

# THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XVI, NO 49

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 31 1903.

WHOLE NO. 830.



## May be You Think

There are no nice combs in town?  
Just come in and look over our stock  
of **Unbreakable Dressing  
Combs**, we think you will change  
your mind. We have

Dressing Combs Kitchen Combs  
Fine Tooth Combs,  
Hotel Combs, Pocket Combs  
Course Tooth Combs.

Prices ranging from 10c. to \$1.00 each.

## The Wolverine Drug Co.

Phone No. 5, Day or Night.

## Be Sure You Are Right

Go to Roe's for your Groceries.  
**We have the Quality**  
Our Price is Right.  
**You get Good Value in**  
Our 25 cent Coffee.  
Our 40 cent Tea.

Every package guaranteed to do as advertised or money  
refunded. Give it a trial. For sale by

**WM. B. ROE**

Telephone 35.

## H. HARRIS,

The old reliable Meat Cutter, always  
ready to serve the public with  
choicest cuts of

**Beef, Veal, Mutton and Pork**

Full Line of Salt and Smoked Meats.

**Chickens for Everybody on Saturdays**

Orders taken and goods delivered to  
all parts of the city.

Telephone orders given prompt attention.

Telephone 44.

**H. HARRIS**

## Breezy Items

By Live Correspondents.

### TONQUISH

Visitors—Thomas Boatride, of Ypsilanti, Wm. Hix, of West Wayne, Miss Etta, Fish and Fred Ash, of South west of Plymouth, Frank Mott and wife, of Canton, Mr. and Mrs. Garnis, of New York.

Haying will soon be finished in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and three children, of Detroit, took supper with D. W. Pengelly and family on Sunday.

Miss Ellis Hix is spending the week at Quartells Corners.

Mrs. (Hoo) entertained company from Howell.

Geo. Hix called on friends living south and west of Plymouth Sunday.

Several from here went camping near Comars the latter part of last week. Hope they will return with a fine lot of huckle-berries.

**Foley's Kidney Cure**  
Will cure Bright's Disease.  
Will cure Diabetes.  
Will cure Stone in Bladder.  
Will cure Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

### PERRINSVILLE.

The L. A. S. will meeting with Mrs. Ella Wight Wednesday afternoon Aug. 5th. All are cordially invited to attend.

The Misses Julia and Cora Myhrs and gentleman friends of Detroit attended church here last Sunday.

Mrs. J. F. Brown and Mae Fox attended camp meeting at Eaton Rapids this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sherman and daughter of Southfield and Miss Ritenaar of Detroit visited with W. Sherman and family last week.

The Woodmen Social at Wm. Sherwood's last Saturday evening was well attended. Eight gal. of ice-cream were sold.

Elton Brown, Maurice Proctor, Albert Heyer and Dewitt Cooper, of Detroit attended the social at Wm. Sherwood's.

Wm. Beyer and Ada Badelt went to Tashmo Park last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wade and son of Plymouth have been visiting with her cousin Mamie Theuer of Detroit this week.

Mrs. Wm. Schunk and daughter, Mrs. Wm. McKinney and daughter, Irene, are visiting relatives at St. Clair.

Mrs. Katie Wurts and son, Will, and daughter, Hazel, were in Wayne last Tuesday.

**Mellers Drug Store Will Buy It Back.**  
You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Mellers' Drug Store will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

### NEWBURG.

Mrs. LeVan, Miss Withee and Mr. Rawlinson made fine reports of the great convention, at the League Sunday evening, all who were not present missed a treat. They should always be present then they would miss nothing good.

As Harry Bassett was coming from the hay field Tuesday the horse ran away and broke the raze and hurt Harry so that Dr. Patterson was called. He pronounced it nothing serious.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Armstrong, of Wayne, called on friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Lang is quite sick in Chicago, had to go to the hospital.

Master Irving Tuttle fell from a ladder Saturday hurting him quite seriously.

Fred Genny, of Detroit, visited home Sunday.

Miss Althie Woodworth was home Sunday.

Business and Literary meeting of the Epworth League at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. Krow this week, Saturday evening. All invited.

Twelve were admitted to full membership at church last Sunday.

Beef Paddock is better this week.

At the meeting of Livonia township S. S. Association board Friday evening, it was decided to hold the annual picnic August 20th. Place not yet decided on, arrangements will be made for a good time, everybody invited.

**Working Night and Day.**  
The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fog into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25¢ per box. Sold by Hubbell's Pharmacy.

### LIVONIA CENTER.

Grandma Blue, mother, of Daniel Blue, died at her son's home Wednesday morning, buried at Bedford Center Friday afternoon. Mrs. Blue was 83 years of age and lived for a great many years in this township. She was respected by all who knew her and will be greatly missed.

Several of Marvin Creiger's friends dropped in and surprised him at his uncle's home last Saturday night. Marvin knew it was his birthday and that was about all he did know, he was so completely surprised. The party lasted till the small hours and after wishing Marvin many returns of the day all departed for home well pleased with the night's frolic.

Harry Peck has been sight seeing in the city the past week.

Several from here attended the German picnic at Farmington last Thursday.

There was quite a turnout to the cemetery social at Wayne Chilson's last Saturday evening and a very enjoyable time is reported by all.

Several farmers have begun cutting their oats around here.

Mrs. James Bowden, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. B. S. Willett, has returned to her home at St. Johns.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Melow and two children, of Detroit, visited Sunday at E. J. Rewald's.

Archie Herrick is giving his house a coat of paint.

Miss Uma Willett spent a few days last week with Miss Rossie Doyle at the home of Mrs. Carl Pardee, of Northville.

Mrs. James Crosby, of Mayville, Tuscola county, visited her grand neices, Mrs. M. M. Willett, Mrs. W. A. Eckles and Mrs. Archie Herrick, last week.

John Eckles, of Northville, has been visiting a few weeks with relatives and friends around his old home in Livonia township.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bradner and son Butler spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Bradner's parents at Trenton. Silas Sly's children have the whooping cough.

### Doctors could not help her.

"I had kidney trouble for years," writes Mrs. Raymond Conner of Shelton, Wash., "the doctors could not help me. I tried Foley's Kidney Cure, and the very first dose gave me relief and I am now cured. I cannot say too much for Foley's Kidney Cure."

### MURRAY'S CORNERS.

The missionary meeting will be held at Mrs. John Forshes' next Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Geo. Clark and Mrs. Richard Hopson and daughter are visiting at Perry Walker's this week.

Miss Ada Westfall is spending the week with friends in Detroit.

Miss Bessie Geer, of Ypsilanti, is visiting Laura Walker.

Perry Walker has sold his milk route to Silas Howson, who will begin drawing the first of next month.

Mrs. Norton, of Jolliet, and daughter Mrs. H. E. McClumpia of Mt. Vernon, Ill., who have been visiting the past three weeks with Mrs. Mary McClumpia returned to their homes Thursday.

There was a large attendance at the concert at the Free Church last Sunday and the concert was a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Whipple are spending a few days at Walled Lake.

Mrs. Fred Gotschalk caught a large skunk in a trap near her chicken coops Tuesday night. These animals have visited other people's chickens and carried them off by the dozen when they didn't find any traps in the way.

Miss Carrie Tyler, of Plymouth, spent a few days at S. W. Spicer's this week.

### Brutally Tortured.

A case came to light that for persistent and unmerciful torture has perhaps never been equaled. Joe Golobick of Colusa, Calif., writes: "For 15 years I endured insufferable pain from Rheumatism and nothing relieved me though I tried everything known. I came across Electric Bitters and it's the greatest medicine on earth for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved and cured me." Just as good for Liver and Kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50¢ Satisfaction guaranteed by Hubbell's Pharmacy.

## Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR: WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME.

### SCOTT'S EMULSION

SUPPLIES THE EXTRA STRENGTH AND NOURISHMENT SO NECESSARY FOR THE HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c and \$1.00; all druggists.

## SHAFER & BROWN

Don't forget that we have the only  
Open Kettle New Orleans Mo-  
lasses in town.

We handle Seeley's Extracts in bulk.

We carry the largest variety of Cigars  
and Tobaccos in town.

A fresh stock of Cakes of all kinds in  
this morning.

See our keg of Good Friday Mackerel  
out in front of our store at 14c lb.

Fresh stock of Salmon just in. We  
have 8 kinds, from 10 to 20c.

11 bars Dandy Soap for 25c.

Remember that we have the largest  
and freshest stock of Groceries in  
town and that we give red stamps,  
blue stamps and green stamps.

## Shafer & Brown

Telephone 40.

Free Delivery.

The Spring Farm Work is about ready to  
begin and I am in the market with the  
best line of Farm Implements.

**Maud S. Windmills,**

Pumps and Steel Tanks

BEMENT'S PEERLESS  
NEW BURCH  
GIBBS' IMPERIAL

## PLOWS

**Two-Horse Cultivators,**

Spring and Shovel Tooth

Spike Tooth and Spring Tooth Drags  
Land Rollers. American Stock Food.  
The Lamb Wire Fence, from 24c a rod up.  
Wagons and Buggies.  
Hay Cars and Track. Axle Grease.

**A. N. KINYON**

PUMP REPAIRING DONE.

## GAYDE'S MEAT MARKET

Is the place to buy your meats.

**WE HAVE THE BEST WE CAN BUY.**

The best cuts of

**BEEF, PORK,  
VEAL and MUTTON.**

**All kinds of Salt and Smoked Meats  
Poultry etc.**

Telephone us your order and we will deliver it free of  
charge.

**WM. GAYDE**

NORTH VILLAGE.

## DON'T BE FOOLED!

Take the genuine, original  
**ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA**  
made only by **Madison Medi-  
cine Co., Madison, Wis.** It  
keeps you well. Our trace  
mark on each package.  
Price, 25 cents. Never sold  
in bulk. Accept no substitu-  
tes. Ask your druggist.

## Teachers' Examinations for Wayne Co.

Teachers' examinations for Wayne  
county will be held at the Wayne County  
Building, Supervisors' room, com-  
mencing on the third Thursday of  
June, August and October and the  
fourth Thursday of March.

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail



F. W. SAMSEN, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Some people who jump at conclusions lose sight of the hurdles.

The toy pistol ought to be adopted by the army. It beats the galling gun.

John Hay is a grandpa, but there is no use for the little breeches. It's a girl.

When Joy enters a house she is sometimes followed by a smell of paragonic.

Some people appreciate their friends exactly in proportion to what they can get out of them.

A gold tooth, well up in front, seldom fails to cause a smile—to the owner of the tooth.

A peculiarity of the Chinese open door is that it is not open far enough to get anything out or in.

The happiest person is one who is regardless of the future and oblivious of the past.—Atchison Globe.

Although he works in the vineyard, the perfect pastor must not look like a farmer, says Rev. Mr. Crandall.

Incidentally it might be well to turn a few specimens of the agamo mermis culicis loose on the kissing bug.

A million gallons of excellent whiskey were burnt up in the Glasgow fire last week. Will horrors never cease?

Unconscious and unconcerned we sit idly by while the price of coal creeps steadily up 10 cents a ton each thirty days.

The mosquito-proof coat of mail may ere long appear on the market in response to a widespread and pressing demand.

A man is not necessarily a lawyer because he is admitted to the bar. He may be a personal friend of the barkeeper.

Of course, civilization has its advantages, but the prehistoric dwellers in caves had far cooler sleeping places than ours are.

Going hatless may be a new fad at Newport, but no place else where the American girl and boy can get out in the sun and wind.

The story of a lot of brook trout getting drunk in the tank of an Oyster Bay saloon sounds especially fishy in this "R"-less month.

Recently the smallest woman in the world died from the effects of the heat in New Jersey. The heat should have taken some one of its size.

Eastern college students are doing harvest work in Kansas, thus unexpectedly devoting to a useful purpose the muscle they went to college to secure.

As the society people of Newport are forever striving to do something queer and original, it is not surprising to learn that they have taken to riding the bicycle.

An Italian scientist comes forward with a consumption cure, but he is rather late in the day. We have about a thousand consumption cures in America already.

Capt. Wringe of the Shamrock III has had his first look at the Reliance, and he says he sees nothing to be heard at. That is the thing that makes races interesting.

