

# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XIII, NO 24.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 649.

**R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M.,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Office hours 11 to 1; 2:30 to 4:30.  
Columbian Block.

**T. H. OLIVER, M. D.,**  
Physician & Surgeon  
Office over Biggs' Store.  
Hours—Until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after 7:30 p. m.

**DWIGHT H. FITCH,**  
Attorney-at-Law and  
Solicitor in Chancery

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

**E. C. LEACH, Pres.**  
**L. C. HOUGH, Vice Pres.**  
**C. A. FISHER, Asst. Cashier.**

**PLYMOUTH SAVINGS BANK**

CAPITAL \$50,000.

3 Per Cent paid on certificates and savings deposits.

A portion of your business solicited.

**E. K. BENNETT,**  
Cashier

**First National Exchange BANK**  
CAPITAL - \$50,000

General Banking Business Transacted

**3 PER CENT**

Interest paid on Savings and Time Deposits.

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

**NEW LEADER SELF-HEATING**

**Gasoline Sad-Iron**

Is perfectly clean, very neat 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	
No. 1. Red Wheat	87
No. 2. White	85
Do, white, per bu	24
Do, red, per bu	1.80 to 1.75
Do, yellow, per bu	82
DAIRY AND PRODUCE	
Butter, cream	20
Eggs, strictly fresh	14
Lard, lb.	08 to 07
POULTRY AND MEATS	
Chicken, dressed, per wt.	08
Do, fresh	07 to 07 1/2
Do, veal	06 1/2
MISCELLANEOUS	
Flour, retail price per bbl.	33.75
Do, per cwt	38
Short-need	35
Do, long	30
Potatoes	26

**Fast Trains**  
Via Chicago & North-Western Ry—Chicago to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Milwaukee, Des Moines, Sioux City, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland. The best of everything. No change of cars. Call on any Ticket Agent for information, or address W. B. Kniskern, 25 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill. W. H. Carter, 13 Campus-Martius, Detroit, Mich.—4.

**MARDI GRAS FESTIVITIES.**

New Orleans, La. and Mobile, Ala.

Agents of Ohio Central lines will sell tickets on Feb. 18th to 25th inclusive at One Fare for the round trip. Good returning until March 15th, 1900.

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

## Pencil and Pastepot

The Detroit papers report that a company is trying to get franchises for an electric road from Detroit to Ann Arbor via Livonia towship—the road to run about six miles north of the Ypsilanti. If all the electric roads that are projected and have secured franchises about Wayne were built, there would hardly be a highway left for driving purposes. People are getting skeptical about electric roads and have little faith in them until they see the rails laid.—Wayne Review.

If all reports be true, Admiral Dewey is not the only hero who has won a bride by his acts during the Spanish war. Genetal "Joe" Wheeler, it is whispered, is coming home to be married to a charming Washington widow who refused him several times in the past, but who relented after he had gone to the Philippines and who has been in a fever of anxiety ever since. The widows seem to be as dangerous to heroes as they were in the time of the late lamented Samivel Weller.

In the opinion of Senator Morgan of Alabama, the United States will sufficiently guard the Nicaraguan canal by maintaining fortifications at Porto Rico and on one of the Galapagos islands now belonging to Ecuador. Negotiations are now on hand with the latter country for one of these and have also been commenced with Denmark for her West Indian possessions. Great Britain also has important naval stations at Jamaica and at Santa Lucia, commanding the entrance to the canal.

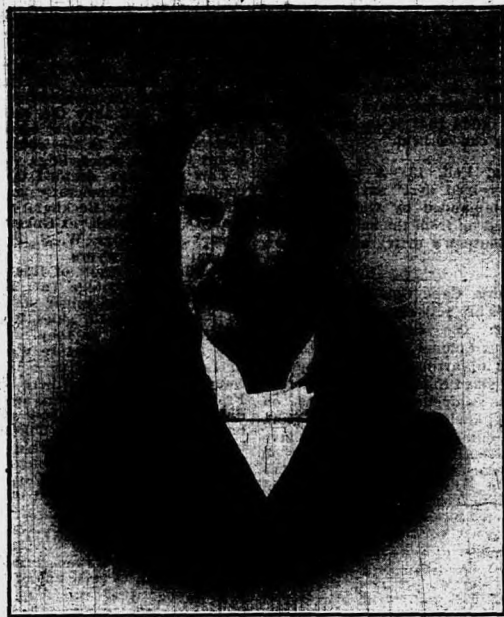
Mrs. Wm. A Arms has something of an oddity in plant life, which has been admired by many of her friends this week. The blossom is in the form of a long leaf about an inch wide and which unfolds to the length of twenty five inches with stemens 18 inches long. Its edges are serrated and its color is a rich mottled red and green. The leaves do not make their appearance until the blossom has come and gone. Mrs. Arms does not know the name of the plant and as our botanical editor is taking a vacation at present, the Times will not undertake to state what it is.—Milford Times.

William Gunning, for many years a resident of Clarenceville, passed away at the home of his sister, Mrs. A. B. Beach, Saturday, after only a few hours sickness. During the past year Mr. Gunning was sick off and on but no one supposed that there was any immediate danger. The services were held Monday at 2 o'clock, from the Clarenceville church, the interment being in the grave yard adjoining. Mr. Gunning was born in Lyons, N. Y., Nov. 26, 1824, and came to Michigan in 1827. With the exception of a few years spent in California, the greater part of his life was spent in the township of Livonia, near Clarenceville. Three sisters and one brother survive him.—Farmington Enterprise.

County Treasurer Buhner is again going out of his way, to say nothing of the extra labor, to assist the taxpayer. It is getting near the tax sale time of the year and Mr. Buhner is going over his entire list of delinquent taxes and is sending a personal notice to each interested party, telling them the years in which the taxes are unpaid, when and how they can yet be paid in order to save the property from being sold to a tax-title purchaser. Mr. Buhner is certainly showing an interest in the affairs of the people of this county that has never been manifest by any of his predecessors, and is proving that to draw a comfortable salary is not all there is to a public office.—Northville Record.

For some time representative Bryan of Wyandotte has been running a boom for county auditor and has been stamping his section giving lectures on "Christian Citizenship," etc. A few weeks ago the Detroit papers printed accounts of how Detroit breweries had sent a large number of cases of beer and whisky to the legislators at Lansing and no small portion had gone to the address of Representative Bryan. The publication of this fact rather took the wind of Bryan's "Christian Citizenship" lectures and his auditorship boom rather flattened out. Hawley Christian one of the present incumbents of that office whose term first expires, has now no opposition in the ranks of his own party and will in all probability be re-elected.—Wayne Review.

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



REV. W. G. STEPHENS.

## PLYMOUTH M. E. CHURCH.

Plymouth Methodists are in a happy frame of mind just now over the fine interior appearance of their church edifice, and the best part of it is that funds for the improvements have all been arranged for. Pastor Stephens feels especially good, and it may be said that much of the "push" in bringing about the present state of things is due to his efforts. The dingy, soiled walls presented a gloomy appearance and late last fall the work of repairing and refrescoing them was begun by Godfrey & Son, of Detroit. The work was done very artistically, the colors blending nicely and harmonious in their shades and outlines. The price paid for this was \$219.20.

The floors and rostrum next received attention, a new carpet being purchased at a cost of \$127.05. The figures and colors are very pretty and in keeping with the other decorations.

Oil lights had heretofore done duty, but their illuminating power was not what these progressive times was desirable. The most available, and perhaps better than an electric, was the so-called "Airlight," a light manufactured by the Incandescent Light Co., of Cincinnati, O., and a plant of this kind was established. In the center of the church hangs a neat, four-light, brass chandelier, affording light sufficient to brilliantly illuminate the entire audience room. On each side of the choir alcove is placed a bracket light, by which the choir and pulpit are handsomely lighted, and one light each is also placed in the Epworth League and class rooms and in the vestibule. One hundred dollars was the price paid for the complete outfit.

The total cost of all improvements made upon the church footed up \$558.05. Through the faithful efforts of the Ladies' Furnishing Society of the church and by subscription this amount was reduced to \$344.00. Rev. Stephens determined that this debt should not hang over the church very long, and after his sermon last Sunday morning he first read a statement of what the improvements had cost, and the balance still due. Then assuming a most confident manner, he asked the congregation to provide for the debt. The people saw the point and in less than twenty-five minutes more than enough had been pledged to cancel all obligations. Rev. Stephens thanked all for their liberal response, which included not only members, but also those (not members) who are earnest supporters of the church. Money is not often subscribed with pleasure, but Mr. Stephens' confident and happy manner made everyone willing to give and give with pleasure.

A word about the genial pastor is not out of place here. Mr. Stephens was appointed to Plymouth by the last annual Conference, having labored for four years previous in Deerfield, Lenawee Co., where his work was very successful. During special revival meetings held, when on his second year, more than one hundred made a profession of religion, the larger number uniting with the church of which he was pastor. In church improvements there \$1,100 was expended and all paid. Mr. Stephens is a Canadian, having come to this country ten years ago, five of which he labored in Pinckney, Livingston Co., four in Deerfield and is now on his first year in Plymouth.

Large congregations attend upon his ministry every Sabbath. He is what

may be termed an enthusiastic preacher, much in earnest, but never straining after sensationalism. His sermons are pointed, convincing, and thoroughly evangelical, giving evidence of thoughtful and reverent preparation. Since his arrival in Plymouth he has made many friends and they continue to increase. The Mail has reason to believe that the M. E. church will greatly prosper under his ministry.

W. C. T. U.

Word has been received that the comfort bags, sent by the Plymouth W. C. T. U., have reached their destination in safety and are greatly appreciated by the lumbermen.

Memorial services for Frances Willard will be held this Friday (Feb. 16) in I. O. O. F. hall, at 2:30 p. m.

A wee baby girl came last Sunday to gladden the home of our ex-secretary, Mrs. Mary Downer.

We clip the following from the Detroit Journal of February 13:

Northville, Mich., Feb. 13.—Special—Northville finds that it can get along without a saloon. The merchants report increased trade, the boarding-houses have more patrons, and the marshal says there is less drunkenness than he has ever known, since Shafer's bar was closed ten days ago.—Supt Press.

## GRANGE NOTES.

Plymouth Grange met at the home of Henry Hurd Feb. 1st and notwithstanding the severeness of the weather there was a good attendance. Nearly all members were present. We are happy to report Mrs. Clarke, one of our members who has not been able to be with us for several meetings on account of sickness, as much better and hope to see her at our next meeting. J. S. Clarke and wife, state delegates from Belleville, were also present. After a most excellent dinner, meeting was called to order and after the usual business was transacted, all listened to a fine report of the State Grange by Mrs. Clarke also a verbal report by Mr. Clarke. They were also requested to give an account of the Belleville Farmers' Institute, Mrs. Clarke giving a sketch of the woman's section. A vote of thanks was then extended them by Plymouth Grange. The subjects of trusts was then discussed and a most excellent paper read by the lecturer, T. S. Clarke. The meeting adjourned to meet at Joel Bradner's March 8th, being postponed one week on account of the Farmers' Institute at Ann Arbor.

**Deafness Cannot be Cured**  
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## A Frightful Blunder

Will often cause a horrible burn, scald, cut or bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures old sores, fever sores, ulcers, boils, felons, corns, all skin eruptions. Best pile cure on earth. Only 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by John Gale, druggist.



## 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

THE GOODS ARE ALL RIGHT

—AND—

## Here are the Prices

UNTIL FARTHER NOTICE.

23 lbs Pure Buckwheat Flour	75
3 pkgs. Hoosier Pancake Flour	25
20 lbs Granulated Corn Meal	25
10 lbs Rolled Oats	25
7 lbs Laundry Starch	25
6 pkgs Corn Starch	25
4 lbs Carolina Head Rice	25
3 lbs Three-Crown Raisins	25
3 pkgs None-Such Mince Meat	25
3 cans Marrowfat Peas	25
3 cans Early June Peas	25
3 cans Tomatoes	25
3 cans first quality Corn	25
2 cans Fancy Corn, Peas, Tomatoes or Succotash	25
4 qts extra fine Beans	25
3 lbs choice Pork	25
3 lbs pure Leaf Lard	25
2 cans Alaska Salmon	25
3 boxes Sardines (large size)	25
3 boxes Sardines in Mayonaise dressing	25
3 bottles extra fine Ketchup	25
8 bars Queen Ann Soap	25
7 boxes LaBesta	25
6 boxes Gold Dust	25
5 doz. Polished Clothes Pins	5
4 lbs Sal Soda	5
Ham and Bacon that is fine.	
Cabbage, Parsnips, Turnips and Celery.	
Potatoes that are splendid cookers.	

Goods delivered to any part of the town.

## HILLMER & CO.

Near Village Hall.

Visit The Mail Job Rooms,  
FOR AUCTION BILLS.



# WEEK'S HISTORY.

News from All Parts of the Great World.

## EVENTS BRIEFLY NARRATED.

**ANOTHER GOOD SHOW, PHILIPPINE EVENTS**  
Which Are of General Interest, Dismissed, Criticism and Other Subjects Chronological in Condensed Form for the Busy Reader.

### THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Brigadier General Kobbe's forces have been garrisoned nine days in the Philippines, after severe fighting. Twelve American soldiers near General Lopez, while guarding a train of bull carts, were ambushed by rebels and half the soldiers were killed. The United States transports *Panama*, *Albatross* and *Indiana* have arrived at San Francisco from Manila. President Schurman desires that the Philippine Commission be authorized to have the insurgents to quit fighting. The insurgents in Albay province, Luzon, have adopted harassing tactics, shooting burning arrows and setting fire to the towns. The Governor Roger Wolcott of Massachusetts, has declined a position on the new Philippine commission. Captain Deary has taken rigorous steps to establish morality and health among the people in the island of Guam.

### WASHINGTON NEWS.

A bill has been introduced in congress to discharge any government employee who fails to pay his debts. The ways and means committee of the house justifies the tariff on Puerto Rican products on the ground that the islands, as a territory, is not strictly a part of the United States. Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania has introduced a bill extending the pension laws to persons who served in the civil war for only one month. William Alden Smith of Michigan has introduced a bill in the house providing for a minister to the two South African republics.

### THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

At the opening of the proceedings in the Holloman trial at New York the defense announced that they rested their case upon the evidence as submitted by the prosecution. Brigham H. Roberts was held in \$500 bonds at Salt Lake City on a charge of polygamy. A. M. Woolfolk, wanted in Chicago for bank robbery, has been arrested at Dallas, Tex. George H. Harkness, a Chicago lawyer, was shot at by a footpad and received a slight flesh wound in his side. Ed Summerfield, a bartender, shot and killed a robber whom he found plundering Frank Brann, an Austin lawyer, at 1859 West Madison street, Chicago. The lawyers of Roland B. Mollieux in New York say they still have hope of saving their client, despite the verdict of murder rendered against him. Orson M. Smith, alias William Green, of Aurora, Ill., was arrested on a warrant charging that he set fire to two dwelling houses in which he lived in Aurora. Will Goleon, colored, was hanged in the jail yard at Birmingham, Ala., for the murder of Chief Deputy Sheriff Robert Warneck. Mrs. Martin Griffin committed suicide at Chicago by drinking carbolic acid in the presence of her husband. "Bill" Sweeney, a self-confessed murderer, upon being acquitted by a jury, was hanged by a mob at Port Arthur, Tex. Chicago Fourth ward citizens talk of adopting lynch law in self-protection against burglars and highwaymen.

