

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XIII, NO 32.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, APRIL 13 1900.

WHOLE NO. 657.

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

Physician & Surgeon,

Office hours 11 to 2; 4:30 to 9:30

Coleman Block.

T. H. OLIVER, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon

Office over Riggs' Store.

Hours—Until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after 7:30 p. m.

DWIGHT H. FITCH,

Attorney-at-Law and

Solicitor in Chancery

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

R. C. LEACH, Pres.

L. C. HOUGH, Vice Pres.

C. A. FISHER, Asst. Cashier.

PLYMOUTH SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL \$50,000.

3 Per Cent paid on certificates and savings deposits

A portion of your business solicited.

E. K. BENNETT,

Cashier

First National Exchange BANK.

CAPITAL - \$50,000

All General Banking Business Transacted

3 PER CENT

Interest paid on Savings and Time Deposits.

Your Patronage Solicited.

O. A. FRASER, Cashier.

Robinson's Livery

Open at all hours.

FIRST CLASS RIGS

In every respect.

The Auctions are Discontinued until About March 1st.

HARRY C. ROBINSON

F. Freydl, the Tailor,

Has moved into the building formerly occupied by Bennett & Co., where he has a full line of Spring

Suits and Pantings

A. PELHAM,



DENTIST.

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	42
No. 1 White	41
Chia, white, per bu.	1.40 to 1.75
Chia, per bu.	1.40 to 1.75
DAIRY AND PRODUCE.	
Butter, cream	18
Butter, strictly fresh	19 to 20
Eggs, fresh	16 to 18
POULTRY AND MEATS.	
Chicken, live, per lb.	12
Chicken, dressed, per lb.	13
Geese, live, per lb.	12
Geese, dressed, per lb.	13
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Wool, retail price per lb.	37.50
Wool, per cwt.	37.50
Wool, per lb.	37.50
Wool, per lb.	37.50
Wool, per lb.	37.50

ON SALE OR TRADE—Windmill, 30' tank and pump, in good condition of Geo. VanVleet, Plymouth

Pencil and Pastepot

The Wayne village council raised the saloon license fee from \$500 to \$900 at its last meeting. The saloon business must be a profitable thing.

Chairman Butterfield, of the Washtenaw county republican county committee, has decided to call the county convention for sending delegates to the state convention for April 25th.

The board of directors of the Washtenaw Mutual Insurance company has voted to require each policy holder who intends to use a brooder, incubator or tank heater in the future to secure a special permit. Five recent losses can be traced directly to these affairs.

The total eclipse of the sun, billed for May 28th, will be a wonderful phenomenon. C. E. Lumsden, F. R. A. S., who is authority on eclipses, prepares us for the shock. Among a lot of other things he tells us to keep our eye on the west and whatever else we do, see the lunar shadow as it approaches.

Two men over ninety years of age cast their ballots in the Fourth ward on election day. The older of the two was William N. Stevens, who is ninety-two years old and apparently in very good health. The other was Caleb Willis, who is nearly ninety-one years old, but is in very poor health. Ann Arbor Courier.

The trouble with some people in towns about this size is, that they will not cast their bread upon the waters unless assured in advance that in a few days it will come back to them a full-grown sandwich, all trimmed with ham, butter and mustard, rolled in a warranty deed for one half of the earth, and a mortgage on the other half.

A man's home paper is worth more to him than any other because it gives him more facts and local news, besides working for the best interests of the home community. When you subscribe for your home paper and pay for it, you increase the editor's ability to work for the development of your own community. Subscribe for The Mail.

The board of supervisors of Washtenaw county stands seventeen democrats and twelve republicans. There will be twelve men on the board who were not there last year. Four of these, however, have seen previous service on the board. The elections show a net gain of four supervisors and a change of republican majority of three into a net democratic majority of five.

Governor Pingree has issued a proclamation naming Friday, April 27, as arbor day. He calls the attention of the people of the state to the importance of planting trees upon that day, and recommends that the state school boards, faculties and students of the public schools, colleges and other educational institutions observe the day by the planting of trees, shrubs, vines and flowers, with suitable exercises.

Arthur L. Holmes is again receiving favorable mention as a republican candidate for state senator from this district. "Tony" Weller also of Detroit proposes to be a democratic candidate and Senator Perrin it is said will also seek a renomination. Representative Goodell of Canton is out for the nomination of Senator in the 4th district and is likely to be successful. Northville Record.

Governor Pingree has called upon the federal officers to assist in the capture of Michigan's absconding quartermaster general who is now in South Africa. In this connection it is interesting to note that Secretary of State Stearns has given his personal check for two thousand dollars as surety that the sum offered for White's capture will be paid. There seemed some question as to the probable action of the state board of auditors in the offered reward.

A fashion note says that belts, gloves and neckties of rattlesnake skin will be worn a great deal by women. We knew the poor rattle snake would have to come to it sooner or later. It was about the only varmint left that women did not wear. Think of a woman being arrayed in a silk worm dress, seal anoque, ostrich feather hat, goat skin shoes, whale bone stays, kid skin gloves, horse hide belt, tortoise shell comb, fish scale trimming, stuffed canary birds, clam shell buttons, Spitz dog muff, camel's hair underwear, mink tail collar, alligator hide purse, and now a rattlesnake necktie! Solomon in all his glory wasn't such a menagerie as one of these—and yet we love them, no matter what they wear.—Ex.

Alexander Magnee, of Redford, was awaiting the departure of a train to Findlay, O., at the Brush street depot.

He fell in with a stranger who pretended that he was bound for the same destination and accepted an invitation to step across the street for a drink. In the saloon, Magnee's new-found friend began shaking dice with another stranger apparently losing all his money. The friend asked Magnee to lend him \$100 to continue the game. The farmer complied. Then the two strangers vanished and left Magnee to realize that he had been buncoed.—Detroit News.

The Michigan crop report for March shows that the month was a cold one, the average temperature being 22.8, which is 5.4 below normal. The precipitation was 1.90 inches, which is .54 below the normal. Ice did much damage to wheat in many places. The average condition of wheat in the southern counties is 80, central 70, northern 79 and in the state 64. Rains are needed. In most parts of the state there is a good prospect at the present time for a fair crop of fruit.

A reliable farmer in this county says if you bore a quarter inch hole in the heart of a fruit tree, or any kind of a tree that is infected with insects, and inject as much dry sulphur as possible then insert a plug to keep the sulphur in place, it will cure blight, make the trees strong and healthy and in no way injure it. If this is true it is a valuable boon to fruit growers, as the sulphur goes through all parts of the tree, being absorbed from the heart and making a good healthy color. If true it is a valuable discovery.

Wm. Labell, of Trenton, a young man 20 years of age, was instantly killed on the Michigan Central railroad, three miles below Trenton, yesterday noon. Labell was riding on a south bound local freight, when the train parted at the car he was on. He fell to the track and the rear section of the train ran over him. His head was badly crushed, his brains covering the track, and one arm and one leg were cut off. Justice Cady of Trenton impanelled a coroner's jury, who viewed the remains and adjourned the inquest to this morning at 9:30. Undertaker Todd took charge of the body. Wyandotte Herald.

Election day in Greenfield was made more than interesting by a gang of toughs. Several well-known saloons were open all day, and the crowd had little trouble in getting all they wanted to drink. Late in the afternoon 20 persons who had been drinking hard smashed several windows in the vicinity of the polling place and then left for Grand River avenue. At the Fireville house, which is run by Mrs. Lynn, the gang let loose. Everything was closed up, and an entrance was demanded. Half a dozen of the men picked up a ladder and smashed the front door in. The windows were assailed with rocks and clubs. The gang went behind the bar and helped themselves. Glasses were smashed, and it is said about \$250 damage was done. Mrs. Lynn was unable to help herself. A squad of deputy sheriffs reached the scene in time to take six of the disturbers off to the city.—Farmington Enterprise.

In the conviction of Marsh, in the Lansing court last week, Col. Sutton, of Detroit, appears to be as deeply in the mire as was Marsh. The Colonel has proclaimed his innocence with tears in his eyes and claims to account for every action of his in connection with the military steal. For an innocent man seeking vindication, he is pursuing queer tactics. At the outset he demanded a speedy trial, sure of acquittal of anything improper. But since the evidence for the prosecution has been submitted, showing his connection with the deal, he is apparently in no haste for a trial. His attorneys have prepared a dozen affidavits in which it is claimed that the accused cannot get a fair and impartial trial at the hands of the Ingham county people, and he now seeks a change of venue to another county. The prosecution has prepared counter affidavits. If Sutton were guiltless he would be satisfied to take his chances with any jury, confident of an acquittal if no complicity were proven.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials.

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

The jury in the Hamburger case at Detroit, last Thursday night brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. The case has attracted great attention from the fight put up by the defendant, whose attorneys labored hard and long to secure an acquittal on the ground of insanity. Expert physicians testified that Hamburger was an irresponsible imbecile and others testified that he was sane and responsible. That the latter were correct in their theory was demonstrated Friday evening when Hamburger, seeing the jig was up and a life sentence before him, attempted to commit suicide in his cell by cutting his throat and wrists with a razor which he had secured in some way. His mother and sister discovered him and he was overpowered by other prisoners and is now at the hospital with every chance to get well. The case has cost the county nearly \$10,000.

W. C. T. U.

The lecture, last Friday evening by Mrs. A. S. Benjamin, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Michigan, was listened to with great interest by all present. It gave an excellent idea of the magnitude of the work of this organization and showed the progress it has made in the twenty-five years of its existence. Mrs. Benjamin is an earnest speaker whose whole soul is in the work. She gave some very convincing reasons why all good women should join the W. C. T. U. and at the close of the meeting, eleven new members were added to the Plymouth W. C. T. U.

The annual meeting will occur next Friday at 3 p. m. in I. O. O. F. hall. Mrs. Florence Crooker, pastor of the Universalist church, will deliver an address. Everybody welcome. Supt. of Press.

Farm of 60 acres to rent. Good buildings and well watered. Enquire of Perry Losey, at D. W. Packard's.

Monuments have advanced in price twenty-five per cent at the quarries. Notwithstanding the fact, no advance will be made on the large stock on hand at the Hoyt Monumental Works for the next thirty days. Improve the opportunity and order now. Location in Plymouth. Proprietor is W. H. Hoyt.

To California Quickly and Comfortably.

Via Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. "The Overland Limited" leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P. M., arrives San Francisco the afternoon of third day, and Los Angeles the next morning. No change of cars. All meals in dining cars. Buffet, smoking and library cars, with barber. "The best of everything." "The Pacific Express" leaves Chicago daily 10:30 P. M., with first-class and through tourist sleepers to California. Personally conducted excursions every Thursday. All agents sell tickets via Chicago & North-Western R'y. For full information and illustrated pamphlet apply to W. H. Guerin, 17 Campus-Martius, Detroit, Mich.

Farmers, Attention!

The Farmers Co-operative Beet Sugar Co. have received from the United States Department of Agriculture a large supply of five of the best varieties of European Sugar Beet Seed, which they will furnish in quantities sufficient to plant from 1-12 to 1-3 acre, to any farmer in Monroe, Wayne, Washtenaw and Lenawee counties, who will agree to plant and cultivate the same in full accord with directions given. Further information can be obtained by addressing the Farmers Co-operative Beet Sugar Co., Dundee, Mich.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

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

What to Do. There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and stinging pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon apparent. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1. sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells you how to get it, both sent absolutely free by mail, addressed to Dr. Kilmor & Co., 1015 Broadway, N. Y. When writing mention seeing this generous offer in this paper.

We are too busy to write an ad. this week. You will not make any mistake, tho', by calling and getting acquainted with our way of doing business, and more especially our prices and quality of goods.

BASSETT & SON,
Furniture Dealers and Undertakers,
Masonic Block, Plymouth

AS AN INDUCEMENT FOR YOU

To come to our store and give us a part of your trade, we have offered goods at LOWEST CASH PRICES

Our expenses have been light, and as we have sold for cash we could afford to do business on small profits. We handle some goods that we can buy only from the manufacturer. We are now given to understand that unless we sell those goods at same prices of other Plymouth dealers our orders will not be filled.

In Point of Location We are at a disadvantage, and have thought it necessary to make it an object for people to come to our store and

WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO, If low prices are any object. And we now hope to arrange to call for your orders daily, or as desired, and trust to be favored with a portion of your business. Thank you for past favors.

HILLMER & CO.
Near Village Hall.

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail
Best Paper in Western Wayne.

HISTORY OF WEEK

Items of Interest from All Over the World.

PREPARED IN CONDENSED FORM.

Month Reported by Telegraph Given in Short Paragraphs—Our Week's Happenings Chronological to Suit the Busy Reader—Crimes, Casualties and Other Matters of Public Interest.

THE BOER WAR.

An assassin tried to shoot the Prince of Wales on a train at Brussels. The prince was not hit and the man was arrested. He is a Boer sympathizer.

Sharp fighting occurred April 2 in the neighborhood of Mafeking. The garrison made a sortie, while Colonel Plumer's cavalry attacked the Boers at Ramathlabama. Both attacks were repulsed. The British loss was heavy.

Five whole companies of British troops were captured by Boers not far from Bloemfontein. They were of the Royal Irish fusiliers and Ninth regiment.

Methuen's men left Kimberly to re-take Mafeking and reached Roshof. Near this point sixty-eight Boers were surrounded by the British and after losing eight killed and six wounded surrendered. General Villoeils Mareuil, French commander of the Boers, was killed.

At Pretoria it is officially announced that at the Bloemfontein waterworks the Republican forces captured eleven officers and 362 men, with eleven guns, two ammunition wagons and other wagons and mules.

An engagement took place at Wepener. The fighting was severe and lasted all day long. The Boers received a check. The casualties were rather heavy on both sides.

THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Since Jan. 1 the United States forces in the Philippines have been in 124 skirmishes and lost 3 officers and 78 men killed and 15 officers and 151 men wounded. Tagal losses were 1,426 killed and 1,453 wounded.

Singapore papers assert that Aguinaldo is in that city.

Judge Taft, president of the Philippine commission, expects to leave Washington at once for San Francisco via Chicago, en route to the Philippines.

General Otis has been formally relieved of the command of the United States forces in the Philippines. General MacArthur succeeds him.

The latest story of Aguinaldo is that he is hiding in the Tagal quarter of Manila.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

The Puerto Rican bill passed the senate 40 to 31.

Representatives Wheeler and Pugh of Kentucky engaged in an exciting debate in the house over the Goebel-Taylor contest.

Republican house leaders have a plan to put the Puerto Rican tariff bill through the house without debate.

The Hawaiian territorial government bill passed the house—120 to 28. Senator Morgan vigorously opposes the proposed amendment of the Hay-Panncote treaty.

The house Republicans have agreed in caucus to accept all the senate amendments to the Puerto Rican bill.

The agricultural appropriation bill as reported to the house carries \$4,116,400.

Senator Pettus has introduced a bill providing for the abolishment of the duty on printing paper.

The naval board reports that the two-story turrets of the battleship Kearsage are a success.

The Senator Clark hearing has ended with addresses by ex-Senator Edmunds and ex-Senator Faulkner.

Representative Jenkins has introduced a bill looking to the control of trusts.

The treasury department statement shows that there is more money in circulation now than at any previous time.

Representative Hephurn is determined to get a vote on the Panama canal bill, although the senate is likely to pigeonhole the measure.

IN THE POLITICAL FIELD.

The Chicago election resulted in a distinct defeat of the street railway element. The election was one of the tinnest in many years. A light vote was polled. Republicans won in South Town, Lake View, Hyde Park, Jefferson, Calumet, and Thornion, the latter for the first time in four years. Democrats elected West and North Town tickets.

Returns from 406 townships in Illinois show Republican victories in 250 and Democratic in 223, with 17 mixed or non-partisan. Galshburg, Springfield, Rock Island, Macomb, and Mullie Republicans; Quincy and Belleville Democratic.

Democrats gained in Wisconsin, carrying Milwaukee, Madison, Beloit, Racine, Appleton, Kenosha, and Chippewa Falls. Republicans won in West Superior, Marinette, Janesville, Waubesa, Eau Claire, Elkhorn, Manitowish, and Wausau.

Admiral Dewey expresses his willingness to become a candidate for president.

Dewey's decision to be a candidate for president is criticized by public men generally.

The elections in Rhode Island resulted in victory for the Republican ticket.

The Kentucky court of appeals has rendered a decision holding that J. C. W. Beckham is governor.

Congressman James R. Sherman was re-nominated by the Republicans of the Twenty-fifth New York district. The second Kansas district Republicans re-nominated J. J. Boyer.

The Pennsylvania Democratic convention instructed its delegates to Kansas City to vote for Bryan.

The New Mexico Democratic convention declared for William J. Bryan for president.

Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, is being boomed to run for vice president on the Republican ticket.

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

A. J. Graham was held up by two men in front of the Auditorium An-

theat at Chicago, and robbed of \$50 and a watch worth \$100.

At Grafton, Mass., after a night of worry over business reverses, Andrew J. Hall hanged himself.

James Dunlap, the noted bank robber, arrested recently in Chicago on the charge of robbing Pate's bank at Wellington, Ill., March 24, has been held for the grand jury at Watscka, Ill.

Miss Kate Tobin, 20 years of age, was shot and instantly killed in the street at Waverly, N. Y., by Fred Krist, a young married man, who was infatuated with the girl.

At Middleshoro, Ky., William Mosley, a special policeman, shot Charles Cecil, deputy sheriff, and later Mosley was killed by an unknown person. The trouble grew out of political disputes.

BUSINESS NOTES.

The General Electric company, of New York, has secured control of the Siemens and Halske Electric Company of America.

Stockholders of the Alton road held their annual meeting and re-elected the old officers.

The Horton Bridge company has filed articles at LaCrosse, Wis. The capital is \$25,000. The company will erect a factory and manufacture bridges.

The Chicago and Alton Railroad company has filed new articles of incorporation to enable it to buy up connecting lines.

The Worcester (Mass.) Machine Screw company has combined with Chicago, Detroit and Lockport establishments.

The secretary of state of Illinois has licensed the incorporation in Illinois of the American Tin Plate company, located at East Orange, N. J., with a capital of \$50,000,000, of which the capital stock in Illinois will be \$2,000,000.

The comptroller of the currency has declared a dividend of 10 per cent. on claims proved against the Globe National bank of Boston, making 30 per cent. in all to date.