By the way, considering the president's frequent allusions to "race suicide," has that war department order forbidding the marriage of young officers been rescinded yet?

It is to be regretted that those foreign potentates can't see a sample of our army as well as a bit of our navy. Our Tommy Atkins are as lively and gallant as our jacksies.

A San Francisco firm tried to corner the bean market and is in the hands of a receiver. Until Boston sinks into the sea it is folly for any other city to fool with the bean industry.

A Missouri inventor is working on a burglar alarm that will take the photograph, arouse the family and call the police. He says that if he has time he may also make it grab the burglar and hold him.

St. Louis policemen who are bigger around their waists than they are around their chests are to be dropped from the force. It will be in the nature of an outrage to make such men go to work for a living.

Sir Thomas has discovered that there is nothing about Reliance to prevent her from sailing fast. Perhaps we might accommodate him by trailing a few grappling hooks along her keel. Anything for a good race.

A Connecticut judge has demonstrated that it is possible for a judge to sit on the bench in his shirt sleeves on a hot day without considering himself in contempt of court. This shows whether or not courts allow themselves to be swayed by their personal feelings.

THE MICHIGAN NEWS

What is Doing in All Sections of the State

Death and Damage by Storm.

The worst storm in the history of the state passed over Alpena county early Tuesday evening. Orchards were leveled, drains overflowed, the damage to crops was incalculable, and hail fell for half an hour.

James Flugleton, aged 67, a pioneer farmer of Wilson township, went upstairs to shut a window. A bolt of lightning came down the chimney, tore every shred of clothing from his body, killed him instantly and severely burned his wife and daughter Annie and tore the house to pieces.

Walter Pillsbury's farmhouse, at Greeley, was struck and burned to the ground; the family barely escaped death, and Harry, a son, was badly injured by the lightning.

The steeple of a church in the same township was knocked off and the building was otherwise damaged. George Ross's barn was partially wrecked.

It is reported that much damage was done in Presque Isle county. Lightning struck and instantly killed Mr. and Mrs. James DeForest. The dead man and woman were young and had been married but a few months. They lived on their farm, southwest of Harrisville.

Martin, the 13-year-old son of Andrew Hansen, of Hillman, was killed by lightning in Long Rapids, where he was visiting. His cousin, a 14-year-old girl, was also killed, and his uncle was seriously injured.

Dell Crothers, a respected young farmer living two miles from Onaway, was killed by lightning while standing in a shed on his farm. The bolt struck his forehead and tore the skin away from his breast in rolls.

The reports from many other sections of the state report damage to buildings, crops and shade trees, amounting to a large sum.

"She Loved Him."

Rev. Ralph Duff, pastor of the Congregational church, had just closed his sermon when Miss Hattie Cook walked up the aisle, stood before him and said:

"I bring you all I have. Accept me as though you were my Savior."

The whole congregation heard these remarkable words, and all were startled. The minister turned deathly pale, but otherwise showed no emotion.

"Miss Cook," he said sternly, "take your seat."

The young woman sat down, but, turning to a friend who sat near, she said:

"Didn't I do right?"

"You certainly did not," was the reply.

"Well," returned Miss Cook, "he is the man I love."

The cause of the greatest sensation St. Clair has had in years is about 30 years of age, but in her dress and manner would appear to be much younger. Some women insist that the clothes she wears befit a maid of 20 rather than one so mature, but this may be the result of envy. The same persons have heard objections to Miss Cook's choice of a shade of hair, her preference running strongly to locks of a pronounced and artistic blonde.

Since she openly announced that she was all Mr. Duff's, there are some who say her mind is unbalanced. If this is true, it is true of but one faculty, for in everything but the affection she is lavishing, unsoftened, upon her pastor, she seems to be perfectly sane.

This was not the first time she made open profession of her infatuation. Not long since she placed her arm around Mr. Duff and said:

"You are the only man I love."

Mr. Duff wished that he wasn't, and, without being rude, he removed himself from the soft embrace.

Port Huron Fire.

The East Quay street district in Port Huron was the scene of a disastrous fire Saturday night, almost completely destroying the Jenks, Taylor, Howard & Co. lumber plant and planing mill and Dunford's upper dry dock, as well as the tug Signelson, entailing a loss close to \$75,000. Fortunately the wind was blowing to the west and kept the flames from crossing the railroad tracks. Had it been blowing from the opposite way the destruction would have been far greater, as it would have spread over a greater area and attacked a residence section and also placed the electric light plant on the south side of Black river in jeopardy. Flying embers were carried clear across St. Clair river and the Sarnia fire department was called out to protect that town's river frontage. The Jenks yard was well stocked with lumber, containing upwards of 2,000,000 feet of mixed grades, and with the exception of a small quantity west of the railroad all was swept away. The plant was located on the old Howard mill site, the buildings being owned by the Henry Howard estate and valued at about \$3,000, with no insurance.

Mrs. Byron Poorman, of Lawton, will probably be crippled for life from being thrown from her buggy in a runaway.

Niles business men promised that no gambling or other unlawful practice would be permitted at their proposed carnival, so the council gave them a permit.

The Michigan forestry commission has formally chosen Prof. Roth, of the state university, as forestry warden, and directed him to make a survey of the reserve in Roscommon county. He will spend the summer at this work and begin improvements as soon as the weather conditions are favorable.

The experiment of closing Portland's stores at 6 o'clock will be commenced August 3. Eleven of the leading merchants have signed an agreement to try it. It is not a movement of the clerks, although they are anxious for it to be done, but was inaugurated by the merchants themselves.

A Holding Gang's Work.

Thursday night Rev. S. A. Wood, pastor of the Friends' church in Raisin Valley, was held up while driving his daughter to Adrian. The two assailants were enemies of the preacher simply beat on giving him a sound beating. He was hit over the head but not seriously hurt. C. G. Knapp states that as he and his wife, who were driving home about 11 o'clock Friday night, near the western limits of the city a couple of fellows walked out into the road. They separated, one getting on each side of the buggy. Mr. Knapp whipped up his horse and they were unable to stop him, but as he passed them one of the fellows hit him on the back of the head with what he believes was a sandbag. A young man giving the name of Beaman asserts that he was held up about midnight while driving with a lady. A fellow grabbed his horse's bit and attempted to tip the buggy over near the corner of Main and Beecher streets. Beaman used the butt end of his whip with such good effect that the fellow finally desisted from his efforts.

Houghton boasts of the oldest fire company in the upper peninsula. It was organized in 1832, and has been in active service ever since. Most of the charter members are dead, and the few that are left are widely scattered.

The champion huckleberry picker of the season so far reported is Clayton Deake, of near Northville, who picked three and a half bushels of the fruit in six and a quarter hours, wading in water about four feet deep to obtain it.

Wahdon citizens are trying to organize a company to start a bank in their village. Not a one-man bank like the one that failed there two years ago, but a stock company composed of its own citizens and controlled by them.

The second floor of the Cheboygan pea canning factory fell in Monday morning. C. A. Powers, a carpenter, and several other persons were injured, but none of them seriously. The damage to the building and stock amounted to about \$2,000.

The 15-year-old son of Mrs. J. Van Vleet, of Kalamazoo, died from the effects of chloroform administered to perform a slight operation. The doctors say they exercised due care, and that death was due to the treacherous qualities of the chloroform.

Effie Hull, a 14-year-old girl being held at the Ithaca jail as a witness against her stepfather, Frank Zimmer, has given birth to a baby girl. The girl may not live to testify against Zimmer, as since the child's birth she has been ill with convulsions.

Mrs. Isabella Kelly, living near Marcellus, has been arrested on charge of brutally beating a 11-year-old girl who is her ward. The story told is that the girl was strapped tightly to a wide board and her face and body exposed to the scorching sun.

Charles Hanson, a negro, sent to the Marquette prison from Mecosta in 1901 for assault, has gone insane. Charles Johnson, of Houghton county, has also gone insane in the prison recently. Edward Alore, of Bay, was insane when he was sent to the institution.

Johnnie Lagregren, of Negaunee, becoming possessed of a mining "cap," experimented with it until it was discharged. The tops of three fingers on one hand and two on the other were blown off, and an ugly wound inflicted in his side. His condition is serious.

Sebastian Hooper, of Rapid City, aged 80, was found dead in bed Monday. He was born in Germany and was a resident of Michigan for about 17 years. He was the father of 17 children, six of whom survive him. He was making his home with his son Gilbert.

No raw troops will participate in the Newport, Ky., maneuvers. Those from Michigan must be well drilled in the manual of arms and in guard duty and battalion drill, as well as in other things which can be learned at the home armories, including loading and firing.

A pot hunter at Mio has been arrested, charged with killing two beavers in the beaver colony on the Au Sable. If the law that protects beavers is strictly enforced, these industrious animals will soon establish colonies on nearly all the northern Michigan streams.

South Lyon is preparing for a big time on August 19. That is the date set for the annual jubilee and celebration of the Marches of the county. A large amount of money has been raised for cash prizes for various sports, and there will be doings from morning till night.

Solon Stone, aged 102 years, the oldest resident of Shiawassee county, has helplessness at the home of his grandson, Frank Westcott, of Vernon, and his death is believed to be only a matter of a few weeks. He is deaf, dumb and blind, though until a year ago his health was quite good.

Mrs. Fred Lacass, of Flushing, was painfully injured while helping her husband harvest hay. She was driving the tedder when a jerk of the horses threw her in front of the machinery. The tedder passed over her, the forks penetrating her body to a depth in places of several inches.

Four of Charles Montague's creditors have begun proceedings in the United States district court to have him declared a bankrupt. The petitioners are Amos L. Kinney, Lottie Randall, Burleigh W. Randall and Sarah J. Bastone, who hold certificates of deposit in the Caro Exchange bank.

A great scheme has been worked out by some Bessemer taxpayers to increase county revenues. It is to get from the state, just how isn't figured out yet, exclusive control of all game in the county, and then charge hunters so much per head for all they kill. It will be sprung on the supervisors.

While the Women's Christian Temperance Union was holding a picnic at Eastman Springs Saturday to secure funds for keeping in existence an industrial school running in Benton Harbor as an auxiliary of that organization, some sharpers waited on the business men under pretense of securing funds for the same cause. In the Saturday rush but little attention was given to the solicitors, and the officers are now looking for the strangers and the money they secured.

The people of Wakefield, Gogebic Co., have for some time been discussing the question of putting in a \$10,000 electric light plant which will furnish lights for the village and also the adjoining mines. As a result of the deliberations, it has been decided to hold a special election for the purpose of voting the authority and funds needed to install the proposed improvement.

Engineer Harrison and Fireman Lewis, of the Grand Trunk, with a stock special of 33 cars, made the 180 miles from Battle Creek to Port Huron in 5 hours and 10 minutes, the fastest time with a freight for that distance ever made on the Grand Trunk.

Grayling has the incorporation law in her honor.

Rumors of an attempt to secure a parole for Frank C. Andrews have been revived.

Preparations are being made for a big grape season. Help is scarce and the basket factories cannot supply the demand.

Bro. Keyes, of the Lexington News, mourns because the town hasn't been visited by a circus for many, many months.

A Grand Ledge hotel has closed because the landlord was unable to secure sufficient dining-room and kitchen help.

A large addition has been built to the wooden mills at Clinton. Over \$13,000 worth of machinery has been purchased.

The rural mail carriers of Ingham county have elected Chas. Sarnow president, Felix McDaniels secretary, and C. W. Rowley treasurer.

The summer meeting of the Livingston county association of farmers' clubs will be held in the courthouse at Howell on August 4.

Thousands of bushels of the finest huckleberries that ever grew will go to waste in Isoc county on account of the scarcity of pickers.

If satisfactory prices can be obtained, Swift & Co., the big Chicago packers, may purchase upward of 100,000 acres of land in Arenac, Crawford, Roscommon, Ogemaw and other counties for stock grazing purposes.

The annual reunion of the Twenty-seventh Michigan Infantry will be held in Detroit in the near future. The headquarters will be at the rooms of the Loyal Legion Memorial hall, at Grand River and Cass avenues.