### BUSINESS NOTES.

The Charles A. Vogler Drug company, of Baltimore, was the largest in the United States, has gone into the hands of a receiver. Marshall Field, the Chicago merchant prince, has bought out two of his partners—Lafayette McWilliams and Thomas Templeton. The Diamond Match company is said to be earning 10 per cent. on a capitalization of \$15,000,000. The sixteenth annual convention of the master painters and decorators of the United States has opened at Washington, D. C. At a meeting of the board of directors of the Corn Exchange National bank at Chicago, D. A. Moulton was elected second vice president. Henry E. Holcomb, a New Bedford (Mass.) manufacturer, has made an assignment. His liabilities are placed at \$1,357,438; assets, nothing. Conditions of the inland exchange market cause financiers to believe that prices of stocks will be lower. The private banks of A. J. Swenson, at Nicollet and Lafayette, Minn., have suspended business, but will pay in full. Joshua Gregg & Co., dealers in furniture, New York city, have assigned for the benefit of creditors. Liabilities about \$200,000. The Andrews interests at Youngstown, O., have sold their holdings in the Mahoning Ore company mines of the Messaba range to Hanna & Co. of Cleveland. It is reported that Henry Phipps, Jr., second largest stockholder in the Carnegie Steel company, has broken business relations with Carnegie. Building contractors at Chicago estimate the number of men made idle by their lockout at 7,000; trades unionists say only 3,000 are affected. The commerce of the United States with the islands now under its control was greater in 1893 than in any previous year.

### MISHAPS AND DISASTERS.

Collinsville, Ill., was struck by a terrific windstorm, wrecking houses and injuring many persons. Nine persons were killed in the wreck of a Chicago and Northwestern passenger train near Escanaba, Mich. Two men were killed and two others were badly injured in a collision at Franklin Park, Chicago suburb, between two Wisconsin Central switch engines. Preston Hubbard, 70 years of age, known as one of the largest live stock dealers in the country, was struck by

a trolley car at Buffalo, N. Y., and died a few moments later.

A man supposed to be Dr. S. McKim, of Chicago, was killed by falling from the elevated part of the public library at Chicago.

John Harding, a merchant of Pullman, Ill., was killed by an Illinois Central train.

### THE BOERS WAR.

Messages from Ladysmith, dated Feb. 5, say continuous cannonading has been proceeding since 5 o'clock in the morning, with the occasional roar of a long tom; he firing, it is added, continues. The government of Cape Colony has taken steps to secure prompt trial for all persons accused of rebellion. Bulter's advance is delayed and the Boers are massing a strong force in front of him. Dr. Leyds has left Berlin for Brussels. It is claimed he has been unable to induce Germany to move in behalf of the Boers. The British who were in possession of the kopje at Molen's drift abandoned it after a bombardment by Boer cannon and retired across the Tugela river to their former position. A desultory cannonade is proceeding at the Tugela, but otherwise everything is quiet. Boers are threatening Kimberley, and are assuming the offensive at Modder river and other important points. Methuen is said to have protested against Roberts' assumption of command at Modder river. Roberts expects to advance immediately. He has 35,000 or 40,000 men. French's troops have withdrawn from Colesberg to Modder river. Germany and Russia are said to have refused to loan a big sum to the Boers to aid them in carrying on the war against England.

### NOTABLE DEATHS.

Mrs. Catherine Salisbury is dead at Blandineville, Ill., aged 87 years. She was a sister of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet. William M. Houser, secretary and treasurer of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is dead in St. Louis. William J. Morgan, Jr., vice president of the Morgan Lithographing company, is dead at Cleveland, O. Richard W. Thompson, ex-secretary of the navy, is dead at Terre Haute, Ind. Mother Elizabeth Strange, one of the founders of the Sisters of Mercy in America, is dead at Pittsburg, aged 81. A. P. Hinwood, former mayor of Reedsburg, Wis., and prominent in G. A. B. circles is dead. Colonel Alva Mark Tucker is dead at a private sanitarium at Flint, Mich. He was at one time one of the most prominent citizens of Elkhart county, Ind. Lieutenant Colonel W. H. H. Renaud U. S. A., who was in charge of river and harbor works at New York, is dead. Robert D. Dumm, editor of the Wyandot Union since 1861, and Ohio's oldest editor, is dead at Upper Sandusky.

### THE FIRE RECORD.

Fire at Tampico, Mexico, destroyed eleven retail and one wholesale business houses. Loss, between \$800,000 and \$1,000,000. Five business buildings in Little Rock, Ark., were burned. Losses on stock and buildings, \$265,000; insurance, \$20,000. Fire in Escanaba, Mich., destroyed the National Woodware and Cooperage company's plant. Loss, \$250,000. The Winona Mine company's general store, including the postoffice, at Winona, Minn., was burned. Loss, \$48,000; insurance, \$30,000.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

Republican incumbents of Kentucky state offices below that of lieutenant governor ask the federal court to prevent their unseating. This complicates the situation, as Mr. Taylor is still obdurate. Thirty-nine young Chicago men will leave for south Africa to act as ambulance corps to the Boer army. The Lake Shore railroad may absorb the Big Four. Manager Tom Loftus of Chicago will be asked to sell his Grand Rapids base ball franchise in the American league. William H. Stiles, arrested in South Bend, Ind., was arraigned in the court of general sessions at New York and committed to the Tombs under bail of \$7,500. Arrangements have been completed for the national anti-trust conference in Chicago three days next week. The California assembly has refused to adopt a joint resolution protesting against the proposed treaty with England relative to the Nicaragua canal. The plan for reorganization of the Shelby Steel Tube company is announced. The towpath bridge over the sanitary canal near Joliet was swept away by ice and the wreckage threatened destruction of other bridges. The bubonic plague at Honolulu is believed to be under control. The visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to the Emperor of Austria-Hungary is looked upon as having political significance. New racing material is appearing at the New Orleans track. Several owners will now test their strings until spring. William Baker, an iron worker, was found dead in his bed here at New Albany, Ind. Death resulted from heart disease. Mr. Baker weighed 350 pounds. The Illinois supreme court ruled finally against the 5 per cent. limit clause in the revenue law, sustaining Judge Tuley's decision. Custom delegates bolted the Sangamon county, Ill., Republican convention at the Tanageres; captured the chairmanship. Two sets of delegates were chosen.

# BOERS ARE AGG.

Actively Pressing the Brit of Spies Around Rensburg.

## MANY OF THE OUTPOSTS DRIVEN IN

Section of Artillery and 150 Horse Compelled to Fall Back on Rensburg, Being to the Eastern Flank Being Threatened—Important News Exploited in a Few Days from Field Marshal Lord Roberts at Modder River.

London, Feb. 13.—A dispatch to The Evening News from Rensburg says severe fighting occurred during the British retreat, the various outposts on both sides suffering heavy losses. The dispatch adds that it is doubtful if Rensburg can be held.

London, Feb. 13.—A private telegram received here says that "the force commanded by General Wood has moved up from the southward and seized Zoutpan's drift, which it now holds."

Rensburg, Cape Colony, Feb. 13.—The Boers are actively pressing around Rensburg. The British force under Lieutenant Colonel Page, consisting of a section of artillery and 150 horses, which reached Slingersfontein Feb. 10, has been compelled to fall back on Rensburg, owing to its eastern flank being threatened. The Boers have again driven in the British outposts on the western flank, all outposts at Barnard's Nek, Hokkirik's Windmill and other points retreating to Maeder's farm. There were several casualties, but details have not yet been received.

Important News Expected. London, Feb. 13.—Preparations for a move from Modder river are about completed and important events can be anticipated within a few days. Interest centers almost wholly upon Field Marshal Roberts, especially since General Buller's report of his withdrawal from Vaal-Krantz, came, for



the first time, through Lord Roberts, showing that all the different operations over the wide field will hereafter be more completely co-ordinated. It is now known that the military attaches have gone to the military at Rensburg, and that Lord Roberts at the Modder river, another move precluding an advance.

### Refugees at Modder River.

A dispatch from the Modder River announces the arrival there of 1,400 refugees from the Barkley West district. They had been ordered away by the Boers because they refused to join the republicans. The refugees reached the Modder river via Koodoosberg. It is learned that 200 Boers were killed or wounded during General MacDonald's reconnaissance. There is no confirmation of the reported sortie of British troops from Ladysmith nor of the Boer outflanking movement. A report comes from Durban that the British artillery forced the Boers to evacuate their camp on Hlangwani Hill, south of Colenso. It would be an important advantage if the British were able to occupy the position.

### Rhodes' Friends Becoming Alarmed.

The friends of Cecil Rhodes are becoming alarmed at his possible fate and have sent an emissary to see Dr. Leyds, the diplomatic agent of the Boers in Europe, in regard to the probable course the Boers would pursue in the event of his capture. Dr. Leyds assured the intermediaries that the Boers did not intend to kill Mr. Rhodes, but, he added, they would certainly hold him as a hostage until the indemnity for the Jameson raid was paid. In view of the developments since the raid, the Boers have also decided to settle the amount of the indemnity demanded, so Mr. Rhodes' friends will have to hand over £200,000 (\$300,000) before he is released.

### Bombardment of Kimberley.

The war office has posted a dispatch from Colonel Kekewich, dated Sunday, Feb. 11, to the effect that Kimberley was bombarded throughout Thursday, Feb. 8. During the morning of Feb. 9 a small infantry engagement lasting two hours occurred at Alexanderfontein. The situation, otherwise, is unchanged. The absence of General French from the Rensburg district seems to have given the Boers an opportunity for renewed activity. They have apparently commenced an extended attack on the British lines and are meeting with minor successes which are having considerable moral effect on the border colonists.

### Prince Henry at Berlin Again.

Berlin, Feb. 12.—Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Emperor William of Germany, has arrived here. He was welcomed at the railroad station by his majesty and a large suite. Immediately after the train stopped Prince Henry jumped out and hurried to the emperor, who met him half way. The two brothers embraced and kissed each other affectionately, the hands played and the guard of honor presented arms.

### Army Canteen to Stay.

Washington, Feb. 13.—President McKinley gave an audience to Mrs. Lillian M. Stevens, president of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union; Miss Anna A. Gordon, vice president at large, and Mrs. Margaret Dye Ellis, superintendent of the department of legislation for the society, and told them that until congress had decreed otherwise the army canteen would remain.

# QUIET IN KENTUCKY.

Situation Will Remain So Until Decision Reached by the State Court.

## Lawyer's Suit in Kentucky

Lawyer's Suit in Kentucky. It is reported that the poll tax, although it will remain in its present quiet state until a decision has been handed down by the court of appeals clearing the title to the office of governor. Before Judge Cantrell at Georgetown the Democrats will bring suit in equity asking an injunction against Governor Taylor from exercising any of the functions of the office of governor. It is expected a temporary injunction will be granted. In case the republicans an executive disregard the action of the courts as was done in the case of Alonzo Walker habeas corpus writ and the injunction against interference with the legislature, the Democrats will not press the proceedings for contempt but will take the case to the court of appeals, which, according to their contention, is the court of last resort in these proceedings.

This plan was decided upon at a conference of Democratic leaders, including Governor Beckham, Congressman D. H. Smith, ex-Governor McCreary and Judge W. S. Pryor and several other lawyers. Pending the result of this suit and the case before Judge Taft at Cincinnati involving the minor state offices, it is expected both sides will stand things to remain as they now stand. The Democrat legislature will remain in Louisville, and it is believed the court of appeals will sit here instead of Frankfort as long as there are any soldiers or armed men about the state buildings at the capital. The assembly is proceeding with legislative business. The senate passed the concurrent resolution which had already passed the house for a committee to investigate conditions at Frankfort.

### ONE LICENSE FOR NINE BARS.

Saloon-keepers of Kewanee, Ill., Plan to Connect Their Places. Kewanee, Ill., Feb. 13.—Saloon keepers of this city are seriously contemplating the adoption of a plan which they declare will save them about \$10,000 a year. There are nine saloons here, each paying a license of \$1,200. All of them are kept in a row, no license being granted outside this district, and the present plan is to cut passage ways between all these buildings and make of the row one large drinking place, with tuppings done only at one bar, which shall be in the center.

By this plan dealers say they will have only one license to pay and will then be able to do business at a profit. Tables will be in each of the present rooms and waiters will carry the liquors from the central bar. The plan has already met with serious opposition on the part of those who are looking out for the city's interests, and if it is put in operation it has been suggested that the city council raise the license to a figure which would bring in the same revenue as at present.

### ROCKEFELLER TO AID \$1,500,000.

University of Chicago, It is Said, Will Receive Another Large Gift. New York, Feb. 13.—At a dinner to be given at the Hotel Manhattan early next month John D. Rockefeller, it is said, will announce a further donation of \$1,500,000 to the University of Chicago, making his total gifts to that institution \$8,500,000. A meeting of the executive committee of the university alumni, at which John Jay Gorham presided, was held at the hotel. It was announced after the session that all arrangements for the dinner had been completed save the designation of a date, which will be made to meet the convenience of Mr. Rockefeller and President William R. Harper of the university, both of whom are expected to be present.

### Democratic Convention in June.

Washington, Feb. 13.—Senator Jones of Arkansas admitted that as a result of Mr. Bryan's recent visit to Washington it had virtually been decided to hold the Democratic national convention early in June, before the meeting of the Republican national convention in Philadelphia. Mr. Jones himself had favored holding the convention after the Philadelphia gathering, but had been overruled. Mr. Bryan wants to get his anti-trust platform before the country ahead of the Republicans. It is understood the Democratic convention will meet in some western city, probably June 5 or 6.

### Daily Smallpox Quarantine.

Vinita, I. T., Feb. 13.—Several cases of smallpox have been reported at Fairland, I. T. Dr. B. F. Fortner of this place, president of the national board of health, was in Fairland, placed the yellow flags and undertook to enforce quarantine, but the patients resisted. The United States Indian police were called to assist Dr. Fortner, whereupon the sick persons with their friends, the doctor and the police and forcibly resisted quarantine. The matter will be taken up by the United States Indian agent.

### Old Montgomery Killed.

San Francisco, Feb. 13.—Montgomery, the old sprinter, who won scores of races all over the country, broke down in the third race at Tanforan and was shot. The game old horse will be buried at the track. He was the favorite in the race, which was a six-furlong affair, but had hardly gone a quarter of a mile when he went wrong.

### Secure Carterville Jurors.

Vienna, Ill., Feb. 13.—After 380 talesmen had been examined jurors to try the twelve Carterville miners charged with murdering five negroes on the streets of Carterville Sept. 17 last were secured. All are farmers. F. M. Youngblood will state the case on the part of the people and W. W. Duncan will speak on behalf of the defense.

### Will Report Cable Bill.

Washington, Feb. 13.—The house committee on interstate and foreign commerce decided by a vote of 8 to 5 to report a Pacific cable bill along the lines of the Sherman bill, defeating by 5 to 3 the Corliss proposition for a government ownership.

# GUERNSEY MILKERS.

SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GUERNSEY DAIRY BREED.

## GUERNSEY MILKERS.

Some idea of the popularity of the Guernsey may be gathered from the fact that there are now registered 15,800 Guernseys, one-third of which number has been added since 1880, since the time when the cattle attracted general attention at the Chicago fair. The milk and three-quarter blood steers and cows sell readily at from \$50 to \$75, and the demand is greater than the supply.

