantic, warming the earth and other planets like little islands in its course? What keeps up the supply?

If the sun were merely a white hot ball, gradually cooling, our grandchildren would indeed get a chill; or, rather, neither they nor we would ever have seen the sun. The final frost would have fallen long ago.

Nor can the heat be maintained by fire, as we understand the word—such fire as warms and now and then consumes our houses. If it were a globe of flaming coal it could have lasted but a few thousand years; it would have been burned to ashes long before we were born. All the coal on the earth would hardly keep the sun going for one-tenth of a second.

A falling meteor gives out great heat, just as a bullet is heated, when it strikes the target. Some have conjectured that a vast stream of these little ballistics raining upon the sun supplies its fuel. But if the whole mass of the moon were put into a stone crusher, broken up and thrown against the sun, it would barely furnish heat for a single year. And no such weight could possibly approach the sun without our knowledge.

Yet, in its own chosen way, the sun really has its fires. With proper instruments we may see the red flames spouting from its edge, sometimes to a height of 400,000 miles—higher than the moon floats above the earth. To some of them our world would be no more than a water drop falling from a fountain.

To gain any idea of the almost inexhaustible reservoir from which the sun draws its heat we must first picture its actual condition. Matter there is in a state unlike anything ever seen upon earth. It is neither solid nor liquid nor in any familiar sense gaseous. The sun is a boiling, seething, flaming mixture of the gases or vapors of all the elements condensed by the tremendous squeeze of solar gravity until it is thicker than pitch, and so hot that the vaporized iron might be used for steam power if there were any boiler fit to hold it. It has no definite surface, but shades away from this incandescent paste, through leaping flames of blood red hydrogen to the faint streamers of the corona, as filmy as a comet's tail.

This writhing mass, heavier on the average than water and yet as unstable as air, does not even rotate like other orbs, but swirls around its axis. In the terrific tension of these gases is stored up the energy of the sun. As this escapes in gushes of heat they do not cool, but slowly contract. It is quite possible that they even grow hotter as they thus settle downward and compress themselves into a denser fluid.

A total shrinkage of 220 feet a year will account for the whole expenditure, and so small a change in the size of the disk could not be detected until it had been watched for thousands of years. This will go on until the substance of the sun ceases to be essentially gaseous. Then will come the beginning of the end, for from that time forth the actual temperature of the sun will decline.

This, however, will be in some far distant day, for careful scientists assure us that our race will enjoy undiminished sunshine for at least 5,000 years, and perhaps for twice 5,000.

Then, while the sun slowly reddens and darkens, our earth will die. After that comes the night of ages.—Charles Kelsey Gaines in New York World.

To Catch Him.

Fuddy—I want to get acquainted with Moskin, but I hardly know how to go about it, he's such a queer fish. Duddy—A queer fish, eh? Why don't you drop him a line?—Boston Transcript.

John Redmond Re-Elected.

London, Feb. 6.—John Redmond, the Parnellite leader, member of parliament for Waterford City, was unanimously elected chairman of the United Irish Nationalist party at a meeting held in a committee room of the house of commons.

Capt. Bergman's Injuries Prove Fatal.

Chicago, Feb. 6.—Captain William Bergman of insurance patrol No. 5, who was injured at the fire in the basket factory of John S. Benedict, 284 to 240 North Green street, early Sunday morning, is dead at the Alexian Brothers' hospital. With three of his companions he was buried under a falling wall, and when rescued it was found he had sustained injuries from which he could not recover.

Will Enforce Vaccination.

Terre Haute, Ind., Feb. 6.—The board of health, after announcing the presence of five cases of smallpox in various parts of the city, decided to enforce a general vaccination rule, and twenty-two physicians will begin to vaccinate all school children at the city's expense. As yet there is thought to be no necessity for a general quarantine or for the fumigation of the mails.

Railway Brakeman Killed.

Toledo, O., Feb. 6.—About 10 o'clock at night the north-bound express on the Hocking Valley road ran into the rear of a freight at Carey, wrecking the engine and baggage car of the express and the caboose, and two freight cars of the other. The wreck took fire and the five cars were consumed. The casualties are: Steinman, brakeman, killed; Roundville, and P. F. Snyder, both engineers of Toledo, injured; Kratt of Findlay, passenger, injured.

Logan's Remains at Youngstown.

Youngstown, O., Feb. 6.—The special train bearing the body of the late Major John A. Logan arrived over the Baltimore and Ohio at 9:10 a. m. The body was removed from the car to a hearse in waiting and escorted by the family and relatives and Company H, Seventh United States Infantry, Captain George Young commanding, to St. John's Episcopal church, where the casket was placed under a guard of honor from the Logan rifles, of which Major Logan was formerly captain. The remains will lie in state until the time for the funeral.

Merchant Tailors in Convention.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 6.—The Merchant Tailors' National exchange met in annual session at the Galt House. Large delegations were in attendance from St. Louis, St. Paul, Chicago, Baltimore, Boston, New York and other cities. The sessions will continue for three days. The session was opened with an address of welcome by Mayor Weaver, after which National President W. E. Jones of Boston delivered his annual address to the exchange.

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Groceries!

This is the time of year for the following articles, which can be purchased of us at

BOTTOM PRICES

- Sauer Kraut, per gal.....20c
- Buckwheat Flour, 10-lb. sack.....35c
- Pure Sugar Syrup, per gal.....40c
- Pure Glucose Mixture, per gal.....35c
- New Orleans Molasses, best ever in town.....60c
- Puerto Rico Molasses, per gal.....40c

EVERYTHING

In the Grocery Department of the BEST QUALITY,

PURE AND FRESH

- Moss Pine Cough Syrup, per bottle.....15c
- Citron Cream, for the hands and face.....15c
- Torpidets, for Torpid liver, per box.....25c
- Sulfurets, for Rheumatism.....50c
- Cascara Bromide Quinine Tablets for colds 25c
- Water Bags.....75c to \$1.25
- Fountain Syringes.....75c to \$2.00

Finest line of Toilet Soaps in town.

BULK PERFUMES.

Everything in the Drug Line Pure and Fresh.

F. M. BRIGGS

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by George W. Dunn and Amy R. Dunn, his wife, of Plymouth, Wayne county, Michigan, to Hattie E. Baker, of the same place, bearing date the third day of May, 1901, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, on the seventh day of May, A. D. 1901, in liber 60 of mortgages, and said mortgage was duly assigned by said Hattie E. Baker to the Plymouth Savings Bank, a corporation, of the village of Plymouth, county and State aforesaid, by deed of assignment, bearing date the eighth day of February, A. D. 1902, and duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds aforesaid on the thirteenth day of March, A. D. 1902, in liber 60 of mortgages, and said mortgage is now due and payable on the third day of May, A. D. 1903, and which has remained in default for the period of thirty days, and more since becoming due and payable and now remains due and unpaid, by reason of which default said assignee of said mortgage has exercised its option in said mortgage expressed to and does hereby declare the whole of such option the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, and wherefore there is now claimed to be due on said mortgage the sum of two hundred and twenty and 22/100 dollars principal and interest, and no part or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the money secured by said mortgage or any part thereof, and, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the statutes in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the twenty-first day of April, A. D. 1903, at twelve o'clock noon of said day, (Detroit city time), the undersigned assignee of said mortgage will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the western or Griswold street entrance to the city hall in the city of Detroit, State of Michigan, (the city hall being the building in which the circuit court for said county of Wayne is held), the lands and premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage as above set forth, with interest, costs, charges, expenses and attorney's fees allowed by law and provided for in said mortgage, said lands and premises being described in said mortgage as the lands, premises and property situated in the township of Plymouth, county of Wayne and State of Michigan, described as follows, to-wit: Ten (10) acres of land situated in the northwest quarter of section number twenty-eight (28) and described as commencing at the southeast corner of lands owned by Chas. E. Baker, and formerly owned by Samuel Stanborough, said point of commencement being on the east and west quarter section line, running; thence easterly on the center section line to a point from which a right line running southerly parallel with the east line of said lands owned by Chas. E. Baker to the center of the Station road, so called, thence in a right line along the center of said road to the northeast corner of said Chas. E. Baker's lands, and thence southerly along the east line of said lands to E. Baker's lands to the place of beginning, shall contain ten (10) acres of land exclusive of the small parcel of land now owned by school district number four, and being the same lands sold and conveyed by said Hattie E. Baker to said George W. Dunn.

Articles of Association.

Filed January 27, 1903.
Notice of Limited Partnership of Fox Brothers & Co.
Notice is hereby given of the limited partnership formed by the undersigned in accordance with Chapter No. 78, Howell's Annotated Statutes of Michigan.

1. The name under which the partnership is to be conducted is Fox Brothers & Co.
2. The general nature of the business to be transacted is the manufacture and sale of wood mantels and special furniture.
3. The names of the general and special partners in said business are as follows: Chas. W. Fox, General Partner, Detroit, Mich.; Benj. J. Fox, General Partner, Detroit, Mich.; Albert V. McClure, Special Partner, Detroit, Mich.; John Kelsey, Special Partner, Detroit, Mich.; Warren G. Vinton, Special Partner, Detroit, Mich.
4. The amount of the capital stock which the said partners have contributed to the common stock is as follows: Warren G. Vinton, \$1,000.00; Albert V. McClure, \$1,000.00; John Kelsey, \$1,000.00.
5. The partnership shall commence January 1st, 1903, and shall terminate December 31st, 1903.

CHAS. W. FOX,
BENJ. J. FOX,
ALBERT V. MCCLURE,
JOHN KELSEY,
WARREN G. VINTON.

Notice of Partnership of Fox Bros. & Co., State of Michigan, county of Wayne, ss. January 27th, A. D. 1903, before me, the undersigned, a notary public in and for said county, personally appeared Chas. W. Fox, Benj. J. Fox, Warren G. Vinton, Albert V. McClure and John Kelsey, personally known to me to be the persons who executed the foregoing instrument and severally acknowledged that they executed the same for the uses and purposes therein set forth.

JAMES F. HILL,
Notary Public, Wayne Co., Mich.
State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss. Benj. J. Fox, being duly sworn, deposes and says he is one of the general partners in the foregoing certificate of limited partnership and that the amount of money specified in said certificate to have been contributed by special partners therein named to the common stock has actually and in good faith been applied to the same.
BENJ. J. FOX,
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of January, 1903.

JAMES F. HILL,
Notary Public, Wayne Co., Mich.

Executor's Sale of Real Estate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. In the matter of the estate of Benjamin F. Wright, deceased. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, Geo. A. Starkweather, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, by the Hon. Roger O. Durfee, Judge of Probate for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, on the sixteenth day of January, A. D. 1903, there will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder subject to the confirmation and approval by the said Judge of Probate, at the late residence of said deceased, the same being the dwelling house (on the premises hereinafter described) in the township of Canton, county of Wayne, State of Michigan, on Wednesday, the twenty-first day of March, A. D. 1903, at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day (standard time), all the right, title and interest of said deceased in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: The east half of the northeast quarter of section number four (4) in the township of Canton, county of Wayne, State of Michigan, containing eighty acres, by no more or less.

Geo. A. Starkweather,
Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased.
Abstract of title furnished.

PLYMOUTH MAIL

BY F. W. SAMSEN & SON.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.00
Six Months......50
Three Months......25

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 3 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, FEBRUARY 9, 1900

According to a statement made by the Secretary of the Treasury there were 2,062,521 pounds of oleomargarine sold in Michigan last year.

Through the intervention of Congressman H. C. Smith, it is now believed the post office at Cherry Hill, Canton township, will not be discontinued. It would certainly inconvenience a great many patrons who now get mail at that office.

The woman suffragists have presented to the Senate, through Senator Mason, a number of protests against the insertion of the word "male" in the constitutions of Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. The memorials have been referred to the committee on women's Suffrage, where they will peacefully rest until the crack of doom.

It is stated in a consular report from Leipzig, at the State Department, that many of the textile manufacturers of Saxony have at last come to the conclusion that it is impossible to sell their products in the United States under the present tariff law, and rather than lose the American market, several firms are about to establish factories in the United States.

It is very probable that the Senate will soon report favorably the bill to create a new department of commerce, with a bureau especially devoted to mines and mining matters. Its passage will add another cabinet officer to the eight already existing. Many bureaus of the present departments would be transferred to the new department, and others would be organized.