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Mrs. Fred Lacass, of Flushing, was painfully injured while helping her husband harvest hay. She was driving the tedder when a jerk of the horses threw her in front of the machinery. The tedder passed over her, the forks penetrating her body to a depth in places of several inches.

Four of Charles Montague's creditors have begun proceedings in the United States district court to have him declared a bankrupt. The petitioners are Amos L. Kinney, Lottie Randall, Burleigh W. Randall and Sarah J. Bastone, who hold certificates of deposit in the Caro Exchange bank.

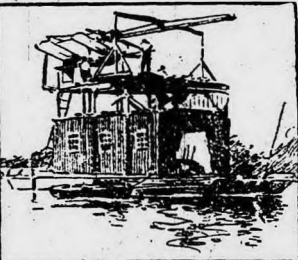
A great scheme has been worked out by some Bessemer taxpayers to increase county revenues. It is to get from the state, just how isn't figured out yet, exclusive control of all game in the county, and then charge hunters so much per head for all they kill. It will be sprung on the supervisors.

While the Women's Christian Temperance Union was holding a picnic at Eastman Springs Saturday to secure funds for keeping in existence an industrial school running in Benton Harbor as an auxiliary of that organization, some sharpers waited on the business men under pretense of securing funds for the same cause. In the Saturday rush but little attention was given to the solicitors, and the officers are now looking for the strangers and the money they secured.

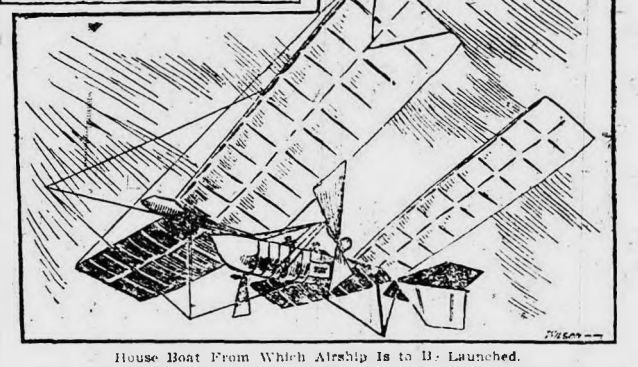
The people of Wakefield, Gogebic Co., have for some time been discussing the question of putting in a \$10,000 electric light plant which will furnish lights for the village and also the adjoining mines. As a result of the deliberations, it has been decided to hold a special election for the purpose of voting the authority and funds needed to install the proposed improvement.

Engineer Harrison and Fireman Lewis, of the Grand Trunk, with a stock special of 33 cars, made the 180 miles from Battle Creek to Port Huron in 5 hours and 10 minutes, the fastest time with a freight for that distance ever made on the Grand Trunk.

PROF. LANGLEY EXPECTS MUCH FROM AIRSHIP.



swept up the Potomac river for more than a mile. Prof. Langley and his party of Smithsonian assistants were on board at the time and precautions were taken to save their lives. An inspection of the houseboat after the storm showed the drubbing the queer craft had received. The small boat floating behind and the steam launch were filled with water and somewhat damaged by pounding against the sides of the scow. Debris



House Boat From Which Airship Is to Be Launched.

Former Airship After Which Later and Larger Airship Is Modeled.

Although Prof. S. P. Langley's preparations for sailing his airship were interrupted by a storm, there will probably be little delay in the flight of the machine, and the problem of sailing the air may be solved within a week.

During the heavy blow Prof. Langley's house boat was torn from its anchorage and carried along by the wind and a swift floodtide and was

of various kinds were scattered over the decks. The upper rigging of the superstructure suffered most. Several smaller beams and braces were broken, and the sliding car, upon which the airship will be carried when it is launched, was somewhat damaged.

The War department is assisting Prof. Langley to preserve all possible secrecy. A regular soldier armed with a Krag-Jorgensen rifle guards the house

Placed in the Tomb.

The body of Pope Leo was interred in St. Peter's Saturday night. The strokes of the hammer which resounded through the immense dome of the cathedral announced to the earnest gathering in the nave that Leo XIII. had been laid to rest. At sundown the most important and most solemn of all the obsequies took place. The front doors of the basilica were closed, and the vast church, except for a row of lights at the shrine of St. Peter, the candles about the bier and those persons who had quietly and with the utmost reverence gathered there, appeared deserted.

About 1,000 persons had received invitations to attend the ceremonies. The cardinals, who met earlier in the Vatican, entered the chapel choir waiting there for the arrival of the procession, Cardinal Oreglia, the camerlengo, holding the keys of command.

The czar feels the power. Though the Russian government refused to entertain the American petition protesting against the outrages upon the Jews in Russia, the fact that official action was taken with a view to presenting it has accomplished its purpose. It has sufficed to bring the authorities high and low to a sense of their responsibilities. Talk of the petition caused the czar to order a second, thorough, unbiased investigation. It made him lose faith in the previous misleading statements of his ministers—no more was needed to put a stop to race persecution under official protection.

More indictments are said to have been made by the federal grand jury at New York against former Congressman Edmund H. Driggs, and two against George W. Beavers, superintendent of allowances of salaries in the postoffice department.

Thirteen Killed—Thirty Mangled.

Lowell, Mass., was thrown into a panic by an explosion which destroyed the magazine of the United States Cartridge Co., located in Tewkesbury, and caused the death of at least thirteen persons. Nine are missing and 30 others seriously injured. The disaster set fire to several buildings and caused a general wreck of houses within a radius of half a mile.

Immense crowds hurried to the scene of the horror and on the way met numerous carriages that bore bleeding bodies of victims. Dead bodies were taken from the ruins and laid on the grass. Some were mangled beyond recognition. Men and women fainted at what they saw.

The wreck caused by the explosion covers an extent of three acres. Houses, barns and outbuildings lay in a ruined state, some half demolished, others hardly more than a heap of broken timbers, still others were smoking from the fire.

Frightened the Jury.

The grand jury which has been investigating the Breathitt county, Ky., feuds, murders and other crimes adjourned Saturday afternoon without returning any additional indictments. The foreman reported that just as the jury was about to take a vote on one of the feud cases, ex-Senator Alex. Hargis rushed into the jury room and demanded that Riley Collier, who had testified against the alleged assassins of Town Marshal Thos. Cockrill, be indicted for perjury and that this interruption caused the jury to close its investigation.

A Tragedy is Revealed by the Finding of the Body of a Woman in a Spher.

At Mt. Vernon, N. Y., with a shawl fastened tightly about her neck, she had not been dead 24 hours.

HIDDEN PICTURE PUZZLE.



Find the Farmer's Lost Sheep.

Bob Fitzsimmons, the pugilist, was married at the Palace hotel, San Francisco, to Miss Julia May Gifford, the actress, who played in the comic opera "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." George Dawson was Fitz's best man and Miss Bertha Darrel supported the bride.

Told to kill a babe when summoned to the home of Wm. C. Arnold, a well-to-do farmer, of Fayette county, Pa., Dr. Lilly told the parents he would kill them first. He later became suspicious and returning found that the child was dead and buried. Arnold and his wife were arrested charged with murdering the babe.

Lynching a detective was the revenge attempted by infuriated villagers at Foster, Pa., when they learned that John Peel, a D. L. & W. officer had found evidence which would connect a score of the families of the village with wholesale thievery of brass and other junk from the company's property. Taking refuge in the depot, Peel was rescued by the crew of a train ordered to his assistance.

Miss Eleanor G. Corlies, of Glenolden, Pa., accidentally shot herself while firing at a cat that was trying to steal her chickens. The bullet entered her breast close to the heart, and she died without saying a word.



## NOW REST, MY HEART

Now rest, my heart!  
Canst thou by fretting keep the day  
From sleeping in the arms of night,  
Or make one sunbeam longer stay,  
Or bring one clouded star to sight?  
Thou canst not keep life's pain away  
From that soul dearer than thine own.  
But thou canst treat each sorrow may  
Bring blossoms where thorns might have  
grown:  
Now rest, my heart!

Now rest, my heart!  
Two angels wait to give thee peace:  
Remembrance with past blessings brings  
Assurance that good will not cease;  
Forgetfulness hath healing wings,  
These will thy true companions be.  
And hearts with burdens more than thine  
May feel the love that melteth thee.  
And seek the rest that is divine:  
Then rest, my heart!

—Myra Goodwin Plants.

with melted snow, and her pale face streaked with soot, the generous crowd burst into yells of applause. The husky old veteran runner who was to take the girl's place stepped forward and lifted Sylvia down. For a moment she reeled. Then she saw pushing unceremoniously through the throng the general superintendent—she started and looked again—her father!

When President Stanford, struggling to control his emotion, clasped his daughter to his bosom her overstrained nerves gave way and, laying her head wearily upon his shoulder and with her hands upon his neck, she began to cry in a choked, pitiful little way. "Oh, papa, call me your dear little red-head once more!" she sobbed.

### WHY HER DANCING DRAGGED.

Young Lady Had Forgotten to Remove Her Rubbers.

A young man who was born on a ranch, and who, while getting his education in the East, has turned westward again every summer, and has thus maintained a fine, strong physique, recently danced with a young woman of some two hundred pounds in a village not far west of Rahway. He noticed that the dancing was uphill work, and when it was over, sank into a chair in the incipient stages of exhaustion. The young woman looked thoughtfully across the shining surface of the floor and threw a glance of investigation at the corner where the punchbowl stood.

"Doesn't it strike you that the floor is very sticky to-night?" she inquired. The young man gallantly denied thinking so.

"It seems so to me," the young woman observed. Then she looked down at her foot, protruding from a sliver of floss, and exclaimed:

"Why! I've got my rubbers on!"  
—New York Evening Post.

### ALL DOUBTS CLEARED UP.

Applicant's Command of Epithets Proclaimed Him a Sailor.

As is generally known, "seamen's return" tickets are issued by most railroads at seaport towns to sailors at reduced rates; but when, the other day, a somewhat stylishly-dressed young man demanded one to Birmingham, the booking-clerk at the Southern seaport town demurred.

"Seamen's returns are only issued to sailors," he snapped.

"Well, I'm a sailor," was the reply. "I have only your word for that," said the clerk. "How am I to know it is correct?"

"How are you to know it?" came the answer. "Why, you leather-necked, swivel-eyed son of a sea-cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights, you'll know I've been doing more than sit on a stool and bleating all my life, and you'll haul in on your jaw-tackle a bit."

The stationmaster had been standing near by.

"Give him a ticket," he said; "he's a sailor."—London Answers.

### Swinburne and the Baby.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, according to the statement of one of his American friends, made a systematic study of babies before he wrote his admirable riddles upon babyhood.

Mr. Swinburne, who is a bachelor, one day went on tiptoe into the nursery of a friend's house and bent in reverie over the infant that slept there. As he regarded it the slumbering infant smiled, and in contemplation of this seraphic smile the poet's heart was filled with joy and awe. But a voice—the voice of the nurse—interrupted his ecstasy.

"It's the wind, bless its heart," the nurse whispered. "Whenever they smile in their sleep, sir, you may always know they're troubled with the wind."

Mr. Swinburne scowled and withdrew. On account of the nurse's remark he never wrote a poem on the subject of a baby's dreams.—Kansas City Journal.

### Cured Without the Bear.

Old Henry was a stickler for antiquated customs and luck-lore. He was Mrs. Newrich's gardener, and she bade him transplant some parsley. It was not parsley planting season, however, so there was war between her will and his superstition. His superstition prevailed and with a little careless laugh, lifting her pretty silk skirts high, she tripped back to the cottage.

Later in the afternoon she explained to some callers old Henry's eccentricities. "And just think," she continued, "he said to me once, with a note of interrogation in his voice, that he had 'heard say' the whooping cough was never taken by a child who had ridden upon a bear!"

"Of course," she added, "Mr. Newrich wanted to move heaven and earth to get the bear, but I wouldn't hear to it, and baby got well of the whooping cough without it."

### The Dangerous Drama.

Charles Frohman is laughing over the naïveté of a woman friend whose young daughter wanted to see "a beautiful play, with lots of ginger in it."