Although the variety bears the name of the island of Guernsey in this country, says the New York Tribune, it is called the Alderney breed in its native country. The name Alderney has been given indiscriminately to any of the cattle of the Channel islands, to both Jerseys and Guernseys. A writer on the subject says that the Guernsey has little or none of the peculiar deerlike style and expression that characterize the Jersey. They are coarser in bone,



GUERNSEY BULL SHEET ANCHOR.

beaver in carcass, larger in every way and naturally less precocious. They are allowed to calve first at about 2 1/2 years, which gives them more size and possibly, also, a tendency to carry flesh.

Some people have said that the Guernseys are not things of beauty, but the contrary is true of many specimens. There are those whose sloping rumps, big heads and heavy limbs are not ornamental, but as these are likely to be the best milkers and butter cows of the herd their defects are easily overlooked. When one visits a herd of these cattle either in this country or abroad, the long head and broad muzzle are pointed out as characteristics of value. The colors which predominate in Guernsey cattle are yellow, reddish yellow, fawn, brown shading to nearly black, light fawn and yellowish fawn, dun of various shades, never including gray, as is usual among Jerseys. A star or a triangular spot on the forehead, with a white switch, is regarded as characteristic, even though scarcely any other white is seen. The interest shown by breeders and owners is remarkable from the fact that ten years ago there were only a few Guernsey cattle in the United States. In 1888 the Rev. G. E. Gordon of Koshkonong exhibited a part of his herd at the Minnesota state fair, and the cattle were greatly admired at that time because of their peculiar orange color with white markings, their intelligence and docility and their decided dairy type. The similarity of the Jerseys shows a common origin. The buff nose where the Jersey is black and the deep orange about the eyes show that the two breeds, although they have the same foundation blood, have diverged in minor but noticeable points.

### Drying Up Cows.

To dry up a cow reduce the feed, take away the grain, and when the milk yield drops, milk first once a day, then once in two days, and in one to two weeks the average cow will be dry, with her udder in good condition. With persistent milkers there is seldom difficulty if alfalfa only is fed for a time. If a cow continues to give milk under this treatment or if the udder is hard and feverish, the work of drying up must stop and the ration be changed to a light milk ration, with loosening feeds, and the cow milked regularly. Forced drying up under these conditions injures the cow. If by oversight the drying up-process has been neglected until within three or four weeks of calving, do not attempt it, as there is risk of injury to the health of the cow and her udder. After becoming dry the cow will need little attention before calving if she is on good pasture.—Live Stock.

### Oleomargarine Sales.

Recent frequent convictions of persons in New York state found with oleomargarine in their possession are taken to indicate that traffic in that commodity continues in the face of the laws of the state board of agriculture. Some idea of the extent of the oleomargarine trade may be gained from the statistics just published at Washington, which give the quantity made and sold during the fiscal year ending July 1, 1894, 628,228 pounds, an increase of 25,106,991 pounds over the previous year. This is in spite of the fact that the "anticolor" law exists in 34 states. It is on the point of color that the legality of oleomargarine sale hangs. In its natural state, that of a pearly white, there is no law against it.

### Slings Crops.

The reports concerning sweet corn for slings are quite conflicting, says Hoard's Dairyman. Some say that it has a tendency to make a very sour slings, and others claim that it is as unobjectionable in this respect as any. If we had the sweet corn growing, we would not hesitate to put it in slings, but we would not plant it especially for this purpose; neither would we plant Kaffir corn for slings when the ordinary maize grows to perfection. Kaffir corn is especially adapted for humid climates because of its drought resistant capacity. We are not aware that it has ever been tried in the slings, but alfalfa has been, and successfully so, especially in California.

### Profitable Skill.

If the dairyman is a skillful farmer, he can so manage his cows that they become fresh in August or September. Then he can give the calves (raised by hand, of course) a good start with milk, and in a week or two after the cows come fresh he can begin to make butter—that is to say, when he cannot make it more profitable than to sell milk. If he can sell milk at fair prices he saves labor and time, and that is money. Dairy products in the United States bring more money, according to verified statistics, than raising cereals including corn and other grains, and cattle and swine. Only the profit of the domestic hog brings more than dairying.—St. Louis Republic.

# DAIRY TYPES.

Do You Keep Cows That Are Good For a Purpose?

The general-purpose cow is one of those well-of-the-wisps that have had many dairymen astray, says L. W. Lighty in The National Stockman. Candidly, this controversy about the special purpose cow, as a western professor lately wrote, would have been an odd thing long while if only men who keep beef cows for profit and know they are making a profit would have participated. The cow always decides the case, theorists to the contrary notwithstanding. In the dairy only a first class dairy cow makes a profit, and such a cow does not have the bulk or make up to be profitable for the butcher. She has learned the habit not to lay on flesh from her youth up, and as the "twigs" beat the tree's inclined." She and her progenitors have been bred and selected with this particular end in view. She is capable of transmitting this trait to her progeny. She has the capacity and the power to use up a large lot of cheap, rough material grown on the farm and to convert it into milk. She has learned to do one thing well, and it is really the only thing she can do.

Some people think that scrubs are general purpose cows, but, as a rule, they are good for nothing and kept at a loss. They were bred that way. The good, profitable beef animal is the animal that has been fed and selected for years to most economically transform our abundant grasses and grains into the best and choicest meats. When we come to the market with these choice specially bred animals specially prepared, we can almost dictate prices; but come with the general purpose, dual purpose, all purpose, no purpose in particular stock, and the butcher will give you what he pleases, as no one cares to have them.

### New Zealand Dairying.

In a recent issue of Farming J. A. Ruddle, who went to New Zealand from Canada in the fall of 1888 as dairy commissioner for that portion of her majesty's dominions, gives a very interesting account of dairying in that country. The expansion of the industry there is along the line of butter making rather than of cheese-making, and it is in this particular that we may look upon New Zealand as a competitor in the British market. The climate and conditions there seem to be well adapted for carrying on dairying successfully and with comparative ease to the dairymen. It is rarely necessary to house or provide feed for cattle during the winter, and about the only thing the dairyman has to do is to milk his cows and see that they have plenty of pasture.

### Acid Test For Milk.

The sulphuric acid of commerce, of the strength known as oil of vitriol, is the quantity used by Professor Babcock in working out his method of testing milk, says J. T. Willard of the Kansas Farmer. He states that it should be from 1.82 to 1.83 in specific gravity, the stronger being preferable. We have never had any trouble here with any that we have had, although the strength is seldom determined. Sulphuric acid has a very strong tendency to absorb water from the air and unless kept in tightly closed bottles will become perceptibly weaker. An important point to observe in milk testing is that of mixing the acid and milk thoroughly together as soon as the acid is put in. If allowed to stand with the acid largely at the bottom, as it naturally is upon being introduced, a part of the milk is in contact with acid that is too strong. This is liable to produce too great carbonization and possibly attacks the fat and the reading is interfered with by the black substance produced.

### Oleo Not Steer Fat.

It is always in order to take a whack at oleomargarine, the greatest food fraud of the nineteenth century, says the Kaffir Journal. The kidney fat of a fat steer, such fat as it is claimed is used for the production of better grades of oleomargarine, will weigh about 40 pounds. Assuming that the average cow will produce 160 pounds of butter in a year, it will take four steers to offset one cow as a butter producer. Enough oleomargarine was made last year to offset the product of over 400,000 cows; so, if this choice fat was used alone in its production, 1,000,000 steers were drawn upon, but there was not any such number of steers killed, and so it proves that oleo is not made of that sort of fat.



LESSONS OF IMPORTANCE

DR. TALMAGE ADVISES MEN OF GREAT STRENGTH.

Physical Energy Not Indicative of Spiritual Power—The Strong Should Fight the Battle of the Weak.

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W. L. TALMAGE, Feb. 11.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth the responsibility of those who are strong and well; as in a former discourse he preached to the disabled and "the shut in," text, Judges xiv, 1, "And Samson went down to Timnah."

There are two sides to the character of Samson. The one phase of his life, if followed into the particulars, would administer to the grotesque and the frightful, but there is a phase of his character fraught with lessons of solemn and eternal import. To these greater lessons we devote our sermon.

This giant no doubt in early life gave evidences of what he was to be. It is almost always so. There were two Napoleons—the boy Napoleon and the man Napoleon—but both alike; two Howards—the boy Howard and the man Howard—but both alike; two Samsons—the boy Samson and the man Samson—but both alike. This giant was no doubt the hero of the playground, and nothing could stand before his exhibitions of youthful prowess. At 18 years of age he was betrothed to the daughter of a Philistine. Going down toward Timnah, a lion came up upon him, and although this young giant was weaponless, he seized the monster by the long mane and shook him as a hungry hound shakes a March hare and made his bones crack and left him by the wayside bleeding under the smiting of his fist and the grinding left of his heel.

There he stands, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh, his arms bunched with muscle that can lift the gate of a city, taking an attitude defiant of everything. His hair had never been cut, and it rolled down in seven great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his bulk fierceness and terror. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies.

There is an evil woman living in the valley of Sorek by the name of Delilah. They appoint her the agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the same building, and then Delilah goes to work and coaxes Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "if you should take seven green wittes such as they fasten wild beasts with and put them around me I should be perfectly powerless." So she blinds him with the seven green wittes. Then she claps her hands and says, "They come—the Philistines!" and he walks out as though there were no impediment. She coaxes him again and says, "Now, tell me the secret of this great strength." And he replies, "If you should take some ropes that have never been used and tie me with them, I should be just like other men." She ties him with ropes, claps her hands and shouts, "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before—not a single obstruction. She coaxes him again, and he says, "Now, if you should take these seven long plaits of hair and by this house loom weave them into a web, I could not get away." So the house loom is rolled up, and the shuttle flies backward and forward, and the long plaits of hair are woven into a web. Then she claps her hands and says, "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before, dragging a part of the loom with him.

In the Enemies' Hands. But after awhile she persuades him to tell the truth. He says, "If you should take a razor or shears and cut off this long hair, I should be powerless and in the hands of my enemies." Samson sleeps, and that she may not wake him up during the process of shearing, help is called in. You know that the barbers of the east have such a skillful way of manipulating the head to this very day that instead of waking up a sleeping man, they will put a man wide awake sound asleep. I hear the blades of the shears gliding against each other, and I see the long locks falling off. The shears or razor accomplishes what green wittes and now ropes and house loom could not do. Suddenly she claps her hands and says, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He rouses up with a struggle, but his strength is all gone. He is in the hands of his enemies.

I hear the groan of the giant as they take his eyes out, and then I see him staggering on in his blindness, feeling his way as he goes on toward Gaza. The prison door is open, and the giant is thrust in. He sits down and puts his hands on the mill crank, which, with exhausting horizontal motion, goes day after day, week after week, month after month—work, work, work! The conservation of the world in captivity, his locks shorn, his eyes punctured, grinding corn in Gaza! First of all, behold in this giant of the text that physical power is not always an index of moral power. It was a huge man—the lion found it out and the 3,000 men whom he slew found it out; yet he was the subject of petty revenges and outglared by low passion. I am far from throwing any discredit upon physical stamina. There are those who seem to have great admiration for delicacy and sickness of constitution. I never could see any glory in weak nerves or sick headache. Whatever effort in our day is made to make the men and women more robust should have the favor of every good citizen as well as of every Christian. Dynamism may be positively

They often catch each other's disease. Those who never see a sick day and who, like Hercules, show the giant in the cradle have more to answer for than those who are the subjects of lifelong infirmities. He who can lift twice as much as you can and walk twice as far and work twice as long will have a double account to meet in the judgment.

Type of Power.

How often it is that you do not find physical energy indicative of spiritual power! If a clear head is worth more than one flexy with perpetual vertigo, if muscles with the play of health in them are worth more than those drawn up in chronic "rheumatic," if an eye quick to catch passing objects is better than one with vision dim and uncertain, then God will require of us efficiency just in proportion to what he has given us. Physical energy ought to be a type of moral power. We ought to have as good digestion of truth as we have capacity to assimilate food. Our spiritual hearing ought to be as good as our physical hearing. Our spiritual taste ought to be as clear as our tongue. Samsons in body, we ought to be giants in moral power.

But while you find a great many men who realize that they ought to use their money aright and use their intelligence aright, how few men you find aware of the fact that they ought to use their physical organism aright! With every thump of the heart there is something saying: "Work! Work!" And lest we should complain that we have no tools to work with, God gives us our hands and feet, with every knuckle and with every joint and with every muscle saying to us, "Lay hold and do something."

But how often it is that men with physical strength do not serve Christ! They are like a ship full manned and full rigged, capable of vast tonnage, able to endure all stress of weather, yet swinging idly at the docks when these men ought to be crossing and recrossing the great ocean of human suffering and sin with God's supplies of mercy. How often it is that physical strength is used in doing positive damage or in luxurious ease, when, with sleeves rolled up and bronzed bosom, fearless of the shafts of opposition, it ought to be laying "old with all its might and tugging away" to lift up this sunken wreck of a world.

It is a most shameful fact that much of the business of the church and of the world must be done by those comparatively invalid. Richard Baxter, by reason of his diseases, all his days sitting in the door of the tomb, yet writing more than 100 volumes and sending out an influence for God that will endure as long as "The Saint's Everlasting Rest;" Edward Payson, never knowing a well day, yet how he preached and how he wrote, helping thousands of dying souls like himself to swim in a sea of glory! And Robert McCheyne, a walking skeleton, yet you know what he did in Dundee and how he shook Scotland with zeal for God; Philip Doddridge, advised by his friends, because of his illness, not to enter the ministry, yet you know what he did for the "Rise and Progress of Religion" in the church and in the world.

Giants in All Things.

Wilberforce was told by his doctors that he could not live a fortnight, yet at that very time entering upon philanthropic enterprises that demanded the greatest endurance and persistence; Robert Hall, suffering excruciations, so that often in the pulpit while preaching he would stop and lie down on a sofa, then getting up again to preach about heaven until the glories of the celestial city dropped on the multitude, doing more work, perhaps, than almost any well man in his day.

Oh, how often it is that men with great physical endurance are not as great in moral and spiritual stature! While there are achievements for those who are bent all their days with sickness—achievements of patience, achievements of Christian endurance—I call upon men of health, men of muscle, men of nerve, men of physical power, to devote themselves to the Lord. Giants in body, you ought to be giants in soul.

Behold also, in the story of my text, illustration of the fact of the damage that strength can do if it is misdirected. It seems to me that this man spent a great deal of his time in doing evil, this Samson of my text. To pay a bet which he had lost by the greasing of his riddle he robs and kills 30 people. He was not only gigantic in strength, but gigantic in mischief, and a type of those men in all ages of the world who, powerful in body or mind or any faculty of social position or wealth, have used their strength for iniquitous purposes.