Business men in the Wisconsin River valley are going to expend \$5,000,000 in developing the water power in the Wisconsin River valley.

The demand for cash in the Chicago market is so strong that one bank reports no new loans under 6 per cent.

MISDEEDS AND DISASTERS.

A boiler at the G. O. Williams Lumber company's brickyard, at Atlanta, Ga., exploded, killing John M. Smith, James Perkins, engineer, and Walter Evans.

The south-bound passenger on the Fort and Denver road was wrecked and burned near Chauning. Express Messenger Chapman and seven passengers were killed. The fireman was also killed.

Six persons were injured in the wreck of an Omaha and St. Louis train at Silver City, Ia.

The following is an estimate of the havoc done by floods in Texas: Lives lost, 26; loss of Colorado river dam and power house at Austin, \$1,750,000; loss in other sections of the state, \$3,000,000.

Captain Louis Ostheim, First United States artillery, accidentally killed himself at the Auditorium Annex Sunday. He was to have married a Chicago lady Wednesday.

The house of a negro on James river, Virginia, was destroyed by fire and five of the family of seven children perished in the flames.

NOTABLE DEATHS.

Captain Peter Atle Scott, a member of the Ross antarctic expedition of 1841, died in England aged 84.

T. B. Sheldon, one of the oldest and wealthiest citizens of Red Wing, Minn., is dead.

Osman Busha, the Turkish general and hero, actually died Wednesday. He was 68 years old.

General John Bidwell, the Prohibition candidate for president in 1892, is dead at Chico, Cal.

Henry Clay Fisher, creator of Leland Stanford Jr. university museum, is dead.

Mrs. Kate G. Huddlesome, one of the best known club women of the country, is dead at Chicago.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Fire in a hat store filled the Hoffman House and Albemarle hotel, New York, with smoke, and caused a panic among the guests, in the midst of which Olga Netherlands fainted.

The bolt manufacturing shops connected with the state penitentiary at Columbus, O., burned. Loss to the state and contractors about \$140,000.

The fire at Ravenna, Mich., destroyed \$300,000 worth of property and badly hurt several men, one—J. M. Higgins—dying of his injuries.

The physical laboratory of Lehigh university, Bethlehem, Pa., is in ashes, the total loss being \$200,000; insurance, \$50,000.

Fire destroyed the J. P. Mathison company's glass kiln works in Philadelphia. Loss, \$100,000.

The Sans Souci Opera House block and the Schaeffer building at Ballston Spa, N. Y., were burned. Loss, \$150,000.

Fire Sunday morning in the piano factory of the M. Schultz company, Chicago, caused a loss of \$50,000.

Forest fires are raging on Long Island and north of the village of Lindenhurst.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The steamer Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse has arrived at New York from Bremen.

Richard A. Canfield of New York has sued James T. Drummond, Jr., and Harrison I. Drummond, of St. Louis for \$33,000, alleged to have been lost in a game of roulette.

At a meeting of the directors of the Bank of England in London Samuel Stewart Gladstone was re-elected governor.

Olga Netherlands has been acquitted by the jury that tried her for preventing an indentured drama—"Happo."

Dublin pulled drained the offices of the United Irishman and suppressed an issue of the paper in which hostility was shown to Queen Victoria.

Champion Jim Jeffries knocked out Jack Finnegan in fifty-five seconds at Detroit.

Rev. A. T. Moffatt, one of the prominent Presbyterian divines, has been in the higher criticism, has left that church; the church authorities accepting his withdrawal.

CLARK'S SEAT VACANT

Decision of Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections.

UNANIMOUS AGAINST MONTANA MAN

He Will Not Be Expelled from the Senate, the Report Simply Declaring the Seat Vacant—Ways and Means Committee Will Report the Puerto Rican Bill as It Passed the Senate—Other News from the National Capital.

Washington, April 10.—The senate committee on privilege and elections has decided unanimously in favor of the unseating of Senator Clark of



WILLIAM A. CLARK. The report declares the seat of Senator Clark vacant and not to expel.

ROUNDING UP THE ABSENTEES. Hopkins Says House Will Pass Porto Rico Bill.

Washington, April 10.—In response to the urgent dispatches sent them during the last few days there was a notable addition to the Republican ranks in the house. Congressman Mann and Hopkins of Illinois, Stewart of Wisconsin and several Ohio congressmen who have been absent have returned.

Congressman Mann says he will vote for the Puerto Rico bill and has always intended to vote for it. Mr. Hopkins is sure that the bill will be passed. He said:

"The Puerto Rico bill will be reported with a rule that will cut down debate and bring it to a vote. There will be no alterations of the bill as sent here from the senate, and as everyone understands the question thoroughly it is held that long debate is not necessary."

The friends of the bill claim a majority of ten or twelve, and the Democrats and Republican opponents of the bill have no figures to give out.

At a special meeting of the ways and means committee held during the day it was decided by a vote of 8 to 5 to report the Puerto Rico bill as it passed the senate, without amendment, and to move a concurrence in the senate amendments. This means the acceptance of the territorial form of government for Puerto Rico as added to the bill by the senate and other lesser changes on the tariff and other features.

Congressman Crowley Very Sick. Washington, April 10.—Representative Joseph Crowley of the Nineteenth Illinois district, who returned to Washington only ten days ago after a severe campaign for re-nomination, is dangerously ill at his boarding place, 929 New York avenue. He is suffering from acute pneumonia, and while his physicians have not despaired of his life, they admit that his case is serious.

Death of Commodore Mayo. Washington, April 10.—Commodore William K. Mayo, U. S. N., retired, is dead at his home in this city, aged 70 years.

Vote on Quay Case April 24. Washington, April 10.—The senate has agreed to vote on the Quay case on April 24 at 4 p. m.

SICHUAN WHEAT CROP REPORT. Prospects for an Average Crop Not So Good as Last Year.

Lansing, Mich., April 10.—According to the Michigan crop report for April, issued by the secretary of state, the prospects for an average crop of wheat in Michigan are not as good as they were one year ago. It is estimated that there will be 64 per cent. of an average crop in the state, although it is still too early to determine very accurately what the outcome will be. Fully one-half the crop correspondents are of the opinion that wheat suffered during March. But a good warm rain, followed by warm weather, would reveal the condition of the root of the plant, which, if favorable, might enable the crop to make good growth yet under favorable circumstances.

It is significant that the total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed in the eight months from August to April was 5,554,316, which is 7,468,848 bushels less than was reported marketed during the same months one year ago. In most parts of the state there is a good prospect for a fair crop of fruit. In some places, however, trees are still dying from the effects of the severe weather of last winter, but the live trees have plenty of live buds.

He Is Ninety-four. The Rev. Dr. Daniel Haer of Haerover, Pa., who has just celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday, is said to be the oldest Lutheran clergyman in the United States. He once met General Lafayette and has a vivid recollection of the exciting events of the second war with England. From his home he saw the light and smoke from the burning of the public buildings at Washington in 1814 and witnessed the effects of the severe weather of last winter, but the live trees have plenty of live buds.

They Did Not Dream. News Received from the Belonged Town Under Date of March 27.

London, April 10.—A dispatch dated Mafeking, March 27, says: "News was received yesterday of the advance of the southern relief column. The Boers this morning opened fire at sunrise with seven guns, including one 100-pounder. This has been the most vigorous bombardment of the season. The Boer siege gun has already fired over sixty rounds. Under cover of the fire the Boers advanced to the northern face of the works, but retired precipitately on coming within rifle range. They also advanced to the southwestern parts, but were repulsed. There was one casualty."

The Boers, under commandant Jan Cronje, are evidently falling back before the advance of the southern relief column and are concentrating with two commandos who are retreating before Colonel Plumer in order to make a final effort to reduce the town. All the forts and outlying positions are manned, the troops are standing to arms and everybody is under cover. All are convinced that this is the Boers' last attempt."

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FIGHTING AT WEPENER

Boer Commandos Attack General Brabant's Men.

ENGAGEMENT COVERS TWO DAYS.

British Thought at One Time They Had Beaten the Enemy Off, but Were Mistaken—Heavy Cannonading Begins in the Vicinity of Elandslaagte—Mysterious Movements of Troops at Bloemfontein—Boers Very Active.

Pietermaritzburg, April 10.—Heavy cannonading commenced Tuesday morning in the vicinity of Elandslaagte.

Allwal North, April 10.—An engagement began Monday at Wepener. The Boers Vickers-Mixim did considerable execution at first, but the British guns soon got the range and did great havoc. Heavy fighting was continued at Wepener Tuesday morning. The result is unknown. Three Boer commandos are attacking the town.

London, April 10.—The Boer attack on General Brabant's force at Wepener was resumed again at dawn Tuesday. The enemy's attack on two or three sides on Monday lasted until 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, when the firing ceased and it was believed that the enemy had been beaten off. But it was announced Tuesday morning from Allwal North that the fighting had again begun.

Reinforcements for Boers. General Brabant's force, numbering from 2,000 to 3,000, holds position in a rough country. It is not known what the numerical strength of the Boers is, but whatever it may be, it is being rapidly augmented. A body of 2,000 Boers is marching toward Springfontein from Smithfield, between Wepener and Springfontein. The detonation of heavy guns was heard at Maseru on Monday. Sir Godfrey Lagden, the British resident commissioner of Basutoland, has left Maseru for the border. The events in the southeast portion of the Free State have caused the Eighth division, which had been ordered to Fourteen Streams, to be diverted to Springfontein. Mysterious movements of troops at Bloemfontein are proceeding. The newspaper correspondents are not allowed to telegraph their destinations, and the assumption is that Lord Roberts is making dispositions to cut off the raiding Boer forces when they try to withdraw northward from the pursuing British columns.

British Residents Uneasy. The reappearance of the Boers in the occupied country has caused a revival of the warlike feeling among the Free States of the Faurerburgh and Philadelphia districts. The federal agents are busy getting details of the surrendered Boers, and owing to the British garrisons being withdrawn from these districts the British residents are uneasy and sent delegates to Springfontein to ask for help. They were told that steps for their defense would be immediately taken. The Boers are reported to have ventured south of the Biggarsberg, and to be posting heavy guns four miles north of Elandslaagte. They are also said to have fortified the vicinity of Wesse's Nek.

The war office proposes to land at Cape Town before the end of May 20,000 more horses, which will be conveyed there in twenty-three steamers sailing from New Orleans, Buenos Ayres and Australian ports.

STORY OF PLUMER'S FIGHT. Boers Tried Hard to Surround Him but Could Not Do It.

London, April 10.—The following has been received here: "Gaberones, April 1.—Yesterday Colonel Plumer, with 270 mounted men and a few infantry and one Maxim gun, arrived at Ramathlabama, where he left the dismounted men and proceeded along the railroad to within sight of Mafeking. The advance guard, under Colonel White, encountered a large body of Boers and almost simultaneously the left and right flanks were attacked and sharp fighting followed. The Boers were in crescent formation and outnumbered the British two to one. They advanced with skill and stubbornness and persistently endeavored to encircle the British. After holding his ground for an hour Colonel Plumer retired, with the Boers slowly following him up.

"The fighting continued throughout the ten miles retreat to Ramathlabama, where the British Maxim gun was brought into play. After a stiff fight Colonel Plumer reached his camp. The British casualties were: Killed, three officers and seven men; wounded, three officers and twenty-four men; missing, eleven. The Boer loss was serious."

BOMBARDMENT OF MAFEKING. News Received from the Belonged Town Under Date of March 27.

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The Boers, under commandant Jan Cronje, are evidently falling back before the advance of the southern relief column and are concentrating with two commandos who are retreating before Colonel Plumer in order to make a final effort to reduce the town. All the forts and outlying positions are manned, the troops are standing to arms and everybody is under cover. All are convinced that this is the Boers' last attempt."

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GROCERIES

STOP AND THINK!

Did you ever know that 7 out of 10 cases of Dyspepsia, Stomach troubles, indigestion, etc., are caused by using alum baking powders? Knowing this to be the case we concluded to make and place on the market a

STRICTLY PURE CREAM TARTAR

OH. PLYMOUTH & NORTHVILLE RY.

TIME CARD.

Cars Lv. Connor's Corner.	Cars Leave Wayne
6:40 a.m.	7:15 p.m.
7:40	8:15
8:40	9:15
9:40	10:15
10:40	11:15
11:40	12:15 p.m.
12:40 p.m.	1:15
1:40	2:15
2:40	3:15
3:40	4:15
4:40	5:15
5:40	6:15
6:40	7:15
7:40	8:15
8:40	9:15
9:40	10:15
10:40	11:15 a.m.
11:40	12:15
12:40	1:15

Cars of the D. P. & N. make direct connection with cars of the Ann Arbor leaving Detroit for this town every hour. For information about special rates, etc., address, T. E. Griffin, Plymouth, No. 24.

THE DETROIT & LIMA NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Time Table in Effect Oct. 8th 1896.

SOUTH BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1.	No. 2.
Detroit	7:30	4:15
Warren	8:32	5:17
Dundee	9:13	5:58
Ann Arbor	9:49	6:34
Ypsilanti	10:07	6:52
Wasson	11:05	7:50
Madison	11:25	8:10
Saline	11:50	8:35
Hamlet	12:00	8:45
Lodi	12:14	9:00
Oshtemo	12:30	9:15
St. George	12:45	9:30
Lima	1:15	10:00

NORTH BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 2.	No. 1.
Lima	6:30	3:00
St. George	6:45	3:15
Oshtemo	6:57	3:27
Lodi	7:15	3:45
Hamlet	7:27	4:00
Saline	7:40	4:15
Madison	8:10	4:45
Wasson	8:30	5:05
Ann Arbor	8:45	5:20
Ypsilanti	9:10	5:45
Dundee	9:24	6:00
Warren	10:03	6:39
Detroit	1:45	7:45

No. 1, 2, 3, 4, run daily, except Sunday.
F. E. DEWEY, Gen'l Supt. **C. A. CHAMBERS,** Gen'l Pass. Agt.
 Detroit, Mich.

PERE MARQUETTE TIME TABLE.

In effect Jan. 7, 1900.

SAGINAW DISTRICT.

Trains leave Plymouth as follows:

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
Train No. 4, 10:35 a.m.	Train 1, 3:30 p.m.
No. 6, 3:25 p.m.	No. 3, 9:15 a.m.
No. 8, 8:35 a.m.	No. 5, 3:00 p.m.
No. 10, 7:30 a.m.	No. 7, 8:55 a.m.

Trains No. 3 and 9 run through to Alpena.
 Train No. 4 connects at Ludington with trains for Manistowic and Milwaukee (weather permit) making connections for all points westward.
 Sleeping Parlor Cars between Alpena, Bay City and Detroit.
 Trains leave for Toledo at 10:35 a.m., 12:25 p.m. and 7:30 a.m.

GRAND RAPIDS DISTRICT.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Lv Grand Rapids	7:10 12:35 5:55
Oshtemo	7:20 12:45 6:05
Saline	7:30 1:00 6:15
Lodi	7:40 1:10 6:25
Hamlet	7:50 1:20 6:35
Madison	8:00 1:30 6:45
Wasson	8:10 1:40 6:55
Ann Arbor	8:20 1:50 7:05
Ypsilanti	8:30 2:00 7:15
Dundee	8:40 2:10 7:25
Warren	8:50 2:20 7:35
Detroit	9:00 2:30 7:45

D. W. SHAVER, Local Agent

OHIO CENTRAL LINES

TOLEDO, COLUMBUS, CINCINNATI, CHARLESTON, W. VA., COLUMBUS & MARION.

Parlor Cars on Day Trains.
 Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.
 Rates Always Low as the Lowest.
 Always Confer with Ohio Central Agents for address.

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

THE THROUGH CAR LINE

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

Parlor Cars on Day Trains.
 Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.
 Rates Always Low as the Lowest.
 Always Confer with Ohio Central Agents for address.

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

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

Send for Walo's Catalogue of All Musical Instruments and Furnishings. Latest Band, Orchestra and Piano Music. Catalogue on application. Repairing of All Kinds Done Neat and Prompt. Watch our next ad. for Names.

A. T. WALO MUSIC HOUSE,
 No. 3 & Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Job Printing at this Office

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, "Boschee'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 '88 Pharmacy.

THE RED LIGHT.

The Danger Signal That Must Always Be Obeyed.

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

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

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

The best machinery needs oil, so does the human machine.

The system becomes run down and needs to be built up. It must be placed in a healthy condition before it will do its work properly.

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

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

Knox Stomach Tablets immediately relieve indigestion and are a positive cure for dyspepsia. If your druggist does not sell them, send fifty cents with your address and that of the druggist to the **Knox Chemical Co., Battle Creek, Mich.**, and a full sized box will be sent without charge.

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 tenth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine, Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of Frank Gates, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Hulda Collier praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Augusta Gates or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the tenth day of April 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 day of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.
JOHN F. PETERM, Deputy Register.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office, in the city of Detroit, on the thirtieth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine, Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of August Blank, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Augusta A. Blank, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to her or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the seventeenth day of April 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 day of hearing, in the Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.
JOHN F. PETERM, Deputy Register.

JUST WHAT I WANT!

FREE

A Genuine Walo Silver-Steel String for Violas, Mandolins, Guitars or Banjos will be sent absolutely FREE to any address on receipt of 3-cent stamp for return postage. Write to-day for one. A complete set will be sent for 12c.

BARGAINS IN ACCORDIONS For This Week Only.

Our \$2.00 Waltz Accordion reduced from \$3.00, is a single-row Accordion, has 10 keys, 2 basses, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, obnoxious wood finish, open keyboard, double and strong bellows; our best seller.

Our \$6.50 Waltz Double-Row Accordion reduced from \$10.00, has 4 sets of reeds, 19 keys, 4 basses, open keyboard, sweet tone, is very durable, has metal corners on strong double bellows and is all nickel trimmed.

Our \$7.25 Waltz Double-Row Accordion reduced from \$12.00, has 21 keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, black molding, all nickel trimmed, open keyboard, nickel corners and clasps, and very long bellows. This Accordion is only for professional use; it can be used with bands; will tune to the Clarinet, Cornet or any other musical instrument. Remember, These Prices Are Only for One Week.

Send for Walo's Catalogue of All Musical Instruments and Furnishings. Latest Band, Orchestra and Piano Music. Catalogue on application. Repairing of All Kinds Done Neat and Prompt. Watch our next ad. for Names.