"I'd rather you didn't attend the theater just yet, dear," said the mother. "I'm afraid the influence of some of the present plays is demoralizing. What is this particular one?"

"It's very exciting, the boy next door told me; it's a sort of Buffalo Bill play, full of fights, and gambling and murders, and things."

"Oh, that's all right then," was the reply, in a measured tone, "I'll send one of the maids with you. I feared it might be a society drama!"—New York Times.

## FAMOUS ENGLISH TOWN

Shrewsbury Worthy of More Than Passing Interest—Five Hundredth Anniversary of Fierce Battle Fought There Recently Commemorated—Home of Great Men.

(Special Correspondence.)

Recently there was held in the historic English town of Shrewsbury a commemorative ceremony that was one of the most interesting ever held in that country. The object was to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the battle of Shrewsbury, famous as one of the fiercest and most decisive battles ever fought on British soil, as well as by reason of the prominence Shakespeare gives it in his plays. The historic struggle took place July 21, 1403, between the forces of Henry IV and those of "Hotspur," as Henry Percy, the warlike son of the earl of Northumberland, was known, and its effect was to make the former's position on the English throne, which he had usurped, stronger than it had been up to that time.

Even to-day, 500 years after its occurrence, the story of the battle of Shrewsbury, in which 10,600 men fell, is one that cannot be read without a thrill. Henry of Lancaster was the son of John of Gaunt and was a thorn in the flesh of Richard II. He had no valid title to the English crown, or the pretense of it, except that he was the son of the fourth son of Edward III. He was born at Bolingbroke, in Lincolnshire, in 1366, and was surnamed Bolingbroke. When he first became troublesome Richard II banished him to France, but he availed himself of the king's absence in Ireland, returned and seized the crown in 1399—the same year in which he became duke of Lancaster. In his designs upon the crown he was aided and abetted by the earl of Northumberland and the latter's eldest son, Hotspur, who had joined him on the understanding that Henry would do nothing more than reclaim his confiscated estates and make no attempt to assume the crown. The head of the Lancasters, however, was hardly successful and King Richard, who had hurried back to England, scarcely captured and clapped into prison, than Henry broke his word to

cerned, the king withdrew from his station, and by so doing saved his life, for they slew Sir Walter Blount, his standard bearer, but, missing the king, charged into the middle of their enemies. Heaps of dead bodies lay on every side, and victory was beginning to declare for the rebels, when the king brought up his reserve, which soon turned the scale. At last, the rout became general; the rebels fled in great confusion, and Hotspur, being resolved to sell his life as dear as possible, rushed into the hottest part of the battle and was killed."

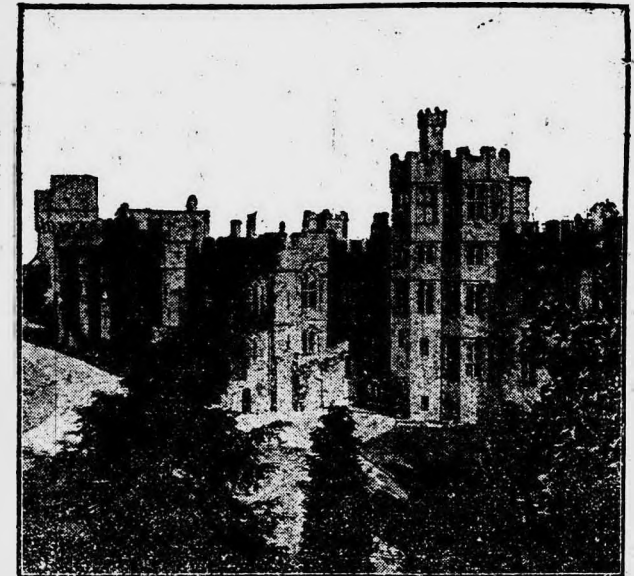
Many deeds of prowess were accomplished in this engagement. Henry, it is recorded, had a horse killed under him and slew thirty-six persons with his own hand.

This battle, of course, gives Shrewsbury its chief claim to renown, but there are other circumstances which lend interest to it. There is a statue of Lord Clive, who was born so close in the neighborhood that he is accounted a native son of Shrewsbury. The "savior of India" was the most famous of Shrewsbury's sons of his day. The town is given additional interest by the fact that here stands the birthplace of Charles Darwin, the scientist. The ancient Battlefield church stands on the spot where the arms of Henry triumphed. It was erected by the monarch and is an interesting memorial. There, too, is the old market hall, bearing to this day the arms of Queen Elizabeth; not far away is the town of Ludlow, with the famous old castle of Prince Arthur.

### POTTERY SECRETS GIVEN OUT

How Treacherous Employe Divulged Closely Guarded Process.

In the royal manufactory of pottery at Meissen, Saxony, the work was formerly carried on with the utmost secrecy to prevent the processes from becoming known elsewhere. The es-



Shrewsbury Castle.

his allies and declared himself King Henry IV. To be king he had no real claim, even had Richard II been dead, the rightful heir to the throne being Edmund, son of the earl of March.

Almost immediately, Northumberland and Hotspur declared war against Henry, and soon induced the Welsh under Owen Glendower to join them. The allies determined to make Shrewsbury, then a heavily fortified town, their stronghold, and Hotspur marched toward the place with an army of 14,000 men, sending word to Glendower that he should meet him there. Henry IV, however, was too quick for both of them. He reached Shrewsbury first, occupied it, and thus prevented a junction between his opponents' armies. Hotspur arrived, took up a strong position outside of Shrewsbury, and, without waiting for Glendower to make his appearance, challenged Henry to come out and fight.

The king was nothing loth, but first made an attempt to conciliate Hotspur. The fiery young man refused to listen. "Then," said Henry, "I pray God that you may answer for the blood that shall be split to-day and not me!" and so he gave orders for the royal army to move on to the enemy. Perhaps what followed is best told in the words of a chronicler of those days.

"The battle," this old-world writer says, "began with a dreadful discharge of arrows from both the front lines. The Scotch, who were too impatient to fight at a distance, rushed with great fury upon the front lines of the royal army, and put them into confusion, so that they would have been totally routed had not the impetuosity of Hotspur defeated his own intentions; he fought with such undaunted courage that a way was opened into the royal army, but his men were unable to follow."

"In the heat of the battle, Hotspur himself and the earl of Douglas, with incredible valor, bent all their aim at the person of the king; this being dis-

tribution was a complete fortress, the portcullis of which was not raised day or night, no stranger being permitted to enter for any purpose whatever. Every workman, even the chief inspector, was sworn to silence. This injunction was formally repeated every month to the superior officers employed, while the workmen had constantly before their eyes in large letters the warning motto: "Be secret unto death." It was well known that any person divulging the process would be imprisoned for life in the castle of Koenigstein. Even the king himself when he took strangers to visit the works was enjoined to secrecy. One of the foremen, however, escaped, and assisted in establishing a manufactory in Vienna, from which the secrets spread all over Germany.

### Not Looking for Oysters.

Andrew Carnegie tells a story of an American in Scotland that illustrates well the imperturbability of the Scottish temperament.

The American, a bicyclist, came to the shore of a lonely lake and saw in a boat a man examining the depths of the water with a water telescope. The man conducted this examination languidly. He would pause every little while to light his pipe and to converse on the weather or some such indifferent subject with a friend who sat upon the bank, now reading a newspaper and now tossing pebbles idly into the stream.

The American got off his bicycle to rest, and in an interval of silence he said to the man seated on the bank:

"What is your friend looking for? Oysters?"

"No. My brother-in-law," was the reply.

### Patriot in Misfortune.

Henry Ross, the wealthy Cuban planter, who, it is said, gave the greater part of his fortune in aid of the Cuban revolution, is confined in a New York asylum for the insane. Mr. Ross's estate, which at one time was in the millions, has dwindled, it is said, to \$50,000.

### Insanity Among Women.

A German professor has been investigating the causes of insanity among women, and has come to the conclusion that if women are admitted into competition with men the inevitable result will be a tremendous increase of insanity among the women. He finds that the percentage of women teachers who become insane is almost double that of the men teachers.

### Trains at Auction.

As the result of the electrification of the Mersey Tunnel railway the old carriages and engines will come under the hammer at Birkenhead, England. The auction will take place on the Great Central Railway company's sidings, where eighteen locomotives and ninety-six coaches will be paraded for the benefit of the bidders, after the fashion adopted at horse sales.

### Where Violets Are Raised.

Recent years have brought an enormous growth in the use of violets, and this has been to the great advantage of parts of Dutchess county, New York, where the soil is proving especially adapted to the growing of violets. In the vicinity of Red Hook and Rhinebeck more than 125 violet houses are operated, and dozens more are being built.

### Great Monoliths.

Eight great monoliths are ready for erection in building the cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York city. The eight columns cost \$250,000. The rough shafts measure 64x84x7 feet, and weigh 310 tons each. Only one other structure, St. Isaac's cathedral, at St. Petersburg, has columns approaching these in size.

### Rapid Shoemaking.

A pair of women's shoes made in Lynn, Mass., to establish a record for rapid shoemaking required fifty-seven operations and the use of forty-two machines and 100 pieces. All these parts were assembled and made into a graceful pair of shoes, ready to wear, in thirteen minutes.

### Mosquitoes and Malaria.

Capt. S. P. Jones, who was associated with the Royal Society's commission on malaria during the investigation in India, says that in India, anyway, the kind of mosquito that carries malaria rarely, if ever, flies more than half a mile from its breeding place.

### Immigrants.

In the last fifteen years the United States has received about eight million emigrants from every European nation, including Russians, Austrians, Hungarians, Italians, Irish, Scandinavians and a comparatively small number of English and Scotch.

### O'Rell's Advice.

"What's your recipe for making a homebody of one's husband?" asked a newspaper woman of Max O'Rell. "Become a gadabout yourself," was the caustic reply. He was acquainted with both people.—New York Times.

### Comic Papers Soon Die.

Several new comic papers make their appearance in Paris every year. Rire, which was founded ten years ago, had so much success that it has since had about twenty imitators, most of which were short-lived.

### City of Rich Beggars.

A crusade is being made in New York against the professional beggars and street freaks. It is suggested that many of them will draw on their bank accounts and spend the summer in the country.

### From Hungry Boy to Premier.

It is told of the Marquis Ito, the premier of Japan, that when a youth he wandered about the streets of London penniless, ragged and hungry, a starving alien in a strange land.

### Resemblance in Ruins.

Striking resemblance has been pointed out between the remarkable ancient ruins at Zimbabwe, in Rhodesia, and antiquities in Cornwall, England.

### Gold in Other Worlds.

An Australian scientist has analyzed a meteor which contained traces of gold, showing that that element is not monopolized by the earth.

### Unmannerly.

If men did not like to go through a great deal to learn a little they would not get married and stay so for a great length of time.

### Sailed First Dory Over Ocean.

Capt. Alfred Johnson, who was the first man to cross the ocean in a small boat in 1876, is still living at Gloucester, Mass.

### Cure for Cancer.

The latest cure for internal cancer reported in England is a tablespoonful of molasses four or five times a day.

### Ecuador Marriage Law.

In Ecuador a marriage must be made by the civil authorities before it is made by a clergyman.

### Films of Astonishing Thinness.

Films of a soap bubble have been measured of a thickness of the four millionth part of an inch.

### Thomas Canoe.

There are six canoes connected with the Thomas, which extend altogether 324 miles.

## THE NIGHT RUN OF THE OVERLAND

By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE.  
Copyright by McClure, Phillips & Co.

"I am going to let her have her head!" she cried out, in her distress. The fireman did not answer—perhaps he did not hear—and, setting her teeth, Sylvia assumed the grim burden alone. The ponderous locomotive fell over the brow of the hill, with her throttle agape, and the fire seething in her vitals with volcanic fury.

It seemed to Sylvia as though they dropped down the grade as an aerolite drops from heaven—silent, irresistible, awful, touched only by the circumambient air.

All Sylvia's familiar methods of gauging speed were now at fault, but she believed that for the moment they were running two miles to every minute. Under the strange lassitude born of her deadly peril, she relaxed her tense muscles and drowsily closed her eyes.