It is not the small, weak men of the day who do the damage. These small men who go swearing and looting about your stores and shops and banking houses, assailing Christ and the Bible and the church—they do not do the damage. They have no influence. They are vermin that you crush with your foot. But it is the giants of the day, the misguided giants, giants in physical power, or giants in mental acumen, or giants in social position, or giants in wealth, who do the damage. The men with sharp pens that stab religion and throw poison all through our literature, the men who use the power of wealth to sanction iniquity and bribe justice and make truth and honor bow to their golden scepter. Misguided giants—look out for them! In the middle and latter part of the last century no doubt there were thousands of men in Paris and Edinburgh and London who hated God and blasphemed the name of the Almighty, but they did not irritate consciences—they were small men, insignificant men. Yet there were giants in their day. Who can calculate the real havoc of a Bonaparte, going in with a young army of 100,000 men, with every man carrying a sword upon all the impetive banners of his

day? Or David Hume, who employed his life as a splinter in the summer, in spinning out silver webs to trap the unwary? Or Voltaire, the most learned man of his day, marshaling a great host of skeptics and leading them out in the dark land of infidelity? Or Gibbon, who showed an uncontrolled grudge against religion in his history of one of the most fascinating periods of the world's existence—the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"—a book in which, with all the splendors of his genius, he magnified the errors of Christian disciples, while with a sparingness of notice that never can be forgotten he treated of the Christian heroes of whom the world was not worthy?

Understand Your Power.

Oh, men of stout physical health, men of great mental stature, men of high social position, men of great power of any sort, I want you to understand your power, and I want you to know that that power devoted to God will be a crown on earth, to you typical of a crown in heaven, but misguided, bedragged in sin, administrative of evil, God will thunder against you with his condemnation in the day when millionaire and pauper, master and slave, king and subject shall stand side by side in the judgment and money bags and judicial crime and royal robe shall be riven with the lightning! Behold also how a giant may be slain of a woman. Delilah started the train of circumstances that pulled down the temple of Dagon about Samson's ears. And tens of thousands of giants have gone down to death and hell through the same fascinations. It seems to me that it is high time that pulpit and platform and printing press speak out against the impurities of modern society. Fastidiousness and prudery say, "Better not speak; you will rouse up adverse criticism; you will make worse what you want to make better; better deal in glittering generalities; the subject is too delicate for polite ears." But there comes a voice from heaven overpowering the mincing sentimentalities of the day, saying, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions and the house of Jacob their sins."

The trouble is that when people write or speak upon this theme they are apt to cover it up with the graces of belles lettres, so that the crime is made attractive instead of repulsive. Lord Byron, in Don Juan, adorns this crime until it smiles like a May queen. Michelet, the great French writer, covers it up with bewitching rhetoric until it glows like the rising sun, when it ought to be made loathsome as a smallpox hospital. There are today influences abroad which, if unresisted by the pulpit and the printing press, will turn our modern cities into Sodoms and Gomorrah. Sit only for the storm of fire and brimstone that whelmed the cities of the plain.

You who are seated in your Christian homes, compassed by moral and religious restraints, do not realize the gulf of iniquity that bounds you on the north and the south and the east and the west. While I speak there are tens of thousands of men and women going over the awful plunge of an impure life, and while I cry to God for mercy upon their souls I call upon you to marshal in the defense of your homes, your church and your nation. There is a banqueting hall that you have never heard described. You know all about the feast of Abasuerus, where a thousand lords sat. You know all about Belshazzar's carousal, where the blood of the murdered king spurted into the faces of the banqueters. You may know of the scene of riot and wasteful where there was set before Esopus one dish of food that cost \$400,000. But I speak now of a different banqueting hall, its roof is fretted with fire. Its floor is tessellated with fire. Its chalice are chased with fire. Its song is a song of fire. Its walls are buttresses of fire. Solomon refers to it when he says, "Her guests are in the depths of hell."

Free Love Blight.

Our American communities are suffering from the gospel of free loveism, which, 30 years ago, was preached on the platform and in some of the churches of this country. I charge upon free loveism that it has blighted innumerable homes and that it has sent innumerable souls to ruin. Free loveism is bestial. It is worse—it is infernal! It has furnished this land with many thousands of divorces, annually. In one county in the state of Indiana it furnished 11 divorces in one day before dinner. It has roused up elopements north, south, east and west. You can hardly take up a paper but you read of an elopement. As far as I can understand the doctrine of free loveism it is this: That every man ought to have somebody else's wife and every wife somebody else's husband. They do not like our Christian organization of society, and I wish they would all elope, the wretches of one sex taking the wretches of the other, and start tomorrow morning for the great Sahara desert until the si-moom shall sweep seven feet of sand all over them and not one passing caravan for the next 500 years bring back one miserable bone of their carcasses. Free loveism! It is the double distilled extract of nuxvomica, ratbane and adder's tongue. Never until society goes back to the old Bible and bears its eulogy of purity and its anathema of uncleanness—never until then will this evil be extirpated.

Behold also in this giant of the text and in the giant of our own century that great physical power must crumble and expire. The Samson of the text long ago went away. He fought the lion; he fought the Philistines; he could fight anything, but death was too much for him; he may have required a longer grave and a broader grave, but the tomb nevertheless was his tomb.

So out of this world, where are we to go? This body and soul must soon part. What shall be the destiny of the former? I know—dust to dust. But what shall be the destiny of the latter? Shall it rise into the companionship of the white robed, whose sign Christ has slain or will it go down among the unbelieving, who tried to gain the world and save their souls, but were swindled out of both? Blessed be God! We have a Champion! He is so styled in the Bible: A Champion who has conquered death and hell, and he is ready to fight all our battles from the first to the last. "Who is this that cometh up from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah, mighty to save?" If we follow in the wake of that Champion, death has no power and the grave no victory. The worst man trusting in him shall have his dying pangs alleviated and his future illumined.

Must Answer in Judgment.

In the light of this subject I want to call your attention to a fact which may not have been rightly considered, and that is the fact that we must be brought into judgment for the employment of our physical organism. Shoulder, brain, hand, foot—we must answer in judgment for the use we have made of them. Have they been used for the elevation of society or for its depression? In proportion as our arm is strong and our step elastic will our account at last be intensified. Thousands of sermons are preached to inviolids. I preach this sermon to stout men and healthful women. We must give to God an account for the right use of this physical organism. These invalids have comparatively little to account for perhaps. They could not lift 20 pounds. They could not walk half a mile without sitting down to rest. Yet how many of them accomplish! Rising up in judgment, standing beside the men and women who had only little physical energy and yet consumed that energy in a confagration of religious enthusiasm, how will we feel abashed! O men of the strong arm and the stout heart, what use are you making of your physical forces? Will you be able to stand the test of that day when we must answer for the use of every talent, whether it were a physical energy or a mental acumen or a spiritual power?

The day approaches, and I see one who in this world was an invalid, and as she stands before the throne of God to answer she says: "I was sick all my days. I had but very little strength, but I did as well as I could in being kind to those who were more sick and more suffering." And Christ will say, "Well done, faithful servant."

And then a little child will stand before the throne, and she will say: "On earth I had a curvature of the spine, and I was very weak, and I was very ill, but I used to gather flowers out of the wildwood and bring them to my sick mother, and she was comforted when she saw the sweet flowers out of the wildwood. I did not do much, but I did something." And Christ shall say, as he takes her up in his arm and kisses her: "Well done, well done, faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" What, then, will be said to us—to whom the Lord gave physical strength and continuous health? Hark! It thunders again. The judgment, the judgment!

I said to an old Scotch minister, who was one of the best friends I ever had, "Doctor, did you ever know Robert Pollock, the Scotch poet, who wrote 'The Course of Time'?" "Oh, yes," he replied; "I knew him well. I was his classmate." And then the doctor went on to tell me how that the writing of "The Course of Time" exhausted the health of Pollock, and he expired. It seems as if no man could have such a glimpse of the day for which all other days were made as Robert Pollock had and long survive that glimpse. In the description of that day he says, among other things:

Begin the woe, ye woods, and tell it to the doleful winds,  
And dashed winds tell to the howling hills,  
And howling hills mourn to the dismal vales,  
And dismal vales sigh to the sorrowing brooks,  
And sorrowing brooks weep to the weeping stream,  
And weeping stream awake the groaning deep;  
Ye heavens, great archway of the universe, put ye woe on,  
And ocean, robe thyself in garb of widowhood,  
And gather all thy waves into a groan and lament.

What Robert Pollock saw in poetic dream you and I will see in positive reality—the judgment, the judgment!

No Interest in Religion.

Nowadays the grandson of the Bible worshippers of bygone days, still nominally a Christian, an educated young fellow familiar with the literature of half a dozen countries, probably never has read a chapter in it and never will. He has a vague idea that the book was lately overthrown by the higher criticism. But as to what the criticism is or what the book he has but vague ideas. They bore him, and in his busy march through life has learned the trick of promptly ridding his path of all things that bore him. The literature of his work, whatever that may be, does not bore him—reports of stocks or of new microbes or of findings in court. These things he understands. What have these abstractions, he says, to do with life—life? His work is his life. Work now puts a stress and strain on men of which our ancestors knew little. The American is in the thick of it—An American Mother in Ladies' Home Journal.

Israel, the Painter. Josef Israel, the Dutch painter whose Spanish pictures are now on view abroad, is 75 years of age. He was born at Groningen and studied at Amsterdam under Kruysnaer and then in Paris under Pons. For many years past he has lived at The Hague, but from time to time makes excursions to his pictures have been shown in several cities, where his representations of Dutch labor life are much admired.

Home-seekers' Excursions via Ohio Central Railway. Excursions on Saturdays, Feb. 10, Feb. 17, Feb. 24, March 3, March 10, March 17, March 24, April 1, April 8, April 15, April 22, April 29, May 6, May 13, May 20, May 27, June 3, June 10, June 17, June 24, July 1, July 8, July 15, July 22, July 29, August 5, August 12, August 19, August 26, September 2, September 9, September 16, September 23, September 30, October 7, October 14, October 21, October 28, November 4, November 11, November 18, November 25, December 2, December 9, December 16, December 23, December 30, 1900.

DETROIT, PLYMOUTH & NORTHVILLE RY.

TIME TABLE. Cars Lv. Corner's Corner. Going South. 8:45 a.m., 9:00 p.m., 9:40, 10:40, 11:40, 12:40 p.m., 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:40, 6:40, 7:40, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40 p.m. 10:50, 11:50, 12:50 p.m., 1:50, 2:50, 3:50, 4:50, 5:50, 6:50, 7:50, 8:50, 9:50, 10:50, 11:50, 12:50 p.m.

Cars of the D. E. & N. make direct connection with cars of the Ann Arbor leaving Detroit at the even hour. For information about special cars, rates, etc., address, T. E. Griffin, Plymouth, Tel. No. 24.

Probate Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office, in the city of Detroit, on the twentieth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Rosetta Brudner, deceased.

An instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, having been presented to the Probate office, it is ordered, That the twentieth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Probate office, be appointed for proving said instrument. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne. EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. HENRY S. HELMERT, Register.

Commissioner's Notice. In the matter of the estate of Saadsky Kalogz, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate office of the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the late residence of said deceased, in the township of Northville, in said county, on Wednesday, the twentieth day of March, A. D. 1900, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and six months from the 27th day of December, A. D. 1899, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. Dated January 5th, 1900. CHARLES F. SMITH, ALVIN MATTISON, Commissioners.

Probate Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held in the Probate office, in the city of Detroit, on the fifth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Elizabeth McClellan, deceased.

An instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, having been delivered into this court for probate. It is ordered, That the sixth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne. EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. JOHN F. PETERS, Deputy Register.

Mortgage Sale. DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by George W. Dunn and Amy B. Dunn, his wife, of Plymouth, Wayne county, Michigan, to Chauncey E. Baker, of the same place, bearing date the first day of May, A. D. 1899, and which mortgage is now due upon said mortgage on the third day of January, A. D. 1900, and of the non-payment of two hundred dollars of the principal sum of said mortgage, which became due on the first day of January, A. D. 1899, and which has remained unpaid for the period of ninety days since becoming due and payable, and now remains due and unpaid, by reason of which default said mortgagee exercises his option in said mortgage as provided, and does hereby declare the mortgage on the principal sum and interest thereon, now claimed to be due and payable; and whereas, the reason of such default, and the exercise of such option, the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative and whereas, there is now claimed to be due on said mortgage the sum of eight hundred and fifty and as low dollars principal and interest, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the money secured by said mortgage or any part thereof; now, 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 seventh day of April, A. D. 1900, at twelve o'clock noon of said day (Detroit City time), I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the westmou of Greenwood, the following described piece of land situated on the northwest quarter of said section number twenty eight (28) and being the same land sold and conveyed by James Sullivan and Nancy his wife, to John Knoch, by deed bearing date December 26, 1864, and by said John Knoch to Caroline, his wife, to Henry Lyon by deed bearing date August 16th, 1874, and by said Henry Lyon and Deborah, his wife, to Samuel Baker by deed bearing date Nov. 21st, 1883, and by said Samuel Baker and Mary Baker, his wife, to and conveyed to Chauncey E. Baker, by deed bearing date the third day of July, A. D. 1891, and recorded in the Register's office of said Wayne county, in several 73 of deeds, on page 119, to which said several deeds and the said records thereof reference is made for a full description of the said land and premises and the same are made part hereof for that purpose, containing in both said parcels twenty-seven (27) acres more or less. Dated January 10th, A. D. 1900. CHAUNCEY E. BAKER, GEORGE A. SPARKWENNER, Mortgagee, Att'y. for Mortgagee.

A. PELHAM, DENTIST. NEW TAILOR SHOP. Above American Bldg. office, Plymouth. CLEANING & REPAIRING NEATLY DONE. F. FREYDL. THE DETROIT & LIMA NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE. SOUTH BOUND. STATIONS. No. 1. No. 2. Detroit, Lv. 7:30, 8:30, 9:40, 10:40, 11:40, 12:40 p.m., 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:40, 6:40, 7:40, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40, 11:40, 12:40 p.m. Northville, 7:45, 8:45, 9:55, 10:55, 11:55, 12:55 p.m., 1:55, 2:55, 3:55, 4:55, 5:55, 6:55, 7:55, 8:55, 9:55, 10:55, 11:55, 12:55 p.m. Lima, 8:00, 9:00, 10:10, 11:10, 12:10 p.m., 1:10, 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10, 12:10 p.m.

TIME TABLE. NORTH BOUND. STATIONS. No. 2. No. 4. Lima, Lv. 6:00, 7:00, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10, 12:10 p.m., 1:10, 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10, 12:10 p.m. Northville, 6:15, 7:15, 8:25, 9:25, 10:25, 11:25, 12:25 p.m., 1:25, 2:25, 3:25, 4:25, 5:25, 6:25, 7:25, 8:25, 9:25, 10:25, 11:25, 12:25 p.m. Detroit, 6:30, 7:30, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40, 11:40, 12:40 p.m., 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:40, 6:40, 7:40, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40, 11:40, 12:40 p.m.

SACINAW DISTRICT. Trains leave Plymouth as follows: STANDARD TIME. GOING SOUTH. Train No. 4, 10:30 a.m., No. 8, 8:15 p.m., No. 10, 7:30 a.m. GOING NORTH. Train 1, 8:15 a.m., Train 2, 9:15 a.m., Train 3, 10:15 a.m., Train 5, 2:30 p.m., Train 6, 3:30 p.m., Train 7, 4:30 p.m.

GRAND RAPIDS DISTRICT. Lv. Grand Rapids, 7:10, 12:00, 2:30, 4:00, 5:30, 7:00, 8:30, 9:00, 10:40, 11:30, 12:30 p.m. At Grand Rapids, 7:40, 12:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00, 7:30, 8:00, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 p.m.