State Representative George S. Wheeler, of Salem, Washtenaw county, has formally announced his candidacy for the nomination of state land commissioner. Mr. Wheeler has resided in Washtenaw county for 60 years and has been a prominent man in politics in that county and in the state for a great many years. He was first lieutenant in the Fifth Michigan cavalry, and has a strong following among both soldiers and farmers.

A curious incident of White House life is shown by the requests constantly received by the President for some article intimately connected with his private life. For instance, at least a hundred letters were received asking for the wishbone of the Thanksgiving turkey, and half as many more for the right drumstick. Nobody asked for the left drumstick and the culinary staff of the establishment is now wondering whether the left is more lucky than the right.

Sheriff Duff Stewart says he will not again be a candidate for renomination. The Sheriff has recently been held up to great ridicule by the Detroit newspapers for attending a bartender's orgie in which a colored damsel gave a dance in the nude, without a protest from the law-abiding and law-enforcing sheriff. At the hanging of murderer Stewart at the Sandwich jail early Tuesday morning, the Sheriff with other boon companions spent the intervening night at a neighboring hotel drinking and playing poker, as the Detroit papers report it.

Mrs. Dewey has caused another social disturbance by mailing engraved cards expressing her inability, on account of ill health, to return the hundreds of calls made upon her, and enclosing Admiral Dewey's card. A great many Washington people return all the calls they receive, no matter how numerous, at least by driving around in a carriage and sending their cards in by the footman. Others send the carriage to leave the cards without going themselves, and still others send their women secretaries to do the same thing. Then, of course, there are those who simply ignore all but a few of their visitors. Mrs. Dewey, however, is the first to return her calls by mail.

Congressman Henry C. Smith is preparing a little measure that may go far toward satisfying old soldiers with the administration of the pension bureau. Mr. Smith has drafted the following resolution, which covers measures he proposes to ask the house to pass:

"Whereas, It is reported that the commissioner of pensions claims he is hampered in his desire to do justice to pensioners by reason of certain rules and regulations of his department and by reason of defects and insufficiencies of statutes and laws covering the granting of pensions; therefore, be it

"Resolved, by the house of representatives, That he be, and hereby is requested to make a special report to the house, with all such amendments, changes, and addition to the laws, as will in his judgment, enable him to speedily determine and allow all just pension claims in disregard of any unjust technicalities."

The Republican editors of the State held a meeting in Detroit Tuesday and Wednesday, their business being to unite upon a plan for conducting the coming State and National campaign. The Pingree administration and Pingree taxation reforms were looked upon with a great deal of mistrust, to say the least.

Marsh and Sutton, indicted by the Ingham county grand jury, have been very profuse in their claims of innocence of any wrong and have repeatedly stated that a speedy trial by court would convince the people of this fact. Last Tuesday, however, they, with their attorneys, appeared before Judge Weist, at Mason, and purely on technical points in the framing of the indictment, asked to have the whole thing quashed. It looks to an observer that if these men were really as innocent as they would have the public believe, they would not this early resort to small tactics, in avoiding the law. Instead, if innocent, all technical objections should be waived and the fullest investigation courted. The last move by the accused has a suspicious tint about it.

Mill Dam Goes Out.

The rain and snow combined Thursday caused a flood of water in the River Rouge and at about four o'clock the dam at the Phoenix mills gave way, causing a great loss to the mill property. The bridges above the village were also seriously threatened, but it was believed last night they would stand. The street cars have also been troubled with high water in that section, no cars having been run to Northville since Wednesday night.

Ordering a Trousseau From Afar.

A vast amount of very beautiful and exquisitely skilled work only plays a secondary and passing part in the economy of trade. The big dressmakers' models are so exclusive and precious that they are guarded from outsiders as one would guard jewels or gold from a thief. Pattern dresses cost enormous prices, and the gown builders use them bit by bit as ideas for "original" costumes. To their far western or southern customers they will send exquisitely dressed dolls to demonstrate specially designed costumes they think will suit them. Not long ago as many as two dozen dolls were sent to California to a young woman whose trousseau was to be made in New York. When the dolls returned, their frocks were removed and destroyed, yet the care taken to make those miniature frocks perfect in every detail of cut, fit and trimming was greater in a way than that the real costumes will require.

Jewelers send out designs or make them up to exhibit to a customer in wax, using sometimes paste stones and sometimes real ones. The wax is melted flat and smoothed into a box, and then the jewels are stuck into it. Black wax throws up diamonds to perfection, and the idea of the pattern a tiara, ring or eignet is to take is easily realized when seen in this form.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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, "Boecher's German Syrup." It not only heals 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 '83 Pharmacy.

"Given Up"



Mrs. Dewey has caused another social disturbance by mailing engraved cards expressing her inability, on account of ill health, to return the hundreds of calls made upon her, and enclosing Admiral Dewey's card. A great many Washington people return all the calls they receive, no matter how numerous, at least by driving around in a carriage and sending their cards in by the footman. Others send the carriage to leave the cards without going themselves, and still others send their women secretaries to do the same thing. Then, of course, there are those who simply ignore all but a few of their visitors. Mrs. Dewey, however, is the first to return her calls by mail.

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.

MILLSPAUGH BROS



FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

Night and Day Calls Promptly Attended.

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

Just Received,

A CAR OF BLACK ASH ROOFING,

Which I will Sell Cheap.

J. O. EDDY

NOW

Is the accepted time to

BUY A TIME-PIECE.

We are still selling our Watches at the old prices, but will have to advance the price on all Watches we buy at present quotations.

Have Several 2d-hand Watches

which have been left here over two years for repairs and not been called for, which we will sell for charges on same. Call and see them.

C. G. DRAPER

Jeweler,

HARRY CHURCHWARD,

Wholesale Butcher and Commission Merchant,

DRESSED LAMBS, MUTTON, VEAL AND PORK. Specialties.

POULTRY & GAME IN THEIR SEASON.

UNION MARKET,

DETROIT, MICH.

Send shipments to this old reliable firm, where you can get highest market prices, full weights and prompt returns.

Telephone—New 1907.

References: Ives' Bank

This firm is not out of business, as reported, but forging ahead.

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.

You deserve the best. W. W. Pefferson Oil will give you a clear, bright light.
HUSTON & CO.

Local Newslets

Regular meeting F. & A. M. to-night. Blank books of all kinds for sale at this office.

Dr. Harry Bell, of Detroit, was in town Tuesday.

A good mandolin for sale cheap. Enquire at this office.

Miss Fannie Bailey is visiting at her home near Salem this week.

Get your Japanese napkins at this office. Just the thing for parties.

Orrie and Charley Stacy have bought the Greene farm, west of Plymouth.

Norman Miller has returned home, after several months' visit in Arizona.

Mrs. Virgil Tillotson, of Canton, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robt. Walker.

Louva and Flora Millard, of Detroit, visited under the parental roof Sunday.

E. M. Calvin, Gen'l Manager Home Life Insurance Co., of New York, is in town this week.

The Plymouth Whist Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Shafter Monday evening.

Mrs. H. A. Seelye, of Wayne, and Miss Edna Ford, of Belleville, were the guests of Mrs. Arthur Hood Monday.

Czar Penny has purchased a handsome black team for his livery outfit. They are beauties.

Reserved seats will be on sale next Monday at Briggs' store for the Trades' Carnival—15cents.

Mrs. Jas. A. Levan has been called to Covington, Ky., in attendance upon Mrs. Arthur Patullo, who is very ill.

A good many of our young people took advantage of the snow for sleighing parties the forepart of the week.

Dr. T. H. Oliver has been appointed medical examiner for the Home Life Insurance Co., of New York, for this locality.

N. G. Hiley, of Detroit, and the Northville made quartette, will sing at the Trades' Carnival town hall, next Wednesday night.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the Brighton Fair Association it was decided to give up the fair and advertise the property for sale.

John Desmond, conductor on a freight between here and Toledo, had his left hand caught between the bumpers last Sunday, badly crushing the bones. Dr. Oliver was called and dressed the injured hand.

Perfection Oil gives a brilliant safe light. I have it. L. E. CABLE.

The Mail will print an article next week regarding the early formation in this place of the Presbyterian church. It was written by Mrs. E. M. Stewart, a former resident here, and a lady now over 85 years old.

A trolley car became stalled on the Pere Marquette track, on Main street crossing, Sunday morning. A locomotive came down the track at about this time and just grazed the rear end of the car, breaking a window or two and cracking the roof.

Chas. Dickerson, who has been suffering with blood poisoning for many weeks, is so much improved that he expects to leave the hospital at Ann Arbor for good to-morrow. He has had a long siege of it and his friends will be glad to learn of his recovery.

Some of the Plymouth boys went down to Detroit Sunday afternoon. On their return to Wayne about midnight, they found the cars on the D. P. & N. had stopped running, and they stayed on an Ann Arbor car until nearly morning, getting home about 8:30 o'clock.

Mrs. V. E. Hill entertained her Sunday-school class, each one inviting a friend, making a party of about 30, at her home last Friday evening. The young people spent the evening in playing games, etc., after which refreshments were served. A very pleasant evening was had by all.

Parties from Plymouth were here last week offering inducements to the Northville Dowel works towards inducing that company to move over there.—Northville Record.

Is that so? Names, please. Down here it looks as if the dowel works people were trying to hold up the "improvement association" of that town for a bonus.

L. Dean has just received a letter from his sister, N. J. Dean, who is now in Paris in a Missionary School for girls, numbering about sixty, besides the primary and kindergarten departments. The school is situated in the city of Unopiah, a city of over 70,000 population, native of that country. Snow came in October sufficiently for good sleighing, and remained up to date of letter, Jan. 4th, and will probably remain until March or first of April.

The Appetite of a Goat
Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose stomach and liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful stomach and liver remedy, gives a splendid appetite, normal digestion and a regular bowels, and that it ensures perfect health and vitality. Only 25c at John Gale's.

Wm. Blanckenburg's little girl is sick with the measles.

Miss Amelia Stever visited at Salem Sunday and Monday.

Oliver Westfall, of Ypsilanti, was in the village Thursday.

Mrs. T. D. Creque, of Saginaw, is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. C. Hall.

Dr. Grainger attended the State Veterinary's Convention held at Lansing, Tuesday.

Hon. T. T. Lyon, father of Mrs. D. W. H. Moreland, died at South Haven Tuesday night.

J. O. Eddy attended the Lumbermans Convention held at Detroit the fore part of the week.

Oren Peck, who is recovering from typhoid fever, was down town for the first time Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. VanArsdale, of Detroit, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dibble Sunday.

Northville Tent K. O. T. M. will give a charity ball Wednesday evening, Feb. 21, at Princess Bink, Northville.

Eight inches of snow fell Saturday night and Sunday, and the "slipping" was good for just three days. Rain Wednesday did the business.

A sleigh load of young people from here surprised Mr. and Mrs. Willard Cole, of Northville, Tuesday evening. A very pleasant evening was spent by all.

The village has purchased the lot on the north side of the village hall on which stands an old blacksmithshop, paying \$400. The shop will be torn down, which will remove an unsightly building from the street.

Tonquish Lodge, I. O. O. F., entertained 30 members from Nankin Lodge of Wayne, and 32 from Northville lodge Tuesday evening, the latter conferring the second and third degrees upon two candidates. Supper was served to the visitors at Taylor's restaurant, and all enjoyed a most social and fraternal visit.

The Business and Trades Carnival at Newburg Hall last Thursday evening was so well appreciated by the Plymouth people who were there, that it has been decided to give a similar entertainment at the hall in this village on Wednesday evening, Feb. 14th, with such additions as is possible to secure. Every business and manufactory in Plymouth should be represented and an especial effort will be made to secure some good music, both vocal and instrumental. The matter is in charge of the ladies of the Presbyterian church, and a fine entertainment will undoubtedly be provided. The admission will only be 10 cents, with 5 cents additional for reserved seats.

Farm for sale or rent. Enquire of L. DEAN.

C. S. Butterfield left Tuesday night for Grand Rapids, where he has a good position in the dispatcher's office of the Pere Marquette system. Charley had been located in the office of the old D. G. R. & W. here for over seven years, and by his cheery, kind and obliging manner had won for himself a warm place not only in the hearts of the people of the village, but the traveling public as well. He was prominent in Masonic circles, having filled the highest position in the Lodge, and his genial qualities and social ways made him a desirable acquisition in all social doings in the village. The Mail, with his other numerous friends hope he may continue to climb the ladder to the highest position on the line.