A. T. WALO MUSIC HOUSE,
 No. 3 & Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Job Printing at this Office

VICTORY IN RETREAT

DR. TALMAGE SAYS TRIUMPH OF THE WICKED IS SHORT.

Explains the Cause of Many Pious Failures—Flee From Temptation. Calamity May Be Averted by Running Away From Evil.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—From an old time battle scene Dr. Talmage in this discourse makes some startling suggestions as to the best styles of Christian work and points out the reason of so many pious failures; text, Joshua vii, 7, "Then shall ye rise up from the ambush and seize upon the city."

One Sabbath evening, with my family around me we were talking over the scene of the text. In the wide open eyes and the quick interrogations and the blanched cheeks I realized what a thrilling drama it was. There is the old city, shorter by name than by other city in the ages, spelled with two letters, A. I. A. Joshua and his men want to take it. How to do it is the question. On a former occasion, in a straightforward, face to face fight, they had been defeated, but now they are going to take it by ambush. General Joshua has two divisions in his army. The one division the battle worn commander will lead himself, the other division he sends off to encamp in an ambush on the west side of the city of A. I. No torches, no lanterns, no sound of heavy battalions, but 30,000 swarthy warriors moving in silence, speaking only in a whisper; no clinking of swords against shields, lest the watchmen of A. I. discover it, and the stratagem be a failure. If the roistering soldier in the Israelitish army forgets himself, all along the line the word is "Hush!"

Joshua takes the other division, the one with which he is to march, and puts it on the north side of the city of A. I. and then spends the night in reconnoitering in the valley. There he is, thinking over the fortunes of the coming day with something of the feelings of Wellington the night before Waterloo or of Meade and Lee the night before Gettysburg. There he stands in the night and says to himself: "Yonder is the division in ambush on the west side of A. I. Here is the division I have under my especial command on the north side of A. I. There is the old city slumbering in its sin. Tomorrow will be the battle!" Look! The morning already begins to tip the hills. The military officers of A. I. look out in the morning very early, and while they do not see the division in ambush, they behold the other divisions of Joshua, and the cry "To arms! To arms!" rings through all the streets of the old town, and every sword, whether hacked and bent or newly welded, is brought out, and all the inhabitants of the city of A. I. pour through the gates, an infuriated torrent, and their cry is, "Come, we'll make quick work with Joshua and his troops!"

No sooner had these people of A. I. come out against the troops of Joshua than Joshua gave such a command as he seldom gave—"Fall back!" Why, they could not believe their own ears! Is Joshua's courage falling him? The retreat is beaten, and the Israelites are flying, throwing blankets and canteens on every side under their worse than Bull Run defeat. And you ought to hear the soldiers of A. I. cheer and cheer and cheer. But they huzza too soon. The men lying in ambush are straining their vision to get some signal from Joshua that they may know what time to drop upon the city. Joshua takes his burnished spear, glittering in the sun like a shaft of doom, and points it toward the city, and when the men up yonder in the ambush see it with hawklike swoop they drop upon A. I. and without stroke of sword or stab of spear take the city and put it to the torch.

So much for the division that was in ambush. How about the division under Joshua's command? No sooner does Joshua stop in the flight than all his men stop with him, and as he wheels they wheel, for in a voice of thunder he cried "Halt!" one strong arm driving back a torrent of flying troops. And then, as he points his spear through the golden light toward that fated city, his troops know that they are to start for it. What a scene it was when the division in ambush which had taken the city marched down against the men of A. I. on the one side, and the troops under Joshua doubled up their enemies from the other side, and the men of A. I. were caught between these two hurricanes of Israelitish courage, thrust before and behind, stabbed in breast and back, ground between the upper and the nether millstones of God's indignation! Woe to the city of A. I. Cheer for Israel!

Victorious Retreat.

Lesson the first: There is such a thing as a victorious retreat. Joshua's falling back was the first chapter in his successful beheading. And there are times in your life when the best thing you can do is to run. You were once the victim of strong drink. The demijohn and the decanter were your fierce foes. They ran down upon you with greater fury than the men of A. I. upon the men of Joshua. Your only safety is to get away from them. Your dissipating companions will come around you for your overthrow. Run for your life! Fall back! Fall back from the drinking saloon! Fall back from the wine party! Your flight is your advance; your retreat is your victory. There is a saloon down on the next street that has almost been the ruin of your soul. Then why do you go along that street? Why do you not pass through some other street rather than by the place of your calamity? A spoonful of brandy taken for medicinal purposes by a man who 20 years before had been reformed from drunkenness hurried into inebriety and the

grave one of the best friends I ever had. Retreat is victory!

Turn Your Back on Unbelief. Here is a converted infidel. He is so strong now in his faith in the gospel he says he can read anything. What are you reading? Bolingbroke? Andrew Jackson Davis' tracts? Tyndall's Glasgow university address? Drop them and run. You will be an infidel before you die unless you quit that. These men of A. I. will be too much for you. Turn your back on the rank and file of unbelief. Fly before they cut you with their swords and transfix you with their javelins. There are people who have been welligh ruined because they risked a foolhardy expedition in the presence of mighty and overwhelming temptations, and the men of A. I. made a morning meal of them.

So, also, there is victorious retreat in the religious world. Thousands of times the kingdom of Christ has seemed to fall back. When the blood of the Scotch Covenanters gave a deeper dye to the heather of the highlands, when the Vaudois of France chose extermination rather than make an unchristian surrender, when on St. Bartholomew's day mounted assassins rode through the streets of Paris, crying "Kill! Bloodletting is good in August! Kill! Death to the Huguenots! Kill!" when Lady Jane Grey's head rolled from the executioner's block, when Calvin was imprisoned in the castle, when John Knox died for the truth, when John Bunyan lay rotting in Bedford jail, saying, "If God will help me and my physical life continues, I will stay here until the moss grows on my eyebrows rather than give up my faith," the days of retreat for the church were days of victory.

The pilgrim fathers fell back from the other side of the sea to Plymouth Rock, but now are marshaling a continent for the Christianization of the world. The church of Christ falling back from Piedmont, falling back from Ite St. Jacques, falling back from St. Denis, falling back from Wurttemberg castles, falling back from the Brussels market place, yet all the time triumphing. Notwithstanding all the reverses which the church of Christ suffers, what do we see today? Twelve thousand missionaries of the cross on heathen grounds; eighty thousand ministers of Jesus Christ in this land; at least four hundred millions of Christians on the earth. Falling back, yet advancing until the old Wesleyan hymn will prove true:

The Lion of Judah shall break the chain And give us the victory again and again!

But there is a more marked illustration of victorious retreat in the life of our Joshua, the Jesus of the ages. First falling back from an appalling height to an appalling depth, falling from celestial hills to terrestrial valleys, from throne to manger; yet that did not seem to suffice him as a retreat. Falling back still farther from Bethlehem to Nazareth, from Nazareth to Jerusalem, back from Jerusalem to Golgotha, back from Golgotha to the mausoleum in the rock, back down over the precipices of perdition until he walked amid the caverns of the eternal captives and drank of the wine of the wrath of Almighty God, amid the Ahiabs and the Jezebels and the Beisuzzars. Oh, men of the pulpit and men of the pew, Christ's descent from heaven to earth does not measure half the distance! It was from glory to perdition. He descended into hell. All the records of earthly retreat are as nothing compared with this falling back. Santa Anna, with the fragments of his army flying over the plateaus of Mexico, and Napoleon and his army retreating from Moscow into the awful snows of Russia are not worthy to be mentioned with this retreat, when all the powers of darkness seemed to be pursuing Christ as he fell back until the body of him who came to do such wonderful things lay pulseless and stripped. Methinks that the city of A. I. was not so emptied of its inhabitants when they went to pursue Joshua as perdition was emptied of devils when they started for the pursuit of Christ, and he fell back and back, down lower, down lower, chasm below chasm, pit below pit, until he seemed to strike the bottom of obprobrium and scorn and torture. Oh, the long, loud, jubilant shout of hell at the defeat of the Lord God Almighty!

Triumph of the Wicked is Short.

But let not the powers of darkness rejoice quite so soon. Do you hear that disturbance in the tomb of Arimathea? I hear the sheet rending! What means that stone hurled down the side of the hill? Who is this coming out? Push him back! The dead must not stalk in this open sunlight. Oh, it is our Joshua. Let him come out. He comes forth and starts for the city. He takes the spear of the Roman guard and points that way. Church militant marches up on one side, and the church triumphant marches down on the other side. And the powers of darkness being caught between these ranks of celestial and terrestrial valor nothing is left of them save just enough to illustrate the direful overthrow of hell and our Joshua's eternal victory. On his head be all the crowns. In his hands be all the scepters. At his feet be all the human hearts; and here, Lord, is one of them.

Lesson the second: The triumph of the wicked is short. Did you ever see an army in a panic? There is nothing so uncontrollable. If you had stood at Long bridge, Washington, during the opening of our sad civil war, you would know what it is to see an army run. And when those men of A. I. looked out and saw those men of Joshua in a stampede they expected easy work. They would scatter them as the equinox the leaves. -Oh, the gleeful and jubilant descent of the men of A. I. upon the men of Joshua! But their exhilaration was brief, for the tide of battle turned, and these quondam conquerors left their miserable carcasses

in the wilderness of Bethaven. So it always is. The triumph of the wicked is short. You make \$20,000 at the gambling table. Do you expect to keep it? You will die in the poorhouse. You make a fortune by iniquitous traffic. Do you expect to keep it? Your money will scatter, or it will stay long enough to curse your children after you are dead. Call over the roll of bad men who prospered and see how short was their prosperity. For awhile, like the men of A. I. they went from conquest to conquest, but after awhile disaster rolled back upon them, and they were divided into three parts: Misfortune took their property, the grave took their body and the lost world took their soul. I am always interested in the building of palaces of dissipation. I like to have them built of the best granite and have the rooms made very firm. God is going to conquer them, and they will be turned into asylums and art galleries and churches. The stores in which fraudulent men do business, the splendid banking institutions where the president and cashier put all their property in their wives' hands and then fall for \$500,000, all these institutions are to become the places where honest Christian men do business.

How long will it take your boys to get through your ill gotten gains? The wicked do not live half their days. For awhile they swagger and strut and make a great splash in the newspapers, but after awhile it all comes down into a brief paragraph: "Died suddenly, April 8, 1900, at 35 years of age. Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral on Wednesday at 2 o'clock from his late residence on Madison square. Interment at Greenwood or Oak Hill." Some of them jumped off the docks. Some of them took prussic acid. Some of them fell under the snap of a Derringer pistol. Some of them spent their days in a lunatic asylum. Where are William Tweed and his associates? Where are Ketchum and Swartwout, absconding swindlers? Where are James Fisk, the libertine, and all the other misdoers? The wicked do not live out half their days. Disembogue, O world of darkness! Come up, Hildebrand and Henry II and Robespierre, and, with blistering and blaspheming and ashen lips, hiss out, "The triumph of the wicked is short."

Lesson the third: How much may be accomplished by lying in ambush for opportunities. Are you hypercritical of Joshua's maneuver? Do you say that it was cheating for him to take that city by ambush? Was it wrong for Washington to kindle campfires on Jersey heights, giving the impression to the opposing force that a great army was encamped there when there was none at all? I answer, if the war was right, then Joshua was right in his stratagem. He violated no flag of truce. He broke no treaty, but by a lawful ambush captured the city of A. I. Oh, that we all knew how to lie in ambush for opportunities to serve God! The best of our opportunities do not lie on the surface, but are secreted. By tact, by stratagem, by Christian ambush, you may take almost any castle of sin for Christ. Come up toward men with a regular besiegement of argument, and you will be defeated, but just wait until the door of their hearts is set ajar, or they are off their guard, or their severe caution is away from home, and then drop in on them from a Christian ambush. There has been many a man up to his chin in scientific portfolios which proved there was no Christ and no divine revelation, his pen a scimitar flung into the heart of theological opponents, who nevertheless has been discomfited and captured for God by some little 3-year-old child who has got up and put her snowy arms around his shrewy neck and asked some simple question about God.

Oh, make a flank movement! Steal a march on the devil! Cheat that man into heaven! A \$5 treatise that will stand all the laws of polemics may fall to do that which a penny tract of Christian entreaty may accomplish. Oh, for more Christians in ambush—
 not lying in idleness, but waiting for a quick spring, waiting until just the right time comes! Do not talk to a man about the vanity of this world on the day when he has bought something at "12" and is going to sell it at "15." But talk to him about the vanity of the world on the day when he has bought something at "15" and is compelled to sell it at "12!" Do not rub a man's disposition the wrong way; do not take the imperative mood when the subjunctive mood will do just as well; do not talk in perterv style to a phlegmatic nor try to tickle a torrid temperament with an icicle. You can take any man for Christ if you know how to get at him. Do not send word to him that tomorrow at 10 o'clock you propose to open your batteries upon him, but come on him by a skillful, persevering, God directed ambush.

Lesson the fourth: The importance of taking good aim. There is Joshua, but how are those people in ambush up yonder to know when they are to drop on the city, and how are these men around Joshua to know when they are to stop their flight and advance? There must be some signal—a signal to stop the one division and to start the other. Joshua, with a spear on which were ordinarily hung the colors of battle, points toward the city. He stands in such a conspicuous position, and there is so much of the morning light dripping from that spear tip, that all around the horizon they see it. It was as much as to say: "There is the city. Take it!"

Take Good Aim.

God knows and we know that a great deal of Christian attack amounts to nothing simply because we do not take good aim. Nobody knows and we do not know ourselves which point we

want to take when we ought to make up our minds what God will have us to do and point our spear in that direction and then hurl our body, mind, soul, time, eternity at that one target. In our pulpits and pews and Sunday schools and prayer meetings we want to get a reputation for saying pretty things, and so we point our spear toward the flowers, or we want a reputation for saying sublime things, and we point our spear toward the stars, or we want to get a reputation for historical knowledge, and we point our spear toward the past, or we want to get a reputation for great liberality, so we swing our spear all around, while there is the old world, proud, rebellious and armed against all righteousness, and instead of running any farther away from its pursuit we ought to turn around, plant our foot in the strength of the eternal God, lift the old cross and point it in the direction of the world's conquest till, the redeemed of earth, marching up from one side and the glorified of heaven marching down from the other side, the last battlement of sin is compelled to swing out the streamers of Emanuel. O church of God, take aim and conquer!

I have heard it said, "Look out for a man who has only one idea; he is irascible." I say look out for the man who has one idea, and that a determination for soul saving. I believe God would strike me dead if I dared to point the spear in any other direction. Oh, for some of the courage and enthusiasm of Joshua! He hung two armies from the tip of that spear. It is sinful for us to rest unless it is to get stronger muscle and fresher brain and purer heart for God's work. I feel on my head the hands of Christ in a new ordination. Do you not feel the same omnipotent pressure? There is a work for all of us. Oh, that we might stand up side by side and point the spear toward the city! It ought to be taken. It will be taken. Our cities are drifting off toward loose religion or what is called "liberal Christianity," which is so liberal that it gives up all the cardinal doctrines of the Bible; so liberal that it surrenders the rectitude of the throne of the Almighty. That is liberality with a vengeance. Let us decide upon the work which we as Christian men have to do and in the strength of God go to work and do it.

It is comparatively easy to keep on a parade amid a shower of bouquets and band clapping and the whole street full of enthusiastic huzzas, but it is not so easy to stand up in the day of battle, the face blackened with smoke, the uniform covered by the earth plowed up by whizzing bullets and bursting shells, half the regiment cut to pieces, and yet the commander crying "Forward, march!" Then it requires old fashioned valor. My friends, the great trouble of the kingdom of God in this day is the cowards. They do splendidly on a parade day and at communion, when they have on their best clothes of Christian profession, but in the great battle of life, at the first sharpshoot of skepticism, they dodge, they fall back, they break ranks. We confront the enemy, we open the battle against fraud, and lo, we find on our side a great many people who do not try to pay their debts. And we open the battle against intemperance, and we find on our side a great many people who drink too much. And we open the battle against profanity, and we find on our side a great many men who make hard speeches. And we open the battle against infidelity, and lo, we find on our side a great many men who are not sure about the book of Jonah. And while we ought to be massing our troops and bringing forth more than the united courage of Austerlitz and Waterloo and Gettysburg we have to be spending our time in hunting up ambushes. There are a great many in the Lord's army who would like to go out on a campaign with satin slippers and holding umbrellas over their heads to keep off the heavy dew and having rations of canvasback duck and lemon custards. If they cannot have them, they want to go home. They think it is unhealthy among so many bullets!

Divine Mercy.

I believe that the next year will be the most stupendous year that heaven ever saw. The nations are quaking now with the coming of God. It will be a year of success for the men of Joshua, but of doom for the men of A. I. You put your ear to the rail track, and you can hear the train coming miles away. So I put my ear to the ground, and I hear the thundering on of the lightning train of God's mercy and judgments. The mercy of God is first to be tried upon this nation. It will be preached in the pulpits, in theaters, on the streets—everywhere. People will be invited to accept the mercy of the gospel, and the story and the song and the prayer will be "mercy." But suppose they do not accept the offer of mercy—what then? Then God will come with his judgments, and the grasshoppers will devastate the valleys, and the defalcations will swallow the money markets, and the fires will burn the cities, and the earth will quake from pole to pole. Year of mercies and of judgments; year of invitation and of warning; year of jubilee and of woe. Which side are you going to be on—with the men of A. I. or the men of Joshua? Pass over this Sabbath into the ranks of Israel. I would clap my hands at the joy of your coming. You will have a poor chance for this world and the world to come without Jesus. You cannot stand what is to come upon you and upon the world unless you have the pardon and the comfort and the help of Christ. Come over! On this side are your happiness and safety; on the other side are disquietude and despair. Eternal defeat to the men of A. I. Eternal victory to the men of Joshua!

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Here we Go Again

At the Bargain Store.