D. W. SHAVER, Local Agent. Ohio Central Lines. The Through Car Line. DETROIT, TOLEDO & CINCINNATI. DETROIT, TOLEDO & COLUMBUS. DETROIT, TOLEDO & WASHINGTON, W. VA. COLEMAN & KARPIS. Color Cars on Day Train. Sleeping Cars on Night Train. Always Low as the Lowest. Ways Confer with Ohio Central Agents or address MOULTON HOUSE, 751 First Street, Agt., TOLEDO, O.

OHIO CENTRAL LINES. Map showing routes between Detroit, Toledo, Cincinnati, Columbus, Washington, W. Va., and other cities.

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SCRIPPS AMERICAN PATENT OFFICE. 319 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AT THIS OFFICE. PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS. OFFICE AS TO PATENTABILITY. "Inventive Age" Book. "How to Obtain a Patent" Book. "What to Do After a Patent is Granted" Book. "The Patent Law" Book. "The Patent Office" Book. "The Patent Process" Book. "The Patent System" Book. "The Patent History" Book. "The Patent Future" Book. "The Patent World" Book. "The Patent Nation" Book. "The Patent Empire" Book. "The Patent Kingdom" Book. "The Patent Republic" Book. "The Patent Democracy" Book. "The Patent Aristocracy" Book. "The Patent Nobility" Book. "The Patent Gentry" Book. "The Patent Clergy" Book. "The Patent Nobles" Book. "The Patent Knights" Book. "The Patent Bishops" Book. "The Patent Priests" Book. "The Patent Monks" Book. "The Patent Friars" Book. "The Patent Nuns" Book. "The Patent Sisters" Book. "The Patent Ladies" Book. "The Patent Gentlemen" Book. "The Patent Esquires" Book. "The Patent Knights" Book. "The Patent Bishops" Book. "The Patent Priests" Book. "The Patent Monks" Book. "The Patent Friars" Book. "The Patent Nuns" Book. "The Patent Sisters" Book. "The Patent Ladies" Book. "The Patent Gentlemen" Book. "The Patent Esquires" Book. "The Patent Knights" Book. "The Patent Bishops" Book. "The Patent Priests" Book. "The Patent Monks" Book. "The Patent Friars" Book. "The Patent Nuns" Book. "The Patent Sisters" Book. "The Patent Ladies" Book. "The Patent Gentlemen" Book. "The Patent Esquires" Book.



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Sold by all Druggists Send for Free Treatise to  
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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 ..... 75 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**

**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 Umpire 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
- Arm and Hammer Saleratus 7c pound, or 4 pounds for ..... 25c
- Silver Gloss Starch, per pound ..... 7c
- Corn Starch, per pound ..... 5c
- Bulk Starch, per pound ..... 4c
- Roller Oats, 3c pound, or 9 pounds for ..... 25c
- Pure Corn Syrup, per gal ..... 25c
- Best ground Pepper, per pound ..... 20c
- Nutmegs, 80c pound, or per ounce ..... 5c
- Best Crackers, 6c pound, or 4 1/2 pounds for ..... 25c
- Good Tea, per lb. .... 35c and 40c
- Our Best Tea, per pound now ..... 50c
- Good Fine Cut Tobacco, per pound ..... 50c
- In Dry Goods we have a few Prints at ..... 5 and 5 1/2c per yd
- Pure Cider Vinegar, per gallon ..... 15c
- Clothes Pins, 1c dozen, 6 dozen for ..... 5c
- New Frames, per pound ..... 8c
- New Crown Raisins, per pound ..... 10c

**A. J. LAPHAM**

Will call daily for orders.  
100 NORTH VILLAGE

**PLYMOUTH MAIL**

BY  
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**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

- One Year ..... \$1.00
- Six Months ..... .75
- Three Months ..... .50

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

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

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1900

**Some Recollections of Early Life in Plymouth.**

My father, Ira Bronson, moved his family from Detroit to Plymouth in November, 1827. The township was then a wilderness. A few farmers had located land, erected log houses, and begun the work of subduing the mighty forest for the land was "heavy timbered."

Neighbors were usually two or three miles apart, though we had one near neighbor, Mr. John Miller, whose farm joined my father's on the west. The inhabitants were kind, honest, neighborly and industrious, though many of them were uneducated and irreligious.

The present site of Plymouth village was then owned by a man named William Starkweather, who had already built an imaginary city, and of whom many anecdotes were told for years by the early inhabitants.

My father's farm was half a mile west of Plymouth village. I was a child ten years old when we moved to Plymouth and the memories of those days are very pleasant—more pleasant to us children, than they could have been to our good mother, who must have been very lonely even with her many cares. My father remained in business in Detroit for a year or two, only coming home for occasional visits.

My mother had been religiously educated, and though we had neither church nor Sunday School, we were taught to reverence the Sabbath, nor was farm work allowed to be done on that day. I well remember the first time I "went to meeting" after we moved to Plymouth. A good Methodist minister, Elder Swift, used to come occasionally and preach in a private house. One Sunday when summer came, mother, my sister and myself walked about a mile and a half from home to a log house on "Golden Street" where a few neighbors were assembled. I do not remember a word of the good man's sermon, but was deeply impressed with the thought that this religion of which he spoke must be of great importance.

A few years later—I have not the date—a Methodist class was formed at Cooper's Corners, about two miles west of Plymouth village; and quite often a big load of neighbors and ourselves went to meeting in a big wagon or sleigh drawn by oxen.

In the winter of 1831-32 there was a revival of religion at Cooper's Corners and my mother and myself chose the "better part." A year previous my father, who was still in business in Detroit, was converted under the preaching of Rev. N. M. Wells and united with the Presbyterian church.

About this time a Baptist church was organized at Cooper's Corners, but it was not till 1833 that an attempt was made to organize a Presbyterian church at Plymouth village though Rev. Erie Prince, of Farmington, had preached in the school house occasionally before that time. In the summer of 1832, my father had built quite a large frame addition to his house, the upper part of which was still unfinished. It was a large room which would hold perhaps two hundred persons. Rude benches were constructed and in this primitive audience room, the Second Presbyterian church of Plymouth was organized on Feb. 23, 1833. Rev. Ira M. Weed, of Ypsilanti, Moderator and Rev. Erie Prince, of Farmington, Clerk.

The following transcript from the first records of the church have been kindly furnished me by Mr. Arthur L. Stevens, church clerk:

"At a meeting held at the house of Ira Bronson in the town of Plymouth for the purpose of organizing a Presbyterian church, on the 23rd day of February, 1833, Rev. Ira M. Weed, of Ypsilanti, was chosen Moderator and Rev. Erie Prince, of Farmington, Clerk. The meeting was consecrated with prayer.

The following persons presented letters from several churches and requested to be organized into a church. The said letters being in order their request was granted. They were Peter Smith and Betsy, his wife, Louisa Hammond, Fidelia Hammond, Lydia Hammond, Deborah Bradner, and Leonard Stanbrough. James Purdy and Betsy his wife from the church of Plymouth, N. Y., and Ira Bronson from the Presbyterian church in Detroit, requested to unite with said church, and a having letters from the churches, we received on verbal testimony. The persons according to their request were organized into a church by the name of the Second Presbyterian Church of Plymouth and adopted as their articles of faith those recited in the Detroit Directory.

The following persons were called as

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Call, for we have something nobby in the line of Headgear to show you. All the newest creations in Shapes and Shades.

Stiff Hats in Black, Brown, Havana, Cedar and Pearl, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$3.  
Fedora Hats in all shades, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00.

University Hats, all shades, \$2.00.  
New Pashaws, all shades, \$1, 1.50, 1.75, \$2.  
Park Hats, all shades, \$1, \$1.50.  
Crush Hats, all shades, 50c, \$1, \$1.50.

**A Big Line of Sample Hats, 1-3 Off.**



**OUR LEADER,  
THE PURITAN SPECIAL,**

We guarantee. We have it in Black, Havanna, Cedar & Pearl

**J. W. OLIVER.**

Take a peep at our window display

ceived as members of said church by examination: Henry Tibbits, Mrs. Hannah Stanbrough, Mrs. Mary Bronson, Mrs. Hannah Peck.

James Purdy Ira Bronson were chosen Elders and Deacons of the church.

The church voted to have the sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered on the next Sabbath.

On the next Sabbath, Feb. 24, the following persons were received by examination as members of the church: Lewis W. Purdy, Daniel Smith, and Laura J. Grant.

The following children were baptized: Charles L. Grant, James Tibbits, Ira Stanbrough, Sarah Ann Bronson, William Harris Bronson.

Henry Tibbits was chosen as an elder in the church and clerk of the Session; Erie Prince, Acting Clerk.

I was present at the organization of the church, but did not unite till about a year afterward when meetings were held in the school house and I was baptised and received into the church by Rev. Erie Prince.

The first Sunday School in Plymouth was organized in the school house by women about the time of the organization of the church; I think there were three teachers and I was secretary and librarian. After a few months, Henry Tibbits, then quite a young man, was persuaded to take the office of superintendent, as at that time it was not considered exactly proper for a woman to occupy such a public position, yet whenever Mr. Tibbits was absent one of the ladies must supply his place. I do not remember the order of exercises nor the mode of teaching, but I know that Sunday School was a good one and my impression is that it was never discontinued. After we began to worship in the new church, I organized an infant class of three scholars. I had never seen an infant class but had read of them and thought I would try. From that time early in the spring to July 4, when we held our first S. S. celebration, the class had increased from three to fifty-three scholars; some rather large infants to be sure, but even my instructions were better than none. I imagine many came into my class because they did not like to commit the lessons required in the other classes. However that may be, I did my best to give good instruction and greatly enjoyed the labor.

I have been asking myself how many of the Christians of to-day would have the faith and courage of that little band of pioneers, not one of whom had much worldly wealth nor any very marked intellectual gifts, but they had a good fund of common sense and rare Christian courage. They built upon the Rock and this church, though, in those early days sometimes shaken by storms of ridicule, or frozen by the calm chill breath of apathy, has stood firm while more than a generation have passed away.

Only when the Books are opened will be known; the extent of influence, and the amount of good accomplished by that little band of pioneers, who builded better than they knew, or even dared to hope.  
MRS. E. M. STEWART.

**His Metaphor Mixed.**

The mantle of Sir Boyle Roche has descended upon M. De Blowitz. In yesterday's Times he achieved a bull which rivals the famous "Sir, I smell a rat; I see it in the air, but I will nip it in the bud."

A passage from the Liberte prompted M. De Blowitz to this surprising piece of natural history: "I quote this because the Liberte is one of those amphibious journals that, waiting to see which way the wind blows, sometimes unexpectedly turn the scale."—London Chronicle.

**A Difficult Feat.**

"My friends, were the average man to turn and look himself squarely in the eyes and ask himself what he really needed most, what would be the result?"

"A rubber neck," shouted the precocious child from the rear of the room.

For sale or rent. Enquire of L. DEAN

**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,

**Obituary.**

Ezekiel Walker was born at Howell, Mich., September 22, 1850; came with his parents to Plymouth township in October, 1850. Was married to Harriet B. McNumber February 27, 1877. His widow, two daughters, three sisters and five brothers survive him. Funeral services were conducted last Sunday afternoon at his late home in the presence of a large number of friends, by Rev. W. G. Stephens.

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 Christ Jesus.

The nine sugar factories of Michigan during the month of January, according to a statement issued by Land Commissioner French turned out 7,431,108 pounds of sugar. The total output of the season to February 1, 1900, was 30,108,113 pounds of sugar, and the number of tons of beets received was 240,971. If the state had continued the payment of the beet sugar bounty, the sum of \$201,000 would have been required for this season's output.

**THE CREAM**  
Of Illuminating oils is Perfection Oil. It lights millions of homes—palaces and cottages. You can get it without paying a fancy price. Enquire of L. DEAN



# Extraordinary Sale of Fall and Winter Jackets!

In order to make room for Spring goods, we are obliged to offer at a

## GREAT SACRIFICE,

what remains of our grand stock of Ladies' and Children's Jackets.

All those handsome Jackets, comprising our \$10.00 to \$15.00 line, will be closed out at

**\$6.75.**

Our entire assortment of \$6.00, \$7.00 and \$8.00 Jackets will go at

**\$4.25.**

All our Children's Jackets, which created such a sensation at \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$7.00, to close

**\$3.75.**

40 old style Cloaks and Jackets, \$5.00 to \$12 value, for this sale,

**\$1.25.**

## DONT FAIL!

To take advantage of this

## GRAND OPPORTUNITY.

Examine the goods and be convinced that this is a chance of a lifetime.

**E. L. RIGGS,**

Plymouth Cash Outfitter.

### Local Newslets

Mrs. Eli Nowland is on the sick list. J. W. Oliver has a new ad. this week. Read it.

Blank books of all kinds for sale at this office.

Get your pictures framed at Millsapugh Bros.

Doctor Oliver was in Detroit on business Monday.

Attorney C. C. Yerkes, of Northville, was in town Tuesday.

The ladies of the O. E. S. purchased a new piano Wednesday.

Nelson Schrader has so far recovered as to be down town again.

Mrs. Tom Davey has been confined to her bed for the past week.

Mrs. Eugene Riggs, of Northville, visited Mr. E. L. Riggs Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Dunning are visiting relatives in Detroit this week.

Geo. Spencer, of Richmond, is clerking in E. E. Riggs' store this week.

Harry Spattuck has been in Ann Arbor for the past two weeks on business.

Mr. Odell, engineer at the power-house, has been suffering from tonsillitis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Pinckney entertained the Whist Club Monday evening.

Misses Fannie and Rhoda Spicer spent part of last week with Wayne friends.

Miss Watson, of Detroit, is visiting Misses Bailey and McLaren a few days this week.

Drop your items in the Mail item box in the post-office. We are always glad to get them.

Miss Gertrude Wallace, who has been spending several weeks with her aunt in Ontario, has returned home.

Mrs. E. J. Warner, Fredie Williams, and little Minnie Williams visited their auntie at Ypsilanti over Sunday.

Married on the 14th at Salem, by the Rev. W. G. Stephens, Virgil Bunch and Miss Jennie Monks, both of Sharon.

Quite a number from here have been to see "Quo Vadis," at the Detroit Opera House this week and pronounce it fine.

John Hbdgman of South Lyon, well known here, was married last Thursday to a young lady of Grand Rapids, where he is now employed.

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

Between fifteen and twenty lads and lasses gathered at the home of Frank Stephens on last Friday night and gave him a surprise. The evening was very pleasantly spent with games and music.

E. L. Riggs received a telegram Monday morning saying that his brother's wife was dead at Louisville, Ky. Mr. Riggs left Monday night to attend the funeral, accompanied by Walter Riggs, of Mason.

Millsapugh Bros. have a full line of picture frames. Call and see them.

Fred Beyer will sell at public auction on the farm, 1 1/2 miles south and 1/4 mile west of Elm Station, on Thursday, March 1st, 10 head of young cattle, horses, farm wagons, etc. John Bennett, auctioneer.

John Bow, Jr., of Livonia, was arrested Tuesday, for petty larceny from the house of Oscar Moore, of Livonia Center, upon a warrant issued by Justice Briggs. The young man plead not guilty and the day of trial has been set for Feb. 24th.

The much talked of minstrel show now seems sure to materialize. The orchestra, which has been practicing for some time, is now at work upon an overture for the occasion and a meeting will be held soon to assign the parts and decide upon who shall participate.