During the past six months there has been an actual advance in the price of the paper on which The Mail is printed of nearly 75 per cent. This comes directly out of the publishers' pocket, as the subscription price and advertising rates remain the same. Some newspapers have advanced the prices in both departments and The Mail may be compelled to, soon. The difference is a big item and makes quite a hole in our average receipts. But our subscribers can help out a little by promptly paying up when their subscriptions are due. The figures on the address label indicate where you are at. Compare them with the whole number of the paper on first page, in the date line, and the difference in the sum will be either for or against you.

Perfection Oil—the refiner guarantees you perfect satisfaction. J. R. RAUCH & SON.

One of the teachers at the school discovered an eight-year-old boy playing with a watch Wednesday. It developed that the boy had abstracted the watch from a certain place the night before, and that with the handling of it the main spring had been broken. The matter was brought to the attention of all parties interested and a settlement made. There are complaints that young boys are allowed too much lawless freedom in the village, and not attending school. Parents are to blame for this, sooner or later the boy is ruined. Truant Officer Baker should make an example of one or two cases, where the law seems to be violated, and compel attendance at school. Under the law parents may be arrested and imprisoned for not sending children to school that come under the proper age.

THE CREAM
Of illuminating oils is Perfection Oil. It lights millions of homes—palace and cottage. You can get it without paying a fancy price.

Mrs. J. W. Oliver is visiting her parents at Chesaning this week.

Quite a number from here attended a dancing party at Northville Thursday evening.

Lewis H. Holloway and Irene Martin of this village, were married Wednesday at Detroit.

E. Walker, who has been very sick with typhoid fever, died at his home five miles west of town Thursday morning at 8 o'clock. He was about 50 years of age. The funeral will be held Sunday at 2 o'clock at the house.

The Grange conference, which was to have been held some time ago and was postponed on account of the Farmer's Institute at Bellville, is now appointed for Feb. 19th, at Wayne. All 4th degree members are requested to attend. This meeting is under direction of the State Master, Geo. B. Horton, and for the purpose of more organized effort.

At the council meeting Monday evening it was voted to contract to furnish water to the Pere Marquette railroad for use of their engines, stock-yards, etc., at the rate of \$600 per year. There are those who criticize the action of the council, for the reason that in the summer time there is not water enough to supply the needs of the people, the water in the reservoir going dangerously near the bottom. The money derived from the railroad, however, will go a little way toward improving the system and enlarging the supply, which is quite necessary now, and as the railroad company can be shut off at any time, the action of the council is not to be criticised much. The water works have cost the village a great deal of money, and it is yet far from being perfect, and any source of revenue is not to be passed by without taking advantage of it, so far as it may be practicable.

Ernest and Joseph Johnson, Bert Webster and George Tanger, residents of Livonia, came to Plymouth Monday evening, and at once proceeded to get full of corn juice. Quite a disturbance was kicked up in the village, and they finally boarded a car for Newburg, Will Pettigill being conductor on the car and on which were also several passengers, among them a lady. The roughs at once began to talk loud and swear and when the car reached the powerhouse, Conductor Pettigill asked Fred Dunn and Lou Root to get on the car, as he expected trouble. The loud talk continued, the conductor several times asking them to desist. No attention was paid to the polite request, and a traveling man finally pulled off his coat and waded into the quartette. Pettigill, Dunn and Root joined in the scrap and there was a general mix-up, in which the offenders came out sadly demoralized. The fellows seemed to think that because they had been in the Cuban service, it gave them a free license to abuse and insult everybody as they pleased. A warrant was sworn out for their arrest before Justice Maiden Wednesday, the railroad company being back of the complaint. Supt. Griffin has had some trouble of this kind before in a less aggravated form, but the limit was reached last Monday night.

Constable Smith went after the men yesterday and before Justice Maiden they pleaded guilty and were fined \$10 and costs each.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The 10th grade organized Tuesday and elected the following officers—President Geo. Davey, Vice President Alma Murray, Treasurer Celia Brown, Secretary Carrie Riddle.

The 7th grade have also organized electing the following officers—President Leigh Markham, Vice President Grace Nowland, Secretary Louise Gentz.

Lulu Sutherland has left school on account of poor health.

The Senior class gave a very interesting programme last Friday afternoon. The exercises opened with music, The Song of the Sea, by the choir, then followed a debate upon the subject—Resolved that in the South African war, England's cause is just. The speakers in the affirmative were Zada McClump-hia and Ray Ryder, and on the negative were Carrie Abelson and Verna Root. The decision was made in favor of the negative. The Junior class acting as judges. Then followed instrumental music by Frank Stevens, and a recitation by Luella Rosinburg, after which Lottie Williams read an essay on Lincoln. The exercises closed with music by the boy's quartette.

The class in Physics went to Mr. Hamilton's factory Monday night, to examine the dynamo and the system of electro-plating. They have finished the subject of electricity and have commenced a series of experiments in heat.

Miss Vena Bullock, of Salem, visited the high school Wednesday.

Music was furnished for chapel Tuesday morning by the seventh and eighth grades.

The 8th grade gave the current events Monday morning.

The class in botany are sketching winter buds and studying the development of seedlings.

The North Side

Asa Tillotson was in Ann Arbor on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Slater are visiting friends at Ann Arbor this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Robins and child of Whitmore Lake, visited Jolliffe Bros. and their families this week.

The adjourned meeting of the Political Equality Club will meet at the home of Mrs. E. C. Safford Feb. 14th.

Christ Numer slipped on some ice in the yards while making up a train Monday, and sprained his ankle quite badly.

Work has begun at Ionia renumbering the engines on the Pere Marquette R. R. Engine 67, on the Grand Rapids division, the first one out, came through town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bowen, of St. Mary's, Canada, visited Daniel Jolliffe and family this week, on their way home from Chicago, where they had been visiting relatives.

Engine 37, which pulls passenger trains between Plymouth and Toledo, broke down here on Wednesday afternoon. Engine 36 was here and took the train south, so that there was not much delay. Engine 14 also broke down at Stark the same day.

It lights millions of homes—W. W. Perfection Oil. GAYDE BROS.

Harry Jolliffe has been attending the 16th annual convention of the Michigan Dairymen's Association in Detroit this week. He led the discussion on "What is Michigan Cheese and the Essentials of its Production," given by E. A. Haven, of Bloomingdale at Wednesday's meeting.

At the annual meeting of Phoenix Hose Company, held in their hose house on Wednesday evening, Feb. 7th, the following officers were elected: Captain, T. F. Chilson; lieutenant, Bert Robinson; treas., Chas. Brems; sec., Ed Gayde. Following is a list of members and the places they hold in the company: Bert Gonsolly and Ed. Gayde, pipemen; Geo. Wilcox and Geo. Springer, first linemen; Carl Heide and Louie Fisher, 2nd linemen; Henry Sage and Ed. Willett, 3rd linemen; Jacob Streng and Ed. Pelfryman, 4th linemen and laddersmen; Will Gayde and Henry Springer hydrantmen. Honorary members, Ed. L. Crosby, Elmer Smith and John Gonsolly. As the members of the company have for some time missed goods from their hose house and have had supplies taken that would seriously handicap them should a fire have broken out, they voted to have the key to the hose house placed in a glass front box, the box to be nailed to the hose house door, and in case of fire the person first at the building will have to break the glass to get the key. Duplicate keys will be had by each member of the company, by the chief of the fire department and by Ed. Knapp, to be used by themselves only.

The company responded to five alarms during the year 1899, two being of little importance and the company was not needed. The remaining three were—J. Bruner building April 17th, L. H. Bennett's shop and village lockup April 27th and the Globe Furniture Co.'s plant, April 30th.

ED. GAYDE, Sec'y.

CHURCH NEWS.

Mr. Herbener was prevented by the snow from filling his appointment last Sunday, but he will be here next. His subject will be "The Lesson of the Lily"—a sermon for business men, who are specially invited to come. The large chorus will sing under Mr. Bennett's direction.

The B. Y. P. U. held their regular meeting at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dickerson Tuesday evening. The next regular meeting will be held at the residence of A. J. Lapham.

Services at the village hall next Sunday, Feb. 11, morning at 10:30 and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Preaching by the Rev. Florence Crocker, of Ann Arbor. A general invitation is extended to all.

The business meeting of the Epworth League held at the M. E. parsonage on Monday evening was largely attended. The Leaguers had a very enjoyable and profitable time.

Rev. Stephens conducted services at the Mission last Tuesday evening. He was given great attention, and it was evident that his sermon found its way to the hearts of the people.

Week-evening religious services will be held next week at the M. E. church, conducted by the pastor. The public should not lose the opportunity of being present.

First Church of Christ, Scientist. Service 10:30 A. M., Sunday-school at 11:45 A. M. Wednesday evening meeting, 7:30. In Christian Science hall. All are most cordially invited. Subject for next Sunday will be: Mind.

He Fooled the Surgeons.
All doctors told Benick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering for 18 months from rectal fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest cure on earth, and the best salve in the world. 25 cents a box. Sold by John L. Gale, druggist.

Valentines! Valentines!

- 1 Cent Valentines
- 2 Cent Valentines
- 5 Cent Valentines
- 10 Cent Valentines
- 15 Cent Valentines
- 25 Cent Valentines

Valentines at all Prices

ON ACCOUNT OF OUR

LARGE PRESCRIPTION BUSINESS

We closed out our entire stock of Prescription Drugs with the old year, and commence the year 1900 with an

ENTIRE NEW STOCK

Of fresh Prescription Drugs. Bring in your prescriptions and get the best at the cheapest price.

New Stock of Libby, McNeal & Libby's

CANNED GOODS,

1-lb. cans Ham, 1-lb. cans Pigs Feet, canned Loaf Chicken. Also Potted Ham, Potted Chicken, Potted Beef.

If you have Rheumatism, buy a box of John L. Gale's Rheumatic Tablets.

If you have Dyspepsia, buy a box of Dr. Cooper's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Agents wanted in every village and city in the country to sell John L. Gale's Remedies.

JOHN L. GALE

Look at these Prices

FOR THE YEAR 1900.

I don't give trading stamps for presents, but I save you money on goods you buy, so you can buy your own present and get what you want and not take the last of what is left.

Flour, per sack, best	45c
Flour, No. 2, per sack	35c
17 lbs. Granulated Sugar for	\$1.00
8 bars Santa Claus Soap for	25c
8 bars Queen Ann Soap, cash, for	25c
10 bars Empire Soap for	25c
2 cans Best Salmon	25c
Good Red Salmon, per can	10c
3 cans Choice Sweet Corn	25c
3 cans Choice Tomatoes	25c
Best Early June Peas, per can	10c
Best Japan Rice 7c pound, or 4 pounds for	25c
Lion and XXXX Coffee	11c
The best Sweet Pickles, per quart	15c
Arn and Hammer Saleratus 7c pound, or 4 pounds for	25c
Silver Gloss Starch, per pound	7c
Corn Starch, per pound	7c
Hulk Starch, per pound	5c
Roller Oats, 3c pound, or 9 pounds for	25c
Best Corn Syrup, per gal	25c
Pure ground Pepper, per pound	30c
Nutmegs, 60c pound, or per ounce	5c
Best Crackers, 6c pound, or 4½ pounds for	25c
Good Tea, per lb.	35c and 40c
Our Best Tea, per pound now	50c
Good Fine Cut Tobacco, per pound	30c
In Dry Goods we have a few Prints at	5 and 5½c per yd
Pure Cider Vinegar, per gallon	15c
Clothes Pins, 1c dozen, 6 dozen for	5c
New Prunes, per pound	8c
New 4-Crown Raisins, per pound	10c

Will call daily for orders. **A. J. LAPHAM,** NORTH VILLAGE.

Do you Want Trading Stamps?

If you do, call at

H. Harris' Meat Market.

One Stamp for Every 10c. Cash Purchase

And when you are at the market, try one of my Picnic Hams at 8c. pound. 3 pounds of Lard for 25c. My prices are the same to all. Oysters and Smoked Fish always on hand.

H. HARRIS

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM



BY
OLIVE
SCHREINER

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE
BOER REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER XIII. HE MAKES LOVE.