Flour, per sack, best	45c
17 lbs. Granulated Sugar for	\$1.00
9 bars Santa Claus Soap for	25c
8 bars Queen Ann Soap, cash, for	25c
10 bars Empire Soap for	25c
2 cans best Salmon	25c
Good Red Salmon, per can	10c
3 cans Choice Sweet Corn	25c
3 cans Choice Tomatoes	25c
Best Early June Peas, per can	10c
Best Japan Rice 7c pound, or 4 pounds for	25c
Lion and XXXX Coffee	12c
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	6c
Bulk Starch, per pound	4c
Roasted Oats, 3c pound, or 10 pounds for	25c
Best Corn Syrup, per gal	25c
Pure ground Pepper, per pound	20c
Nutmegs, 6c 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	30c
Pure Cider Vinegar, per gallon	15c
Clothes Pins, 1c dozen, 6 dozen for	5c
New Prunes, 7c per pound, 4 pounds for	25c
3 1/2 lbs New 4-Crown Raisins	25c
Sour Pickles, per doz.	7c
Clear Back Pork, per pound	8c
Sardines in oil, 5c box, or 6 boxes for	25c
4 lbs Sal Soda for	5c
3 pkgs Fone Such Mince Meat	25c

Low Prices on Dry Goods.
Low Prices on Ready Made Clothing.
Low Prices on Ladies' and Gents' Shoes.
Low Prices on Ladies' and Gents' Rubbers.
Low Prices on Wall Paper.
Low Prices on Hardware.

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

Improve the Looks

Of your homes by painting them with

NEW ERA HIGH GRADE PREPARED PAINT.

It looks the best, wears the best and is the best Paint on the market. This is a pure white lead paint, will wear for five years or more and every can is guaranteed. Try it and you will have no other. Get our prices on white lead and paint supplies before buying elsewhere, as we save you money.

NORTH VILLAGE. **GAYDE BROS.**

MILLINERY.

SUCCESS DEPENDS
UPON SEASONABLE
& SALEABLE GOODS

Sailors at 225, 30c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.
Roses at 5c, 10c, 25c, 75c and \$2.00.
Violets, two bunches for 5c; also at 20c per bunch.
Silk Ribbons at 15c and 25c per yard.
Black and white Silk Laces at 10c per yard.

MAUD VROOMAN,

Main St., Plymouth

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE.

MY ENTIRE STOCK OF
HARNESS, WHIPS, ROBES, BLANKETS,
TRUNKS & VALISES

Less than Wholesale Prices
F. E. LAMPHERE.

Harry Churchward,
Wholesale Butcher and Commission Merchant,
Dressed Lambs, Mutton, Veal and all kinds of Poultry.
UNION MARKET, DETROIT, MICH.

PLYMOUTH MAIL

—BY—
F. W. SAMSEN & SON.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year	\$1.00
Six Months	50
Three Months	25

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business Cards, \$3.00 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.
Cards of thanks, 25 cents.
All local notices will be charged for at 2 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, APRIL 13, 1900

The situation in Congress reminds one of a story which Jas. G. Blaine used to tell of the Maine legislature. The chaplain of the Maine Senate was greatly exercised at that time by the conduct of the members in continually playing politics. Finally he could stand it no longer, and one morning offered up the following petition: "Oh, Lord, have compassion. Teach these Thy servants wisdom. Teach them understanding. Teach them to follow the paths of duty and righteousness and leave the result of the next election in Thy omnipotent hands."

Postmaster General Smith has discovered that while he and First Assistant Heath have been working to establish rural free delivery, the Second and Fourth Assistants have been fighting it. The Second Assistant opposes it because it more and more replaces the star route system, which is under his control, and the Fourth Assistant opposes it because it reduces the number of fourth class postmasters, who are appointed by him. Both have been using their influence to prevent Congress from making appropriations asked for by their superior officer. The Second Assistant even addressed letters to every member of Congress calling attention to the extravagance of the rural free delivery, and claimed that the service could be done by his star-route carriers with less expense. These letters were brought to the attention of the Postmaster General, who, in rather emphatic reply, knocked out both of his subordinates.

The jury in the Marsh trial for conspiracy at Lansing, rendered a verdict of guilty after less than two hours' deliberation last Thursday night. The evidence presented by the prosecution was of such a convincing character that the jury could not do otherwise. The defense did not put in any evidence, and in the closing arguments of the jury the attorneys confined themselves to abusing the prosecution and to technicalities of the law. The people of the State had carefully watched the progress of the trial and as the evidence of the conspiracy by which the State was defrauded out of \$40,000 unfolded itself, arrived at the same conclusion as did the jury long before the trial was ended. The case will be appealed to the supreme court on law points in hopes that this court will grant a new trial. As this will take some time, Marsh's attorneys think public interest will have abated and that they may obtain a verdict of acquittal or disagreement, in case the court grants a trial.

A decision concerning the constitutionality of the inheritance tax clause of the war revenue act is shortly expected from the Supreme Court. The suit in immediate question was brought by the Jas. L. High estate in Chicago, but the judgment will apply to the Vanderbilt and McCormick estates and to numerous others. The appellants hold that Congress has no power to tax legacies outside of the federal district and the territories; that the tax imposed by the war revenue act is not an excise but a direct tax upon property, and that a direct tax imposed upon property must be apportioned among the states according to the census. If, however, the tax may be regarded as an excise, then it is argued that Congress has discriminated against certain individuals by directing an increase of the tax, as estates advance in value and as the heirs are removed in relationship to the testator. It is thought that the court will sustain the law.

In a report to the State Department, Consul Nelson says: "In November of last year, Dr. Claus Hansen, of Bergen, delivered a lecture before the Storting, at Christiania, on the causes of tuberculosis and the fight against it. He stated that during the thirty years of his own experience, consumption had increased in the Bergen district 80 per cent. In the year 1896, 54.5 per cent of all deaths between 15 and 30 years of age were caused by tuberculosis, and statistics show that about 7,000 of the inhabitants of Norway die every year of this disease." In England," he continued, "they have succeeded during the last fifty years in reducing one-half the number of tuberculous cases, and physicians attribute this to the increasing cleanliness in English home life and the erection of consumptive hospitals. The foremost endeavors in fighting tuberculosis should be to agitate for greater cleanliness in general; particularly should efforts be directed against the habit of expectorating."

Wanted, to trade 40 acre farm for house and lot in village. Enquire of A. A. Sellwood, box 385.

Easter = Offerings.

NECKWEAR, In Patterns Delicate, Rich and Exclusive

HATS, We have the latest Blocks, rafts of them, all Prices

PUGGARES, The new wrinkle in Hat Bands. Spring one

GLOVES, A swell line at 75c, \$1, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75

HANDKERCHIEFS, Some new creations in colored centers

CAPS, That will become any one

STICK PINS of Agate, with every Easter Tie-Free.

SHOES SHOES SHOES SHOES SHOES

Great assortment in all the nobbiest lasts and latest toes. Let us show them to you.

J. W. OLIVER.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Universalist church, met at the home of Mrs. Travis Saturday afternoon last. The ladies have just begun to work for a Bazaar, which they intend to hold at some future time, and with busy hands, instrumental and vocal music, and a short literary program, the afternoon was both profitably and pleasantly spent. Miss Smith has been appointed post-office missionary and has all amount of Liberal Literature which she will be pleased to furnish free to anyone who will call for it. After a rising vote of thanks to Mrs. Travis for her kindness in opening her house to them and in contributing to their enjoyment, the meeting adjourned to meet with Mrs. Tuttle two weeks from that day. Sec'y.

THE REGENT DIAMOND.

It is Acknowledged the Most Perfect Brilliant in Existence.

The "Pitt" (or "Regent," as it was afterward called) is the most perfect brilliant in existence, and its history is also very remarkable. It is said to have been found by a slave in the Parateal mines in 1701, who to retain his treasure cut a hole in the calf of his leg, in which he concealed it, although it is more probable he secreted it among the bandages. The slave escaped to the coast with his find, where he encountered an English skipper, whom he made his confidant, offering, indeed, to bestow upon him the stone in return for his liberty. The mariner, apparently consenting to the slave's proposal, took him out to sea and when they were alone, he obtained possession of the diamond. Disposing of the gem to a diamond merchant for \$1,000, it is said the man afterward hanged himself in a fit of remorse.

Mr. Pitt, governor of Fort St. George and great-grandfather of the illustrious William Pitt, became the next possessor of this valuable stone, weighing 410 carats, for £20,000. He sent it to London, where he had it very skillfully cut at a cost of £5,000, the process occupying two years. Pitt appears to have found his diamond no very enviable possession, for, after refuting the calumnies of his enemies, who had charged him with having obtained it by unfair means, he was so haunted by the fear of being robbed that he never slept two nights consecutively under the same roof, never gave notice of his arrival in or departure from town and went about mysteriously disguised. He must necessarily have felt greatly relieved when he parted with the diamond to the Duc d'Orleans, regent during the minority of Louis XV, king of France, in 1717 for the sum of £135,000.—Chambers' Journal.

MINERS AND MORPHINE.

A Necessary Custom Which is Not Pleasant to Contemplate.

"When I was in the northwest," said a gentleman with some money invested in mines, "I employed a prospector to go out into the mountains looking for properties which had been recommended to me. One day he was to have come from our camp over into a very



ATTORNEY A. J. KELLOR, OF DURAND, MICH., SAYS:

"I had a very severe attack of stomach trouble. For some time I was unable to eat anything but prepared foods. Every thing I ate caused great pain and distress. I tried several physicians' prescriptions but obtained no relief. A friend recommended

POPE'S STOMACH REGULATOR and I would confess I had but little faith, but after taking two bottles I was able to again eat as liberally as ever. I can recommend it to do all you claim."

50 CENTS AT DRUGGISTS.

SCIATICA?

USELESS AGONY!

We have cured thousands. Sciatica is caused by a disturbed chemical action in the tissues and blood.

IT CAN BE CURED BY

Athlo-phoros

It cures all kinds of Rheumatism by removing the cause, quieting the disturbance and purifying the blood. It is the only medicine for Rheumatism founded on this scientific principle of removing the cause.

Send for our free Rheumatism Pamphlet. A. H. PHIPPS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

rough and rocky district, but when evening came he reported that he hadn't made the trip.

"Why not?" I inquired.
"Because I didn't have my morphine with me," he responded in a very matter of fact manner.

"Morphine?" said I in astonishment.
"What has that got to do with it? You are not a morphine fiend, are you?"

"Not as much of one as you are a tenderfoot," he laughed and proceeded to inform me that every prospector who knew his business always carried with him enough morphine to kill a man easily and that he did so in order to end himself quickly in case of an accident which would disable him far away from assistance.

There were many instances of prospectors falling over cliffs and crippling themselves or breaking a leg in a hole among the rocks or rendering themselves helpless in some other way, and death was sure to follow by starvation or freezing or in some sections by being devoured by wolves or other wild animals. In order to prevent such a horrible death as any of these the prospector simplified matters by always carrying a little packet of morphine, which not only quieted the pain of the hurt he had sustained, but put him to sleep pleasantly to wake no more on earth. It struck me at first as uncanny, not to say wicked, but I got over that feeling after a narrow escape or two, and I carried my little tin box just like a veteran would."

—Washington Star.

He Knew Human Nature.

Three young men were walking up Riverside drive the other morning, when a gamy looking race horse jogged by, drawing a natty trotting rig.

"Isn't that a splendid animal?" exclaimed one of the young men in cheery, admiring tones, pausing to gaze at the trotter.

The driver's eye sparkled, and his chest expanded. He had heard the compliment. Wheeling his horse around, he brought it alongside the pavement.

"Wouldn't you like to try a brush behind him?" he said courteously.

In a jiffy the young man was seated in the buggy, and the two were disappearing down the drive at a pace that justified the compliment of the pedestrian. His companions watched him enviously. Then one of them said:

"Bill is a judge of horseflesh."

"And an artist on human nature," added the other. "I've seen him do that before."—New York Mail and Express.

He Missed His Slippers.

When a young man, the late John Lewis R. A., went to India and Egypt and was away about 18 years. When he returned to his mother's house in Portland place, he almost immediately pulled off his boots and commenced to hunt about at one end of the parlor fender and seemed terribly put about.

His mother of course asked him anxiously what he wanted.

"My slippers," said he. "When I went away, I left them just down there. Now, where are they?"—Tit-Bits.

Well Regulated Parents.

"Our little Dick makes very clever countdrums—really very clever."

"Can you guess them?"

"Oh, we never dare do that. Little Dick wants to tell the answers himself!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Wrong.

A photographer does wrong who takes such a picture of a girl that she will make herself unhappy all the rest

of her life trying to look like a trotting Journal.

An Absentminded Professor.

I have a story of a gentleman now engaged in educational work which is, I think, somewhat remarkable and is also quite true. This gentleman was once professor of mathematics in a fine New England college. He was greatly interested in the work and devoted himself so wholly to it that a natural tendency which he had to absentmindedness became much accentuated.

One day when he had guests at dinner and was helping them to fish from a platter he took a plate bottom side up, put a fish on the bottom of the plate and handed it thus to one of the guests. There was a laugh at once, and his wife said, "My dear, if your absentmindedness has gone so far that you are serving people food on the bottoms of plates, I shall insist on your resigning your professorship."

She did insist on it, and he resigned and went into another and more general field of teaching. He is still a little inclined to be forgetful—like some of the rest of us—but he has never since served food on the bottom of a plate.—Boston Transcript.

His Answer Was Reassuring.

Mr. Calino, the simple hearted and ingenuous Frenchman, happened to be riding in a train in the same compartment with a lady who was in constant fear of a smashup.

At every sudden stop, every jar, every sound of the bell or whistle, she cried out:

"Oh! Oh! Have we run off the track? Is it a collision? Are we going to be killed?"

Calino paid no attention, but remained wrapped in solemn silence. Presently the lady said to him:

"And you, sir, aren't you afraid of railroad accidents?"

"Not I, madame," answered Calino reassuringly. "It has been foretold that I am to die on the guillotine!"

The nervous woman went into hysterics and had to be removed from the train at the next station.—Youth's Companion.

Cheer General Mollieux.

New York, April 10.—The anniversary of Appomattox was celebrated in Borough hall, Brooklyn, by the veterans of the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth regiment, which was commanded by General Mollieux, father of Roland Mollieux, from 1862 to 1865. Comptroller Coler presided and General Mollieux was heartily cheered when he took his seat on the stage.

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

Veteran

L. W. Stone,



Anita, Iowa, served his country during the late war at the expense of his health. The story concerning his restoration to health is given below in his own words:

"When I returned from the army my constitution was broken down. I suffered extreme nervousness, and indigestion. Physicians did not help me until one prescribed Dr. Miles' Nervine, and today I am in better health than I have been for thirty years."

DR. MILES' Restorative Nervine

is sold by all druggists on guarantee, first bottle breaks or money back. Book on heart and nerve sent free. Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

Local Newslets

Robt. Black has been seriously ill for the past ten days.

Mrs. Ella Arthur has been quite sick for the past few days.

Geo. White who has been seriously ill is now convalescent.

Miss Irene Baker, of Wayne, is visiting at H. J. Baker's.

Born, Monday, to John Wellings and wife, an 8-pound boy.

Dr. Adams has built a new sidewalk in front of his residence.

Miss Merritt, of Saginaw, is visiting at Chas. Merritt's this week.

Jennie VanVorbies, who has been seriously ill, is now convalescent.

Mrs. D. C. McLaren, of Chelsea, is visiting at John McLaren's this week.

Choice garden seeds in bulk at L. C. Hough & Son's.

Reserved seat tickets for the minstrel show will be on sale Saturday at F. M. Briggs' store.

E. P. Lombard went to Lansing on Tuesday to attend the funeral of his uncle, Calvin Mitchell.

J. R. Rauch & Son received two handsome "Silent Salesman" show cases this week.

Ernie Ling, of South Lyon, a former employee of C. G. Draper, called on Plymouth friends Saturday.

Lee Nowland was appointed dog warden by the township board at a meeting held last Friday evening.

Mrs. Mary A. Zollinger and daughters, Alice and Mamie, of Indianapolis, are visiting at A. A. Taft's, this week.

Mr. Sherman, a New State Telephone man from Detroit, made an inspection of all the State phones in Plymouth on Tuesday.

The Misses Spicer entertained a party of Wayne friends at cards last Friday night. Refreshments were served and a pleasant time enjoyed.

Rev. J. B. Oliver, of Deerfield, this state, was in Plymouth Tuesday, en route from the Epworth League convention at Owosso to his home.

Clover and timothy seed at L. C. Hough & Son's.

Mrs. S. O. Hudd went to Owosso the latter part of last week as a delegate to the State Epworth League convention held there Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

The Plymouth Improvement Co. have been drawing in dirt on their lots on Main street this week, work on the building will be begun as soon as possible.

Mrs. D. C. McLaren, of Chelsea, who is visiting here, was accidentally tripped up on a plank walk on Union street Wednesday bruising her face and limbs considerably.

Mrs. Root and Miss Harvey Root, of Northville, and Geo. J. Kellogg, of the State Tax Commissioner's office, of Lansing were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Taft Wednesday.

With the thermometer below freezing point and a blanket of snow on the ground yesterday morning, the robins had a rather hard time of it. Winter seems to be a long while getting out of this country.

Will Conner left Wednesday evening for Sebawa, Ionia county, to attend the funeral of his uncle, John Conner. The latter was a former resident of this place and his remains were brought here yesterday afternoon for interment at Riverside.

We are liable to have a baking powder "trust" in Plymouth. Pharmacist Pinckney, at F. M. Briggs' store, is now putting up a powder which is said to beat anything in that line and they are selling lots of it. A factory will probably be the next thing. See advertisement elsewhere.

All the latest novelties in trimmed and street hats at prices to suit all.

About 25 Epworth Leaguers went to Wayne Tuesday night to attend the Detroit District Rally held there in the M. E. church. The address was by Rev. Eugene Allen, of Detroit, and was very ably delivered. The audience took a zealous part in the singing and the entire service was an inspiration.

Chas. S. Dorrin, six miles west of Plymouth, a helper on a self-propelling engine, while moving supplies Saturday, was accidentally caught in under the wheels and his right leg, horribly mangled. Dr. Oliver was summoned, and assisted by Dr. Ward, of Ypsilanti, made an amputation above the knee. The patient is resting as comfortably as could be expected under the circumstances.

Geo. Granger, a farmer living near Plymouth, while sawing wood with a buzz saw on the farm of E. J. Norris, three miles east of this place, met with a serious accident. While cleaning out from under the saw, his shirt sleeves caught and jerked his arm under, cutting a very deep wound and lacerating the muscles and larger bones of the arm. About 15 stitches were required to close the wound. Dr. Oliver was called and reports that with great care, Granger will pull through all right.

Calling cards 50 cents per 100 at this office.

Dr. H. E. Safford, of Detroit, was in town Tuesday.