She was rudely shaken out of her lethargy as the train struck a slight curve half way down the grade. The locomotive shied like a frightened steed, and shook in every iron muscle. The fanges shrieked against the rails, the cab swayed and cracked. For a moment the startled girl was sure they were upon the flies. But it was only the terrible momentum lifting them momentarily from the track and in a few seconds, the fire-eating behemoth righted itself. Yet its beautiful equilibrium was gone; and the engine rolled and pitched, and rose and fell, like a water-logged vessel in a storm. The bell, catching the motion began to toll.

The young fireman suddenly sprang to the floor of the cab with a face torn by superstitious fear.

"What if she leaves the rails!" he cried.

But instantly recovering himself he sprang back to his seat, with the blood of shame upon his cheeks.

"Am I running too fast?" shouted Sylvia.

"Not when we're behind time!" he doggedly shouted back.

As the track became smoother the engine grew calmer, but its barred tongue loked up the flying space for many a mile before the momentum of that perilous descent was lost. As the roar of their passage over the long bridge spanning the Matunk, twenty miles from Stockton, died away, the fireman called out, cheerily:

"On time, madam!"

Meanwhile in the superintendent's private car, at the extreme rear of the train, a party of men still sat up, smoking their Havanas and sipping their wine. One member of this party was the "big gun," the president of the Mississippi Valley, Omaha and Western Railway. He was a large man, with luxuriant, snow white hair, and though his face was benevolent, even paternal, every line of it betrayed the inflexible will which had lifted its owner from the roof of a freight car to the presidential chair of a great road.

Mr. Howard, the general superintendent, was regaling the party with an account of his experience in securing a substitute engineer at Valley Junction. For reasons afterward

risen from his bed and taken charge of the engine.

Mr. Stanford, the distinguished guest, listened quietly until Howard was done. "Charlie, you are a heartless wretch," he observed, smiling.

The party dropped off to bed, one by one. The general superintendent himself finally rose and looked at his watch. Three cars ahead he met the conductor, who also seemed a little nervous, and they talked together for some moments. The train, at the time, was snapping around the choppy curves in the Tallahula Hills, and



Began to cry in a choked, pitiful way, the two men had difficulty in keeping their feet.

"Fast, but not too fast, Dackins," observed the superintendent, half inquiringly.

"What I call a high safety," answered the conductor.

"But fearful in the cab, eh?" "Nothing equal to it, sir," rejoined Dackins, dryly.

Howard started back toward the private car about the time the train struck Beechtree Hill. When he got back to his car he found Mr. Stanford still up, smoking and leaning back in his luxurious seat, with half-closed eyes. Stanford motioned Howard to sit down close beside him.

"Gonfound you, Charlie, you've got that sick engineer on my heart, with your inflammatory descriptions. Confess, now, that you exaggerated matters a little."

The superintendent chuckled. "Well, I did in one respect; but in another I fell short." He paused for effect, and then continued exultingly:

"Stanford, I've got the best railroad story to give the papers that has been brought out in years."

"Let's have it," said Stanford, smiling.

"Well, between you and me, that man Fox was a mighty sick man—too sick to hold his head up, in fact." Howard paused inquiringly as Stanford turned sharply and gave him a glance.

"Fox, did you say?" asked Stanford. "What's his first name?"

"I don't know; he's a tall, smooth-faced man, with dark hair and eyes. Rather intelligent looking. He's a comparatively new man with us."

The old man's fingers trembled slightly as he flicked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't know that I know him," he answered.

"Well," continued the superintendent, with a mildly curious glance at his companion, "he was altogether too sick to pull a plug. But it seems that his wife has been in the habit of riding with him, and knows the road and an engine as well as he does. To come to the point—and this is my story—the Overland at this moment is in the hands of a girl, sir—Fox's wife!"

It seemed a long time before either man spoke again. Howard stared in blank amazement at the pallid face of the president, unable to understand. Then Stanford took the other's hand and held it in an iron grip.

"Charlie, it's my own little baby girl!" he said, huskily.

The operator at Valley Junction had flashed the news along the wire and when the Overland steamed up to the Union depot in Stockton, twenty seconds ahead of time, a curious and enthusiastic throng of lay-over passengers and railroad men pressed around the engine. When Sylvia appeared in the gangway, her glowing hair kissed hair, glistening



"What if she leaves the rails!" divulged he suppressed though, the most startling feature of his story; namely, the sex of the engine runner she had secured. But he compensated Sylvia for this omission with a most dramatic account of the heroism of the sick man, whom he unmistakably represented as having



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FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1903.

BASE BALL NEWS.

The business men's team of Milford was defeated at the hands of the business men's ball team of Plymouth last Tuesday to the score of 13 to 3.

The Plymouth Stars meet the Boy's Brigade base ball team next Saturday. The Boy's Brigade is the fifteen year old boys ball team of All Saints' church of Windsor and have a record the stars are bound to lower.

The ball game Wednesday between the Everetts of Detroit and the Plymouth Juniors, resulted in the score of 10 to 6 in favor of the former.

Scoreboard for Everetts vs Plymouth Juniors. Includes names like Craven, Schaefer, Brunneff, etc.

Scoreboard for Plymouth Juniors vs Detroit Everetts. Includes names like Jolliffe, McLaren, R. Smith, etc.

Two base hits—Craven, Carey, Linskey, Anderson, W. Smith, Gentz. Struck out—by Benoit 4; by Wood 11. Time 1:45. Umpire Roe.

"I would cough nearly all night long" writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind. "and could hardly get any sleep."

It is expected that there will be a Union meeting under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. at the Methodist church on Sunday evening Aug. 9.

Very Remarkable Cure of Diarrhoea. "About six years ago for the first time in my life I had a sudden and severe attack of diarrhoea," says Mrs. Alice Miller, of Morgan, Texas.

Pin Money. "An I want is a little pin money," said young Mrs. Dashington. "I know it, my dear," answered her husband.

Race Matinee and Ball Game.

On Thursday, August 6th, the Plymouth Matinee Club will give a race matinee and ball game at the fair grounds, Plymouth.

There will be a 2:30 trot or pace, a free-for-all trot or pace, and a named race: The present outlook indicates a good field of horses in each race.

The Plymouth Band will furnish music, refreshments will be served on the grounds, and the Club will endeavor to give every body a good time.

Admission to grounds 25 cents. Ladies free. No charge for grandstands. A quarter pays the whole bill.

Kalamazoo Gazette: Frank Fitzgerald of Plymouth, Mich., who is a student in Kalamazoo college, has written the following tribute to N.H.L. Mr. Fitzgerald has considerable ability along this line, as the following poem will show:

Relentless death has thrust his sickle keen Into the world's vast field of waving grain. Some sheaves he cut were tender, young and green.

But one of gold beside the rest was lain. It told of days and weeks and hours spent Neath skies, now warm and clear, now full of cloud.

But, spite of all, it ever upward grew— As slowly turned old Time's revolving wheel. Until a sheaf of richest, golden hue, It fell before the busy reaper's steel.

Partner Salve. The healing salve in the world.

WABASH LINE LOWEST EXCURSION RATES Of the Season to NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. Alexandria Bay, N. Y. Toronto, Ont. AND Montreal, Que., Wednesday, August 12, 1903.

Extremely low rates for side trips from Niagara Falls.

Tickets good going from Detroit on all trains of above date, and good returning until August 15th; but may be extended to return as late as August 23d by deposit of ticket with Joint Agent at Niagara Falls and payment of 25 cents extension fee.

Ask nearest Ticket Agent or write A. F. Wolfslager, P. & T. A., Wabash R. R., 9 Fort St., Detroit, for booklet giving full particulars.

Advertisement for Dr. Kennedy & Kergan, Specialists in the Treatment of Nervous, Blood, Private and Sexual Diseases of Men and Women.

Special Assessment Notice.

To ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Take notice, that Special Assessment Roll No. 2, for defraying the cost and expense of improving the south end of Union street by the widening of the same, has been prepared and is now in my hands and that on Monday, the third day of August, A. D. 1903, at 7:30 p. m., the Common Council and the Board of Special Assessors will meet at the Common Council Rooms in this village for the purpose of reviewing said assessment and of hearing any objections thereto.

EDWARD C. LAUFER, Village Clerk, Plymouth, Michigan. Dated July 16th, 1903.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office in the city of Detroit, on the first day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

LIFE PLANT Renews Life

Not Only Does it Purify the Blood, but it Restores the Vital Element in the Blood.

There are hundreds and thousands whose systems are loaded with uric acid poison, preparing the way for Rheumatism, Eczema, etc., and prompt action is necessary or serious pain and disease are sure to ensue.

It has been very successful in curing these diseases, so successful that we sell it with a positive guarantee. Take LIFE PLANT, take it now. Price \$1 per bottle.

Manufactured by THE LIFE PLANT CO., Canton, O For sale in Plymouth by HURBELL'S PHARMACY.

Notice! We Clean Wall Paper

Without soiling the Carpet. The work is quickly done at small expense, without disarranging your rooms or streaking the paper. Let us show you how we do it.

Reference—Wayne Cong. church and Plymouth School Board. Ask to see Paper Cleaner at Hotel Plymouth or address

E. O. BRAZIE CLEANER CO., Grand Lodge, Mich.

Livery 'Bus Draying

Telephone No. 7, city phone, when you want a first class Turnout, Single or Double.

We Give Special Attention to all Kinds of Draying & Teaming GOOD STABLING, 10c HARRY C. ROBINSON

Stamps 15 Stamps

This will help you fill your stamp book, Saturday morning August 1st until Wednesday August 5th we will give 15 STAMPS with every sack of

Wilcox Magnolia Flour.

We have a clean fresh stock of groceries, and just as large if not the largest stock in Plymouth.

Two grades of OPEN KETTLE N. O. Molasses, price 60c. and 80c. per gal. (We have handled Open Kettle for the past 14 years.) An extra good cooking molasses 40c. per gal.

We take great pride in our Canned Goods Department. All kinds and always fresh.

Mackerel White Fish Cod Fish

We buy our 25 cent COFFEE direct from Boston, Mass., it is put up in one pound air tight cans with our name on every package. We want you to give this coffee a trial. Our teas are not equalled for the price.

We have a fine line of sweet goods such as cakes and cookies. In package goods we have: Scotch Coffees Reception Flakes Unseeded Biscuit Social Teas Royal Milk-Lunch Zu Zu's Athena Long Branch Biscuit Graham Crackers Oat Meal Crackers These goods we never allow to get stale.

Try Kings Saratoga Chips.

Remember we are the only AUTHORIZED Grocery Store to handle the Green Trading Stamps in Plymouth. We always have a nice assortment of Premiums on hand, so your don't have to go to Detroit to get your premium.

Make us a call and look our stock over. We deliver at all times of the day. Call us by local telephone No. 13-2 Rings and your order will receive prompt and careful attention.

J. R. RAUCH & SON.

The Mail's Quick-Action Puzzle. Guess what the attendance will be at the Avenue Theatre, Detroit, this week. The one who comes the nearest will be given two tickets entitling them to two of the best seats at the Avenue Theatre for any day, afternoon or evening, except Sunday evening, within two weeks.

Mail's Theatre Coupon.

I estimate the attendance at the Avenue Theatre, Detroit, week July 26 to Aug. 1, to be \_\_\_\_\_ Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

Freight Schedule.

Leaves Plymouth at 8:50 a. m. and arrives at Northville at 9:15 a. m. Leaves Northville at 10:15 a. m. and arrives at Plymouth at 10:40 a. m.

Time of trains passing Carleton.

South bound No. 1—9:32 a. m. South bound No. 5—5:40 p. m. North bound No. 2—3:38 p. m. North bound No. 6—9:32 a. m.

Job Printing.

At this Office. The Mail only \$1 a year.

E. N. PASSAGE,

Real Estate Dealer, Loans and Insurance. Office one block from Depot and car line.

R. E. COOPER, M.D.C.M., Physician & Surgeon. Office hours—Until 9 A. M. 12 to 2; after 7 P. M.

Office at house, next to Christian Science Hall.

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON. Office and residence, Main street, next to Express office.

Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after 7. Telephone 38, Plymouth, Mich.