"Here," said Tant' Saapie to her Hottentot maid, "I have been in this house four years and never been up in the loft. Fatter women than I go up ladders. I will go up today and see what it is like and put it to rights up there. You bring the little ladder and stand at the bottom."

"There's one would be sorry if you were to fall," said the Hottentot maid, leaning at Bonaparte's pipe, that lay on the table.

"Hold your tongue, jade," said her mistress, trying to conceal a pleased smile, "and go and fetch the ladder."

There was a never used trapdoor at one end of the sitting room. This the Hottentot maid pushed open, and, setting the ladder against it, the Boer woman with some danger and difficulty climbed into the loft. Then the Hottentot maid took the ladder away, as her husband was mending the wagon house and needed it, but the trapdoor was left open.

For a little while Tant' Saapie poked about among the empty bottles and staves and looked at the bag of peaches that Waldo was supposed to have liked so. Then she sat down near the trapdoor beside a barrel of salt mutton. She found that the pieces of meat were much too large and took out her clasp knife to divide them.

This was always the way when one left things to servants, she grumbled to herself, but when once she was married to her husband Bonaparte it would not matter whether a sheep spoiled or no—when once his rich aunt with the droopy was dead. She smiled as she drew her hand into the pickle water.

At that instant her niece entered the room below, closely followed by Bonaparte, with his head on one side, smiling mawkishly. Had Tant' Saapie spoken at that moment the life of Bonaparte Blenkins would have run a wholly different course. As it was, she remained silent, and neither noticed the open trapdoor above their heads.

"Sit there, my love," said Bonaparte, motioning Trana into her aunt's elbow chair and drawing another close up in front of it, in which he seated himself. "There; put your feet upon the stove too. Your aunt has gone out somewhere. Long have I waited for this suspicious event!"

Trana, who understood not one word of English, sat down in the chair and wondered if this was one of the strange customs of other lands—that an old gentleman may bring his chair up to yours and sit with his knees touching you. She had been five days in Bonaparte's company and feared the old man and disliked his nose.

"How long have I desired this moment," said Bonaparte. "But that aged relative of mine is always casting her unhalloved shadow upon us. Look into my eyes, Trana."

Bonaparte knew that she comprehended not a syllable, but he understood that it is the eye, the tone, the action, and not at all the rational word, that touches the love chords. He saw she changed color.

"All right," said Bonaparte. "I lie awake, I see naught but thy angelic countenance. I open my arms to receive thee. Where art thou, where? Thou art not there!" said Bonaparte, sitting the action to the words and spreading out his arms and drawing them to his breast.

"Oh, please, I don't understand," said Trana. "I want to go away."

"Yes, yes," said Bonaparte, leaning back in his chair, to her great relief, and pressing his hands on his heart. "Since first thy amethystine countenance was impressed here, what have I not suffered, what have I not felt? Oh, the lungs unspoken, burning as an ardent coal in a fiery and uncontaminated bosom!" said Bonaparte, bending forward again.

"Dear Lord," said Trana to herself, "how foolish I have been! The old man has a pain in his stomach, and now as my aunt is out, he has come to me to help him."

She smiled kindly at Bonaparte and, pushing past him, went to the bedroom, quickly returning with a bottle of red drops in her hand.

"They are very good for headache," said her mother always drings them," she said, holding the bottle out.

The face in the trapdoor was a very red. Like a tiger cat ready to spring, Tant' Saapie crouched, with the shoulder of mutton in her hand. Exactly beneath her stood Bonaparte. She rose and clasped with both arms the barrel of salt meat.

"What, rose of the desert, nightfall of the colony, that with thine more than an hour passed, and no footstep approached."

Then Bonaparte made his way back to the cabin. He buttoned the door and put the table against it, and, giving the door a kick to silence his whining when the foot thudded, he climbed into bed. He did not put out the light for fear of the ghost, but, worn out with the labors of the day, was soon asleep himself.

About 1 o'clock Waldo, lying between the seats of the horse wagon, was awakened by a gentle touch on his head.

Sitting up, he espied Bonaparte looking through one of the windows with

a lighted candle in his hand. "I'm about to depart, my dear boy, before my enemies arise, and I could not leave without coming to bid you farewell," said Bonaparte.

Waldo looked at him. "I shall always think of you with affection," said Bonaparte. "And there's that old hat of yours. If you could let me have it for a keepsake!"

"Take it," said Waldo. "I thought you would say so, so I brought it with me," said Bonaparte, putting it on. "The Lord bless you, my dear boy. You haven't a few shillings, just a trifle you don't need, have you?"

"Take the two shillings that are in the broken vase."

"May the blessing of my God rest upon you, my dear child," said Bonaparte, putting it on. "May he guide and bless you. Give me your hand."

Waldo folded his arms closely and lay down. "Farewell, adieu!" said Bonaparte. "May the blessing of my God and my father's God rest on you, now and evermore."

With these words the head and nose withdrew themselves, and the light vanished from the window.

After a few moments the boy, lying in the wagon, heard stealthy footsteps as they passed the wagon house and made their way down the road. He listened as they grew fainter and fainter, and at last died away altogether, and from that night the footsteps of Bonaparte Blenkins were heard no more at the old farm.

CHAPTER XIV. TIMES AND SEASONS.

Waldo lay on his stomach on the sand. Since he prayed and howled to his God in the fuel house three years had passed.

They say that in the world to come time is not measured out by months and years. Neither is it here. The soul's life has seasons of its own, periods not found in any calendar, times that years and months will not scan, but which are as deftly and sharply cut off from one another as the smoothly arranged years which the earth's motion yields us.

To stranger eyes these divisions are not evident, but, each looking back at the little track his consciousness illuminates, sees it cut into distinct portions, whose boundaries are the termination of mental states.

As man differs from man, so differ these souls' years. The most material life is not devoid of them; the story of the most spiritual is told in them. And it may chance that some, looking back, see the past cut out after this fashion:

The year of infancy, where from the shadowy background of forgetfulness start out pictures of startling clearness, disconnected, but brightly colored and indelibly printed in the mind. Much that follows fades, but the colors of those baby pictures are permanent.

There rises, perhaps, a warm summer's evening. We are seated on the doorstep; we have yet the taste of the bread and milk in our mouth, and the red sunset is reflected in our basin.

Then there is a dark night, where, waking with a fear that there is some great being in the room, we run from our own bed to another, creep close to some large figure and are comforted.

Then there is remembrance of the pride when, on some one's shoulder, with our arms around their head, we ride to see the little pigs, the new little pigs with their curled tails and tiny snouts. Where do they come from?

Remembrance of delight in the feel and smell of the first orange we ever see; of sorrow which makes us put up our lip and cry hard when one morning we run out to try to catch the little drops and they melt and wet our little fingers; of almight and dominating sorrow when we are lost behind the kragls and cannot see the houseways where.

And then one picture starts out more vividly than any.

There has been a thunderstorm. The ground as far as the eye can reach is covered with white hail. The clouds are fine, and overhead a deep blue sky is showing. Far off a great rain bow rests on the white earth. We, standing in a window to look, feel the cool, insupportably sweet wind blowing in on us, and a feeling of longing comes over us, unutterable longing, we cannot tell for what. We are so small our head only reaches as high as the first three pines. We look at the white earth and the rainbow and the blue sky; and, oh, we want it, we want it, we do not know what. We cry as though our heart was broken. When one lifts our little body from the window, we cannot tell what ails us. We run away to play.

So looks the first year.

Now the pictures become continuous and connected. Material things still rule, but the spiritual and intellectual take their places.

In the dark night when we are afraid we pray and shut our eyes. We press our fingers very hard upon the lids and see dark spots moving round and round, and we know they are beads and wings of angels sent to take care

of us, seen dimly in the dark as they move round our bed. It is very consoling.

In the day we learn our letters and are troubled because we cannot see why b-o-o should be know and p-a-a-i-i should be pain. They tell us it is so because it is so. We are not satisfied. We hate to learn. We like better to build little stone houses. We can build them as we please and know the reason for them.

Other joys, too, we have incomparably greater than even the building of stone houses.

We are run through with a shudder of delight when in the red sand we come on one of those white wax flowers that lie between their two green leaves flat on the sand. We hardly dare pick them, but we feel compelled to do so; and we smell and smell till the delight becomes almost pain. Afterward we pull the green leaves softly into pieces to see the silk threads run across.

Beyond the "kopje" grow some pale green hairy leaved bushes. We are so small they meet over our head, and we sit among them and kiss them, and they love us back. It seems as though they were alive.

One day we sit there and look up at the blue sky and down at our fat little knees, and suddenly it strikes us: Who are we? This is—what is it? We try to look in upon ourselves, and ourself beats back upon ourself. Then we get up in great fear and run home as hard as we can. We can't tell any one what frightened us. We never quite lose that feeling of self again.

And then a new time rises. We are 7 years old. We can read now, read the Bible. Best of all, we like the story of Elijah in his cave at Horeb and the still small voice.

One day, a notable one, we read on the "kopje" and discover the fifth chapter of Matthew and read it all through. It is a new gold mine. Then we tuck the Bible under our arm and rush home. They didn't know it was wicked to take your things again if some one took them, wicked to go to law, wicked to— We are quite breathless when we get to the house. We tell them that we have discovered a chapter they never heard. We tell them what they know all about it. Our discovery is a mare's nest to them, but to us it is very real. The Ten Commandments and the old "Thou shalt" we have heard about long enough and don't care about it, but this new law sets us on fire. We will deny ourself. Our little wagon that we have made we give to the little Kafirs. We keep quiet when they throw sand at us, feeling, oh, so happy. We conscientiously put the cracked teacup for ourselves at breakfast and take the burned roaster cake. We save our money and buy threepence of tobacco for the Hottentot maid who calls us names. We are exotically virtuous. At night we are profoundly religious. Even the tickling watch says, "Eternity, eternity, hell, hell, hell!" and the silence talks of God and the things that shall be.

Occasionally also unpleasantly shrewd questions begin to be asked by some one, we know not whom, who sits somewhere behind our shoulder. We get to know him better afterward. Now we carry the questions to the grown up people, and they give us answers. We are more or less satisfied for the time. The grown up people are very wise, and they say it was kind of God to make hell and very loving of him to send us there, and, besides, he couldn't help himself, and they are very wise, we think, so we believe them, more or less.

Then a new time comes of which the leading feature is that the shrewd questions are asked louder. We carry them to the grown up people. They answer us, and we are not satisfied.

And now between us and the dear old world of the senses the spirit world begins to peep in and wholly clouds it over. What are the flowers to us? They are fuel waiting for the great burning. We look at the walls of the farmhouse and the matter of fact sheep kraals, with the merry sunshine playing over all, and do not see it. But we see a great white throne and him that sits on it. Around him stand a great multitude that no man can number, thousands having with their faces, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands. How when are they robes, washed in the blood of the Lamb! And the noise rises higher and rounder the vault of heaven with its unutterable sweetness. And we, as we listen, ever and again, as it sinks in the sweetest, lowest note, hear a groan of the damned from below. We shudder in the sunlight.

"The torment," says Jeremy Taylor, whose sermons our father reads aloud in the evening, "comprises as many torments as the body of man has joints, sinews, arteries, etc., being caused by that penetrating and real fire of which this temporal fire is but a pale fire. What comparison will there be between burning for a hundred years space and to be burning without intermission as long as God is God!"

We remember the sermon there in the sunlight. One comes and asks why we sit there muddling so woefully. Ah, they do not see what we see!

A moment's time a shadow passes. "I don't know that I have any sin," he shouts, "I'm up in hell."

So says Wesley's hymn, which we sing evening by evening. What quarter sunshine and walk men and sleep?

"The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." They are real.

The Bible we bear always in our breast. Its pages are our food. We learn to repeat it. We weep much for its sunshine and in shade, in the early morning or late evening, in the field or

in the house, the devil walks with us. He comes to us a real person, copper colored face, head a little on one side, forehead knit, asking questions. Believe me, it were better to be followed by three deadly diseases than by him. He is never allenced—without mercy. Though the drops of blood stand out on your heart, he will put his question. Softly he comes up (we are only a wee bit child): "Is it good of God to make hell? Was it kind of him to let one be forgiven unless Jesus Christ died?"

Then he goes off and leaves us writhing. Presently he comes back. "Do you love him?" "Waits a little. "Do you love him? You will be lost if you don't!"