Joshua Cochrane visited relatives at Lansing Sunday.

W. O. Allen and W. H. Hoyt were in Chicago this week.

Lemuel Styers on Wednesday removed to Sand Hill.

Capt. Brown, of Cleveland, visited W. C. Brown Sunday.

F. M. Briggs has a fine display of flowers in his front window.

M. N. Watson, of Cleveland, Ohio, spent Sunday with J. W. Oliver.

We are closing out our hats and caps at one-half off. J. R. RAUCH & SON

Mrs. E. R. Sunderland and daughter are spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Safford.

J. H. Lee, of Cleveland, is visiting at C. H. Bennett's. Mr. Lee will assist the boys in the minstrel show.

If you are interested in the welfare of the local paper drop your items in the item box in the Post-office.

Are we to have a base ball club in Plymouth this summer? It's nearly time to start the ball a rolling.

Elbert Read, of Shenandoah, Iowa, and Edson R. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, spent Wednesday at R. C. Safford's.

Choice field peas at L. C. Hough & Son's.

All are cordially invited to take dinner, at the M. E. church Friday noon, with the Epworth Leaguers. It costs you only 10 cents.

D. H. Fitch has secured the agency for several insurance companies outside the "combination," and is in position to make inside rates.

The Daisy Mfg. Co. began the foundation for a nickel plating room on the North side of the main building this week. The Company will build several other buildings this summer.

The date for H. L. Cope, the impersonator who was to have given an entertainment for the benefit of the Plymouth Fire Department, has been canceled by the Department until a future time.

Geo. Fairwell will clerk for Hillmei & Co., beginning Monday, and E. J. Burr, of Ypsilanti, but a former resident here, will take Fairwell's place at Rauch & Son's. Miss Carrie Brown will also again be found with the latter firm.

Dr. Oliver took Benj. Miller to Ann Arbor Tuesday for treatment. Mr. Miller has been blind for nearly twelve years, from the effects of a glaucoma cataract. The Doctors at Ann Arbor think the sight of the left eye can be restored, and it is hoped they may be successful.

Detroit Journal, 11th: Articles of association were filed this morning by the Plymouth Telephone Co. It is capitalized at \$2,000, \$500 being paid. L. C. Hough, E. C. Hough, J. B. and C. H. Rauch, F. M. Briggs, B. B. Bennett, A. A. Taft, Louis Steele, H. B. and D. J. Joffile and Charles A. Fisher each hold 20 shares.

Village Lots for Sale by Mrs. D. R. Penney. Enquire at Czar Penney's for a few days.

A lodge of Ancient Order of United Workmen was organized last night in Odd Fellows' hall. Twelve members from Detroit and five from Flint assisted Deputy Grand Master Hollins in doing the work. After the ceremony of initiation and election of officers a banquet was served at Taylor's Restaurant. The new society starts out very promisingly.

At the council meeting Monday night the following appointments were made by President Starkweather and confirmed by the council: President Protem, V. E. Hill; Health Officer, Dr. F. B. Adams; Chief of Fire Dept., Geo. W. Hunter; Board of review, M. S. Miller, L. L. Lewis, O. A. Fraser; Board of Special Assessors, Wm. Gayde, A. A. Taft, J. L. Gale. The Plymouth telephone Co. were given permission to place telephone poles in the streets.

All 50c hats at 25c; \$1 hats at 50c; \$2 hats at \$1; \$3 hats at \$1.50.

J. R. RAUCH & SON.

A team of horses became frightened at a passing trolley car at Northville Wednesday evening, and started to run. The owner ran on the track watching them and did not see the car approaching, on which Fred Dunn was the motorman. Fred threw his 200 pounds on the brakes and stopped the car, but not before the man had been thrown down in front of the wheels. Prompt action only saved him from going under the car.

The remains of Calvin Maxfield, a former resident of Plymouth, were brought here for burial from Grand Rapids Monday. Mr. Maxfield was 59 years of age and an old soldier. He conducted the hotel in Plymouth some 20 years ago, after which he went to Grand Rapids, where he was clerk in Sweet's hotel. The remains were accompanied by his two daughters, and their husbands, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Morehouse and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boyd, of North Adams, and Mr. Rice, proprietor Sweet's Hotel.

For Sale.—A strictly first class bicycle cheap for cash, enquire W. C. Browns.

George Thompson, brakeman on Flint & Pere Marquette train No. 46, was making a coupling at Plymouth junction yards Sunday morning between two cars having heavy steel plated bumpers, when a triangular piece of steel about three inches long broke off one of the plates, striking Thompson's right limb above the knee, lacerating the tissues a distance of about eight inches. The piece of steel was removed and wound dressed by Dr. Oliver. Thompson was then taken to his home at Saginaw.

The Minstrel Show.

The much-talked-of minstrel performance will come off at village hall next Thursday and Friday evenings. The program presented will be one of the best ever given by Plymouth amateurs in that line, special efforts being made to have everything up-to-date. The olio will include some very bright jokes and hits and the songs are simply immense, several being illustrated. The performance will conclude with the Darktown Society Cake Walk. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Plymouth band. No expense has been or will be spared to make the performance all that could be desired. Tickets will be 25c general admission, 10c extra for reserved seats at Briggs' store, on sale Saturday morning.

Wedding Bells.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening, the 11th, at the home of the groom, on Union street, the contracting parties being Miss Emilee Howlett, of Ypsilanti, and Hiram A. Roe. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. G. Stephens in the presence of some fifty invited relatives and friends, among whom were parties from Detroit, Ypsilanti, Wayne and Northville. After the young couple had received the hearty congratulations of those present, refreshments were served. The bride was the recipient of many valuable and useful presents. Mrs. Roe is a sister to Mrs. C. Shattuck and Mrs. B. Gonsolly. The groom had just completed and furnished a new house and the couple begin life very auspiciously.

Might Have Been Serious.

What came near being a serious affair occurred at the crossing of the P. M. railroad and electric line Monday noon. The latter car was coming into the village in charge of conductor Ernest Miller and motorman George Rider, and as is the custom the conductor ran ahead to the crossing on the lookout for trains. A train was approaching from the south on the side track, and Miller thinking he would have time to get across, signalled the motorman to go ahead. The car had got onto the track, when Rider saw he could not make it and reversed the lever to back up. He threw it over too far and the action threw down the circuit breaker in the power house, leaving the car helpless. Rider sprang off and attempted to push the car back, but just then the engine struck the vestibule and bumped it back, doing but a little damage. The six or seven passengers made a hasty exit when they saw the accident about to happen. The matter caused quite a little excitement in the village, as it was a narrow escape and should be a warning to the street car people not to take chances with human life when a train is approaching a crossing. Better wait and lose time. Conductor Miller is taking a lay-off, rightly deserved.

SCHOOL NOTES.

To relieve the overcrowded condition in the First Primary room, the pupils in the various grades were moved forward on Wednesday instead of waiting until the end of the year. Thirty-three pupils from the first primary room were moved into Miss Smith's room from which about the same number passed into Miss Camilla Taft's room. The fourth grade who until this time has been in Miss C. Taft's room moved on into Miss Rupert's room to sit with the fifth grade, while the sixth grade moved upstairs into Miss Hawthorne's room where the seventh grade had previously been. The latter now sit in Miss Entican's room with the eighth grade. This arrangement increases the work upstairs, but it seemed the best plan for the rest of the year. The pupils made no change in studies or books and will finish the year's work as usual, the regular promotions taking place at the end of the year.

Quite a large number of visitors is expected this (Friday) afternoon at 2:30 o'clock when the ninth grade give their Longfellow program.

A meeting of former graduates of Plymouth High School will be held this (Friday) evening at 7:30 in the High School room to consider the question of organizing an Alumni Association. Some former graduates from out of town as well as the resident Alumni are expected to be present.

Leonard Stark has re-entered school after a siege of La Grippe.

Corra and Bertha Warner are still retained at home by sickness.

Clara Patterson's name should have been among those having the highest average, in the sixth grade, last week.

The North Side

See Mrs. Dickerson's Sailors.

Miss Daisy Worden is on the sick list this week.

Miss McCallum, of Avon, Can., visited Joffile Bros. this week.

Mrs. Jacob Strang and Miss Gusta Heide spent Friday in Detroit.

Miss Ella Nash, of Northville, visited at C. O. Dickerson last week.

Miss Gladys Videan, of Detroit, is visiting at Peter Gayde's this week.

Mrs. Julius Zeigler is visiting her brother-in-law Peter Gayde, this week.

Dan Joffile called on his brother-in-law, Duncan Leitch, at Salem on Monday.

Mr. Germer and family, of Saginaw, called on his son Fred and family this week.

Reserved seat tickets for the minstrel show on sale Saturday at F. M. Briggs' store.

Trimmed hats from \$1.00 up at Mrs. Dickerson's.

Mrs. Wm. Smitherman and Mrs. Fitzhugh visited relatives in Detroit on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Smith visited their son, John, in Detroit a few days this week.

We are closing out our hats and caps at one-half off. J. R. RAUCH & SON

Mrs. Geo. Videan, daughter and son, Violet and George, visited Peter Gayde's on Monday.

Gayde Bros. have a very unique Easter window display, five live rabbits being the attraction.

The L. O. T. M. will have a Library social in the near future. Full particulars next week.

Mrs. Mimmack, who has been in Chicago the past six months, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Daniel Joffile.

Dr. J. G. Mieler presented to the German Lutheran church a fine palm last Sunday morning, it being Palm Sunday.

Choice lawn grass seed at L. C. Hough & Son's.

Tom Navarre, of the Mich. Nursery Company, of Monroe, distributed a large delivery of fruit trees here on Wednesday.

Day operator Averill has gone to Magee, Indiana, where he takes a position with the Wabash R.R. Mr. Davis takes his place here.

Not an empty house and people moving away who would locate here, if it were even possible to store their goods until a house could be found.

All the latest novelties in trimmed and street hats at prices to suit all.

BAILEY & McLAREN.

CHURCH NEWS.

All are welcome at the Epworth League devotional meeting next Sunday night at 6:30. Leon Ovenshire, leader.

Special Easter services will be held at the M. E. church next Sunday evening. A large chorus is being trained by S. O. Hudd and the rest of the programme is in very competent hands. A fine concert, on-doubt, will be the result.

All are cordially invited to the M. E. church next Sunday morning at 6:30 to attend the sun-rise service. S. O. Hudd, leader. "Come with us and we will do you good."

The following program will be given at the Presbyterian church upon Easter at 3:00 o'clock:

- Doxology.
- Prayer.
- Anthem
- Scripture Reading
- Song, God will care for the children.
- Recitation. The sufferings of Christ, Lulu Williams
- Anthem
- Recitation. The Resurrection, Beulah Weeks
- Recitation. The Marys at the Tomb, Susie Williams
- Recitation. The Lily's Sermon, Lily Rank
- Anthem
- Collection
- Sermon
- Hymn. Coronation
- Benediction

For Sale or Trade—House and lot No. 1 East street, Northville. For further particulars address Wm. Creiger, Northville, Mich.

All 50c hats at 25c; \$1 hats at 60c; \$2 hats at \$1; 3 hats at 1.50.

J. R. RAUCH & SON.

The Porto Rican tariff bill, as amended by the Senate, was passed by the House Wednesday and yesterday obtained the President's signature. Nine Republicans voted against the bill, including H. C. Smith, of this district, the latter making an extended speech in support of his position, in which he substantially stated that he would rather please himself and the majority of his constituents than the "bosses" at Washington. And Henry has nothing to fear at the hands of his constituents by his stand.

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: Probation after Death.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT IT IS CUSTOMARY TO BRING OUT YOUR

New Spring Tie

ON EASTER SUNDAY?

DO YOU KNOW

That RIGGS has the largest line of NEW SPRING NECK-WEAR in Plymouth? Take notice of our display of the latest in Four-in-Hands, Tecks and Club Bows. Delicate Lavenders, Purples, Pinks and in fact all the newest shades and knots, at the popular prices,

25 & 50 cts.

Farmers and Mechanics,

OUR LINE OF HIGH GRADE

WORKING CLOTHES

IS READY FOR INSPECTION.

OVERALLS JACKETS PLOW SHOES

Wolverine brand, strongest and best Overall in the market.

50c.

Wolverine brand—you can't wear 'em out. We can fit you at

50c.

This is where we LEAD We sell the best Plow Shoes in the State for:

\$1.25 & \$1.50

E. L. RIGGS,

Plymouth Cash Outfitter.

WALL PAPER!

I have just received a large stock of Wall Paper, bought at the lowest cash price and will be

Sold at Bottom Prices.

We have paper at 10, 12, 15, 20, 25, 35, 40 cents, &c. I have some job lots of paper for small rooms that I can sell for 6c, 8c and 10c double roll.

SEED SEED SEED

Just received a large stock of Timothy and Clover seed, which will be sold at the lowest price for the best seed.

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 FOR SALE.

Seven No. 3 Rochester Store Lamps, in perfect order, cost \$3.50, will sell for \$2.00 each.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNFINISHED LETTER.

Gregory Rose had been gone seven months. Em sat alone on a white sheepskin before the fire.

The August wind, weird and shrill, howled round the chimneys and through the crannies and in walls and doors and uttered a long, low cry as it forced its way among the clefts of the stones on the "kopje." It was a wild night. The prickly pear tree, stiff and upright as it held its arms, felt the wind's might and knocked its flat leaves heavily together till great branches broke off. The Kaffirs as they slept in their straw huts whispered one to another that before morning there would not be an armful of thatch left on the roofs, and the beams of the wagon house creaked and groaned as if it were heavy work to resist the impetuosity of the wind.

Em had not gone to bed. Who could sleep on a night like this? So in the dining room she had lighted a fire and sat on the ground before it, turning the roaster cakes that lay on the coals to bake. It would save work in the morning, and she blew out the light because the wind through the window chinks made it flicker and run, and she sat singing to herself as she watched the cakes. They lay at one end of the wide hearth on a bed of coals, and at the other end a fire burned up steadily, casting its amber glow over Em's light hair and black dress, with the ruffle of crape about the neck and over the white curls of the sheepskin on which she sat.

Louder and more fiercely yet howled the storm, but Em sang on and heard nothing but the words of her song, and heard them only faintly, as something restful. It was an old, childish song she had often heard her mother sing long ago:

"Where the reeds dance by the river,
Where the willow's song is said,
On the face of the morning water,
Is reflected a white flower's head."

She folded her hands and sang the next verse dreamily:

"Where the reeds shake by the river,
Where the moonlight's sheen is shed,
On the face of the sleeping water,
Two leaves of a white flower float dead,
Dead, dead, dead."

She echoed the refrain softly till it died away and then repeated it, it was as if, unknown to herself, it harmonised with the pictures and thoughts that sat with her there alone in the firelight. She turned the cakes over while the wind hurried down a row of bricks from the gable and inside the walls tremble.

Presently she paused and listened. There was a sound as of something knocking at the back doorway. But the wind had raised its level higher, and she went on with her work. At last the sound was repeated. Then she rose, lighted the candle at the fire and went to see, only to satisfy herself, she said, that nothing could be out on such a night.

She opened the door a little way and held the light behind her to defend it from the wind. The figure of a tall man stood there, and before she could speak he had pushed his way in and was forcing the door to close behind him.

"Waldo!" she cried in astonishment. He had been gone more than a year and a half.

"You did not expect to see me," he answered as he turned toward her. "I should have slept in the out-house and not troubled you tonight, but through the shutter I saw glimmerings of a light."

"Come into the fire," she said. "It is a terrific night for any creature to be out. Shall we not go and fetch your things in first?" she added.

"I have nothing but this," he said, motioning to the little bundle in his hand.

"Your horse?"

"Is dead."

"The cakes are almost ready," she said. "I will get you something to eat. Have you been wandering all this while?"

"Up and down, up and down," he answered wearily, "and now the whim has seized me to come back here. Em," he said, putting his hand on her arm as she passed him, "have you heard from Lyndall lately?"

"Yes," said Em, turning quickly from him.

"Where is she? I had one letter from her, but that is almost a year ago now, just when she left. Where is she?"

"In the Transvaal. I will go and get you some supper! We can talk afterward."

"Can you give me her exact address? I want to write to her."

But Em had gone into the next room. When food was on the table, she knelt down before the fire, turning the cakes, babbling restlessly, eagerly, now of this, now of that. She was glad to see him. Tant's Sannie was coming soon to show her her new baby. He must stay on the farm now and help her. And Waldo himself was well content to eat his meal in silence, asking no more questions.

"Gregory is coming back next week," she said. "He will have been gone 102 days tomorrow. I had a letter from him yesterday."

"What has he been?"

But his companion stopped to lift a

cake from the fire.

"How the wind blows! One can hardly hear one's own voice," she said. "Take this warm cake. No one's cakes are like mine. Why, you have eaten nothing!"

"I am a little weary," he said. "The wind was mad tonight."

"I will write a few lines," he said, "till you are ready to sit down and talk."

Em as she shook out the tablecloth watched him bending intently over his paper. He had changed much. His face had grown thinner; his cheeks were almost hollow, though they were covered by a dark growth of beard.

She sat down on the skin beside him and felt the little bundle on the bench. It was painfully small and soft. Perhaps it held a shirt and a book, but nothing more. The old black hat had a piece of unhemmed muslin twisted round it, and on his elbow was a large patch so fixed on with yellow thread that her heart ached. Only his hair was not changed and hung in silky beautiful waves almost to his shoulders. Tomorrow she would take the ragged edge off his collar and put a new band round his hat. She did not interrupt him, but she wondered how it was that he sat to write so intently after his long, weary walk. He was not tired now. His pen hurried quickly and restlessly over the paper, and his eye was bright. Presently Em raised her hand to her breast, where lay the letter yesterday had brought her. Soon she had forgotten him as entirely as he had forgotten her. Each was in his own world with his own. He was writing to Lyndall. He would tell her all he had seen, all he had done, though it were nothing worth relating. He seemed to have come back to her and to be talking to her now he sat there in the old house.

"And then I got to the next town, and my horse was tired, so I could go no farther and looked for work. A shopkeeper agreed to hire me as a salesman. He made me sign a promise to remain six months, and he gave me a little empty room at the back of the store to sleep in. I had still £3 of my own, and when you have just come from the country £3 seems a great deal."