F. B. ADAMS, M. D. Hours 1 to 3, 7 to 9 p. m. Michigan phone No. 8. Local phone No. 8, 2 rings.

DR. FRANK P. KENYON. Office and Residence on Ann Arbor St. Office hours: 8 to 9 a. m., 2 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.

DR. J. J. TRAVIS, Dentist. Office over Plymouth Savings Bank.

First National Exchange BANK. CAPITAL, - \$50,000. A General Banking Business Transacted. 3 PER CENT Interest paid on Savings and Time Deposits.

Your Patronage Solicited. C. A. FISHER, Cashier.

PERE MARQUETTE

In effect June 21, 1903. Trains leave Plymouth as follows: For Grand Rapids, North and West.

For Saginaw, Bay City and Port Huron. For Saginaw, Marquette, Ludington and Milwaukee. For Toledo and South.

For Detroit and East. For Detroit and West. Daily. H. F. MOELLER, Gen. Pass. Agt. Agent—H. M. JACKSON. Telephone—City 23; Michigan 16.

Detroit, Plymouth & Northville Ry TIME CARD.

Table with columns for North and South directions, listing arrival and departure times for various stations like Liv. Wayne, Conner's, Plymouth, etc.

Last car for Detroit via Wayne at 11:40. Last car for Northville at 10:50.

Freight Schedule. Leaves Plymouth at 8:50 a. m. and arrives at Northville at 9:15 a. m.

Care of the D. P. & N. make direct connection with cars on the Ann Arbor leaving Detroit on the even hour. For information about special car rates, etc., see RICHMOND, Supt., Birmingham, Mich.

Detroit Southern Ry. Co.

Time of trains passing Carleton. South bound No. 1—9:32 a. m. South bound No. 5—5:40 p. m.

North bound No. 2—3:38 p. m. North bound No. 6—9:32 a. m. All trains Daily except Sunday, except on Southern Division trains Nos. 1 and 2 run daily between Lima and Bainbridge.

Train No. 5 leaves Detroit, Fort St. Union Station 4:33 p. m. Trenton 5:15 p. m. Dundee 6:20 p. m. Adrian 7:15 p. m. Napoleon 8:35 p. m. Spring field 9:35 p. m. Adrian 10:10 p. m. Dundee 10:20 p. m. Trenton 10:45 p. m. arrive Detroit 4:45 p. m.

Train No. 6 leaves Napoleon 6:40 a. m. arrive Detroit 10:40 a. m. Close connections at junctions with connecting lines. For further information or descriptive folder call on nearest agent or address: GEORGE M. HENRY, G. P. A., DETROIT, MICH.

Job Printing.

At this Office. The Mail only \$1 a year.



# New Drinks

at

## Hubbell's Fountain

THIS WEEK

Nut Cream  
Coco Celery  
Creime DeMenthe.

## C. O. Hubbell

PHONE 14 2r.  
Night Calls, 14 3r.

Prescriptions called for and delivered to all parts of town.

## THE PLYMOUTH SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL \$50,000.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

Pays 3 per cent interest on Certificates and Savings Deposits.

Loans money on real estate and collateral security.

Sells Foreign Exchange.

Courteous treatment to every one.

T. C. SHERWOOD, Pres.  
T. V. QUACKENBUSH, Vice Pres.  
E. K. BENNETT, Cashier

## ANN ARBOR Gasoline Lamps.

Not the Cheapest, but the Best.

1, 2, 3 or 4 Burners, as you wish. Nicest Styles.

Put Up Free on Trial and guaranteed to burn one year.

WHITNEY I. SMITH, General Agent. Plymouth, Mich. Supplies at W. B. Roe's.

## Active Torpedets for Torpid Livers

Cure the worst cases of Stomach Troubles. You do not have to fill your system full of medicine, either. One Active Torpedet at night or in the morning brings the most gratifying results.

One Month's Treatment only 25c.

Plymouth Medicine Co.

## Penney's Liver Pills

When in need of a Rig ring up City Phone No. 9.

DRAYING OF ALL KINDS Promptly done.

A share of your trade solicited.

CZAR PENNEY

## Local Newslets

Miss Maude Sherwood is very sick.

Frank Kinney, of Detroit, visited his mother Sunday.

Rupert Jones, of Delray, visited his mother last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burrows spent Saturday at Belle Isle.

Mrs. Smith, of Romulus, visited friends here yesterday.

Miss Etta Fish and Fred Ash were married in Detroit Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Ableson spent the first of the week in Detroit.

Miss Pauline Albro, of Detroit, is visiting Miss Maude Milsbaugh.

Mrs. John Zarna, who is at Grace Hospital, Detroit, is much worse.

Mrs. Warren Gordon has moved into Henry Andrew's on Depot street.

Hattie Skinner, of Northville, visited her aunt Mrs. J. R. Rauch Tuesday.

Walter Wright, of Howell, called on Plymouth friends Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Chas. Shattuck and daughter, of Albion, are visiting Plymouth friends.

Remember the great clearing sale on all trimmed hats at Maude Milsbaugh's.

Remember the chicken pie dinner at the Baptist Church next Wednesday, Bill 10 cents.

Miss Bessie Wooton and Miss Kate LeVansler, of Milford, were in Plymouth Tuesday.

G. S. Rowe, editor of the Milford Times, was in Plymouth Tuesday and attended the ball game.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Albro, and Mr. and Mrs. Becker, of Detroit, are spending a few days in Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Hubbard and son Chas. left Tuesday for a three week's visit at Burton, Ohio.

Miss Casa and Miss Lillie Wills of London, Ont., visited Mr. and Mrs. H. Wills a few days.

Mrs. A. Merrill and daughter, Viola, of Detroit, visited Mrs. A. C. Tait Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. L. J. Reiner returned on Saturday from Island Lake where she has been camping with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Eddy and daughter Elsie and F. W. Samsen and wife are spending the week at St. Clair Flats.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. VanVleet are house-keeping in E. Hubbard's house while the Hubbards are away on their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Shortman have returned from Illinois where they have been visiting for the last three weeks with their son.

The Plymouth Band will give a concert in the park Saturday night. Come out and hear "Simple Simon" and "Peaceful Henry."

Last Saturday was monthly pay day at the Plymouth creamery. Over \$4,000 was paid to the patrons for last month's milk. Who says the creamery is not a good thing for the village?

Staup Bros' bowling alley has been running all the week. It is a very interesting and innocent amusement for both ladies and gents. We give Thursday afternoon of each week free to the ladies and allow only ladies in the tent.

About fifty farmers, men and women, composed the excursion party to the agricultural college yesterday. Conspicuous in the party was M. C. Kinyon, pioneer farmer and prominent history maker of the community who had charge of the delegation. Grandin Chronicle.

Did you notice the change in the date of the band excursion from the 25th to the 18th of Aug.

Miss Libbie Alexander and Miss Mary Tibb late of the Sandwich Islands, Mrs. Margaret Durfee of Wayne, Mrs. M. L. Kingsley and daughter Katherine of Milford, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith and daughter Gertrude of Plymouth were guests of R. L. Alexander and family during the week.

Next week's big feature at the Avenue theatre, Detroit, will be Dan McAvoy, the great Broadway, N. Y., Comedian in a sidesplitting monologue. This will be Dan McAvoy's only engagement in vaudeville this summer. Visitors to Detroit next week should not miss seeing him. The theatre is kept delightfully cool on the hottest days and is a perfect oasis in the over heated city for visitors out of town.

For a lazy liver try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They invigorate the liver, aid the digestion, regulate the bowels and prevent bilious attacks. For sale by Meilers Drug Store.

No Fly Show.

"For years fate was after me continuously" writes F. A. Gullidge, Verbena, Ala. "I had a terrible case of piles causing 24 tumors. When all failed Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me. Equally good for Burns and all aches and pains. Only 25c at Hubbell's Pharmacy.

Band excursion the 18th of August. Donald Ladd is sick with typhoid fever.

Elmer Huston attended the races last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Cable visited in Detroit last week.

Mrs. Gertrude Lamphere visited in Detroit this week.

Little Elmer Kensler is very sick with scarlet fever.

Little Ruth Huston is visiting in Pontiac this week.

Mrs. R. Black, of Detroit, called on friends here last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Tafft spent Saturday at Orchard Lake.

Ground will soon be broke for the new electric light plant.

Leona Merritt is visiting her aunt at Saginaw for a couple of weeks.

Queen Esther girls cleared \$10 at their social last Saturday night.

Mrs. John Ward and niece, of Chatam, are visiting relatives here.

Jay Rogers, of Ann Arbor, visited his sister, Luella Rogers, this week.

Miss May Stockwell, of Detroit, is spending the week at Mrs. Vina Joy's.

The date of the band excursion has been changed to Tuesday, Aug. 18th.

Celia and Anna Brown are visiting relatives at Grand Ledge this week.

Misses Ida and May Hill, of London, Can., Sundayed with Geo. Wills and family.

Miss Myrtle Nowland has accepted a position in Detroit as saleslady at Healeys.

To Tashmoo Park the 18th of Aug. with the Plymouth Band is the only place to go.

Mr. M. Downs and M. Hinnan, of Lansing, visited their aunt Mrs. J. D. Willey Sunday.

Fred Brown and Miss Bessie Hollister, of Detroit, visited Miss Verna Cable over Sunday.

The funeral of the late Miss Eldred was held on Saturday the 25th. Rev. T. B. Leith officiated.

Ed. Tyler and Celest Merrell visited the latter's parents at New Boston Saturday and Sunday.

Camilla Wherry, of Detroit, is spending a few weeks with her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Wherry.

Mrs. A. B. Bixbe, and daughter of Pontiac, visited Mrs. Ed. Huston Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. B. D. Ames, of Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilbur, of Howell, are visiting at Fred Dibble's.

A. W. Reed and his daughter, Mrs. E. L. Riggs returned home from New London, Conn., Wednesday.

Misses Mary and Effie Watt of Southfield, visited their sister Elizabeth Watt a couple of days last week.

The business men wish to thank Supt. Richmond for the use of his cars in conveying the boys to and from the depot.

Mrs. Agnes Hoops, Miss Augusta Hoops and Mr. and Miss Kilian, of Wayne, spent Sunday with Mrs. Will Hoops.

Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Safford and family, of Detroit, returned home Monday after a ten days visit with Mr. and Mrs. Safford.

Mrs. A. Harlow, Carrie Tyler, May Harlow and George Farwell spent a few days of last week with Detroit friends.

Miss Ada Safford started Tuesday for a barge trip on the lakes, as guest of Capt. and Mrs. John Jenkins of Marine City.

Saturday, July 25, was Mrs. Mary Wheelock's ninetieth birthday about twenty relatives, many from out of town were invited to her home to make the occasion a happy one. An elegant supper was served and some pretty gifts were presented to Aunt Mary. Mrs. Wheelock is as old as any one in the village but even at such a ripe age is remarkably active both intellectually and physically, so that one would think her many years younger. It is our wish that this lady may witness many more as happy birthdays as this one.

Cut-flowers for sale. Carnations in various colors, 30 cents per dozen.

CORA L. PELHAM, Phone 103.

Gentry Bros. Famous Shows.

Gentry Bros. Famous Show will exhibit at Plymouth Fair Grounds, Wednesday August 12. Many new novelties have been added since the show's last appearance here, among the high-class acts are a troupe of Musical Ponies that really play sleigh bells and do a musical act. Monkey Comedians that perform difficult feats on a trapeze and horizontal bars. Play acting elephant that play ping-pong, and Dogs that do everything but talk. Gentry Bros. always have been the leading amusement entertainers of trained animal exhibitions and always will be the world's best and largest enterprise of the kind.

Cut Flowers for Sale.—Sweet Peas, Gaillardias, Nasturtiums, etc. Pretty bouquets for the table or for use in the cemetery. 10c each. Phone 103.

CORA L. PELHAM.

No man or woman in the state will hesitate to speak well of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets after once trying them. They always produce a pleasant movement of the bowels, improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by Meilers Drug Store.

## The North Side

Elmer Moulton, of Belding, visited Ike Gleason and family Sunday.