We say we try to. "But do you?" Then he goes off. It is nothing to him if we go quite mad with fear at our own wickedness. He asks on, the questioning devil. He cares nothing what he says. We long to tell some one, that they may share our pain. We do not yet know that the cup of affliction is made with such a narrow mouth that only one lip can drink at a time and that each man's cup is made to match his lip.

One day we try to tell some one. Then a grave head is shaken solemnly at us. We are wicked, very wicked, they say. We ought not to have such thoughts. God is good, very good. We are wicked, very wicked. That is the comfort we get. Wicked? O Lord, do we not know it? Is it not the sense of our own exceeding wickedness that is drying up our young heart, filling it with sand, making all life a dust bin for us?

Wicked? We know it! Too vile to live, too vile to die, too vile to creep over this (God's) earth and move among his believing men. Hell is the one place for him who hates his master, and there we do not want to go. This is the comfort we get from the old.

And once again we try to seek for comfort. This time great eyes look at us wondering, and lovely little lips say: "If it makes you so unhappy to think of these things, why do you not think of something else and forget?"

Forget! We turn away and shrink into ourself. Forget and think of other things! O God, do they not understand that the material world is but a film, through every pore of which God's awful spirit world is shining through on us? We keep as far from others as we can.

One night, a rare, clear moonlight night, we kneel in the window. Every one else is asleep, but we kneel reading by the moonlight. It is a chapter in the prophets telling how the chosen people of God shall be carried on the gentiles' shoulders. Surely the devil might leave us alone. There is not much handle for him there. But presently he comes.

"Is it right there should be a chosen people? To him who is Father to all should not all be dear?"

How can we answer him? We were feeling so good till he came. We put our head down on the Bible and bilster it with tears. Then we fold our hands over our head and pray till our teeth grind together. Oh, that from that spirit world, so real and yet so silent, that surrounds us one word would come to guide us! We are left alone with this devil, and God does not whisper to us. Suddenly we seize the Bible, turning it round and round, and say hurriedly:

"It will be God's voice speaking to us, his voice as though we heard it."

We yearn for a token from the inexorably silent One.

We turn the book, put our finger down on a page and bend to read by the moonlight. It is God's answer. We tremble:

"Then 14 years after I went up again to Jerusalem with Barnabas and took Titus with me also."

For an instant our imagination seizes it. We are twisting, twirling, trying to make an allegory. The 14 years are 14 months; we are Paul, and the devil is Barnabas; Titus is— Then a sudden lightning comes to us. We are liars and hypocrites. We are trying to deceive ourselves. What is Paul to us and Jerusalem? Who are Barnabas and Titus? We know not the men. Before we know we seize the book, swing it round our head and fling it with all our might to the farther end of the room. We put down our head again and weep. Youth and ignorance—

—is there anything else that can weep so? It is as though the tears were drops of blood congealed beneath the eyelids. Nothing else is like those tears. After a long time we are weak with crying and lie silent, and by chance we knock against the wood that stops the broken pane. It falls. Upon our hot, stiff face a sweet breath of wind blows. We raise our head and with our swollen eyes look out at the beautiful still world, and the sweet night wind blows in upon us, holy and gentle, like a loving breath from the lips of God. Over us a deep peace comes, a calm, still joy. The tears now flow readily and softly. Oh, the unutterable gladness! At last, at last, we have found it! "The peace with God." "The sense of sins forgiven."

All doubt vanished. God's voice in the soul, the Holy Spirit filling us! We feel him, we feel him! O Jesus Christ, through you, through you, this joy! We press our hands upon our breast and look upward with adoring gladness. Soft waves of bliss break through us. "The peace with God." "The sense of sins forgiven." Methodists and revivalists say the words, and the working world shoots out its lip and walks by smiling—"Hypocrite!"

There are more fools and fewer hypocrites than the wise world dreams of. The hypocrite is rare at feelings in the tropics, the fool common as butterflies beside a water furrow. Whether you go this way or that you tread on him. You dare not look at your own reflection in the water, but you see one. There is no ointment, rotten with age, but it was the dress of

a living body, none but at heart it signifies a real bodily or mental condition which some have passed through.

After hours and nights of frenzied fear of the supernatural desire to appease the power above, a fierce quivering excitement in every inch of nerve and blood vessel, there comes a time when nature cannot endure longer, and the spring lung bent recalls. We sink down emaciated. Up creeps the deadly delicious calm:

"I have blotted out as a cloud thy sins and as a thick cloud thy trespasses and will remember them no more forever."

We weep with soft, transporting joy. A few experience this. Many imagine they experience it. One here and there lies about it. In the main "the peace with God, a sense of sins forgiven," stands for a certain mental and physical reaction. Its reality those know who have felt it.

And we on that moonlight night put down our head on the window. "O God, we are happy, happy, thy child forever! Oh, thank you, God!" And we drop asleep.

Next morning the Bible we kiss. We are God's forever. We go out to work, and it goes happily all day, happily all night, but hardly so happily, not happily at all, the next day, and the next night the devil asks us, "Where is your Holy Spirit?"

We cannot tell.

So month by month, summer and winter, the old life goes on—reading, praying, weeping, praying. They tell us we become utterly stupid. We know it. Even the multiplication table we learned with so much care we forget. The physical world recedes farther and farther from us. Truly we love not the world, neither the things that are in it. Across the bounds of sleep our grief follows us. When we wake in the night, we are sitting up in bed weeping bitterly or find ourself outside in the moonlight dressed and walking up and down and wringing our hands, and we cannot tell how we came there. So pass two years as men reckon them.

Then a new time.

Before us there were three courses possible—to go mad, to die, to sleep. We take the last course, or nature takes it for us.

All things take rest in sleep. The beasts, birds, the very flowers, close their eyes, and the streams are still in winter. All things take rest. Then why not the human reason also? So the questioning devil in us drops asleep, and in that sleep a beautiful dream rises for us. Though you hear all the dreams of men, you will hardly find a prettier one than ours. It ran so:

In the center of all things is a Mighty Heart, which, having begotten all things, loves them, and, having born them into life, beats with great throbs of love toward them. No death for his dear insects, no hell for his dear men, no burning up for his dear world, his own, own world that he has made. In the end all will be beautiful. Do not ask us how we make our dream tally with facts. The glory of a dream is this—that it despises facts and makes its own. Our dream saves us from going mad. That is enough.

Its peculiar point of sweetness lay here. When the Mighty Heart's yearning of love became too great for other expression it shaped itself into the sweet Rose of heaven, the beloved Man God.

Jesus, you Jesus of our dream, how we loved you! No Bible tells of you as we knew you. Your sweet hands held ours fast. Your sweet voice, said always "I am here, my loved one, not far off. Put your arms about me and hold fast."

We find him in everything in those days. When the little weary lamb we drive home drags its feet, we seize on it and carry it with its head against our face. His little lamb! We feel we have got him.

When the drunken Kafir lies by the road in the sun, we draw his blanket over his head and put green branches of milk bush on it. His Kafir—why should the sun hurt him?

In the evening, when the clouds lift themselves like gates and the red lights shine through them, we cry; for in such glory he will come, and the hands that ache to touch him will hold him, and we shall see the beautiful hair and eyes of our God. "Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and our King of glory shall come in!"

The purple flowers, the little purple flowers, are his eyes, looking at us. We kiss them and kneel alone on the flat, rejoicing over them. And the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for him, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose.

If ever in our tearful, joyful ecstasy the poor sleepy, half dead devil should raise his head, we laugh at him. It is not his hour now.

"If there should be a hell, after all," he mutters. "If your God should be cruel! If there should be no God! If you should find out it is all imagination! If!"

We laugh at him. When a man sits in the warm sunshine, do you ask him for proof of it? He feels that it is all. And we feel that it is all. We want no proof of our God. We feel, we feel!

We do not believe in our God because the Bible tells us of him. We believe in the Bible because he tells us of it. We feel him, we feel him, we feel that it is all. And the poor half-somnolent devil mutters:

"But if the day should come when you do not feel?"

And we laugh and cry him down. "It will never come—never!" And the poor devil sinks to sleep again with his tail between his legs. Fierce assertion many times repeated is hard to stand against. Only time separates the truth from the lie. So we dream

One day we go with our father to

town, to church. The townspeople reside in their silks and the men in their sleek cloth and wattle themselves in their pew, and the light shines in the flowers in the women's hairnets. We have the same miserable feeling that we have in a shop where all the clerks are very smart. We wish our father hadn't brought us to town and we were out on the "starroo." Then the men in the pulpit begins to preach. His text is, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

The day before the magistrate's clerk, who was an atheist, has died in the street, struck by lightning.

The man in the pulpit mentions no name, but he talks of "the hand of God made visible among us." He tells us how, when the white stroke fell, quivering and naked, the soul fled, robbed of his earthly filament, and lay at the footstool of God; how over its head has been poured out the wrath of the Mighty One, whose existence it has denied, and, quivering and terrified, it has fled to the everlasting shade.

We, as we listen, half start up. Every drop of blood in our body has rushed to our head. He lies, he lies, he lies! That man is the pulpit lies! Will no one stop him? Have none of them heard, do none of them know, that when the poor dark soul shut its eyes on earth it opened them in the still light of heaven; that there is no wrath where God's face is; that if one could once creep to the footstool of God there is everlasting peace there, like the fresh stillness of the early morning? While the atheist lay wondering and afraid God bent down and said: "My child, here I am—I, whom you have not known; I, whom you have not believed in. I am here. I sent my messenger, the white sheet lightning, to call you home. I am here."

Then the poor soul turned to the light. Its weakness and pain were gone forever.

Have they not known, have they not heard, who it is rules?

"For a little moment have I hidden my face from thee, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

We mutter on to ourselves till some one pulls us violently by the arm to remind us we are in church. We see nothing but our own ideas.

Presently every one turns to pray. There are 600 souls lifting themselves to the Everlasting Light.

Behind us sit two pretty ladies. One hands her scent bottle softly to the other, and a mother pulls down her little girl's frock. One lady drops her handkerchief. A gentleman picks it up. She blushes. The women in the choir turn softly the leaves of their tune-books to be ready when the praying is done. It is as though they thought more of the singing than the Everlasting Father. Oh, would it not be more worship of him to sit alone in the "karreroo" and kiss one little purple flower that he had made? Is it not mockery? Then the thought comes, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" We who judge—what are we better than they? Rather worse. Is it any excuse to say, "I am but a child and must come?" Does God allow any soul to step in between the spirit he made and himself? What do we there in that place where all the words are lies against the All Father? Filled with horror, we turn and flee out of the place. On the pavement we smite our foot and swear in our child's soul never again to enter those places where men come to sing and pray. We are questioned afterward. Why was it we went out of the church? How can we explain? We stand silent. Then we are pressed further, and we try to tell. Then a head is shaken solemnly at us. No one can think it wrong to go to the house of the Lord. It is the idle excuse of a wicked boy. When will we think seriously of our souls and love going to church? We are wicked, very wicked. And we—

—we sink away, and go alone to cry. Will it be always so? Whether we hate and doubt or whether we believe and love, to our dearest are we to keep always wicked?

We do not yet know that in the soul's search for truth the Everlasting Light here—the striving cannot always hide itself among the thoughts. Sooner or later it will strike itself in outward action. Then it steps in and divides between the soul and what it loves. All things on earth have their price, and for truth we pay the dearest. "We bargain it for love and sympathy. The road to honor is paved with thorns, but on the path to truth, at every step you set your foot down on your own heart."

Then at last a new time—the time of waking, short, sharp, and not pleasant as wakings often are.

Sleep and dreams exist on this condition—that no one wake the dreamer. And now life takes us up between her finger and thumb, shakes us furiously till our poor nodding head is well nigh rolled from our shoulders, and she sets us down a little hardly on the bare earth, bruised and sore, but preternaturally wide awake.

We have said in our days of dreaming, "Injustice and wrong are a seeming. This is a shadow. Our God, he is real, he who made all things, and he only is love."

Now life takes us by the neck and shows us a few other things—new-made graves with the red sand flying about them, eyes that we love with the warm beating them, evil men walking sleek and fat, the whole terrible hurry-burry of the living called life—and she says, "What do you think of these?" We dare not say "Nothing." We feel them. They are very real. But we try to lay our hands about and feel that other thing we felt before. In the dark night in the fuel room we cry to our beautiful dream god: "Oh, let us come near you and lay our head against your feet." Now in our hour of

we-J he near us." But he is not there

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO MICHIGAN PEOPLE.