"When I had been in the shop three days, I wanted to go away again. A clerk in a shop has the lowest work to do of all people. It is much better to break stones. You have the blue sky above you and only the stones to bend to. I asked my master to let me go, and I offered to give him my £2 and the bag of mealies I had bought with the other pound, but he would not."

"I found out afterward he was only giving me half as much as he gave to the others. That was why. I had a fear when I looked at the other clerks that I would at last become like them. All day they were bowing and smiling to the women who came in, smiling, when all they wanted was to get their money from them. They need to run and fetch the dresses and ribbons to show them, and they seemed to me like worms with oil on. There was one respectable thing in that store—it was the Kaffir storeman. His work was to load and unload, and he never needed to smile except when he liked, and he never told lies."

"The other clerks gave me the name of 'Old Salvation,' but there was one person I liked very much. He was clerk in another store. He often went past the door. He seemed to me not fresh like the others. His face was bright and fresh, like a little child's. When he came to the shop, I felt I liked him. One day I saw a book in his pocket, and that made me feel near him. I asked him if he was fond of reading, and he said yes, when there was nothing to do. The next day he came to the shop and asked me if I did not feel like reading. He never saw me going out with the other fellows. He would talk to me that evening, he said."

"You've got a rummy place here," he said.

"You see, there was nothing in it but packing cases for furniture, and it was rather empty. While I was putting the foot on the box he looked at my books. He read their names out aloud—'Elementary Physiology,' 'First Principles,' 'Golly'—he said, 'I've got a lot of dry stuff like that at home I got for Sunday school prizes, but I only keep them to light my pipe with now. They come in handy for that.' Then he asked me if I had ever read a book called the 'Black-eyed Creole.' That is the style for me," he said—"there where the fellow takes the nigger girl by the arm and the other fellow cuts off. That's what I like."

"But what he said after that I don't remember, only it made me feel as if I were having a bad dream, and I wanted to be far away."

"After he was gone my little room got back to its old look. I loved it so. I was so glad to get into it at night, and it seemed to be reproaching me for bringing him there. The next day he took the gray mare. On Thursday he did not bring her back, and on Friday I found the saddle and bridle standing at my door."

"In the afternoon he looked into the shop and called out: 'Hope you got your saddle, Farber. Your bag of bones kicked out six miles from this. I'll send you a couple of shillings to-

orrow, though the old hide wasn't worth it. Good morning.'

"But I sprang over the counter and got him by his throat. My father was so gentle with her. He never would ride her up hill, and now this fellow had murdered her. I asked him where he had killed her, and I shook him 'till he slipped out of my hand. He stood in the door grinning."

"It didn't take much to kill that bag of bones, whose master sleeps in a packing case and waits till his company's finished to eat on the plate. Shouldn't wonder if you fed her on sugar bags," he said. "And if you think I've jumped her you'd better go and look yourself. You'll find her along the road by the 'aas-vogels' that are eating her."

"I caught him by his collar, and I lifted him from the ground, and I threw him out into the street, half way across it. I heard the bookkeeper say to the clerk that there was always the devil in those num fellows, but they never called me 'Salvation' after that."

"I am writing to you of very small things, but there is nothing else to tell. It has been all small, and you will like it. Whenever anything has happened I have always thought I would tell it to you. The back thought in my mind is always you. After that only one old man came to visit me. I had seen him in the streets often. He always wore very dirty black clothes and a hat with crabs round it, and he had one eye, so I noticed him. One day he came to my room with a subscription list for a minister's salary. When I said I had nothing to give, he looked at me with his one eye."

"Young man," he said, "how is it I never see you in the house of the Lord? I thought he was trying to do good, so I felt sorry for him, and I told him I never went to chapel. 'Young man,' he said, 'it grieves me to hear such godless words from the lips of one so young, so far gone in the paths of destruction. Young man, if you forget God, God will forget you. There is a seat on the right hand side as you go at the bottom door that you may get. If you are given over to the enjoyments and frivolities of this world, what will become of your never dying soul?'"

"He would not go till I gave him half a crown for the minister's salary. Afterward I heard he was the man who collected the pew rents and got a percentage. I didn't get to know any one else."

"When my time in that shop was done, I hired myself to drive one of a transport rider's wagons."

"That first morning when I sat in the front and called to my oxen and saw nothing about me but the hills with the blue coming down to them and the 'karroo' bushes I was drunk. I laughed. My heart was beating till it hurt me. I shut my eyes tight, that when I opened them I might see there were no shelves about me. There must be a beauty in buying and selling if there is beauty in everything, but it is very ugly to me. My life as transport rider would have been the best life in the world if I had had only one wagon to drive. My master told me he would drive one. I the other, and he would hire another person to drive the third."

"At the places where we 'outspanned' there were sometimes rare plants and flowers, the festoons hanging from the bush trees, and nuts and insects, such as we never see here, but after a little while I never looked at them. I was too tired. I ate as much as I could and then lay down on my face under the wagon till the boy came to wake me to 'inspan,' and then we drove on again all night. So it went, so it went. I think sometimes when we walked by my oxen I called to them in my sleep, for I know I thought of nothing. I was like an animal. My body was strong and well to work, but my brain was dead. If you have not felt it, Lyndall, you cannot understand it. You may work and work and work till you are only a body, not a soul. Now, when I see one of those evil looking men that come from Europe—navvies, with the beastlike, sunken face, different from any Kaffir's—I know what brought that look into their eyes, and if I have only one inch of tobacco I give them half. It is work, grinding, mechanical work, that has made them into beasts. You may work a man's body so that his soul dies. Work is good, I have worked at the old farm from the sun's rising till its setting, but I have had time to think and time to feel. You may work a man so that all but the animal in him is gone, and that grows stronger with physical labor. You may work a man till he is a devil. I know it, because I have felt it. You will never understand the change that came over me. No one but I will ever know how great it was. But I was never miserable. When I could keep my oxen from sticking fast and when I could find a place to lie down in, I had all I wanted. After I had driven eight months a rainy season came. For 18 hours out of the 24 we worked in the wet. The mud went up to the axles sometimes, and we had to dig the wheels out, and we never went far in a day. My master swore at me more than ever, but when he had done he always offered me his brandy flask. When I first came, he had offered it me, and I had always refused, but now I drank as my own did when I gave them water—without thinking. At last I bought brandy for myself whenever we passed a hotel."

"One Sunday we 'outspanned' on the banks of a swollen river to wait for its going down. It was drizzling still, so I lay under the wagon on the mud. There was no dry place anywhere, and all the dung was wet, so there was no fire to cook food. My little flask was filled with brandy, and I drank some and went to sleep. When I woke, it was drizzling still, so I drank some more. I was stiff and cold, and my master, who lay by me, offered me his flask, because mine was empty. I drank

some, and then I thought I would go and see if the river was going down. I remember that I walked to the road, and it seemed to be going away from me. When I woke up, I was lying by a little bush on the bank of the river. It was afternoon. All the clouds had gone, and the sky was deep blue. The Bushman boy was grilling ribs at the fire. He looked at me and grinned from ear to ear. 'Master was a little nice,' he said, 'and lay down in the road. Something might ride over master, so I carried him there.' He grinned at me again. It was as though he said: 'You and I are comrades. I have lain in a road too. I know all about it.' When I turned my head from him, I saw the earth, so pure after the rain, so green, so fresh, so blue, and I was a drunken carrier whose his leader had picked up in the mud and lain at the roadside to sleep out his drunk. I remembered my old life, and I remembered you. I saw how one day you would read in the papers: 'A German carrier, named Waldo Farber, was killed through falling from his wagon, being instantly crushed under the wheel. Deceased was supposed to have been drunk at the time of the accident.' There are those notices in the paper every month. I sat up, and I took the brandy flask out of my pocket, and I dug it as far as I could into the dark water. The Hottentot boy ran down to see if he could catch it. It had sunk to the bottom. I never drank again."

"I do not know why I kept on working so hard for that master. I think it was as the oxen come every day and stand by the yokes—they do not know why. Perhaps I would have been with him still, but one day we started with loads for the diamond fields. The oxen were very thin now, and they had been standing about in the yoke all day without food while the wagons were being loaded. Not far from the town was a hill. When we came to the foot, the first wagon stuck fast. I tried for a little while to urge the oxen, but I soon saw that one 'span' could never pull it up. I went to the other wagon to loosen that 'span' to join them on in front, but the transport rider, who was lying at the back of the wagon, jumped out."

"They shall bring it up the hill, and if half of them die for it they shall do it alone," he said.

"He was not drunk, but in a bad temper, for he had been drunk the night before. He swore at me and told me to take the whip and help him. We tried for a little time. Then I told him it was no use, they could never do it. He swore louder and called to the leaders to come on with their whips, and together they lashed. There was one ox, a black ox, so thin that the ridge of his backbone almost cut through his flesh."

"It is you, devil, is it, that will not pull?" the transport rider said. "I will show you something." He looked like a devil.

"He told the boys to leave off flogging, and he held the ox by the horn and took up a round stone and knocked its nose with it till the blood came. When he had done, they called to the oxen and took up their whips again, and the oxen strained with their backs bent, but the wagon did not move an inch."

"So you won't, won't you?" he said. "I'll help you."

"He took out his clasp knife and ran it into the leg of the trembling ox three times up to the hilt. Then he put the knife in his pocket, and they took their whips. The oxen's flanks quivered, and they foamed at the mouth. Straining, they moved the wagon a few feet forward, then stood with bent backs to keep it from sliding back. From the black ox's nostril foam and blood were streaming on to the ground. It turned its head in its anguish and looked at me with its great staring eyes. It was praying for help in its agony and weakness, and they took their whips again. The creature bellowed out aloud. If there is a God, it was calling to its Maker for help. Then a stream of clear blood burst from both nostrils. It fell on to the ground, and the wagon slipped back. The man walked up to it."

"You are going to lie down, devil, are you? We'll see you don't take it too easy."

"The thing was just dying. He opened his clasp knife and stooped down over it. I do not know what I did then, but afterward I know I had him on the stones, and I was kneeling on him. The boys dragged me off. I wish they had not. I left him standing in the sand in the road, shaking himself, and I walked back to town. I took nothing from that accursed wagon, so I had only 2 shillings. But it did not matter. The next day I got work at a wholesale store. My work was to pack and unpack goods and to carry boxes, and I had only to work from 6 in the morning till 8 in the evening, so I had plenty of time."

"I hired a little room and subscribed to a library, so I had everything I needed, and in the week of Christmas holidays I went to see the sea. I walked all night, Lyndall, to escape the heat, and a little after sunrise I got to the top of a hill. Before me was a long, low, blue, monotonous mountain. I walked looking at it, but I was thinking of the sea I wanted to see. At last I wondered what that curious blue thing might be. Then it struck me it was the sea. I would have turned back again, only I was too tired. I wonder if all the things we long to see—the churches, the pictures, the men in Europe—will disappoint us so. You see, I had dreamed of it so long. When I was a little boy, minding sheep behind the 'kopje,' I used to see the waves stretching out as far as the eye could reach in the sunlight. My sea! Is the ideal always more beautiful than the real?"

"I got to the beach that afternoon, and I saw the water run up and down on the sand, and I saw the white foam breakers. They were pretty, but I

thought I would go back the next day. It was not my sea.

"But I began to like it when I sat by it that night in the moonlight, and the next day I liked it better, and before I left I loved it. It was not like the sky and stars, that talk of what has no beginning and no end, but it is so human. Of all the things I have ever seen, only the sea is like a human being. The sky is not, nor the earth. But the sea is always moving. Always something deep in itself, is stirring it. It never rests. It is always wanting, wanting, wanting. It hurries on, and then it creeps back slowly without having reached, moaning. It is always asking a question, and it never gets the answer. I can hear it in the day and in the night. The white foam breakers are saying that which I think. I walk alone with them when there is no one to see me, and I sing with them. I lie down on the sand and watch them with my eyes half shut. The sky is better, but it is so high above our heads. I love the sea. Sometimes we must look down too. After five days I went back to Grahamstown."

"I had glorious books, and in the night I could sit in my little room and read them, but I was lonely. Books are not the same things when you are living among people. I cannot tell why, but they are dead. On the farm they would have been living beings to me, but here, where there were so many people about me, I wanted some one to belong to me. I was lonely. I wanted something that was flesh and blood. Once on this farm there came a stranger. I did not ask his name, but he sat among the 'karroo' and talked with me. Now, wherever I have traveled I have looked for him. In hotels, in streets, in passenger wagons as they rushed in, through the open windows of houses, I have looked for him, but I have not found him, never heard a voice like his. One day I went to the botanic gardens. It was a half holiday, and the hand was to play. I stood in the long raised avenue and looked down. There were many flowers, and ladies and children were walking about beautifully dressed. At last the music began. I had not heard such music before. At first it was slow and even, like the everyday life when we walk through it without thought or feeling. Then it grew faster; then it paused, hesitated; then it was quite still for an instant, and then it burst out. Lyndall, they made heaven right when they made it all music. It takes you up and carries you away, away, till you have the things you longed for. You are up close to them. You have got out into a large, free, open place. I could not see anything while it was playing. I stood with my head against my tree, but when it was done I saw that there were ladies sitting close to me on a wooden bench, and the stranger who had talked to me that day in the 'karroo' was sitting between them."

"The ladies were very pretty and their dresses beautiful. I do not think they had been listening to the music, for they were talking and laughing very softly. I heard all they said and could even smell the rose on the breast of one. I was afraid he would see me, so I went to the other side of the tree, and soon they got up and began to pace up and down in the avenue. All the time the music played they chatted, and he carried on his arm the scart of the prettiest lady. I did not hear the music. I tried to catch the sound of his voice each time he went by. When I was listening to the music, I did not know I was badly dressed. Now I felt so ashamed of myself, I never knew before what a low, horrible thing I was, dressed in tan cord. That day on the farm when we sat on the ground under the thorn trees I thought he quite belonged to me. Now I saw he was not mine. But he was still as beautiful. His brown eyes are more beautiful than any one's eyes, except yours."

"At last they turned to go, and I walked after them. When they got out of the gate, he helped the ladies into a phaeton and stood for a moment with his foot on the step, talking to them. He had a little cane in his hand, and an Italian greyhound ran after him. Just when they drove away one of the ladies dropped her whip."

"Pick it up, fellow," she said, and when I brought it to her she threw sixpence on the ground. I might have gone back to the garden then. But I did not want music. I wanted clothes and to be fashionable and fine. I felt that my hands were coarse and that I was vulgar. I never tried to see him again. I staid in my situation four months after that, but I was not happy. I had no rest. The people about me pressed on me and made me dissatisfied. I could not forget them."

"Only one day something made me happy. A nurse came to the store with a little girl belonging to one of our clerks. While the maid went into the office to give a message to its father the little child stood looking at me. Presently she came close to me and peeped up into my face."

"'Nice curls, pretty curls,' she said. 'I like curls.'"

"She felt my hair all over with her little hands. When I put out my arm, she let me take her and sit her on my knee. She kissed me with her soft mouth. We were happy till the nurse-girl came and shook her and asked her if she was not ashamed to sit on the knee of that strange man. But I do not think my little one minded. She laughed at me as she went out."

"If the world was all children, I could like it, but men and women draw me so strangely and then press me away till I am in agony. I was not meant to live among people. Perhaps some day, when I am grown older, I will be able to go and live among them and look at them, as I look at the rocks and bushes, without letting them disturb me and take myself from me, but not now. So I grew miserable. A kind of fever seemed to eat me. I could not rest or read or think, so I came back

here. I knew you were not here, but it seemed as though I should be nearer you, and it is you I want, you that the other people suggest to me, but cannot give."

"It has been a delightful journey, this journey home. I have walked on foot. The evening before last, when it was just sunset, I was a little footsore and thirsty and went out of the road to look for water. I went down into a deep little 'kloof.' Some trees ran along the bottom, and I thought I should find water there. The sun had quite set when I got to the bottom of it. It was very still. Not a leaf was stirring anywhere. In the bed of the mountain torrent I thought I might find water. I came to the bank and leaped down into the dry bed. The floor on which I stood was of fine white sand, and the banks rose on every side like the walls of a room. Above there was a precipice of rocks, and a tiny stream of water oozed from them and fell slowly on to the flat stone below. Each drop you could hear fall like a little silver bell. There was one among the trees on the bank that stood out against the white sky. All the other trees were silent, but this one shook and trembled against the sky. Every thing else was still, but those leaves were quivering, quivering. I stood on the sand. I could not go away. When I was quite dark and the stars had come, I crept out. Does it seem strange to you that it should have made me so happy? It is because I cannot tell you how near I felt to things that we cannot see, but we always feel. Tonight has been a wild, stormy night. I have been walking across the plain for hours in the dark. I have liked the wind, because I have seemed forcing my way through to you. I knew you were not here, but I would hear of you. When I used to sit on the transport wagon half sleeping, I used to start awake because your hands were on me. In my lodgings many nights I have blown the light out and sat in the dark that I might see your face start out more distinctly. Sometimes it was the little girl's face who used to come to me behind the 'kopje' when I minded sheep and sit by me in her blue pinafore. Sometimes it was the elder. I love both. I am very helpless. I shall never do anything, but you will work, and I will take your work for mine. Sometimes such a sudden gladness seizes me when I remember that somewhere in the world you are living and working. You are my very own. Nothing else is my own so. When I have finished, I am going to look at your room door."

"He wrote, and the wind, which had spent its fury, moaned round and round the house, most like a tired child weary with crying."

"Em woke up and sat before the fire, rubbing her eyes and listening as it sobbed about the gables and wandered away over the long stone walls."

"You have many letters to write," she said.

"No," he answered. "It is only one to Lyndall."

She turned away and stood long before the fire looking into it. If you have a deadly fruit to give, it will not grow sweeter by keeping."

"Waldo, dear," she said, putting her hand on his "leave off writing."

He threw back the dark hair from his forehead and looked at her.

"It is no use writing any more," she said.

"Why not?" he asked.

She put her hand over the papers he had written.

"Waldo," she said, "Lyndall is dead."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He Had Enough.

There is a New York physician who takes an active interest in politics and is popular with the "boys" in spite of his jolly disposition he is an extremely thin man, so thin that many a joke is aimed at him. Here is the latest story they are telling about him:

A grocer's boy entered the doctor's office the other day with a basket of fine fruit which some grateful patient had sent to him. The doctor told the boy to place the basket in a cabinet which stood against the wall. At the same instant he stepped out of the room, and going into an adjoining one, manipulated a contrivance which caused an articulated skeleton within the cabinet to waggle its head and limbs in an appalling manner just as the messenger boy opened the door.