The P. M. R. Co. have had new cement walks laid up to the tracks this week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. McGrow of Nonston, Texas, are visiting at Geo. M. Delker's.

Violett, George and Gladys Videan, of Detroit, are visiting at Peter Gavde's this week.

Robbie Jolliffe who has been visiting in Chicago the past three weeks returned home Wednesday.

Miss Clara Wolf, of Detroit, visited her sisters, Mrs. John Streng and Mrs. Wm. Gayde Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingersoll, of Fairgrove, are visiting Geo. C. and J. C. Peterhans and families this week.

Mrs. Jennie Worden and daughter Daisy are visiting relatives in Walker-ville, Can., for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Germer and children, of Detroit, spent Sunday with John G. Streng and Wm. Gayde and families.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Helder returned to their home in Louisville, Ky., Wednesday after several weeks visit with her mother, Mrs. John Gonsolly.

About twenty ladies of the German Ladies Aid society went to Salem Wednesday morning on the 9 o'clock train and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Groth. Mrs. Groth being a member of the society. They all returned home on the evening train and reported a fine time.

## CHURCH NEWS.

The Baptist Aid society will meet in the church parlors next Wednesday, August 5th. Dinner served for 10 cents.—Sec.

The subject for Sunday morning, at First Church of Christ, Scientist will be, "Spirit." All are cordially invited.

Services at the Universalist church next Sunday Aug. 2nd 10:30 a. m. preaching by the Rev. S. Louise Haigh of Charlotte. All are invited to attend.

Worship with peaching by Rev. C. W. Lisk, of Detroit, at the Baptist church Sunday morning. During the four Sundays of the pastor's absence the Sunday evening services will be discontinued. All the other services of the church will be kept up.

The Universalist Aid society is invited to hold its next meeting with Mrs. Wilcox, of Northville, Aug. 5th. It is hoped all members and friends will avail themselves of the pleasure of attending.

Service in the Presbyterian church next Sabbath morning at 10:45. The pastor will preach.

At the M. E. church, Newburg, last Sunday the pastor baptised eight and received twelve new members into the church.

Rev. W. G. Stephens speaks for the W. C. T. U. at Northville Baptist Church next Sunday evening.

There will be a reception of new members at the M. E. church, Plymouth on Sunday morning.

Strength and vigor come of good food, duly digested. "Force" a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food, adds no burden, but sustains, nourishes, invigorates.

Light single harness, small show case, wood stove and pipe for sale cheap. Must be sold at once. P. W. VOORHIES, Trustee.

Lost—Two blue striped shirts 16 1/2 collar, between Dibble's store and the south town line. Finder please leave at Dibble's store. GEO. GERHERET.

Pasture for Stock.

By the week, first class, plenty water, plenty shade. 2 miles east of Plymouth, on electric line. Horses 40c, yearlings 35c.; cattle 25c., yearlings 30c. MRS. HELEN M. SMITH, Plymouth.

## Plymouth Markets.

Wheat, Red, 69c.  
Wheat, white, 69c.  
Oats, 32c.  
Rye, 45c.  
Potatoes, 90c.  
Beans, basis \$2.00  
Butter, 18c.  
Eggs, 15c

## Upholstering FURNITURE Repairing

Large line of Samples to select from.

## SECOND-HAND

Bedroom Suits, Stands, Iron Beds, Springs, Mattresses, etc., cheap.

## F. R. Woodworth

Telephone 37.

## PLYMOUTH FAIR GROUNDS

# MONDAY, AUG. 12

## Gentry Bros.

## Famous Shows United



America's Largest and Most Complete

## Trained Animal Exhibition

Presenting Many New High Class Features.

200 Performing horses, dogs and monkeys,  
50 Dogs and Monkeys.  
Monkey Comedians

2 Herds of Performing Elephants.

Everything New—Nothing old but the title.

SEE The Troupe of Musical Ponies.  
IOTO, The Smallest Clown Elephant in Captivity.

Positively greatest show of its kind in the world

# Watch for the Grand Free Street Parade

The most brilliant array of Miniature Magnificence-presented

At 11, A. M.

## You can enjoy your vacation

More by taking a Kodak with you and taking views of places and friends visited.

I have a very complete line

of Eastman's Kodaks, Films and Developing machines.

Kodaks from \$1.00 up.

No. 1 Brownie \$1.00  
2 1/4 x 2 1/4 picture.  
No. 2 Brownie \$2.00  
2 1/4 x 3 1/4 picture.



Call and see our line,

## C. G. DRAPER

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.



# THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

Author of "A Girl's Miro," Etc.

Entered According to Act of Congress in the Year 1890 by Street & Smith, In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Strayed Cow.

Dolores sat in the doorway waiting for her father's return from the Green. He had been to the house while she was over the mountain, and had his supper. She herself had eaten nothing for she had no appetite in spite of her walk over the mountain. She was quite idle, her hands in their old listless attitude in her lap, her dark head resting against the painted door post, her grave face and thoughtful eyes raised to the heavens. The moonlight falling across her face defined it clear and perfect, as marble; upon the clean bare floor behind her lay her shadow long and dark.

The night was silent; the distant sound of rude singing from the tavern died away; the lights went out one after another in the long, low houses. Dolores began to wonder vaguely why her father did not come. Midnight had passed; the hours ticked away one by one on the big clock in the corner, the moon hung round and golden above the mountain peaks to the west; in the east a streak of whiter light appeared, broadened and deepened. The girl's shadow disappeared from the floor; it lay in front of her on the door stone.

The cow was cropping the grass on the roadside, her breathing deep and contented. Lodie, the next neighbor, came up the road with a bucket. His well was low in this dry weather; Johnson's well was public property at such times.

"A sheer day," he said apologetically, looking at the bridle.

Dolores roused herself, a slow thought coming to her mind. "I have been waiting for my father," she said. "Is he still at the tavern?"

Lodie held the bucket suspended half way down the well; a dull surprise was the leading expression on his face.

"Don't ye know where he went, Dolores? Warn't ye byar when he kem up fer his gun an' started ter hunt ther cow over yander on ther mountain? Ther cow is byar; where's yer fether?"

A sudden sharp fear woke in her mind; she arose and faced Lodie, the sunlight on her head.

"If he went over on the opposite mountain to hunt Brindle and has not returned he must have lost his road, or gotten hurt, or something to 'keep him.'"

"Yes," said Lodie, slowly. "An' theys want him at ther court ter-day; if he ain't thyar they'll kem fer him; theys swore they'd hev him, fer ther thing kyant be settled till he goes."

He swung the bucket up on the edge of the well and passed down the road in silence, his slouching figure like a blot on the exquisite landscape.

Breakfast was ready, and Dolores went in and set the potatoes and bacon at one side of the hearth; the coffee was ready to make, she never made that till it was ready to be drank. When all was ready within she went out to the bank under the pines. The sun was high and warm, but under the pines the shadows were cool and dark; and there she waited for her father.

By and by the men of the settlement started over the mountain in groups of twos and threes. Dolores watched them go, scarce taking her eyes from them till their slouching figures faded and blended with the yellow road and the rugged paths. As they passed they asked for her father,



She arose and faced Lodie.

every one receiving the same reply.

Later, as Dolores watched, a yellow cloud of dust arose where the road and the sky seemed to meet. She watched it mechanically. As the cloud appeared and drew nearer out of it appeared a body of horsemen riding at a sharp pace down the rough road. They slackened their pace as they came up. The girl was plainly discernible in her print gown under the pines. They halted at the rocky gate, and one of them dismounted and went up the walk. He removed his hat as he drew near Dolores.

"Miss Johnson?"

She hesitated a moment; the name was unfamiliar to her save as used by young Green. Then she bent her head in reply.

"Your father?"

"He is not here," she said, slowly.

"Where can we find him?"

"I do not know." "But we must find him." He frowned sternly; his face and voice were authoritative. "He is summoned to appear in court to-day in the Green case; the law cannot wait. Can you give us no idea where we can find him?"

"No." He returned to his companions and reported that Johnson was not there; his daughter did not know where he was. They held a consultation. If it were possible Johnson must be found and brought to court that day; law and right must not be delayed. Riding down the mountain they halted at the tavern. The tavern-keeper's wife came out to meet them.

They asked for water; she said water was scarce on the mountain,



"But we must find him."

but she could give them cider if that would do.

They replied that cider would do very well—in fact, much better than water for their purpose, for they had a rough time before them.

As they drank they asked for the host. He was away, she said, gone over the mountain to the town; a trial was being held there, had they not heard of it? Nearly every one had heard of it; it was making a stir. Folks were excited about it; there was to be a trial here, and Johnson—had they ever heard of Johnson?—was all they were waiting for to lay the guilt where it belonged; he knew more about it than most folks; some thought—

Did Johnson go? No, not that she knew of, and she would know. He went over to the opposite mountain last night to hunt his cow.

In what direction did Johnson go? She was not sure; she believed he went right down the road across the valley. There was a bridge across the river if one followed the road along the foot of the mountain a bit. Jenkins had seen her there, and he told Johnson so at the tavern; Johnson went right over to hunt her; he took his gun in case he came across game, but that was useless unless he were luckier than usual, for Johnson was too shiftless to have luck.

Yes, the cow came back; she had lost her head; he would expect to find her by that; doubtless he would keep on hunting; he hadn't sense enough to know she would most likely come home by herself. But if he did not wish to return for reasons best known to himself—Johnson was shiftless, but he was no fool about some things.

His girl now had about as little sense as was possible. She did not even know when she was well off; she was like her mother for all the world, only worse.

As for Dolores, she seemed to like him to talk to her; she was not in the habit of talking much; she never talked with her neighbors, she felt above them; he was the judge's son, and, no doubt, she felt flattered that he took notice of her. Their men never said much to her, for they did not like her. Maybe she went over the mountain. Well, maybe she went because she wished to go. How could she answer for her? Perhaps—

Could they find Johnson if they tried? She did not know. The opposite mountain was a dangerous place; there were sharp ledges and turns and deep chasms; folks seldom ventured over there except for hunting; they had no cause to go.

Did they want Johnson? He was not in the habit of going off; he never went hunting except on their own mountain; he had no go ahead in him; he was shiftless and so was his daughter—only worse.

They had accomplished their errand and paid her liberally as they arose to go, more determined than ever to find Johnson were it a possible thing.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### The Search.

The deputies rode slowly down the mountain. The road was hard for their horses and uncertain, besides it was strange to them, and strange ground was unsafe. They talked little. On leaving the tavern one of them remarked that the woman knew what she was talking about, and now they would find Johnson if such a thing were possible, for they had more reason than ever to find him.

They rode along the foot of the mountain in search of the path of

which the woman spoke. There was no road here as along the other mountain; a narrow line half hidden by long grass and tangled bushes straggled in and out capriciously, as though to puzzle its followers, now up the mountain side, again straying out into the valley meadows nearer the river's moaning. Above, among the pines, the blue haze was tangled, hiding all beyond; the dread mystery of the mountain clung like a garment about it.

The men rode on in silence; there was a solemnity around them that hushed all light words. The enormity of their undertaking dawned more and more upon them; to search for a man in that wilderness with the mountain's heart for his hiding place and its robe of haze for his shield was absurd. There were chasms and dangerous places, sharp turnings and winding paths, ledges hidden by haze that would swallow a man as completely as a sepulcher, and leave no trace, massive rocks overhead that a tremor of the mountain would hurl upon them. No wonder the men grew silent and allowed the horses to have their way; man could not follow the dangerous, hidden paths; only brute instinct could find the safe places.

They came at last to the path up the mountain, and the horses refused to take it until urged by whip and spur. It was a path that shielded all beyond it, as though the mountain had made a fastness that none could break. The horses toiled up slowly, slipping now and again on the treacherous ground; the tangled bushes and low boughs swept them as they passed; above the pine boughs parted enough for a man's head to pass untouched beneath. Now and again the bushes and ferns; great rocks loomed path, seemed lost in the wilderness of ahead and the path that seemed cut off turned sharply and wound up the mountain; again and again the horsehoofs passed on the edge of a chasm half hidden by haze, and the men with white faces held them up by main force from the ghastly depths beneath their very feet. Their voices, as they shouted in hopes of a reply had Johnson lost his way, sounded gruesome in the loneliness.