A Good Report of Happenings Throughout Our State Received by Telegraph—Crime, Civilization and Other Matters of General Interest.

Menominee, Mich., Feb. 3.—The steamer Algobah arrived yesterday afternoon from Sturgeon bay, though the ice in some places was two feet thick. This assures the success of keeping a channel open for the Ann Arbor car ferries, as the weather has averaged 10 degrees below zero for the past four days, and hereafter two boats will run here daily. A large quantity of freight comes from the Northwest for shipment east over this line, principally flour, iron ore, and cedar products. The Goodrich boats now running to Sturgeon bay will begin making this port next week.

To Divide Its Properties. Iabpeming, Mich., Feb. 3.—The Federal Steel trust has decided to divide its extensive iron mining interests according to state lines. The Minnesota iron company will continue working the rich mines owned on the Mesaba and Vermillion range, but a new corporation, to be called the Manila Iron company, will take over the big mines and extensive mineral tracts situated on the Marquette and Menominee ranges of Michigan. The change will be put in effect in the near future.

UNIVERSITY SUMMER SCHOOL. Students Enrolled From All Parts of the World.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Feb. 6.—Last year 296 students were enrolled in the summer schools of the University of Michigan. Of these 221 were credited to the literary department and forty-five to the law department. Ninety-six of those in the literary department had been previously enrolled in the university and 108 were teachers. The 263 students came from twenty states and territories, the district of Columbia, England, Norway, Japan and South Africa. The largest number (135) were from Michigan. Ohio was represented by 20 students; Illinois, 15; Indiana, 12; Wisconsin, 10, and Iowa, 10.

The first session of the summer school was held in 1894. The total enrollment for several years since the organization of the school is as follows: 1894, 91; 1895, 187; 1896, 224; 1897, 225; 1898, 235; 1899, 260.

WANTS HIS MONEY.

Complaint Made to Suffer, Aka Menatory Bedroom.

Jackson, Mich., Feb. 6.—Frank J. Thompson has brought a novel suit in the circuit court here. Thompson was sent to the state prison for three and a half years for having received \$1, which he knew to be stolen. While in prison he worked 776 days on a prison contract held by the Bronk-Buffington Electric company.

Under a law enacted in 1897, of which the court and lawyers in Thompson's case were apparently forgetful, the receiving of stolen property under the value of \$25 was changed to a misdemeanor, punishable with not more than ninety days' imprisonment in a county jail. Thompson was released by Judge Peck last October on a writ of habeas corpus. Now he sues the Bronk-Buffington people to recover the value of his labor performed while in prison under illegal sentence.

ANCIENT BATTLE AX.

Curious Relics Found in Calhoun County, Michigan.

Albion, Mich., Feb. 2.—George Langridge, of Sheridan township, recently found an ancient battle-ax near Gant Lake, unlike any curio which has ever been found in this section. Indian relics in unusual profusion have always been found in this vicinity. This new find is shaped like a broad ax, double bitted, and is a facsimile of those pictured in early prints. The ax weighs nearly ten pounds and must have been a very dangerous weapon. On the same hill was found a skeleton probably that of an Indian, which must have belonged to an aborigine of ignitic frame. The skull would go over the head of an ordinary individual and the leg and thigh bones indicated that he must have been between seven and eight feet in height.

MARRIED SIXTY YEARS.

Rev. and Mrs. Church, of Alma, Celebrate Their Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary.

Ithaca, Mich., Feb. 2.—Rev. and Mrs. Lafayette Church, of Alma, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage Monday. They were married at Lyons, Iowa county, in 1840. They began their wedded life in a log cabin, built by Church for his young bride, about ten miles north of the city of Iowa, then a small hamlet. Their home was in the wilderness two miles from the metaphorical "back of the door." It was no uncommon thing for the real wolves of the forest to come howling about their cabin at night. From Iowa county they removed to Wheatland, Hilldale county, where they lived for six years, and in 1854 moved to the farm on which they now reside, buying the land from the government.

DECLARED NOT INHANE.

Mrs. Marshall Not Crazy, as Charged by Her Brother.

Hastings, Mich., Feb. 2.—In probate court a jury decided that Mrs. Nettie Marshall is not insane. Mrs. Marshall resides near Nashville and was alleged to fall here on complaint of her brother, Jacob Miller, who alleged she was insane. Mrs. Marshall secured a lawyer and fought the case with the above result. Mrs. Marshall makes grave charges against her brother. She alleges that it was after she had announced her intention of marrying again that he sought to have her sent to an asylum. The woman has a guardian, whom it is charged, has not made a report in ten years, and this matter will also be investigated.

SUSPICIONS OF MURDER.

Dead Body of Mrs. Grace Scott Found Frozen in a Field.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Feb. 5.—Mrs. Grace Scott, wife of Frank Scott, of Kalamazoo, was found in a field seven miles northwest of here Saturday morning frozen to death. She left home Saturday afternoon.

THANKSGIVING FARE.

A FEW ITEMS WITH WHICH TO VARY THE TRADITIONAL MENU.

Blanche of Oysters—Mushroom Stuffing For Turkey—Squashes Temptingly Cooked and Served—Baked Cider Apple Sauce.

The following recipes will afford the housekeeper an opportunity of varying somewhat the customary Thanksgiving menu while adhering sufficiently to the spirit of the occasion. They are selected, with the illustrations, from the Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Blanche of Oysters.—Heat one quart of oysters to the boiling point. Drain

OLD TIME COOKERY.

Pumpkin and Squash Pies After the Old Fashioned Order.

"The pumpkin pie belongs to Thanksgiving, as the mince pie does to Christmas. This is a truly American product and was probably first made by a New England housewife," says The Household which presents the following recipes.

For a successful pie the variety of pumpkin must be carefully chosen and cultivated, and the fruit, resulting should be of medium size, dark orange in color and of solid substance. Equal care must be taken in cooking the pumpkin. Skin and seeds having been removed, it should be cut in small pieces, put in a smooth kettle, granite-ware preferred, with just enough water to prevent all danger of burning. Let it cook rapidly till thoroughly heated and then very slowly for several hours, allowing the water to evaporate at the end, leaving all the sweet flavors and juices in the pumpkin pulp. Sift this, add a little spice and sugar or nice molasses and spread on plates and heat again in a moderate oven till it becomes a rich red marmalade. All this should be done the day before.



ROAST TURKEY WITH WATER CRESS GARNISH.

A good rule is to use for each pie one cupful of the prepared pumpkin, one beaten egg and two or three cupfuls of rich milk, according to the size of the plate and the richness of the pumpkin. Sweeten and spice to suit the taste. Cinnamon and ginger and nutmeg belong especially to the pumpkin pie. Line deep plates with pastry, fill with the pumpkin mixture, which should be warm, and bake slowly for nearly an hour or till the pie puffs in the center and grows brown. Serve either hot or cold.

For a squash pie use eight spoonfuls of squash, prepared by boiling or steaming (if choice, only mashed fine; if stringy, it must be sifted), and eight spoonfuls of white sugar, two spoonfuls of flour, two eggs, a little more than a quart of milk, cream if you have it, a little salt and cinnamon, or flavor with rosewater, as above. Stir the sugar, salt and flour together, add the favorings, beat the eggs and add next the squash and lastly the milk. The spoon used should be a large tablespoon well filled to heaping of the sifted squash. This is a simple recipe. A richer custard may be made if eggs are plentiful, for it is really a squash custard, and the same care in baking is required. Place the pie in a hot oven to set the crust quickly. Withdraw the heat so the oven will cool rapidly and the pie bake slowly. Test with the handle of a spoon in the center to see if it is perfectly firm.

Potato Stuffing For Roast Fowl.—Mix together two cups of mashed potato, one cup of bread crumbs from the center of the loaf and from one-third to one-half a cup of melted butter. Season to taste with salt and pepper and sage if desired. Add one beaten egg.

Squash is usually boiled, but it is better when steamed or baked. When it is steamed or boiled, the shell cut for the purpose and neatly trimmed before cooking, so that it may present an attractive appearance, may be used as a receptacle for the cooked vegetable. After removing the cooked pulp from the shell mash thoroughly, season with butter, salt and pepper and reheat in the shell. In the middle Atlantic states the variety shown in the half tone is found. The squash, being rather delicate in flavor, is very much better when baked. The Hubbard squash, as also other varieties, may be broken or cut into small pieces without removing the shell and then baked as potatoes.

Brussels sprouts and chestnuts are frequently served together. Cook the sprouts until tender and roast the nuts. To a quart of sprouts add a pint of nuts and serve in a thick cream sauce. The same combination, omitting the sauce and substituting a French dressing, gives an excellent salad to serve with broiled game. A few stoned olives or chopped truffles may be added.

Boiled Cider Apple Sauce.—Pare, quarter, core and wash enough sweet apples to fill a gallon porcelain kettle.

amount of sheet musk. Such a seat can be made by any skilled worker in wood. This pattern need not be followed, but only used as a suggestion if the design here given seems too difficult for the amateur worker in wood. Less elaborately turned legs would answer every purpose and would make the construction considerably easier. A wood should be used that will harmonize well with the piano, using the same kind of wood when that is possible. Even common wood could be made to suffice if tastefully colored with one of the stains now so easily attainable. In constructing careful attention must be given to the height of the seat, as there is no arrangement provided for the raising or lowering of it, as in the ordinary piano stool, says The Ladies' World, which is the source of the design.

A Royal Road to Sleep. A well known New York physician, who suffered from insomnia for many years, has found out a brand new method whereby sleep can be instantly obtained. According to The Herald, the doctor has tried it on himself and on his patients and has never known it to fail. It is essentially self-aphysia-tion, and yet there is no possibility of danger.

A Long Breath is First Taken, and the air is kept in until positive discomfort is felt, when it is slowly exhaled. This is repeated a second and a third time, and in a minute or so the patient will be asleep.

The Theory of sleep that finds the widest acceptance is that sleep is occasioned by the exhaustion of the activities of the brain, due to its functional activity when awake. During sleep there is a flow of nutrition to the brain, consequently an increase of blood to supply its deficiencies. By holding the breath the head and brain become intensely congested with venous blood loaded with carbonic acid. The carbonic acid and the other chemical products which venous blood contains act on the nerve tissues and, the same as ether and chloroform, produce artificial sleep.

French Hats. In hats fresh models appear every day. There are some in black and gray felt, trimmed with black feathers in the director style, but the large toques in fur or formed of one whole bird, placed well on the front of the head, will be the favorite Parisienne of this winter. This shape is not becoming to all faces, but it can easily be shaped to the head and draped according to the face it is to frame.

THE HEART ON THE KING. The present is to be a "ring season" unsurpassed in fashion's annals. So decree the mysterious powers that be. And in so fine are jewelers showing more beautiful novelties. Foremost as a new motif in rings is the Heart. Fine, large diamonds are cut heart shaped and, showing almost no mounting, are set upon a plain gold ring. Magnificent opal hearts are framed with brilliant-cut diamonds. The favorite turquoise comes bravely into view in heart shape, and even the emerald is thus cut and lightly set in gold. A pink topaz heart makes an attractive ring.—Jewelers' Circular.

FEAR SALAD. Fears may be made into a salad which is particularly nice to serve with young ducks. The West India alligator pear is best, but any native pear not too ripe may be used. Peel the fruit and cut into thin slices crosswise. Take out the core and put the slices upon the crisp heart leaves of lettuce. A mayonnaise dressing is usually put over this salad, but a French dressing may be used. If desired, this rings of onion may be scattered among the circles of pears.

THE SAME OLD QUESTION.

Even Cato and Scipio Discussed When the Centuries Began.

In the years 600 and 601 A. U. C., or Anno Urbis Condite—that is, after the building of Rome, or 154 and 153 B. C.—the question was discussed in Rome whether 600 or 601 was the beginning of the seventh century after the founding of Rome.

While as, in our days, the standing question in the capital of the Romans was "Quid novi ex Africa?" (What is the news from Africa?) a third war with the republic of Carthage seemed imminent. Cato the elder, Scipio the younger and other prominent men of the day found time for the discussion of the century question and disagreed. Some held that 600, others that 601, was the first year of the new century of old Rome.