With a yell of terror the boy fled. When the doctor had enjoyed a hearty laugh, he picked up a fine apple and followed the boy into the street to give it to him. "Come here, my boy," he shouted. "Here's a fine apple for you."

"Not on your life!" replied the astounded youngster, taking to his heels again. "You can't fool me with your clothes on."—New York Tribune.

At the Theater.

Freddy—What do you laugh at that old joke for? When I told it to you three months ago, you didn't even smile, and now you laugh at it as though you would die.

Daddy—Yes, I know, I paid to get in here, and I'm bound to make the most of my money's worth.—Boston Transcript.

Abusing His Privileges.

"Derby says he is wedded to his art."

"He evidently thinks he is, or he wouldn't mistreat her so shamefully."—Chicago Record.

Their First Steps.

"A man goes wrong," said the social sage, "from pure curiosity; a woman out of mere curiosity."—Philadelphia North American.

If all the money in the world was divided equally among the people, each person would get about 10¢.

Kissing the hands of great men was a Grecian custom.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO MICHIGAN PEOPLE.

A Good Report of Happenings Throughout Our Great State Received by Telegraph—Crimes, Occasions and Other Matters of General Interest.

Lansing, Mich., April 6.—Arthur F. Marsh, of Allegan, late inspector general of the Michigan National Guard, and until recently chairman of the Republican state central committee, was convicted yesterday of having feloniously conspired with certain of his official associates to defraud the state. The statutory penalty is fourteen years' imprisonment or less. Marsh was indicted by the county grand jury on the showing made implicating him in the sensational deal wherein state military clothing and equipment inventoried at some \$45,000 was alleged to have been sold for \$10,500, shipped to Chicago, thence without breaking bulk to a military supply concern in Kalamazoo, and then re-purchased by the state military board for about \$40,000.

William H. White, state quartermaster general, the principal figure in the alleged fraud, left the country shortly after an indictment against him had been found. The next to be tried for alleged connection with the deal is Colonel Eli R. Burton, of Detroit, a regent of the University of Michigan, member of Governor Pingree's military staff, and for several years one of the governor's closest and most trusted political lieutenants. Marsh was on trial something over a fortnight. The Kalamazoo men who had conducted the negotiations in the deal on behalf of the military clothing concern were strong witnesses for the prosecution. Most of the testimony was fortified by exceptionally strong documentary evidence. The defense called no witnesses, but made strenuous pleas to the jury to the effect that Marsh was a victim of a conspiracy rather than a conspirator. The respondent appeared undisturbed at the verdict, which was arrived at in two hours. He was required to furnish \$15,000 bail pending a stay of proceedings for perfecting an appeal.

COSTLY CONFLAGRATION.

Five Canoes Havoc at Ravenna, Mich.—One Person Killed.

Ravenna, Mich., April 6.—The business portion of this village was destroyed by fire which started at midnight from an explosion of coal gas in a saloon. A portion of the residence section also burned. The total loss is estimated at upward of \$300,000, with insurance light in most cases. Every business building in the village except William Patterson's general store, was consumed. Help was summoned from Grand Rapids and a fire engine, which helped check the flames, was sent from that city on a special train.

During the progress of the fire a gas engine exploded. Several men were badly hurt, and one of them, H. Marion Higgins, proprietor of the Ravenna House, died as the result of his injuries.

Menominee, Mich., April 6.—Fire destroyed the Spiles building, the largest business block in this city. Loss on the building, \$80,000; insurance, \$12,000.

DEATH OF MISS LYDIA BARSTAD.

Two Boys Accused Who Were Hunting Crows When She Was Shot.

Gladstone, Mich., April 9.—The mystery surrounding the fatal shooting of Miss Lydia Barstad, the school teacher at Isabella, Friday, has been partly cleared up by the arrest of two boys. They were hunting crows in the vicinity of the school house, and it is supposed that it was a bullet from the side of one of them that crashed through the window and killed the teacher at her desk. The names of the boys have not been learned.

Whether the shooting was accidental or intentional is not known, but the boys are all in jail in Escanaba pending an investigation by the prosecuting attorney. It being alleged that one of them had a grudge against the teacher. The remains of Miss Barstad were brought here Friday evening and taken to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barstad, who are heartbroken over their loss.

THE WRONG MR. LANGWORTHY.

But He Got \$304 in "Easy Money" from W. West All Right.

Cadillac, Mich., April 7.—H. Wirth is mourning the loss of \$304. On March 20 a man claiming to be Harvey Langworthy came to this city and arranged to purchase a pair of horses from Wirth. He offered in payment a check on the First National bank of Manistee for \$100.48, made payable to Harvey Langworthy. Wirth proceeded to the Cadillac State bank, where the check was pronounced good, and after being indorsed by Langworthy and H. Wirth, the cash was turned over.

DIGGING FOR BURIED TREASURES.

So Far None of It Has Materialized for the Diggers.

Grand Haven, Mich., April 6.—Strange and mysterious things are transpiring in Grand Haven all the time. The spirit of mystery seems to be fairly a part of us. There is more of romantic lore and strange stories connected with our lake shore hills than there is with the Catskill mountains, made famous by Washington Irving and other writers. Some day an Irving will grow up amongst us, and then this romance of this region will be properly told in song and story.

For years it has been generally believed that a large amount of money in gold coins has been buried in one of the lake shore hills at Grand Haven. A dying convict, who knew the particulars, divulged the secret to Curtis W. Gray, one of our old citizens, and since then mysterious searching parties have been out around the hills every year. Some of them have been discovered working in the dead of night, and others, no so mysterious,

have kept up the search at any old time.

Last winter Peter Deneau, one of the members of the Grand Haven life saving crew, with the assistance of his father and brother, made a thorough search for the lost treasure. At a spot declared by a fortune teller to be near where the fortune is hidden they have dug a whole nearly fifty feet deep. Deneau and his associates have worked hard and faithfully. They use an instrument that indicates if metal is located under a certain spot or not, but so far they have not struck "pay dirt."

INVITED HIM TO STEP DOWN.

And Told That If He Did Not He Would Be Grand Roused.

Charlotte, Mich., April 10.—Rev. Harvey Kennedy, who had been called upon to resign the pastorate of the local Methodist church and who apparently had accepted the situation with good grace, treated his congregation to a surprise Sunday morning. He announced he would occupy the time of the services in discussing topics of general interest rather than a Biblical text. Thereupon he made a bitter attack upon the church and all that it stands for in a religious sense. Several members declined to listen to the remarks and left the church, but they were greeted with personal insults before reaching the entrance.

Kennedy had nearly finished his sensational attack when an old man interrupted and asked him to step down from the rostrum, saying failure to comply would result in the pastor's forcible ejection from the building by the officers of the church. Kennedy then resigned and the congregation voted to let him go. Kennedy left for his former home in London, Ont. He received his education in a Chicago theological seminary.

"Uncle Dan" a G. A. R. Member.

Traverse City, Mich., April 10.—Uncle Dan Whipple, the hunter and trapper, who recently celebrated his 100th birthday anniversary here, was initiated into McPherson post, No. 18, G. A. R., with elaborate ceremony. The post gave a parade and escorted the centenarian to a clothing store and fitted him out with a brand new suit of Grand Army clothing, and the veteran marched through the streets as erect as the youngest member of the post. After the ceremony an elaborate banquet was given in honor of Uncle Dan by the Women's Relief Corps.

Celebration of Spiritualists.

Vicksburg, Mich., April 10.—The local Spiritualist society celebrated the fifty-second anniversary of modern spiritualism with a week's series of meetings. Rev. B. F. Austin, of Toronto, Ont., doing the speaking. The society elected the following new officers: President, R. Baker; vice president, A. W. York; secretary, Mrs. Eugene York; treasurer, George A. Smalley; pastor, Rev. C. E. Dent; trustees, R. Butcher, Miss Jeannette Fraser and C. T. S. Cook.

Arrested in Alleged Pool Room.

Detroit, April 9.—Seventy-two men were arrested by the police in an alleged pool room at 116 Woodward avenue, which they raided Saturday afternoon, and taken in patrol wagons to police headquarters. Several well known citizens were among those arrested. At the station Captain Spillane administered a severe lecture to the alleged bettors and released all but those thought to be principals.

Prize for Foot Ball Rushing.

Ann Arbor, Mich., April 9.—A silver cup, to be known as the Andrew C. McLaughlin cup, has been offered by an alumnus of the University of Michigan, who is superintendent of schools in a western Michigan city, as a trophy for punting and drop kicking at the inter-scholastic meets to be held under the auspices of the Athletic association of the university.

Accused Woman Counts Suicide.

Detroit, April 7.—Postoffice Inspector Parcell was about to present the case of Mrs. Ormsby, a Roman Catholic woman accused of sending an objectionable letter through the mails last January, to the United States grand jury in session in the postoffice building, when he received a letter from James B. Lucas, postmaster at Romeo, saying that Mrs. Ormsby had committed suicide there.

Died of a Morsicant Bite.

Greenville, Mich., April 9.—Percy Seaton, who was bitten on Thursday by a moccasint snake, died Saturday night. He was a professor of art and language in the Greenville school, but had a love for reptiles. He had several boxes of different kinds of venomous snakes. He handled them and on cold nights took them to bed with him and placed them next his body to keep them warm.

Citizens "Wild with Joy."

Ithaca, Mich., April 7.—The citizens of this city are wild with joy. The indications are that the proposition for bonding the county to build a new court house, to be located here, has carried by 1,000 majority. It means the settlement of the much discussed question of the removal of the county seat.

Farmers Emigrate to Canada.

Chase, Mich., April 7.—Many Lake county farmers, who have become dissatisfied with the prospects in this district, have gone to the Canadian northwest to try their fortunes. A party of seventy-seven farmers, twenty-one of them from the vicinity of this village, started for Canada on Tuesday.

University Student Killed.

Ann Arbor, Mich., April 9.—Charles C. Shoyer, of Leavenworth, Kan., a junior literary student at the University of Michigan, was struck by a Michigan Central train Saturday afternoon and instantly killed. He was walking on the track and failed to hear the train.

Paper Mills Destroyed by Fire.

Ann Arbor, Mich., April 9.—Boonwell Bros' large paper mills at Forest Station, four miles west of Ann Arbor, burned Saturday, and twenty-five families which depended upon the mills for a living are thrown out of employment. The loss will reach \$40,000, with but \$8,000 insurance.

Attempts to Break Jail Walls.

Marquette, Mich., April 9.—Six prisoners awaiting trial in the United States and county courts made an ineffectual attempt to break jail here yesterday afternoon. Two of them are murderers.

Worse Than Death Valley.

Dreadful as Death valley is, its northwestern arm, known as Mesquite valley, is worse. All the waters upon its surface are poison, and down through the canyon a hot, suffocating wind blows with terrible velocity. During its course through the desert it frequently gathers clouds of white sand that have blinded many a horse and rider, and at frequent intervals it whirls down the canyon like a cyclone of sharp crystals. Under the glistening beds of salt and borax are concealed streams of salt water which flow sluggishly toward some unknown outlet or may be lapped up by the parched winds.

One of the strangest phenomena of this extraordinary place is what frontiersmen, for want of a better name, have called "raising earth." By the action of the sun a crust composed of minerals and clay has been formed on the surface, and by some curious pressure of nature has been lifted from the earth in irregular curves like pie crust in the oven. The cavity between this crust and the solid earth varies from one to ten feet, and the depth frequently changes after heavy windstorms by the displacement of the air beneath. The man or the animal that steps upon this crust is gone forever. It is absolutely impossible for any one to extricate himself when plunging about in the "raising earth."—Chicago Record.

Took Her Captain's Place.

One day a young Swede, a student at the University of Berlin, received a letter from his uncle saying that his daughter, the young man's cousin, would stop in Berlin for a few days on her way to Ems and would be kindly meet her and show her the city. The mail coach arrived and with it the young lady, who found a fine looking young fellow with a vivid countenance awaiting her arrival. He accompanied her to the hotel. The following morning he called and took her driving in an elegant brougham. These attentions continued during the three days of her visit. The lady appeared overjoyed at the gallantry of this cousin, whom she had never met before.

On the day of her departure, while assisting her into the mail coach, the young man said, "I cannot let you depart without making a confession." The lady blushed and dropped her eyes. "I must tell you that I am not your cousin. Your cousin is a friend of mine. He had no time to accompany you, having to cram for his examinations, so he bade me take his place."

"In heaven's name, who are you, then?" cried the lady.

"The young man handed her his card. The postilion blew his trumpet, the mail coach rolled away, as the young lady read this name on the card: 'Otto von Bismarck.'—Current Literature.

Soldiers of Fortune.

"It is embarrassing to meet former cotton partners as elevator boys and waiters," said a European lady now visiting New York. "It has been my fate to undergo and inflict this unhappy several times.

"I went to a fashionable hotel on my arrival. Wearing his hotel livery with the same grace as he had borne his officer's uniform when I last saw him and danced with him at a state ball in a foreign capital, was a man I had known. He colored to the eyes as he saw me, but made no sign, nor did I."

"The same thing has happened since at restaurants, at other hotels, in riding academies and in carriages. Some day M. le Baron de Trois Etolles and Graf von Truemmer-Schloss will appear in European society with new éclat and full purses. Will I ever say that I know where they made their money? Why, of course not. It is a far cry from America to Europe, and in their own country these gentlemen have an irreproachable social position. I have, really already forgotten the names of those I have seen. I assure you."—New York Mail and Express.

Goldsmith.

Not long before the close of Goldsmith's life he produced the brilliant and humorous lines of "Retaliation." Varied accounts are given of the origin of this poem. It will be remembered that in a joke Garrick wrote the following couplet as an epitaph for Goldsmith:

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll. Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor poll.

It was on April 4, 1774, that Goldsmith died. The precise spot where he was buried in the Temple churchyard is unknown.

This is Johnson's summing up of the character of Goldsmith: "He had raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man."—William Black's "Life of Goldsmith."

Daniel Webster's Paper Cutter.

Joseph M. Terry of Peconic, N. Y., has presented a valuable relic of Daniel Webster to the Suffolk County Historical society. It is an ivory paper cutter which Mr. Webster used for a number of years in his library at Marshfield, Mass. Webster gave it to Charles Taylor, then a boy, whose father was at the time manager of Mr. Webster's farm. Young Taylor preserved the relic and several years ago, while residing near Mr. Terry's house gave it to him.—New York Sun.

A Song About a Man.

"I will sing you a song about a man," said the minstrel. "By the way, did you ever notice that there never was a song written about a man? All songs are about roses and maidens and love and trysting places and sunsets and moons; never one about the old man. Come to think about it, though, there was one, 'Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now.' In this song the old man is drunk in the groove."—Atlantic Globe.

LIFE SAVING COLLAR.

A BELGIAN INVENTION TO PREVENT SHIPWRECK.

Mr. Hubert De Wilde of Ghent, Belgium, has recently invented a life saving collar which, according to the success of recent experiments, seems to be in advance of any similar device ever attempted.

Among those who have been deeply impressed with the value of Mr. De Wilde's invention is Mr. Richard Le Bort, the United States consul at Ghent, who recently sent to the state department a complete description and commended it in the warmest terms.

The invention consists of a cork collar having an exterior diameter of 16 1/2 inches and an interior diameter of 6 inches. The neck opening has a circumference of 18 inches and is composed of two half collars fastened together with a hinge, in which there is a strong spring, destined to maintain the collar always closed and firm. The opening is opposite the hinges. On each side of the opening there is a smaller holder, made of cork, three



HOW THE WILDE COLLAR IS ADJUSTED.

inches in height and two inches in diameter, securely fastened. When pressure is exerted on the two holders, the collar spreads open and allows the head to pass in. On letting go of the holder the collar clasps itself automatically.

The collar is formed of 30 pieces of cork, each piece having the form of an isosceles triangle, with angles rounded, of which the base is 4 1/2 inches and the height 5 1/2 inches.

The points are directed toward the interior, which gives the collar an elevation at its periphery of 4 1/2 inches, while at its interior there is a thickness of 1 3/4 inches.

The pieces are cut radially and are strung on two heavy steel wire stems concentrically riveted to the folding shutters of the hinge.

The weight of the apparatus is about 5 1/2 pounds and its displacement of water about 12 quarts. Consequently its ascensional strength represents constantly from 18 to 20 pounds of iron.

Confectionery in Army Rations.

Candy has been added to the regular ration of the American soldier, says The Scientific American. One New York firm has shipped more than 50 tons of confectionery during the past year for the troops in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. The government buys candy of good quality, which would retail from 30 to 40 cents a pound. It consists of mixed chocolate creams, lemon drops, cocoonut macaroons and acidulated fruit drops. These are put in sealed one pound cans of a special oval shape, designed to fit the pockets of a uniform coat. According to The Evening Post, the use of candy as an army ration originated in some experiments on the diet of the troops conducted by the German government ten years ago. They showed that the addition of candy and chocolate to the regular ration greatly improved the health and endurance of the troops using it. Since that time the German government has issued cakes of chocolate and a limited amount of other confectionery. The queen has just forwarded 500,000 pounds of chocolate in half pound packages as a Christmas treat for the troops in the Transvaal. American jam manufacturers are considering a movement to add jam to the army ration. It has been found so wholesome for the British army that 1,450,000 pounds have been dispatched to South Africa as a four months' supply for 116,000 troops.

British Red Tape.

It really would appear that the folly and absurdity of our war office are boundless and bottomless. The prime minister of New South Wales telegraphed home offering 100 army service wagons for use in South Africa and received in reply an acceptance of the proposal, to which was added an intimation that the wagons must be sent from Australia to England in order that they might be officially inspected at Woolwich before they were finally dispatched to the Cape. This insane arrangement involves a useless voyage of nearly 13,000 miles and the waste of two months. Surely there must be some official at the Cape who is capable of inspecting these Australian wagons.—London Truth.

Will Do Away With Stamps.

English postal authorities are making experiments with an automatic letter mailing device which will do away with the old style of "stick with a lick" postage stamp. The new apparatus resembles a slot machine and is an adaptation of this idea. It can be placed on the street corners or in the postoffices. By putting a penny in the slot the letter is thrust into a slot and, presto, change! a dry or ribbon stamp puts a stamp on the corner of the letter, when it can be dropped into the box. The machine cancels the stamp with the date, time of day, etc., all at one operation. There are different denominations of stamps. If this machine proves the success which its inventor hopes, it will do away with the present mauling stamp and prove an economical device for the postal service.