### A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

For some time the Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church has had in preparation an entertainment such as has not been given here for some years, we are told—being a business and trades' carnival, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. The people had been preparing for it, and when the sale of reserved seats was opened Monday morning at Briggs' store there was a rush. Some two hundred and fifty seats had been set apart, but there was such a demand that fifty more were added. Upon the evening of the performance—Wednesday—there was such a crowd at the doors that seats were placed in the aisles, and every available place was utilized. People were standing up, crowded together like sheep and yet several hundred were turned away, mostly those from Northville, and surrounding country, who came late and had neglected to secure seats.

Burt Bennett acted as announcer, the first number being a song by the Presbyterian chorus. The lively business of Czar Penney was represented by three little children, two girls drawing an express wagon with a boy driver. The girls sang an improvised song, setting forth the business, the representation being one of the best hits of the evening. H. C. Robinson's livery business was represented by Homer Patterson driving his team of goats upon the stage, gaily caparisoned. In the wagon sat little June Pelton, alighting from which she sang a solo in a most captivating, childish manner, that brought forth a storm of applause. The little tot sang another solo later in the evening and seemed to strike the audience in a way that showed their appreciation. The Misses Millard also sang each a solo that was very much appreciated. Miss Clarkson, of Northville, gave a violin solo that won an encore. Mr. N. G. Riley, of Detroit, has a beautiful bass voice and he gave several selections. The Northville male quartette made a decided hit and received very generous applause. The boys sing well. George Hall gave a bass solo in a pleasing manner. The ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls who represented the various business places, carried out that feature of the program in characteristic manner and each being cordially received. Carroll Adams, the juvenile agent of the Detroit Free Press, Journal, and Tribune, gave a very taking "exhibit." The merits of fast black hose sold by A. A. Taft, was illustrated by "three black cats"—boys fixed up as such. The Jolliffe Bros.' cheese factory output was praised in song by four children of the brothers Lee Jewell, representing F. M. Briggs and Plymouth Medicine Co., was the "clown" of the evening. E. C. Bassett, the Newburg grocer, was represented by a young lady with good effect. W. H. Coats, the Stark lumberman, was also represented. The Conner Hardware Co., John Gale, E. L. Riggs, Gayde Bros., Jolliffe Bros., Wm. Gayde, George Springer, Geo. Vandecar, Bogert & Co., The Plymouth Mail, J. W. Oiler, First National Bank, Bailey & McLaren, J. O. Eddy, "T. G." of Northville and Mr. Chambers, of Pike's Peak were nicely represented in their individual lines of trade or business. Miss Zaida Briggs represented the farm by giving a recitation in a very acceptable manner. The last feature of the entertainment was an exhibition drill by fourteen young ladies, representing the Markham Air Rifle Co. Art. Briggs was drillmaster, and the young ladies executed all movements in a graceful and prompt manner.

It was given out at the close of the entertainment that it would be repeated in the near future. The Mail has been delegated to say, however, that this will not be the case. The ladies also wish through The Mail to thank all who took part in the entertainment or contributed in any way to its success. A nice sum was realized and the ladies are correspondingly happy.

Mrs. E. L. Riggs visited relatives at Richmond Sunday.

Some parties from Detroit were here the fore part of the week looking over the ground for the proposed new trolley from Warren Ave., Detroit, to Ann Arbor.

The new Plymouth orchestra furnished music for the entertainment at Village Hall Wednesday evening, their efforts meeting with a cordial reception.

President Starkweather says he will not accept a re-nomination this year for the village presidency. He thinks he has had enough of the honors and duties.

There will be a caucus at village hall Tuesday evening, Feb. 27th, for the purpose of placing in nomination a Workingman's ticket, to be voted for Monday, March 12th, at the annual village election.

A dispatch from Northville says that Rev. J. H. Herbener has resigned his pastorate of the Presbyterian church to take effect March 15th. This will also affect his Plymouth charge most probably. He will enter the employ of a life insurance company, with headquarters at Detroit.

Earl Axford Lauffer celebrated his 8th birthday last Saturday, by inviting some forty of his little friends, and they had a happy time in playing games, giving recitations, etc. Refreshments were served and the visitors also left kindly tokens for their little host in memory of the event.

Walter Waldron was arrested last Saturday by Marshal Hasseiger on a warrant sworn out by Dan Smith, charging him with assault and battery. Upon advice of his attorney, Waldron failed to appear when the case was called, the grounds taken being that the marshal had no authority to make the arrest.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

The Junior class will give a Washington program on Friday afternoon, Feb. 23, beginning at 2:30 p. m.:

Song—America..... School  
Why Observe Washington's Birthday?  
Walter Bennett  
Personal Side of Washington,  
Cora Warner

Mount Vernon Bells..... School  
Early Life of Washington, Will Webber  
Recitation..... Leonard Stark  
Piano Solo..... Ione Adams  
Marriage of Washington..... Ada Smith  
Recitation..... Hazel Hoffman  
Last Days of Washington, Lester Brown  
Anecdotes of Washington by Cecil Schryer, Bertha Warner, Genevieve Beale, Ione Adams.

The Botany and Civics classes of 1900 have been organized. The botany class has 12 members, the civic class 8. They are both taught by Lina Durfee.

A pleasant surprise occurred on Frank Stephens last Friday Feb. 9. It was attended by school children who report a good time.

The 10th grade organized Friday Feb. 9, and elected George Davey, President; Alma Murry, Vice Pres.; Carrie Riddle, Secretary; Harry Passage and Sarah Bradford are the entertainment committee. Frank Stephens, Raymond Brown and Maitie Germer on the emblem committee.

In a meeting of the tenth grade, Dickens was chosen as the subject of their entertainment. A good program is being prepared. This entertainment will be given at the school house March 23, 1900.

The ninth grade met and effected a class organization, on Wednesday evening, by electing the following officers: President, Evered Jolliffe; Vice Pres., Zaida Briggs; Secretary, Frank Stephens; Treasurer, Perry Shaw; Program Com., Alice Mott, Retta Bullock and Edgar Jolliffe; Committee to select a class emblem, Carrie Stewart and Zaida Pinckney.

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

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

### The North Side

Harry Jolliffe is on the sick list this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Roe visited at Inkster on Sunday.

Jacob Streng has been in Toledo on business this week.

Harry Northrop was in Ypsilanti on business Wednesday.

Mr. Averill, of Grand Rapids, is the new operator at the Union depot.

Wm. Bentley is plastering Thomas Patterson's house in Livonia this week.

Miss Mary Gayde, accompanied by her cousin Miss Violet Videau, visited her parents here on Sunday.

Mr. Watts and son are painting Mrs. Starkweather's house on Oak street next to the Scotten property.

Mr. George Pague and Miss Goodell, of Detroit, visited Wm. Smitherman and family on Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Bowen left for her home in St. Marys, Canada, on Thursday, after visiting relatives here for the past week.

Mrs. Fitzhugh accompanied by her grandchild Miss Hazel Smitherman visited relatives in Detroit this week.

Wm. Robinson took a large load of ladies to Mrs. Orson Westfalls it being her 57 birthday. All reported a fine time.

Little Freddie, son of Henry Fisher, fell and cut his lip quite badly while playing with his brother, so it had to be sewed up by a doctor. It is healing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Moore, Miss Lemon and Mr. Fred Bennett, of Northville, spent Wednesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dickerson.

The remains of Miss Buella Reeves, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Reeves, was brought here from Toledo Thursday. Funeral was held at the Baptist church at 2 p. m., Rev. Stephens officiating. Interment at Riverside cemetery.

Huston & Co. are closing out the balance of their heaters at a cut price. Claud Rogers, of Ann Arbor, was the guest of his cousin, Clay Hoyt, last week.

Miss Stella Fuller, of Detroit, and Miss Carrie Bovee, of Northville, were visitors of Miss Luella Rogers the latter part of last week.

Chas. Hawkins, living on the premises known as the Daniel Blue farm, 3/4 mile north of Elm Station, will hold an auction sale on Tuesday, Feb. 20, at ten o'clock. He has a large quantity of farm stock and implements, and this will be an excellent opportunity to secure bargains in this line. John Bennett, auctioneer.

G. H. Russell, of Northville, District Deputy Head Consul for the Modern Woodmen of America, organized a camp of Woodmen at Pike's Peak on Monday evening with 17 charter members. The following officers were elected:

Venerable Consul—Wm. Rattenbury.  
Worthy Adviser—C. E. Kingsley.  
Banker—Wm. Beyer.  
Clerk—J. T. Wade.  
Escort—J. T. Brown.  
Watchman—Wm. Wurtz.  
Sentry—Art. Tait.  
Physician—J. D. Bennett.  
Managers—Alex. Lyle, J. A. Tait, and W. B. Parmalee.  
The camp will meet in the Perrinsville Hall on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.

### CHURCH NEWS.

The week evening meetings now being held at the M. E. church are well attended. Quite an interest is manifested. They will be continued the coming week.

The Rev. W. G. Stephens will preach at the M. E. church both morning and evening next Sunday.

## Have Just Received

This week Fresh Stock of

Pettijohn's Breakfast Food,  
H. O. Breakfast Food,  
Wheatlets,  
Cream of Wheat,  
Pillsbury's Vitos,  
Cream of Wheat,  
Grape Nuts,  
Uneda Biscuit,  
Uneda Jinger Wayfers,  
Canned Peaches,  
Canned Apricots.

## READ THIS, BOYS!

For the next two weeks I will give every person buying 50c. worth of Goods, a new KITE. Come and get one.

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.

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**

## Do you Want Trading Stamps?

If you do, call at

**H. HARRIS'**  
**Meat Market.**

One Stamp for Every 10c. Cash Purchase

It will afford you pleasure to step into our market when in want of Meat of any kind. We aim to have on hand at any and all times a complete line of the best cuts.

**H. HARRIS**

### Woman's Literary Club.

The Woman's Literary Club met with Miss Packard, at the home of Mrs. Safford, Friday afternoon February 9th. The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Sherwood, the president, Miss Hart-rough, being absent. History series taken up by the club, followed by Mrs. Sherwood "A Trip to China Town"

Reminiscences of her visit to the Chinese quarters in San Francisco, in 1892. "Moorish Art and Architecture," a most interesting paper by Miss Vrooman.

Club adjourned to meet with Miss Shattuck, Friday afternoon, February 23rd. See.



# THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

BY  
OLIVE  
SCHREINER

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE  
BOER REPUBLIC.

He is gone away. The old questioning devil is there.

We must have been awakened sooner or later. The imagination cannot always triumph over reality, the desire over truth. We must have been awakened. If it was done a little sharply, what matter? It was done thoroughly, and it had to be done.

VII.

And a new life begins for us, a new time, a life as cold as that of a man who sits on the pinnacle of an iceberg, and sees the glittering crystals all about him. The old looks indeed like a long, hot delirium, peopled with phantasies. The new is cold enough.

Now we have no God. We have had two—the old God that our fathers handed down to us, that we hated and never liked; the new One that we made for ourselves, that we loved. But now he has fitted away from us, and we see what he was made of—the shadow of our highest ideal, crowned and throned. Now we have no God. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." It may be so. Most things said or written have been the work of fools.

This thing is certain—he is a fool who says, "No man hath said in his heart, There is no God."

It has been said many thousand times in hearts with profound bitterness of earnest faith.

We do not cry and weep. We sit down with cold eyes and look at the world. We are not miserable. Why should we be? We eat and drink and sleep all night, but the dead are not colder.

And we say it slowly, but without sighing: "Yes; we see it now. There is no God."

And we add, growing a little colder yet: "There is no justice. The ox dies in the yoke beneath its master's whip. It turns its anguish filled eyes on the sunlight, but there is no sign of recompense to be made it. The black man is shot like a dog, and it goes well with the shooter. The innocent are accused, and the accused triumphs. If you will take the trouble to scratch the surface anywhere, you will see under the skin a sentiment being writhing in impotent anguish."

And we say further, and our heart is as the heart of the dead for coldness: "There is no order. All things are driven about by a blind chance."

What a soul drinks in with its mother's milk; will not leave it in a day. From our earliest hour we have been taught that the thought of the heart, the shaping of the rancid cloud, the amount of wool that grows on a sheep's back, the length of a draft and the growing of the corn depend on nothing that moves imitable, at the heart of all things; but on the changeable will of a changeable being whom our prayers can alter. To us, from the beginning, nature has been but a poor, plastic thing, to be toyed with this way or that, as man happens to please his deity or not, to go to church or not, to say his prayers right or not, to travel on a Sunday or not. Was it possible for us in an instant to see nature as she is—the flowing vestment of an unchanging reality? When a sow breaks free from the struts of a superstition, bits of the claws and talons break themselves off in him. It is no the work of a day to squeeze them out.

And so, for us, the humanlike driver and guide being gone, all existence, as we look out at it with our chilled, wondering eyes, is an aimless race; and swirl of shifting waters. In all that swirling chaos we can see no spot so large as a man's hand on which we may plant our foot.

Whether a man believes in a human life (God or no) is a small thing. Whether he looks into the mental and physical world and sees no relation between cause and effect, no order but a blind chance sporting, this is the mightiest fact that can be recorded in any spiritual existence. It were almost a mercy to cut his throat, if indeed he does not do it for himself.

We however, do not cut our throats. To do so would imply some desire and feeling, and we have no desire and no feeling. We are only cold. We do not wish to live, and we do not wish to die. One day a snake curls itself round the waist of a Kaffir woman. We take it in our hand, swing it round and round and fling it on the ground—dead. Every one looks at us with eyes of admiration. We almost laugh. Is it wonderful to risk that for which we care nothing?

In truth, nothing matters. This dirty little world full of confusion, and the blue rag stretched overhead for a sky is as low we could touch it with our hand.

Existence is a great pot, and the old fate who stirs it round cares nothing who rises to the top and what goes down and laughs when the bubbles burst. And we do not care. Let it boil about. Why should we trouble ourselves? Nevertheless the physical sensations are real. Hunger hurts, and thirst; therefore we eat and drink. Infection pains us; therefore we work like mad to get rid of it. A great dam is built to hold back the water. In the gray dawn before the day we are set out we work at it. All day,

while the young ostriches we rear feed about us, we work on through the fiercest heat. The people wonder what new spirit has seized us now. They do not know we are working for life. We hear the greatest stones and feel a satisfaction when we stagger under them and are hurt by a pang that shoots through our chest. While we eat our dinner we carry on baskets full of earth, as though the devil drove us. The Kaffir servants have a story that at night a witch and two white oxen come to help us. No wall, they say, could grow so quickly under one man's hands.

At night, alone in our cabin, we sit no more brooding over the fire. What should we think of now? All is emptiness. So we take the old arithmetic, and the multiplication table, which with so much pains we learned long ago and forgot directly, we learn now in a few hours and never forget again. We take a strange satisfaction in working arithmetical problems. We pause in our building to cover the stones with figures and calculations. We save money for a Latin grammar and an algebra and carry them about in our pockets, poring over them as over our Bible of old. We have thought we were utterly stupid, incapable of remembering anything, of learning anything. Now we find that all is easy. Has a new soul crept into this old body, that even our intellectual faculties are changed? We marvel, not perceiving that what a man expends in prayer and ecstasy he cannot have over for acquiring knowledge. You never shed a tear or create a beautiful image or quiver with emotion but you pay for it at the practical, calculating end of your nature. You have just so much force. When the one channel runs over, the other runs dry.

And now we turn to Nature. All these years we have lived beside her, and we have never seen her. Now we open our eyes and look at her.