So Cæsarulus Pao, the Roman analyst, tells us in his records. He afterward, in 148 B. C., commanded the Roman legions in Africa against Carthage, which two years later succumbed to Scipio Africanus, by whom it was destroyed.

No doubt hardly a century passed after the times of Charles the Great (Charlemagne) in which the centennial commencement problem did not agitate the minds. This was especially the case in Italy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

In the year 1600 there was such a hot discussion on the question in Germany that a medal was struck in commemoration of it, with the German inscription which in English version is: "Oh, wonder of wonders! Man counts 1600, and still he ponders how old he may be."

Toward the end of 1799 the same dispute arose in the fatherland, and the discussion was especially hot at Weimar, at that time the center of German culture. There were two opposing parties called respectively the "Ninety-niners" and "Hundreders," according to their believing either 1799 or 1800 to be the last of the eighteenth century.

Goethe and Schiller, as may be seen from their letters, at first siding with the "Ninety-niners," finally were converted to join the "Hundreders," but not without first having celebrated, over a bowl of champagne, the close of the eighteenth century on Dec. 31, 1799, and again celebrating in the same way the beginning of the nineteenth century on Jan. 1, 1801.—Baltimore Sun.

A SONG BY MALIBRAN.

How It Burst Forth After One of Her Periods of Silence.

In the autumn of 1832 Malibran was at Rome and went one afternoon to the Villa Pamphili with Horace Verget, then director of the French academy at Rome, his wife and beautiful daughter, Louise Vernet, and Legouve. The great singer had been mute for several days, such periods of silence in her art being not unusual with her. Walking through the grounds, they came to one of those delicious corners of umbrageous garden so characteristic of a Roman garden, where a little fountain gushed from under a low terrace, approached by two short flights of marble steps and shaded by tall cypresses and pines.

The freshness of the water and the heat of the day tempted Malibran; who ran like a child to hold her head under the fountain. Her hair was soon wet, and she laughingly shook down its raven black coils to dry. The sunlight, piercing through the trees like little golden arrows, caught the crystallized drops of water on her head and made them shine like tiny stars. She suddenly looked up at the platform above the fountain. Her countenance changed. The laughter ceased and gave way to a serious and strange expression. She slowly mounted the marble steps and, reaching the platform, lifted her face toward the heavens, looking like a priestess with her flowing hair, and intoned the great air from Norma, "Casta Diva."

The surprise, the singularity of the mise en scene, the delight of hearing her in such a spot after a long silence, her own emotion at hearing her voice joined with that of the murmuring fountain, the breath of the air and all the splendors of that garden, made such an impression on the small group of listeners looking up at her on her pedestal that none of them could restrain their tears.—Geraldine Magazine.

A Fine Old English Lady.

A very remarkable old lady—Lady Emily Foley—died the other day at Stoke Edith Park, her fine mansion in Herefordshire, in her ninety-fifth year. Born in 1806, and a daughter of the third Duke of Devonshire, she was wedded to Mr. Edward Thomas Foley, who, over half a century ago, left her a widow with a fine estate. Till the last she retained almost unimpaired all her faculties and was as straight as an arrow and ready to take part in the transactions of her own county as if she had been 50 years younger. She dearly loved to be clothed in the richest stuffs and the brightest colors, and her dresses, bonnets and caps were the admiration of all beholders, and, however gossamer they might be, were not unbecoming to her.

On the occasion of unveiling the portrait of the queen in the shire hall at Hereford, in September, 1897, she was bold enough to appear in jubilee colors, with a scarlet satin gown to match the uniform of the lord lieutenant and officers assembled on the platform, a white bonnet, trimmed with blue and red bows and some tricolor ribbons attached to her left breast.—Westminster Gazette.

Winged Errors.

Many a man now, when he starts to give his letter, makes it "99, and then he uses 9-7, 9-7 words.—Philadelphia Record.

BREAD UPON THE WATER.

How One Man Repaid an Old Debt to His Brother.

Bread cast upon the water often returns increased many fold, but it is seldom that a good deed is rewarded by the recipient at the rate of 1,000 for 1. Yet this happened a short time ago to a well known business man of Kansas City, whose office is not far from the corner of Tenth and Walnut streets.

Thirty years ago the business man and his brother were living in St. Louis. They were young men and were struggling industriously to gain a footing in the commercial world. The business man loaned his brother \$35 to buy clothing and received as an evidence of the debt a note for \$35. The note was laid aside and in the busy years that followed was forgotten. The brothers separated. The one who lent the money came to Kansas City and prospered. The other brother remained in St. Louis, and fortune, too, smiled upon him. He is now vice president and general manager of one of the largest trust companies in New York city and has a big private fortune.

Some time ago the Kansas City brother was asked to hunt up some old family papers and bring them to his brother in St. Louis. He ransacked chests, trunks and drawers and found them. At the bottom of an unused trunk he discovered an old red pocket-book. Inside was the \$35 note given 30 years before. The paper was discolored by age, the writing was faded, but was still legible. The existence of the note had been forgotten by both brothers. When the Kansas City man went to St. Louis with the family papers, he took the note with him. After a pleasant chat with his brother he said to him laughingly:

"Charlie, why don't you pay your debts?"

"What do you mean, Walter?"

"Well, here's a note you gave me 30 years ago, and you haven't paid either principal or interest."

The brother took the little piece of paper and looked at it in a perplexed manner for a few moments. Then he laughed and said:

"It had slipped my memory. You gave me that money to buy clothes. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay that note right now and pay you 1,000 for 1." He turned to his desk and wrote out a check for \$35,000 and handed it to the astounded Kansas City man. His protests were in vain. He was forced to accept the money, and he marked the note paid.—Kansas City Star.

BLACK WALNUT.

A Discarded American Timber Which European Appreciate.

The great size often reached by this tree, the richness of the dark brown wood, the unique beauty of the grain, sometimes found in burrs, knots, feathers and in the curl of the roots all conspire to make this the most choice and high priced of all our native woods.

Twenty-five years ago walnut was extensively used in the manufacture of fine furniture and furnishings in this country, but manufacturers adversely drew attention to the beauty of darkly stained quartered oak, and the use of the rarer wood has greatly declined. But all this time the search for fine black walnut logs has gone on systematically, though quietly, the trade attracting little attention, though the volume of lumber handled has been large. Though found to some extent in the Atlantic states from Massachusetts southward, the great source of supply has been the central portion of the Mississippi valley. The walnut is at home in the rich alluvial bottom lands of the western streams and in the stony limestone hills of the hills and mountains, and in such localities the buyers have left few trees unharmed. Throughout eastern Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas, as well as the states along the Ohio and its tributaries, may be seen a few logs at this little station, a car or two at that, with carefully hewn sides and painted ends, ready for the market.

If you ask where the market is, you will find that the great bulk of this rare lumber goes to Europe. While we have been led into an enthusiastic admiration for fine oak, stained according to the degree of antiquity it is supposed to represent, our European cousins have been paying fancy prices for the rich black walnut that we have allowed to go "out of fashion."—Berea Quarterly.

Felt Smaller Than He Looks.

The dwarf of the new house is John L. Burnett of Alabama. An Albanian the other day related his story, which will best illustrate his diminutive member will appear to the onlooker when he makes his maiden speech. Burnett, commonly known in his district as "The Jack of London," is a shrewd lawyer, who has had much practice before the Alabama supreme court. The greatest embarrassment of his life was experienced when he made his debut before that dignified tribunal. He was seated behind a high table stacked with lawbooks, and panned, and when he arose in his turn to address the court their honors were unable to even see the top of his head above the pile.

"The learned counsel" said the chief justice, rapping vigorously with his gavel, "will kindly do the usual courtesy of rising when addressing it."

It is needless to add that Burnett felt manifoldly more diminutive than he looked.—Philadelphia Call.

Wear Dog Checks.

American soldiers in the Philippines are all wearing "dog checks." A "dog check" is a lead medal about the size of a dollar, with the volunteer's name, regiment and company stamped on it. It is hung on a leather string around the neck and serves to identify the dead or severely wounded.

GAYDE'S MEAT MARKET

Spring Chickens, We have Spring Chickens and 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.

Potatoes! Potatoes! WANTED!

Having been forced to dispose of my interests in the drug and grocery business on account of poor health, I have engaged in the Produce business and may be found at my office at scale.

Near D. G. R. & W. R. R. Depot,

Where I will be pleased to meet my old friends. I shall pay the Highest Cash Price for Produce of all kinds, making a specialty of Potatoes.

GEO. W. HUNTER

WHY BUY FLOUR

Made by out of town mills when you can buy

The Plymouth Rock and Magnolia Brands

Of full roller flour made by home mills. We guarantee every sack of these brands of Flour. Try them. Call at our store and examine our stock of

Groceries, Canned Goods, Crockery and Glassware,

And get our Prices before buying elsewhere. Our goods and our prices will suit you. We do not give our goods away, but we do give you good value for your money. We guarantee all of our goods, and if they are not just as we represent them, bring them back and we will refund your money.

NORTH VILLAGE.

GAYDE BROS.



What Do you Think

of that for a mouthful? Rather too much for a bite, but its goodness makes one eager for a taste. That is a fair statement when applied

Steaks, Chops, Roasts, Entrees, etc.

At Taylor's Restaurant.

Everything is good and everything delicious. For Breakfast, Dinner and Supper we have a large variety of dishes.

G. A. TAYLOR



FLORIDA NEW ORLEANS



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

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Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail

Best Paper in Western Wayne.

Only \$1.00 per Year.

Breezy Items

By Our Correspondents.

MEADS MILLS.

A new baby came to Frank Eckles' last week, all doing well. Miss Birdie Johnson has recovered from diphtheria. They were released from quarantine Sunday. H. S. Greene was in Detroit on business last Monday. Mrs. Nomi Greene has sold her farm in west Plymouth to a Mr. Stacy of Plymouth.

CHERRY HILL.

The post office has not been started out as it is doing a very good business but the powers that be have decreed that on account of free rural delivery it must go. However the mail of those living off the delivery route will be left here and receive the same attention as heretofore.

A patron of the creamery wishing to ascertain if there was any advantage in having milk put through the separating process made a test with the following result. In five days they drew 265 lbs. of milk to the creamery which showed a test of 3.8 per 100 lbs. From the same amount churned at home they got 6 lbs. of butter which would equal a test of about 2.4 per 100 lbs.—a loss of 1.4 or about 37 cents per 100 besides the labor.

Will Krebs, of New Boston, is visiting here this week. Arthur Newton is very sick. Milo Corwin, of Northville, was home Tuesday and Wednesday.

NEWBURG.

Rev. J. H. Herbener, of Northville, will lecture in Newburg Hall Tuesday evening, Feb. 20th. Subject, "The Grim Joker of Holy Writ." Plymouth Presbyterian chorus of twenty will sing.

Floyd Ostrander returned home from Erie last Saturday. Homer, Ada, and Roy Hodge, of near Owosso, visited this week with W. J. Ostrander's family and relatives in and near Plymouth. They will visit at Detroit and Pontiac before returning home.

Miss Hattie Hodge has resigned her position in Owosso schools on account of poor health. She returned home this week.

The literary social was very interesting last Friday evening at W. J. Ostrander's. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, of Plymouth, sang and Mr. Curtis gave an instruction talk which was very much appreciated by the audience. Selections were read by Mr. Zander, Miss Mabel Rutter and Tillie Becko that were very interesting. Mrs. LeVan has returned from Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Rutter attended the funeral of a relative at Redford Wednesday.

Mrs. Patterson is gaining strength slowly and sits up a short time every day.

Mrs. Vinton is better of the lameness and is treated by Dr. Tillapaugh. Mr. Barrows is janitor of the G. A. R. hall for the coming year.

The next literary meeting given by the League will be held at George Chilson's.

All remember the night-cap social at the Hall Friday night and the Farmers Club next Tuesday evening.

Edd Rutter's handsome little puppy was killed by the electric car one day this week.

LIVONIA CENTER.

Palmer Chilson is at home once more after doing duty as court deputy in the city for the past five weeks.

There will be a grand ball at the Livonia town hall Friday evening, Feb. 16th. Good music by Zisler's full orchestra. A cordial invitation is extended to all. You are promised a good dance, for further particulars, see cards. What is the matter of the dramatic club? We hear that it is broken up. It seems that all is not lovely even in plays.