Some Staggering Computations.

A well known astronomer calculates that if an express train running 60 miles an hour day and night without stopping kept it up for 250 years it would just about complete the diameter of the circle made by the earth in its yearly journey around the sun. Now let this immense circle be represented by a lady's finger ring, and taking that as the standard of measurement, the nearest fixed star would be a mile distant and the farthest visible through the telescope at least 20 miles.

VIVIER, THE HORN PLAYER.

He Was Famous For Practical Joking Under Napoleon III.

The death, announced from Nice, at the age of 79, of the famous horn player and practical joker, Eugene Leon Vivier, will recall stories of a man who figured largely in London and Parisian society in the early days of the third empire. Vivier was a magnificent solo horn player, but he was even more remarkable as a humorist. His practical jokes may seem rather stupid now, but in their day they were the talk of Europe. One of them was to tie a young calf on the second floor balcony of his house, so that a crowd assembled and blocked up the street. Vivier's excuse was that he hated to see boys hurrying on their errands and adopted this plan to tempt them to loiter. Then he kept the calf in his rooms so long that it grew into a bullock, and when the police interfered they found it impossible to get the animal down stairs.

Vivier invented a plan of mixing gum with soap, for the manufacture of soap bubbles, of a particularly large and tough description, which he set flying over St. Petersburg, to the alarm of the Emperor Nicholas, who imagined it to portend some new insurrection. In London he had a fancy for keeping in his rooms, off Regent street, a cock, for the board of which he insisted on paying 18 pence a week and which he pretended to treat as a familiar spirit, jabbering to it for some minutes and then rushing frantically out of the house, his handkerchief to his eyes, sobbing as though his heart would break.

In an omnibus he once pretended to be mad, shouted at the top of his voice and presented a pistol at his own head. Then, when seized, he gravely broke the supposed pistol in half, handed one piece to the conductor and proceeded to eat the other half, which was chocolate.

Napoleon III was especially his admirer and gave him many sinecures, among them an inspectorship of mines, which meant the drawing from time to time of a comfortable salary. When Vivier wanted to travel, Napoleon used to send him, at the government expense, as a special imperial courier with secret dispatches.

Vivier was a self made man and as little more than a lad he came (part of the way on foot) from his native Ajaccio, where his father was a tax gatherer, to Paris and became a player in the band at the Italian Opera. Afterward he studied seriously under Gally and soon, as a soloist, took the foremost place. He first visited London in 1848 on the recommendation of Louis Philippe, who thought a great deal of him, and his celebrity lasted practically until the fall of the empire.

He then retired to the south of France, keeping up his character for eccentricity. He invented a trick which greatly perplexed the last generation—playing, or pretending to play, four notes at once on the horn, the effect being somewhat similar to that of four horns playing together.—London News.

Marriage Is Too Easy.

"The present open door policy for marriage in America cannot exist much longer," writes Edward Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The question must be met, and it should be met squarely. Any discussion of divorce is untimely; it is futile at the moment. It is grappling with the question at the wrong end. Whether divorce is right or wrong; whether there should be divorce at all, and on what grounds a decree of divorce should be granted—these are not the pressing questions of the hour. The whole matter of divorce does not begin to stand in such urgent need of discussion as does the question of the laws of marriage. When we adjust marriage as we should adjust it, then we can give our attention to divorce. And then we shall find that in adjusting the one we shall have come pretty close to the wisest and best adjustment of the other. The practical solution of both, in short, lies in the proper adjustment and rigid enforcement of laws which shall make marriage more difficult of accomplishment."

Dr. Osgood's Retirement.

The Watchman of Boston says: "The news of the retirement of the Rev. Dr. Howard Osgood from the headship of the Old Testament department of the Rochester Theological seminary after 25 years of notable service will be received with regret by the many who have profited by his instruction and by all who are acquainted with his work as a teacher and man. Dr. Osgood has won a recognized place among the scholarly authorities upon the Old Testament."

He Made It Clear.

A Japanese, who believes that the twentieth century has already begun, has sent the following letter on the subject to The Congressionalist: "Sir—It is to be, time is a thing, already had gone nineteen century and come twenty century. I think so that you will welcome happy new year. Excuse me for first of communication and greeting acquaintance before this before year."

Commissioner's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Elizabeth McLaughlin deceased, the undersigned, having been appointed by the court, commissioner to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons claiming to be creditors of said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Geo. A. Starkweather, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Saturday, the fourteenth day of May, A. D. 1900, and on Monday, the thirteenth day of August, A. D. 1900, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing claims, and that all persons claiming to be creditors of said estate, must present their claims to us for examination and allowance, on or before the date above named. Dated March 16th, 1900. DAVID D. ALLEN, HENRY TUTTLE, LAFAYETTE DEAN, Commissioners.

Commissioner's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Rosetta Bradner, deceased, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioner to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons claiming to be creditors of said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Geo. A. Starkweather, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Saturday, the fourth day of May, A. D. 1900, and on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of February, A. D. 1900, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing claims, and that all persons claiming to be creditors of said estate, must present their claims to us for examination and allowance, on or before the date above named. Dated March 16th, 1900. DAVID D. ALLEN, HENRY TUTTLE, LAFAYETTE DEAN, Commissioners.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by George W. Dunn and Amy R. Dunn, husband and wife, of Plymouth, in said county, Michigan, to Hattie E. Baker, of the same place, bearing date the third day of May, A. D. 1898, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, on the seventh day of May, A. D. 1898, in liber 68 of mortgages, on page 3, which said mortgage was duly assigned by law to Hattie E. Baker to the Plymouth Savings Bank, a corporation, of the village of Plymouth, county and State aforesaid, by deed of assignment and date the eighth day of January, A. D. 1899, and duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds aforesaid on the thirteenth day of March, A. D. 1899, in liber 68 of assignments of mortgages on page 138, which said mortgage consists in the non-payment of the interest upon said mortgage due and payable on the third day of May, A. D. 1899, and which said mortgage is hereby exercised in said mortgage expressed to and does hereby declare the whole of the principal sum and interest upon said mortgage to be now due and payable, and whereas by reason of such default and exercise of such option the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, and whereas there is now claimed to be a balance of mortgage the sum of two hundred and twenty-one and 24/100 dollars principal and interest, and no other 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 statute in that behalf made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the twenty-first day of April, A. D. 1900, at twelve o'clock noon of said day, (Detroit city time), the undersigned, trustee of said mortgage will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the westerly or Griswold street entrance to the city hall in the city of Detroit, State of Michigan, the premises hereinafter described, to-wit: Ten (10) acres of land situated on the northwest quarter of section number twenty-eight (28) and containing all or part of the southeast corner of lands now owned by Chauncey E. Baker, and formerly owned by Samuel Stoughton, said point of commencement being on the east line of said quarter section line, running: thence easterly on the center section line to a point from which a right line (running southerly parallel with the east line of said land) owned by Chauncey E. Baker to the center of the Sutton road, so called, thence in a right line along the center of said road to the center line of said lands, thence southerly along the east line of said Chauncey E. Baker's lands to the place of beginning, all contained ten (10) acres, more or less, commencing at the southeast corner of lands now owned by Chauncey E. Baker, and formerly owned by Samuel Stoughton, said point of commencement being on the east line of said quarter section line, running: thence easterly on the center section line to a point from which a right line (running southerly parallel with the east line of said land) owned by Chauncey E. Baker to the center of the Sutton road, so called, thence in a right line along the center of said road to the center line of said lands, thence southerly along the east line of said Chauncey E. Baker's lands to the place of beginning, all contained ten (10) acres, more or less, commencing at the southeast corner of lands now owned by Chauncey E. 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A Point for Economical Parents to Remember

Behind the Low Prices at which we are selling our Boys' and Children's Clothing there is the Solid Value found only in High Class Goods.

Children's Vestee Suits (Plain or Fancy Vests)	\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50
Boys' Two Piece Suits	1.50, 2.00, 2.50 to 5.00
Young Men's Suits	3.50, 4.00 to 9.00

A new line of FANCY COLORED SHIRTS for the Boys, both soft and stiff bosom, 50c TIES to match in Bows, Spring Ties and Four-in-Hands, the latest in Spring styles... 25c

Does it cost as much to buy Shoes for your boy as for yourself? Try a pair of our seamless Shoes with heavy soles for every day and cut down the expense. Our new lines of Misses' and Children's Shoes in Tan and Black must be seen to be appreciated.

Misses' Kang. Grain Shoes, \$1.00	Misses' Vici Kid Shoes, \$1.25 to \$1.75
Misses' Tan Shoes, \$1.40, \$1.50	Child's Kangaroo Grain Shoes, 50c to \$1.00
	Child's Tan and Black Vici Kid, 25c to \$1.40

A. H. DIBBLE & SON

-A. A. TAFFT-

Wall Paper
Wall Paper
Wall Paper

I have received my Spring Line, all of the Newest colorings, and in prices ranging from

10c to 65c per Double Roll

A NEW STOCK OF THE

Latest Styles in
Hats and Caps.....

NEW LINE OF

Gents' Gloves and Mittens,

for both Working and dress.

I am receiving daily my Spring line of Dry Goods, Hosiery, &c.

-A. A. TAFFT-



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Every gallon of

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will cover 300 or more square feet of surface in average condition, two coats to the gallon. Every gallon is a full U. S. standard measure. It is made to Paint Buildings with. It is the best and most durable House Paint made.

SOLD BY THE

Conner Hardware Co.

Breezy Items

By Eliza Correspondents.

LIVONIA CENTER.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Millard, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. G. Benton, of Waterford, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Colby, of Northville, spent a day with Mrs. A. Stringer and family last week.

Mrs. Franklin is reported as very sick.

Joe McEachrah is improving his house by giving it a new roof.

Mr. Clement has moved into the Geo. Flint house where he expects to work the coming summer.

Everybody is complaining of having bad colds.

Report says that Mrs. Palmer Chillson has gone on a trip to York state to visit her sister. Palmer and Verdore are keeping bachelor's hall.

R. S. Peck's condition is about the same, if anything he grows weaker.

Great preparations are being made for Easter exercises at the church on Sunday next. A fine program will be given.

The Aid Society meets today at Mrs. John Wilcox's. Particulars next week.

Farmers are quite busy doing what they can of spring work.

Reported that we are to have a new blacksmith at the center and the farmers around here will be glad to know that it is a fact.

TONQUISH

April 4th, the Helping Hand Society met with Mrs. Fred Kohnitz. Meeting called to order by the president and opened by singing. Prayer by Mrs. King, minutes of the last meeting read and approved. Treasurer's report accepted, roll call with 16 active members present. All business coming before the meeting was discussed and duly transacted. About 30 partook of the bountiful dinner. The word for next month will be "consider." Collection, \$1.75. Adjourned to meet with Mr. and Mrs. George Hix the first Wednesday in May.

Mrs. Annie Newcomb, of Detroit, spent last Thursday with her son, Erwin Crossell.

Mr. Hix and daughter Ellis spent Friday of last week with the former's nephew, J. W. Rhead, of near Wayne. The afternoon was pleasantly spent in eating warm sugar and visiting.

Mrs. Foster Hanchett, of Plymouth, spent the latter part of last week with her brother-in-law, Merritt Hanchett, and family.

There was no Sunday-school last Sunday on account of having some improvements made in the interior of the church, which were not finished. We will try and have it in readiness next Sunday as usual at 2:30 p. m.

Mrs. Albert Stevens, is so far recovered as to be around the house again.

SALEM.

J. B. Waterman is going to change his dairy business and offers for sale his entire herd of graded, short horned cows, which he proposes to replace with a herd of Jerseys. A rare chance for farmers who wish to purchase a herd of fine cows.

The Baptist Sunday-school are preparing Easter exercises, which they will give next Sabbath morning in place of the regular morning service. The pastor, Rev. Thrasher, will spend the Sabbath near Lansing.

The trustees of the 2nd Congregational church have secured the salary of Rev. W. C. Allen for the ensuing year.

Mr. Henry Whittaker is recovering from her recent severe illness of inflammatory rheumatism under the treatment of Dr. E. Waid.

Wm. Murray, of Dixboro, and a prominent citizen and pioneer of that locality, has been dangerously ill with

pneumonia but is now convalescing under treatment of Dr. Waid.

Mrs. George Ryder, of Northville, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mott, last week.

Mrs. H. B. Thayer is convalescing under the care of Dr. Walker.

Sylvester Ellsworth is spending a few days in Detroit with Will Thayer this week.

Miss May Coldren, of the U. of M., will be home this week to spend the Easter vacation with her parents.

The Ladies Society of the Congregational church will meet at Mrs. John Ryder's this week Thursday.

PERRINSVILLE.

The auction sale at Alex Lyle's last Tuesday was well attended and every thing went at a fair figure.

Claude Wade, who has been spending a few days with his brother Frank, has returned to his home at New Hudson.

Pauline Wuschack has been visiting friends and relatives at this place for a few days.

Willard Sherman has been visiting friends at Cairo and Birmingham.

A. C. Tait is improving at this writing.

Mrs. A. Lyle, who has been undergoing an operation, is improving rapidly and expects to be at home in a few days.

MEAD'S MILLS.

G. P. Benton has rented his farm to his son.

Calvin Thomas injured his eye while splitting wood Tuesday and inflammation is feared.

G. P. Benton will occupy a part of George Bryant's house.

Arthur McRoberts is employed in the Empire State Construction Co., at Olean N. Y., instead of being manager of a condensery as stated last week.

Mrs. Clara Leslie, of Delhi, is spending the week with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taylor spent Sunday at Plymouth.

ELEM.

Mrs. David Leach, of Taymouth, is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. V. Shaw, this week.

Jessie Hawkins has accepted a position at the county house.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Blue spent Saturday and Sunday in Detroit.

Henry Rohring went to Detroit last Saturday.

The warm weather of last week has taken a severe cold.

Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Leach spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Detroit with relatives.

NEWBURG.

T. Ball, of Detroit, is visiting at E. Bassett's and looking for a farm.

Mr. and Mrs. George King are at the home of their father, M. King. They have come from California, intending to make their home in Michigan.

Mrs. M. King and Mrs. George King are quite ill. Dr. Tillapaugh is attending them.

Rev. W. G. Stephens gave us an interesting sermon Sunday from the text "Watchman, what of the night?"

Our Sunday-school is in a thriving condition and our Epworth League is well attended. James Norris, president.

Albert Zander has purchased a work horse at Detroit.

Miss Eliza Clark is much improved in health.

Norah Smith is home for a week's vacation and is sick from the effects of vaccination.

Margaret McGram, who teaches school in Detroit, is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. C. Tuttle, and visiting schools.

Lillian and Ethel Passage have resumed their school duties after having tonsillitis in the family.

Several from Newburg attended the Epworth League meeting at Wayne on Tuesday night.

Mr. Hubbard has moved on the Lafayette Dean farm.

George Granger had his arm badly lacerated while assisting in buzz sawing at E. Norris'.

C. Vanblairnum has papered his rooms giving them a handsome appearance. He will paint and paper Mr. Dickerson's house.

The Junior League met at the home of Floyd Bassett and presented Mrs. Mabel Bassett, their president, with a handsome silver syrup pitcher with her name engraved on it.

Ella Beckhold has been sewing at Z. Woodworth's this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ostrander visited Mr. and Mrs. Pitt Everett Tuesday.

Mrs. Tom Davey, of Plymouth attended church here Sunday.

The Newburg L. A. S. will meet with Mrs. Needleton Dean Friday. They serve a picnic supper.

Mrs. E. Norris is able to assist with her housework.

Mrs. R. Barnes has lost the use of her lower limbs. She has the sympathy of many friends.

Leonard Stark was able to resume his school duties this week at Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Davey, of Plymouth, are rocking their baby Beatrice in a crib made by its great grandfather

Bassett 30 years ago. This is the twelfth child rocked in this crib.

Easter services will be observed Sunday with an interesting program at Newburg M. E. church. Everyone will be welcome.

On account of the snow storm, the maple sugar social was not held.

MURRAY'S CORNERS.

Mrs. and Mrs. Orson Westfall spent a few days last week with friends at Bellville.

Mrs. Roby Sly and Elmer have commenced keeping house again.

Mr. Perrin has moved into Bert Smith's house.

Harmon Schrader and wife, spent Sunday at Perry Walker's.

The concert which was held at the Free church a few weeks ago will be given at Dixboro soon.

Mrs. Orson Westfall and daughter spent Tuesday in Detroit.

John Bryant has hired out to Hiram Murray for the summer.

PIKE'S PEAK.

Mrs. W. R. Robinson and Mrs. Dell Sherman called on Mrs. Sarah Baker last Saturday.

The Nankin Mill is doing a rushing business as usual.

Frank Proctor took a load of potatoes to Detroit for I. M. Lewis last Saturday.

W. R. Robinson is building some new wire fences and doing some tiling this spring before leaving his farm.

Mrs. Henry McKee is on the sick list. Mrs. Lineau visited with her granddaughter, Mrs. Dell Sherman, on Saturday.

Frank Proctor will work I. M. Lewis' farm on shares again this season.

Wm. Hirschlieb is having his house repaired this spring.

PACKARD DISTRICT.

[Received too late for last week.]

Mrs. Perry Lodgey, who had been visiting in Redford for a week, returned home on Tuesday.

Mrs. James Heeney entertained a party of ladies last Wednesday.

Chas. Wagonechultz had a sale of his personal property last Tuesday and he will move to Plymouth and work in Markham's factory.

James Heeney has recently purchased 40 acres of land adjoining his farm on the west.

Some of the farmers of this vicinity are making a fine lot of maple syrup of excellent quality.

Have you Tried

Our Choice Cuts Pork and Beef?

THEY ARE THE BEST.

Our Bolognas, Frankforts, Sausages, always fresh.

Our Lard is pure. Try it.

Sugar cured Hams, Boneless Ham and Breakfast Bacon always on hand.

Orders called for and delivered in any part of the village.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

H. HARRIS



Fresh, Light Rolls
Crisp Bread,
Delicious Cakes

and Pies are produced to perfection at

Taylor's

The best and most carefully selected ingredients are used in the preparation of our dainties, all of which are of great purity and richness.

G. A. TAYLOR

GAYDE'S MEAT MARKET

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

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