The rocks have been to us a blur of brown. We bend over them, and the disorganized masses dissolve into a many colored, many shaped, carefully arranged form of existence, here masses of rainbow tinted crystals half fused together, there bands of smooth gray and red methodically overlying each other. This rock here is covered with a delicate silver tracery, in some mineral resembling leaves and branches. There on the flat stone, on which we so often have sat to weep and pray, we look down and see it covered with the fossil footprints of great birds and the beautiful skeleton of a fish. We have often tried to picture in our mind what the fossilized remains of creatures must be like, and all the while we sat on them. We have been so blinded by thinking and feeling that we have never seen the world.

The flat plain has been to us a reach of monotonous red. We look at it, and every handful of sand starts into life. That wonderful people, the ants, we learn to know; see them make war and peace, play and work, and build their huge palaces. And that smaller people we make acquaintance with who live in the flowers. The blithe flower has been for us a mere blur of yellow. We find its heart composed of a hundred perfect flowers, the houses of the tiny black people with red stripes, who move in and out in that little yellow city. Every bluebell has its inhabitant. Every day the "karoo" shows us a new wonder sleeping in its teeming bosom. On our way to work we pause and stand to see the ground spider make its trap, bury itself in the sand and then wait for the falling in of its enemy. Farther on walks a horned beetle, and near him starts open the door of a spider, who peeps out carefully and quickly pulls it down again. On a "karoo" bush a green fly is laying her silver eggs. We carry them home and see the shells pierced, the spotted grub come out, turn to a green fly and fly away.

We are not satisfied with what Nature shows us and will see something for ourselves. Under the little hen we put a dozen eggs and break one daily to see the white spot wax into the chicken. We are not excited or enthusiastic about it. But a man is not to lay his throat open. He must think of something. So we plant seeds in rows on our dam wall and pull one up daily to see how it goes with them. Althea buried her wonderful stone, and a golden palace sprang up at her feet. We do far more. We put a brown seed in the earth, and a living thing starts out—starts upward—why, do more than Althea can we say—starts upward, and does not desist till it is higher than our heads, sparkling with dew in the early morning, glittering with yellow blossoms, shaking brown seeds with little embryo souls on to the ground. We look at it solemnly from the time it consists of two leaves peeping above the ground and a soft white root till we have to raise our faces to look at it, but we find no reason for that upward starting.

We look into the dead ducks and lambs. In the evening we carry them home, spread newspapers on the floor and lay them out to dry. We do not mind. With a started, sudden, we see a snake crawling over the newspaper and straining inside. We feel them and

put the heart away. One day now and then return to look and to feel them again. Why we like them so we can hardly tell.

A gander drowns itself in our dam. We take it out and open it on the bank and kneel looking at it. Above are the organs divided by delicate tissues; below are the intestines, and finally curves in spiral form, and each side covered by a delicate network of blood vessels standing out red against the faint blue background. Each branch of the blood vessels is comprised of a trunk, bifurcating and re-bifurcating into the most delicate hairlike threads, symmetrically arranged. We are struck with its singular beauty. And, moreover (and here we drop from our kneeling into a sitting posture), this also we remark—of that same exact shape and outline is our thorn tree seen against the sky in midwinter; of that shape also is delicate metallic tracery between our rocks; in that exact path does our water flow when without a furrow we lead it from the dam; so shaped are the antlers of the horned beetle. How are these things related that such deep union should exist between them all? Is it chance, or are they not all the fine branches of one trunk, whose sap flows through us all? That would explain it. We nod over the gander's inside.

"This thing we call existence, is it not a something which has its roots far down below in the dark and its branches stretching out into the immensity above which we among the branches cannot see? Not a chance jumble, a living thing, a One. The thought gives us intense satisfaction. We cannot tell why.

We nod over the gander, then start up suddenly, look into the blue sky, throw the dead gander and the refuse into the dam and go to work again.

And so it comes to pass in time that the earth ceases for us to be a weltering chaos. We walk in the great hall of life, looking up and round reverentially. Nothing is despicable; all is meaning full. Nothing is small; all is part of a whole whose beginning and end we know not. The life that throbs in us is a pulsation from it, too mighty for our comprehension, not too small.

And so it comes to pass at last, that whereas the sky was at first a small blue rag stretched out over us and so low that our hands might touch it, pressing down on us, it raises itself into an immeasurable blue arch over our heads, and we begin to live again.

## CHAPTER XV. WALDO'S STRANGER.

Waldo lay on his stomach on the red sand. The small ostriches he herded wandered about him, pecking at the food he had cut or at pebbles and dry sticks. On his right lay the graves, on his left the dam. In his hand was a large wooden post covered with carvings, at which he worked. Doss lay before him basking in the winter sunshine and now and again casting an expectant glance at the corner of the nearest ostrich camp. The scrubby thorn trees under which they lay yielded no shade, but none was needed in that glorious June weather, when in the hottest part of the afternoon the sun was but pleasantly warm. And the boy carved on, not looking up, yet conscious of the brown serene earth about him and the intensely blue sky above.

Presently, at the corner of the camp, Em appeared, bearing a covered saucer in one hand and in the other a jug with a cup on the top. She was grown into a premature little old woman of 16, ridiculously fat. The jug and saucer she put down on the ground before the dog and his master and dropped down beside them herself, panting and out of breath.

"Waldo, as I came up the camps I met some one on horseback, and I do believe it must be the new man that is coming."

The new man was an Englishman to whom the Boer woman had hired half the farm.

"Hum!" said Waldo.

"He is quite young," said Em, holding her side, "and he has brown hair and beard curling close to his face and such dark blue eyes. And, Waldo, I was so ashamed! I was just looking back to see, you know, and he happened just to be looking back, too, and we looked right into each other's face, and he got red, and I got so red. I believe he is the new man."

"Yes," said Waldo.

"I must go now. Perhaps he has brought us letters from the post from Lyndall. You know, she can't stay at school much longer. She must come back soon. And the new man will have to stay with us till his house is built. I must get his room ready. Good-by!"

She tripped off again, and Waldo carved on at his post. Doss lay with his nose close to the covered saucer and smelled that some one had made nice little fat cakes that afternoon. Both were so intent on their occupation that not till a horse's hoofs beat beside them in the sand did they look up to see a rider drawing in his steed.

He was certainly not the stranger whom Em had described, a dark, somewhat French looking little man of eight and twenty, rather stout, with heavy, cloudy eyes and pointed mustaches. His horse was a fiery creature, well caparisoned. A highly finished saddlebag hung from the saddle. The man's hands were gloved, and he presented the appearance of an appearance rare on that farm—of a well dressed gentleman.

In an uncommonly melodious voice he inquired whether he might be allowed to remain there for a night. Waldo directed him to the farm, and the stranger declined. He would merely rest under the trees and go on his way. He remained the saddlebag, Waldo led the animal away to the dam. Waldo, however, was not so easily satisfied. He had noticed the stranger had noticed him.

Waldo, with his back against the saddle. The boy looked him of the eyes. He declined, but took a draft from the jug, and Waldo lay down not far on and fell to work again. It mattered nothing if cold eyes saw it. It was not his sheep shearing machine. With matters loves, all with human. We go mad once, have out and have done. We never get up the true end of a string. That was but a thing he had made, labored over, loved, and liked, nothing more—not his machine.

The stranger forced himself lower down in the saddle and yawned. It was a drowsy afternoon, and he objected to travel in these out of the world parts. He liked better civilized life. Where at every hour of the day a man may look for his glass of wine and his easy chair and paper; where at night he may lock himself into his room with his books and a bottle of brandy and taste joys mental and physical. The world said to him—the all knowing, omnipotent world, whom no locks can bar, who has the catlike propensity of seeing best in the dark—the world said that better than the books he loved the brandy and better than books or brandy that which it had been better had he loved less. But for the world he cared nothing. He smiled blandly in its teeth. All life is a dream. If wife and philosophy and women keep the dream from becoming a nightmare,

so much the better. It is all they are fit for, all they can be used for. There was another side to his life and thought, but of that the world knew nothing and said nothing, as the way of the wise world is.

The stranger looked from beneath his sleepy eyelids at the brown earth that stretched away, beautiful in spite of itself. In that June sunshine; looked at the graves, the gables of the farmhouse showing over the stone walls of the camps, at the clownish fellow at his feet, and yawned. But he had drunk of the hind's tea and must say something.

"Your father's place, I presume?" he inquired sleepily.

"No; I am only a servant."

"Dutch people?"

"Yes."

"And you like the life?"

The boy hesitated.

"On days like these."

"And why on these?"

The boy waited.

"They are very beautiful."

The stranger looked at him. It seemed that as the fellow's dark eyes looked across the brown earth they kindled with an intense satisfaction. Then they looked back at the carving.

What had that creature, so coarse and clownish, to do with the subtle joys of the weather? Himself, white handed and delicate, he might hear the music which shimmering sunshine and solitude play on the finely strung chords of nature, but that fellow? Was not the ear in that great body too gross for such delicate mutterings?

Presently he said:

"May I see what you work at?"

The fellow handed his wooden post. It was by no means lovely. The men and birds were almost grotesque in their labored resemblance to nature and bore signs of patient thought. The stranger turned the thing over on his knee.

"Where did you learn this work?"

"I taught myself."

"And these zigzag lines represent?"

"A mountain."

The stranger looked.

"It has some meaning, has it not?"

The boy muttered confusedly:

"Only things."

The questioner looked down at him—the huge, unwieldy figure, in size a man's, in right of its childish features and curling hair a child's—and it hurt him. It attracted him, and it hurt him. It was something between pity and sympathy.

"How long have you worked at this?"

"Nineteen months."

From his pocket the stranger drew his pocketbook and took something from it. He could fasten the post to his horse in some way and throw it away in the sand when at a safe distance.

"Will you take this for your carving?"

The boy glanced at the £5 note and shook his head.

"No; I cannot."

"You think it is worth more?" asked the stranger, with a little sneer.

He pointed with his thumb to a grave.

"No; it is for him."

"And who is there?" asked the stranger.

"My father."

The man silently returned the note to his pocketbook and gave the carving to the boy and, drawing his hat over his eyes, composed himself to sleep. Not being able to do so, after awhile he glanced over the fellow's shoulder to watch him work. The boy carved letters into the back.

"If," said the stranger, with his melodious voice, rich with a sweetness that never showed itself in the clouded eyes, for sweetness will linger on in the voice after it has died out in the eyes—"if for such a purpose, why write that upon it?"

The boy glanced at him, but made no answer. He had almost forgotten his presence.

"You surely believe," said the stranger, "that some day, sooner or later, these graves will open and those Boer uncles with their wives walk about here in the red sand with the very fleshy legs with which they went to sleep. Then why say, 'He sleeps forever.' You believe he will stand up a day?"

"I do not," said the boy, looking for an instant his heavy eyes to the stranger's face.

He sat there, the stranger thought, for it was all though a curious little subject, which he held under his glass

to gaze on him.

"No," he said, "I have nothing, hope nothing, have nothing, feel nothing. I am beyond the pale of humanity, no criterion of what you should be who live here among your ostriches and bushes."

The next moment the stranger was surprised by a sudden movement on the part of the fellow, which brought him close to the stranger's feet. Soon after he raised his carving and laid it across the man's knee.

"Yes, I will tell you," he muttered; "I will tell you all about it."

He put his finger on the grotesque little manikin at the bottom (ah, that man who believed nothing, hoped nothing, felt nothing—how he loved him), and with eager finger the fellow moved upward, explaining over fantastic figures and mountains, to the crowning bird from whose wing dropped a feather. At the end he spoke with broken breath—short words, like one who utters things of mighty import.

The stranger watched more the face than the carving, and there was now and then a show of white teeth beneath the mustaches as he listened.

"I think," he said blandly when the boy had done, "that I partly understand you. It is something after this fashion, is it not?" He smiled. "In certain valleys there was a hunter."

He touched the grotesque little figure at the bottom. "Day by day he went to hunt for wild fowl in the woods, and it chanced that once he stood on the shores of a large lake. While he stood waiting in the rushes for the coming of the birds a great shadow fell on him, and in the water he saw a reflection. He looked up to the sky, but the thing was gone. Then a burning desire came over him to see once again that reflection in the water, and all day he watched and waited, but night came, and it had not returned. Then he went home with his empty bag, moody and silent. His comrades came questioning about him to know the reason, but he answered them nothing. He sat alone and brooded. Then his friend came to him, and to him he spoke.

"I have seen today," he said, "that which I never saw before—a vast white bird, with silver wings outstretched, sailing in the everlasting blue. And now it is as though a great fire burned within my breast. It was but a shew, a shimmer, a reflection in the water, but now I desire nothing more on earth than to hold her."

"His friend laughed.

"It was but a beam playing on the water or the shadow of your own head. Tomorrow you will forget her," he said.

"But tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow the hunter walked alone. He sought in the forest and in the woods, by the lakes and among the rushes, but he could not find her. He shot no more wild fowl. What were they to him?"

"What ails him?" said his comrades.

"He is mad," said one.

"No; but he is worse," said another. "He would see that which none of us have seen and make himself a wonder."

"Come, let us forswear his company," said all.

"So the hunter walked alone.

"One night, as he wandered in the shade, very heart sore and weeping, an old man stood before him, grander and taller than the sons of men.

"Who are you?" asked the hunter.

"I am Wisdom," answered the old man, "but some men called me Knowledge. All my life I have grown in these valleys, but no man sees me till he has sorrowed much. The eyes must be washed with tears that are to behold me, and, according as a man has suffered, I speak."

"And the hunter cried:

"Oh, you who have lived here so long, tell me, what is that great wild bird I have seen sailing in the blue? They would have me believe she is a dream, the shadow of my own head."

The old man smiled.

"Her name is Truth. He who has once seen her never rests again. Till death he desires her."

"And the hunter cried:

"Oh, tell me where I may find her?"

"But the man said:

"You have not suffered enough," and went.

"Then the hunter took from his breast the shuttle of imagination and wound on it the thread of his wishes, and all night he sat and wove a net.

"In the morning he spread the golden net open on the ground, and into it he threw a few grains of credulity, which his father had left him and which he kept in his breast pocket. They were like white puffballs, and when you trod on them a brown dust flew out. Then he sat by to see what would happen.

The first that came into the net was a snow white bird, with dove's eyes, and he sang a beautiful song. 'A human God, a human God, a human God,' it sang. The second that came was black and mystical, with dark, lovely eyes, that looked into the depths of your soul, and he sang only this—'Immortality!'

"And the hunter took them both in his arms, for he said:

"They are surely of the beautiful family of Truth."

Then came another, green and gold, who sang in a shrill voice, like one crying in the market place, 'Reward after death, reward after death!'

"And he said:

"You are not so fair, but you are fair, too," and he took it.

"And others came, brightly colored, singing pleasant songs till all the grains were finished, and the hunter gathered all his birds together and built a strong iron cage, called a new creed, and put all his birds in it.

Then the people came about, dancing and singing.

He touched the grotesque little figure at the bottom. "Day by day he went to hunt for wild fowl in the woods, and it chanced that once he stood on the shores of a large lake. While he stood waiting in the rushes for the coming of the birds a great shadow fell on him, and in the water he saw a reflection. He looked up to the sky, but the thing was gone. Then a burning desire came over him to see once again that reflection in the water, and all day he watched and waited, but night came, and it had not returned. Then he went home with his empty bag, moody and silent. His comrades came questioning about him to know the reason, but he answered them nothing. He sat alone and brooded. Then his friend came to him, and to him he spoke.