Frank Ceiting met with quite an accident Tuesday morning, while trying to get some game out of a tree he fell and sprained his ankle and also hurt his back so he could not stand up alone. Ed. Peck was with him at the time and managed, with the aid of a horse, to take him to his father's house, where they went at once for a physician.

Report says that Emery Millard has rented George Hawkins' farm, two miles east of the Center.

Facts to Remember.

The original and Genuine Red Pills are Knill's Red Pills for Wan People at 25c a box, the woman's remedy. Don't pay 50c.

You can work when they work, never gripe or make you sick, Knill's White Liver Pills. Bowel Regulator. Twenty-five doses, 25c.

Knill's Blue Kidney Pills cures back-aches, etc. Only 25c a box. Knill's Black Diarrhoea Pills. Cure summer complaints, dysentery and all pains of the stomach and bowels. Only 25 cents box.

Pure, sweet stomachs and breaths are made by taking Knill's Dyspepsia Tablets. They will cure indigestion, correct all stomach troubles, destroy all foul gases for 25c box. Best and cheapest, guaranteed by your druggist.

John Corte Jr., is able to be out again after his close call of last week. John says he would not take the chances again for the best farm in Livonia. Leroy Nailer's father was buried at Northville Tuesday.

Word has been received here that Jim Van Houten of Maple Rapids, formerly of this place, was killed by a tree falling on him a few days ago. He leaves a wife and daughter. Some forty friends and neighbors gathered at the home of August Misner on Tuesday evening to celebrate the oldest son's birthday. Cards and dancing were indulged in for a couple of hours when refreshments were served and dancing resumed again. At about two o'clock the party broke up, wishing them all many returns of the day—or night rather. Everybody felt they had had a good time.

SALEM.

The many friends of T. I. Van Atta, a former Salem boy, now of Minneapolis, will be pleased to learn that he has a responsible position in a Michigan house, that of the Garland Manufacturing company, at Howell. This concern we understand is one of the best in the country, and has done an extensive western business for twenty years or more, extending its operations as far south as New Mexico and Arizona and all over the northwestern states. When last heard from Mr. Van Atta was in Wyoming and reports business conditions favorable.

Mr. and Mrs. John Munn have been spending a few days in Detroit this week with Mr. and Mrs. Will Thayer and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sober.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwelly Smith have been in Detroit this week visiting Mr. and Charles Orleman.

Mr. and Mrs. George VanSickle entertained a party of their friends at dinner on Friday of last week.

The snow storm last Sunday was responsible for a great many vacant seats in the churches at Salem.

Quite a large number of the young friends of Forest Roberts called on him last Friday evening unannounced. Mrs. Roberts had been let into the secret and had the chairs set back and the parlor warmed and some ice cream ready to serve. Forest is one of the graduating class of the Northville school the coming year.

Miss Betta Bullock, of Plymouth, spent the Sabbath with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Bullock, of Salem.

PERRINSVILLE.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Parmalee, Thursday, Feb. 1st, a daughter.

Leg J. Meldrum opened his store last Saturday.

Mrs. L. P. Hanchett is staying with her daughter for a few days.

A. Lyle is doing a rushing business in his store. His smiling face and pleasant ways win many customers. He has everything you need in the general store line.

Lee Meldrum and lady friend, Miss Edith Oliver, are boarding with Mrs. Katie Wurts.

A Reed, of Detroit, bought the estate of Mary Parmalee, which was sold at public auction last Wednesday.

J. F. Brown is able to be out again.

Mrs. Wm. Herr, who has been suffering from a sprained ankle, is improving.

No church last Sunday owing to the severe snow storm.

Look out for a wedding across the river in the near future.

PIKEN PEAK.

Mrs. Mary Robinson and daughter, Mrs. May Fox, spent Saturday in Wayne.

Mr. Axtel is visiting with his sister, Mrs. Phoebe Kipp.

John Karick and Charley Harer are cutting wood for I. M. Lewis.

Billy Robinson made a business trip to Detroit Saturday.

Fanny Ferguson is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Kipp.

Mrs. Sarah Robinson has been on the sick list, but is better at this writing.

Mrs. Ambrose Robinson was called to Detroit on account of the sickness of her daughter Effie.

Amy Muelbeck is working for Wm. Panco at Newburg.

John Minock, of Beech, made a business trip to this place on Monday.

Miss Etta Rnods called on friends here Wednesday.

MURRAY'S CORNERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford McClumphia, Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Pooler and Willard Pooler spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Sbas Howson of Dearborn.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Westfall and Miss Ada Westfall spent last Tuesday at Dewey Berdan's.

Master George Morgan spent Saturday with friends at Frains Lake.

Good rooms in the Coleman block to rent. Enquire of JOHN L. GALE.

NOTICE—Owing to contemplated change of business, I will offer my entire stock of groceries for sale. Enquire of Box 554, Plymouth, Mich.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Windmill, 30-bbl. tank and pump, in good condition. Enquire of Geo. Van Vleet, Plymouth Hotel.

VEDADO, CUBA. The following letter was received by Mrs. Oscar Huston, from Miss Gilmore, former teacher here, dated Vedado, January 24, 1900:

Dear Mrs. Huston: I fear you will think your Cuban letter a long time in reaching you, but for some time now I have considered myself a Vedado resident rather than a visitor, and so am trying to remember each and all of my friends in turn.

I have had a very courteous letter from the Plymouth school board, releasing me for the remainder of the year. I disliked to ask the favor of them, but after I got down here and had a position offered me, it really seemed a pity not to take advantage of the opportunity of staying in this delightful climate and avoiding the hardships of at least one Northern winter.

We are living at Vedado, which is a suburb of Havana, and about a half hour's ride from the city. It is a fine, open place and the air is perfectly delightful. Our house is within a few minutes' walk of the ocean, so that we go down very often. With the exception of a few rainy days, the weather has been perfect—just warm enough to be comfortable in summer clothes, but I presume about the time you Northerners begin to thaw out, we down here will be approaching the melting point.

It seems very strange to live in a land of foreign speaking people—to hear a babel of voices around you and yet not be able to understand one word. Havana is a curious, noisy old town, with very narrow streets, so that two vehicles can barely pass, and sidewalks even narrower—about fourteen or sixteen inches wide, and on one street the walk is only seven inches in width.

Last Saturday a party of us took a trip on the Bay. Saw what remains of the wreck of the Maine. Then visited Cabanas, which is an old fort, and then the renowned Morro Castle. The two latter places were in a very dreadful condition when the Americans took possession. They were so filthy and neglected and were perfect hotbeds of disease, particularly yellow fever, but now they have been disinfected and are scrupulously clean.

Yesterday afternoon I visited Colon cemetery, the temporary resting place of the Maine victims. The bodies have recently been taken to the States. There are some very beautiful monuments in Colon cemetery. One, the fireman's monument, is a marvel of the sculptor's art, and is said to be the most beautiful monument in the world.

There are some very pretty drives around here. The great palm trees forty feet high and more are truly beautiful. I wish you could see the house we are living in. It is strictly Cuban. The ceilings are very, very high, so built to make the houses cooler. They have no chimneys or windows. The glass would draw the heat too much, so where windows would naturally be are very large openings, extending from floor to ceiling and protected by heavy iron bars. They keep out all specimens of the human race all right, but now and then a stray cat or chicken slips between the bars and comes wandering into the house. In the center of the house and right back of the double parlors, is an open court. We have to go the length of this, about forty feet to get to the dining room. On a rainy day it is quite an undertaking.

THE RED LIGHT.

The Danger Signal That Must Always Be Obeyed.

When there is danger on the railroad a red light is displayed. To run by this signal means death and injury to the passengers.

All through life we see the danger signals and, if unheeded, sorrow, despair and sometimes death result. These warnings are sent out by man or nature for our protection.

Nature sends out a warning signal when her lays have been disobeyed and there is danger of going farther before the wrong has been righted.

The best machinery needs oil, so does the human machine. The system becomes run down and needs to be built up. It must be placed in a healthy condition before it will do its work properly.

If the blood is impure and the liver torpid, the stomach fails to do its work and dyspepsia, nervousness, catarrh, headaches, and constipation are the result. These are Nature's signals. Heed them before it is too late.

A new combination of thoroughly tried and tested remedies called Knox Stomach Tablets are now offered to suffering humanity. This new vegetable remedy goes to the seat of the disorder, builds up the whole system and transforms the weak and infirm into healthy men and women. A single box will be a most forcible argument to the sufferer.

Knox Stomach Tablets immediately relieve indigestion and are a positive cure for dyspepsia. If your druggist does not sell them, send fifty cents with your address and that of the druggist to the Knox Chemical Co., Battle Creek, Mich., and a full sized box will be sent postpaid.

MARDI GRAS FESTIVITIES.

New Orleans, La. and Mobile, Ala.

Agents of Ohio Central Lines will sell tickets on Feb. 19th to 26th inclusive at One Fare for the round trip. Good returning until March 15th, 1900.

Send in your subscription to The Mail—only \$1 per year.

She Was Not Ready to "Obey." A Church of England dignitary in New Zealand is telling in London a story of a lady who recently called upon him in reference to the approaching marriage of a young girl relative. Her special request was that there should be in the ceremony no mention whatever of obeying "or any other act of that description." The clergyman, after recovering from the shock of a suggestion so utterly unexpected, explained as politely as circumstances allowed that, though the women of New Zealand had votes, could become mayors and barristers, and even eventually sit in parliament, he could not hold out any hope of a change of the marriage service in the direction desired.

It is plain from this that both in London and the English provinces the omission here referred to is not so frequently demanded or secured as in America. There has been a great deal of talk about it here. The other day, for instance, the wedding of two people present in the western part of this country was nearly marred by the prejudice. The bride had told the clergyman, who was also to be her brother-in-law, that she would have none of it. He declared that in that case he would not pronounce the couple man and wife, but when the time came for her answer the bride added aloud, "not" to her "I will," and though the clergyman shook with laughter, he did not carry out his threat.—Philadelphia Press.

Deceitful Appearances.

Appearances are oftentimes deceitful, but it is just as well to avoid bad ones. Here is a story that an out of town girl told the other afternoon at a tea party: "I knew a girl, a lovely girl in all ways, who was engaged to a man who died before the wedding. In just a year afterward she married another and luckier man. No one blamed her; no one could. A year is a span long enough for a disconsolate widow, and therefore great space for a fiancée, who may not even wear weeds. Now, this lovely girl, being dainty and refined in her tastes, had for her favorite flower the modest violet. Eschewing the conventional bridal roses, she elected to carry a bouquet of her much loved dark blossoms. A slender wreath of the same bound the snowy veil on her fair head. To carry out the effect, the bridesmaids wore violet hats, and the decorations everywhere were in violet, purple ribbons even spanning the church aisles to let the bridal party pass. In itself all this was very pretty and poetic, but even as Browning is read by the context, so was this wedding. People looked at the purple and white and cried as with one accord, 'Is it possible that she is still in mourning for the lover who died?' and commented on it as a very singular thing. The explanation was easy enough, and sweet and pretty easy, but the appearances—well, as usual, they were desperately deceitful!"—Elnira Telegram.

Her Son's Model.

A young student at one of the large art institutions decided last winter to try for a prize, says Harper's Bazar. He was under 20, and his competitors were all older than he. He wrote his mother about it, begging her to come and pose for him, saying that he knew he could win it if only she were his

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

How To Find Out. Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also

convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and acidifying pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1. sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

Administrator's Sale.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne. In the matter of the estate of Ralph Van Houten, deceased. Notice is hereby given that by virtue and in pursuance of an order of license made in said matter and granted to the undersigned, George Chilson, administrator of the estate of said deceased, by the Hon. Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate for the said county of Wayne, on the thirtieth day of January, A. D. 1900, there will be sold at public auction, or vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of John Stinger's store, at Livonia Center, in the township of Livonia, county of Wayne, State of Michigan, on Saturday, the twenty-fourth day of March, A. D. 1900, at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, subject to approval and confirmation of said Probate court, the following described real estate situated in the township of Livonia, county of Wayne, State of Michigan, to-wit: The north-west quarter of the section 22, and the south-east quarter of section 23, in said township of Livonia.

Dated February 24th, 1900. GEORGE CHILSON, Administrator.

PATENTS

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