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"Come, let us forswear his company," said all.

## THE NAUMBERG SECTS.

Specialties of the sects in the Boer Republic.

In Croghan, a small village in Lewis county, N. Y., are living what is known as the Naumberg sects. As these people regard strangers with suspicion and are unwilling to have any statistics regarding themselves published, little is known of them outside of their immediate neighborhood. They are ingenuous, frugal and chaste people, bound together by a common religious belief in which baptism is the central idea. The peculiar manner of their dress, which is always plain, yet with no attempt at uniformity, made them an object of interest wherever seen. The women dress similar to the Quakers, without ribbons, feathers or flowers to adorn their headgear. The characteristics apply to both these Naumberg sects—the "Hook and Eye" and the Anabaptists. The latter call themselves Evangelical Baptists and practice baptism with adults or those of riper years, while the "Hook and Eye" people include infants in the holy rite. Should any one wish to join them they are baptized, no attention being paid to previous baptisms performed by any other religious body. The Evangelicals place little or no value on education even for ministerial work. The minister labors gratis and has not a little influence in the equalization of marriages among the flock as to competency, money matters, etc.

It sometimes happens that all the members of a family are not of the same religious belief. Should a person die who is not a member of the Evangelicals and yet a member of such a household the corpse must remain in the hall of the church during the services and not be brought in front of the pulpit, an honor that is accorded to members only. They seldom have a bearse in attendance at the funeral, and their coffins are of the plainest material.

To them creeds are only the devices of men. The "Hook and Eye" people fasten their clothing with hooks and eyes, even the male members believing that buttons are too showy and exhibit a pride in dress that should be concealed. They have little to do with outside people, but greet each other with the holy kiss after an absence or on leaving for a journey. Having no house of worship, the "Hook and Eye" hold meetings at the homes of the different members. They do not meet with the Evangelicals, yet hold many things in common with them as to belief and practice. They have no firearms, they do not go to law and seldom take interest for money loaned to poorer members of their sect. They have no paintings, photographs or pictures of any description to adorn their walls. The men are not allowed to wear mustaches, to vote or to hold office. They care for their own poor and are careful of the treatment of each other.

A very odd and unaccountable rule among them is that no man is allowed to lock arms with his wife in public, especially in going to or in coming from church. Such a rule in this locality would be entirely uncalled for. However, the offense there is punished by calling the offenders to front seats, known to all as seats for discipline. They are an honest, God fearing people, at peace with the world and with themselves. They neither fill our county houses nor our jails. They are entitled to all the privileges and protection our constitution extends, and our country is benefited by their industry. Utica Observer.

Squeezing in China.

"The 'squeeze,'" says a correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from China, "is a national institution from which every one suffers or derives advantage, from the dowager empress to the humblest gatekeeper. This is already well known everywhere. There is not a 'privilege' of any kind, and privileges or concessions are as numerous here as at home, from which the dowager empress does not benefit financially.

"Every servant in the palace, from the highest to the lowest, wrings fees out of those who must enter the Forbidden City, whatever their errand may be. A high official said recently that it cost him as much as 1,000 ounces of silver to get access to the palace, even when he had been summoned on official business by the dowager empress herself.

"Chinese officials receive only nominal salaries. The great Li Hung Chang, when viceroy of China, the highest office in the empire next to that of the imperial ruler himself, received out of the public treasury a sum equal to \$80 in American currency per annum. He has achieved a fortune of something like \$5,000,000—not \$500,000,000, as has been stated—and how he scraped this together can better be imagined than described."

Message from Loeffler.

One of the most interesting characters about Washington, and one of the most highly respected of the 250,000 officials in the employ of Uncle Sam, is Captain Charles Loeffler, the confidential messenger and doorknocker of the president. Captain Loeffler probably knows more famous men than any other person living, because he has stood at the entrance of the executive chamber for over 30 years, and everybody who has entered the presence of the chief magistrate of this nation during all that time has handed a card to him.

The Wireless.

"As I understand it," says Mrs. Cassam, "by the wireless telegraph system the messages go right through the air we breathe."

"Yes, that is correct," answered Mr. Cassam.

Harper's Bazaar.

Harper's Bazaar

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Harper's Bazaar

Harper's Bazaar

Harper's Bazaar

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Harper's Bazaar







# 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.

**G. A. TAYLOR**



**FLORIDA NEW ORLEANS**

**CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & DAYTON RY.**

THE SHORT LINE TO **Cincinnati and the South**

DIRECT CONNECTION MADE AT CINCINNATI FOR

LEXINGTON LOUISVILLE ASHEVILLE KNOXVILLE CHATTANOOGA CUBA MEMPHIS ATLANTA JACKSONVILLE ST. AUGUSTINE TAMPA

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

Subscribe for the **Plymouth Mail**

Best Paper in Western Wayne.

Only \$1.00 per Year.

# Breezy Items

By Elce Correspondents.

## MEAD'S MILLS.

Mrs. Clarina Wilkinson is sick with stomach trouble.

Phillip Taylor, of Novi, was a guest of Frank Taylor last Sunday.

T. J. Clark, of Canton, called for Mrs. Naomi Greene to attend the funeral of E. Walker at Salem last Sunday.

Some parties were looking over the old foundry last week, thinking of purchasing it for some kind of business, what kind we did not learn.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Taylor, of Northville, were visitors in the Burg Sunday.

The workmen and school children that depended on the street car last Tuesday was a little tardy we think, tunnel was to blame.

## STARK.

Mrs. Nellie Boehm, of Detroit, spent Sunday at home.

Miss Mima Bridge spent Saturday in Detroit.

Miss Hattie Hoisington and friend, Miss Pelow of Eloise, spent the latter part of last week at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Dell Knapp, of Plymouth, spent Sunday at T. Davey's.

Look out for a wedding in the nearer future, across the river.

William Johnson spent a couple of days at home last week.

Quietly married at the home of the bride's parents, Miss Alla Kuhn to Mr. George Herrington, of New York.

Most every body has had colds nowadays.

Feb. 9, the Newburg ladies aid society met at the parsonage in Plymouth with Rev. and Mrs. Stephens, meeting called to order by the president and opened by singing "Would We Know Him." Prayer by Elder Stephens, minutes of the last meeting read and approved, Treasurer's report accepted.

Roll call, 18 active and 3 honorary members present, three new members two active and one honorary, united with the society at this meeting. Selections were read by Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Dean and a recitation given by Mrs. Hall. All the business coming before the meeting was discussed and duly transacted. About fifty partook of the elaborate and bountiful dinner.

A vote of thanks was given Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hodge for so kindly donating the meat. A vote of thanks was given Elder Stephens and wife for so pleasantly entertaining the society.

Adjourned to meet with Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Armstrong the second Friday in March.—Louisa A. Bennett, Sec.

## REDFORD.

Dr. L. N. Tupper intends to build a residence on the lot next to H. J. Willmarth's hardware store in Sand Hill. He intends to locate there.

A. P. McIntyre is seriously sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Walsted, of North Farmington, attended the funeral of Mr. Watch and called on relatives here last Sunday.

H. E. Burgess has drawn brick on his land in Sand Hill preparatory of building a new residence there for himself.

The barn in connection with the Hawthorn House, Sand Hill, burned down Saturday night. Cause unknown.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ferrington, of Detroit, spent Sunday with their parents.

Mrs. Emery Millard is quite sick yet, at her father's, E. T. Durham's.

Mrs. Chas. Reide, who lives on the Pauger farm, is sick. Dr. Tupper is attending her.

Mrs. Britton, of Detroit, preached at the Baptist church last Sunday morning.

## SOUTH LIVONIA.

The party at Perrinsville hall last Wednesday evening was fairly well attended. All report a nice time.

A camp of the Modern Woodmen of America was organized here last Monday evening.

Several young people from here attended the party at Woodworth's hall, Newburg last Friday. Mr. Woodworth seems to be of just the right stamp to manage a private party. Among the numerous accommodations are stabling for horses, a smoking room, two dressing rooms, a large sitting-room and a neat little ticket office. The ball room floor is unexcelled and heavily waxed and if a person don't keep his thinking-cap on, he is apt to dance

## Facts to Remember.

The original and Genuine Red Pills are Knill's R-d 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.

Pleasant, safe and sure are 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.

the cakewalk on his ear, Mr. Woodworth allows no disorder whatever and the Hannan orchestra furnishes excellent music. Over 100 people were in attendance at the last party and there is no doubt but that twice as many will attend the next one.

## LIVONIA CENTER.

Mr. Grant, who has worked the Flint farm the past year, has bought the Julia Minky farm and is moving this week. Mr. Grant's former work shows that he is a good farmer and we wish him success in his new home.

R. S. Peck is still very miserable.

Latest report says that Frank Ceiting is getting along nicely.

Wedding bells in the near future. Be ready with your presents.

## CHERRY HILL.

On Saturday evening, the 24th, there will be a social and entertainment at the hall, given by the school for the purpose of raising funds to help pay for a chart recently purchased for the school at a cost of \$35. An admission of 10 and 15 cents will be charged. The school have arranged an interesting program and the attendance should be large as the cause is a worthy one.

The order discontinuing this post-office has been rescinded.

Arthur Newton is improving slowly.

The amount of milk received at the milk house last Monday was 4,458 lbs.

## SALEM.

Dewey Waterman returned from the M. A. C. last Friday.

The Congregational S. S. gave a Valentine social at the parsonage.

Mrs. George Waterman, of Lansing, was called home on account of the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Jas. Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Austin are both recovering from the measles.

Miss Edith Northrop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Northrop, is in very poor health.

Mrs. Peter Coldren, of Northville, is spending the week with Salem friends.

A painful accident occurred at the Stevens mill on Friday of last week, by which Henry Nollar's left arm was badly lacerated with the saw. Drs. Waid and Henry dressed the wound and are in hopes of saving the arm.

Harry G. VanSickle was home over the Sabbath from Detroit. He returned last Tuesday.

Miss May Coldren, of the U. of M., spent the Sabbath at home, returning to Ann Arbor on Monday.

Mrs. James Murray, who was very sick last week, is much better this week.

## ELM.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Wilson, Feb. 7, a nine pound son.

Mrs. J. D. Perry, of Detroit, is spending a few days with relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. Chas. Hawkins is much better at this writing.

With all the tender care that affectionate parents and skilled physicians can give her, little Maggie Shaw, who has long been a patient sufferer, appears to be steadily failing.

Miss Catherine Perry, of Detroit, is visiting Mrs. T. V. Shaw this week.

Mrs. E. Hawkins, who has been very ill at the home of her sister, Mrs. Fred Wilson, has so far recovered as to be able to return to her own home.

The L. A. S. met with Mrs. J. R. Shaw with about 45 present. Proceeds \$5.50.

## PIKE'S PEAK.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McKinney and Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Lewis spent Sunday at Wm. Robinson's.

Mr. Adams was on the sick list a few days of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Rohde and daughter visited at Melvin Newton's at Farmington Sunday.

The electric road question is being agitated again.

The Nankin mill dam has stood the high waters of this season remarkably well.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fox spent Sunday at John Sherwood's.

## PERRINSVILLE.

Miss Laura Brown, who has been visiting relatives at Saginaw and Farwell for the past five months, has returned home.

A society of Modern Woodmen of America was organized here last Monday evening by the district deputy, G. H. Russell of Northville, with about twenty members.

Rev. Shannon, of the Congregational church at Wayne, occupied Mr. Bartman's pulpit last Sunday.

Mrs. J. F. Brown and daughter Laura and Minnie Schunk attended the L. A. S. at Elm last Wednesday.

It looks as if we were going to have an electric line through here in the near future as they have asked for a franchise through the township of Nankin.

Fred Kugler spent Sunday at home.

Miss Edith Lyle spent one evening last week with her sister, Mrs. Wade.

C. E. Kingsley contemplates building a new house.

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

## PACKARD DISTRICT.

Miss Carrie Finton spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Ypsilanti.

Frank Butler and family moved to Northville last week. He has rented his place for the coming year to Mr. Warner, who now resides on the John Kellogg farm.

Charlie Wagonschultz, who is very sick with appendicitis, has been taken to Detroit to a hospital where he has had an operation performed and it is now thought that he will recover. His little daughter Alice, who has been having the measles, is better.

Wm. Widmaier, who returned from Colorado last Fall and has been spending the winter at his father's, starts for the west again next week. Chas. Dunn talks of accompanying him.

Tom Spencer, of Bunker Hill, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Rose Heeney, part of this week.

## A Thousand Tongues

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard St., Philadelphia, when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe." So will everyone who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at John L. Gale's Drug store; every bottle guaranteed.

## Does It Pay to Buy Cheap?

A cheap remedy, or 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, "Boscher'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 '33 Pharmacy.

## A CRY FROM NATURE.

A Warning that Should Be Heeded by Every Sufferer.

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

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

The human machine should be attended to without delay.

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

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

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

## DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble.

When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

Good rooms in the 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. VanVleet, Plymouth Hotel.

A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dramatic condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim. No one should fail to try them. Only 50c., guaranteed, at John L. Gale's Drug Store.

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

# At Bull Run.



Comrade Chas. Elms, of Mechanicville, N. Y., was struck by a piece of shell which later caused severe brain trouble. He says:

"At second Bull Run a piece of shell lodged in my shoulder, and later rheumatism set in, which in turn affected my heart to such extent that several doctors pronounced my case incurable. Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure relieved my pains, shortness of breath and enabled me to work also to sleep soundly, and prolonged my life."

# DR. MILES' Heart Cure

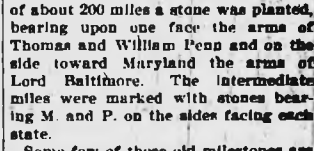
Is sold by all druggists on guarantee. First bottle free. Book on heart and nervous sent free. Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

## Mason and Dixon's Line.

A bill has been introduced in the Maryland legislature for the re-establishment of the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, commonly called Mason and Dixon's line. The bill, which appropriates \$5,000, requests the superintendent of the United States coast and geodetic survey to provide for the accurate re-establishment of the line and to re-mark the same with monuments.

When the line was originally run in 1767 by two English astronomers, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, it cost more than \$170,000. After years of bad feeling and bloodshed over the boundary and a fruitless effort to settle it in London, Penn and Lord Baltimore employed the map named to run the line. At every fifth mile of the line of about 200 miles a stone was planted, bearing upon one face the arms of Thomas and William Penn and on the side toward Maryland the arms of Lord Baltimore. The intermediate miles were marked with stones bearing M and P. on the sides facing each state.

Some few of these old milestones are standing, but many are gone. In Washington county, Md., a farmer has two of them in use as doorsteps. Near Highlands, on the Western Maryland railroad, stands another.



A genuine WALT BIVERTON String for your VIOLIN, MANOLIN, GUITAR or BANJO will be sent, ABSOLUTELY FREE, to any address, on receipt of a 2-cent postage stamp for return postage. We do this to introduce the WALT BIVERTON String, which is a combination of the best tone producing metal, and much superior to any string on the market at the present time. IS STRONG, DURABLE AND ABSOLUTELY TRUE. As an inducement I quote these strings in complete sets, for a short time only, at 12c a set.

## REDUCTION IN VIOLIN OUTFITS THIS WEEK ONLY.

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