Half way up the mountain they paused and faced about. It was useless, they said, and foolish to follow the path up higher; no man would wander up there of his own free will; facing the law were preferable; one knew what to expect from it. Here death laid his traps in secret and lured his victim on; he waited at every corner and lurked near every rock; he was above, below, and before them; he reigned in the mountain's heart. If Johnson were there he might stay there; their lives were of more value than his; they would return to the town and report the utter hopelessness of the search. It would be wiser to search for him nearer home; to hide from the law showed that he was cowardly, and a coward would never come there. They would stop at the tavern and speak to the woman again; her words might be wiser than they thought. And they would speak again to that girl of Johnson's; she might be more willing to talk, and she was no fool.

(To be continued.)

## SHIRTS GROW ON TREES THERE.

That, at Least, Is the Statement of an Old Sailor.

"Shirts grow on trees where I came from," said the old sailor.

"How so, shipmate?" a pale clerk asked.

The sailor emptied his glass and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "I'm a speakin'," he said, "of the South seas. You know them islands over there?"

"Sure," said the clerk.

"Well, that's where I mean that shirts grow on trees. There's a kind of a willow tree on them islands with a soft, flexible bark. A native selects a tree with a trunk that's just a little bigger round than he is. He makes a ring with his knife around the trunk through the bark, and he makes another ring four foot below. Then, with a slit of the knife, he draws the bark off, the same as a boy does in makin' a willow whistle, and he's got a fine, durable shirt. All he needs to do is to dry it out, make two holes for the arms, and put a lacin' in the back to draw it together.

"In the spring of the year the shirts are gathered. Men and women both go out at that time to look for trees that fit them. These bark shirts are treated so as to be soft and flexible. They don't look bad. Gosh hanged if they look bad at all, for shirts that grow on trees!"—Philadelphia Record

## Knew the Major.

"I hear the major is coming up to spend a week with you."

"Yes, and I am fitting up a room for him to entertain his friends. I put in ten chairs and a sideboard."

"Where is the major from?" "South Carolina."

"Then you had better put in ten sideboards and a chair."

## Out of Season.

"Why are yer so sad?" asked Dusty Dennis.

"Why," growled Sandy Pikes, "dat lady said if I'd split de wood she'd give me an old pair of shoes she promised me last winter."

"An' did she?"

"Yes, she give me a pair of snow-shoes."

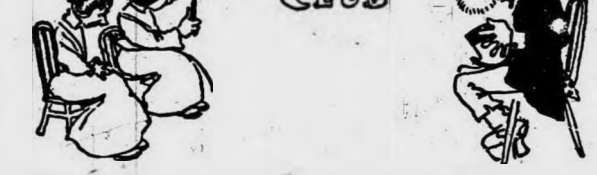
## Making Macaroni.

Macaroni is made in forty different shapes and sizes. A special kind of very hard wheat is used in this manufacture.

## Lighthouse Service.

The United States Lighthouse service costs \$4,500,000 a year.

# MR. THOMPSON'S BREAKFAST TO A WOMAN'S CLUB



"Well, dear, I must hurry," said Mrs. Thompson after dinner. "I am going to the club. This is Shakespeare night."

"What do you women know about Shakespeare?" sported Mr. Thompson. "A woman's club is all right when it confines itself to the burning issue of 'How Shall We Keep Our Husband's Home Evenings,' or 'How to Fry a Poached Egg,' but a way off when it tries to wrestle with Shakespeare."

"We don't talk about how to keep husbands home evenings," said Mrs. Thompson indignantly. "Who in the world wants to keep them home evenings? It's a relief when they stay downtown."

"Anyhow," resumed Mr. Thompson unruffled, "women's club meetings must be the funniest things in the world. What do women know about anything, anyhow? And to think of them talking about Shakespeare and the classics generally. It would be diverting if it wasn't so confoundedly heart breakingly sad."

Mrs. Thompson merely looked at her liege with a commiserating expression on her face and offered no reply.

"Look here," said Mr. Thompson suddenly, "I'm sorry for you women. I believe that after all you are trying to know something. The trouble is that the men generally laugh and don't go in and help you out. Now, I'll just go to the club with you tonight and give the members a little talk that will do them some good."

Mrs. Thompson demurred, but Mr. Thompson would have his way, and so the two went to the club. Mr. Thompson had to cool his heels in the hall outside until Mrs. Thompson secured him the privilege of coming in and addressing the assemblage.

Mr. Thompson walked boldly in and was introduced by the president. He felt a little confused at first when he saw a hall full of women, all dead silent and wearing the cold, serious, funereal expression always worn by the members of women's clubs at their meetings. As Mr. Thompson stepped forward he was aware that one-fourth of the assemblage had raised lorgnettes to their eyes and were gazing steadily at him.

"Ahem, ah, ladies," began Mr. Thompson. "My wife fools away a good deal of her time in this club, and other husbands are in the same boat with me, and I thought I would come over and give you a nice little talk. I think you women would be wiser if you gave up this literary and historical part of your work and stick to pink teas. Gossiping and tittle-tattle is more in women's line than profound literary discussions. You see, ladies, the trouble is that you cannot make a 'purse out of a sow's ear,' as Shakespeare says, and it is impossible for a feminine mind to grasp these great, grave subjects with which men concern themselves. I don't—"

"Mme. President," said a cold-faced woman in the back of the hall, as she glared at Mr. Thompson through

her lorgnettes. "I understood that this gentleman was to talk to us about Shakespeare and not to scold us for our lack of mentality."

"Well," said Mr. Thompson, "I am willing to talk to you about anything. There is hardly any subject that could be mentioned on a which a man is not fifteen or twenty times better informed than a woman. You see, ladies, a woman's all right, but she—"

"Will the speaker kindly confine himself to the subject on which he was expected to address the club," said the president, severely.

"Of course, of course," Mr. Thompson. "Well, Shakespeare was a great man. He had a great head and a great mind. He wrote a lot of great plays, he did. The truth is, ladies, while I could talk all night on this subject, perhaps we would save time if you were to ask question. In my general talk I might hit on just the topics on which you desire enlightenment and again I might not. Now if you will ask questions I will answer them for you."

"Do you think the Baconian theory held by Ignatius Donnelly tenable?" inquired the cold-faced lady from the back part of the room.

"I don't think you make your question clear," said Mr. Thompson.

"Do you think Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays?" asked the woman.

"Of course not," replied Mr. Thompson. "If he had they would have been Bacon's plays, wouldn't they? Anybody ought to know that."

"But many people insist that Bacon wrote them," said the stern lady.

"Don't you ever believe it," replied Mr. Thompson. "That's the trouble with you women, your believe everything. Some one's been stringing you."

"Would you name the six plays of Shakespeare which you consider best?" asked another questioner.

"Sure," said Thompson, "Hamlet, and 'Two Orphans' and 'The Waifs of New York,' and 'Richelleu,' and the 'School for Scandal.'"

"Was Hamlet insane?" asked another woman.

"O yes," said Mr. Thompson; "Shakespeare doesn't mention it, but they had Hamlet in a big house in Paris for two years before the time of the play."

"I thought Hamlet was a Dane," spoke up another woman.

"Not on your life," said Mr. Thompson. "He was an Italian organ-grinder who had to go to Paris because the sheriff was after him for murdering Ophelia."

"I think we have had enough of this farce," said the president in chilling tones as she rapped on the table. "We are not here to listen to such frivolity. If the gentleman thinks he can amuse us by such banalities he is mistaken. Will the gentleman kindly withdraw."

Thompson went down the aisle amidst an oppressive silence that could be distinctly felt. He was so crushed and frozen that he hid under the stairs until the meeting finally adjourned and his wife came and dragged him out and took him home.

# A Vicarious Victim

I sprinted down the road a scant four or five feet in front of the largest and most determinedly ferocious dog it was ever my ill-luck to set eyes on. Just as I was on the point of collapsing, a compassionate farmer came out of his barn, and comprehending the situation with a few well-chosen words and emphatic kicks drove the ravening beast away.

"Say," he asked curiously, "what yer been a-doin' up ter ol' Sile Harrower's ter make him set his purp on ye like that?"

"Nothing," I replied, from where I had dropped in the dust gasping for breath. "Not a single thing. I only stopped there and asked him to sell me a glass of milk, and he willfully sicked that—that man-eater on me without a word of warning. I'll get a gun, and—"

"Ho, ho, ha, ha, ha!" chuckled my rescuer, bending double in his mirth. "Ye did? An' say, I'll bet ye asked him perlitte, too. Now, didn't ye?"

"Of course," I replied, with ungrateful testiness. "You don't suppose I told the old scoundrel what I think of him now, do you? And the unconscionable villain sicked that—"

"In course, in course," interrupted the farmer, nodding his head affirmatively. "Ol' Sile is sour, sour'n all the milk that ever turned, on city fellers buyin' milk off'n him."

"But why?" I demanded. "There's no such awful insult in asking for a glass of milk, is there? And I'll shoot that dog if I have to go to jail for it."

"Why, ye see, Sile has some excuse fer it," explained my rescuer, leaning comfortably back against the barn door. "Leastwise, that's the way he looks at it. 'Cause it ain't more'n six

month now since a feller, slick an' perlitte an' cityfied, came along ter his farm one day, an' bought a glass of milk from ol' Sile. An' all ther time he was sippin' at it, he done nothin' but praise it up fer the best milk he ever tasted of, hadn't never drunk such milk nowhere, which nat'rally tickled ther ol' man considerable, he havin' ther scrawntest, meanest, most no-count herd of cows in these here parts. Ther milk bein' so superfine, accordin' ter him, ther young feller was ded sot on buyin' ther hull herd immedjit fer a dairy farm he told Sile he was startin', an' arter considerable dickerin' over ther price, ol' Sile give in an' reluctantly consented ter sell him his dunghill cattle fer Alderney prices. An' ther feller was so confoundedly 'fraid ol' Sile would repent an' go back on the deal, leastwise so he said, that he made the ol' man sign his name ter what he called a option, agreein' on no 'count not ter—"

"Well, what has the old unhung rufan's rascality got to do with his inhuman treatment of me?" I asked, as my friend in need stopped to chuckle and wink humorously at me.

"Wall," he went on, a broad grin on his face, "ther young feller ain't been seen 'round here none since, but ther ol' man ain't forgot him none, all on 'count of thirty days arter ther thar option bein' duly signed by him havin' ter make good a note of his'n fer \$300 what'd been discounted over at the bank at ther county seat. Since which sad happenin' it ain't nowise been salubrious fer no one ter offer ter buy no glass of milk off'n ol' Sile Harrower."—Alex Ricketts, in New York Times.

## JUST A MATTER OF NUMBERING.

The Great Detective Explains the Delay in a Murder Case.

"No, we haven't made any arrests yet," the great detective told the reporter. "You can say this much, however: We know who the murderer is. He is one of four men whom we have been watching from the first. The fact that only one man committed the crime has been sworn to by witnesses."

"Neither the first nor the second of these four men was present when the shot was fired. The third man was also away at the time."

"The fourth man is the one we want, and we can lay our hands on him whenever we're good and ready."

"Then what are you waiting for?" asked the reporter. "Why don't you arrest him now?"

"Well," said the great detective, "you see we're not yet sure as to the proper numbering of these men. We know that the fourth man is the one we want, but which of these four is the fourth man? That's what we're working on now."—New York Sun.

## Brewers War on Saloons.

Indianapolis dispatch: The disorderly saloon must face a new enemy, as the Indiana Brewers' association has decided on a campaign that is to be more effective than the Anti-Saloon league.

## Found a Friend.

Valley City, N. Dak., July 27th.—Mrs. Matilda M. Boucher of this place tells how she found a friend in the following words:

"For years I suffered with a dizziness in my head and could get nothing to cure me—till about two years ago, when I was advised to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. These pills cured me before I had used the whole of the first box, and I haven't been troubled since."

"In January of this year I had an attack of Sciatica that made me almost helpless, and remembering how much Dodd's Kidney Pills had done for me before, I sent and got some and began to take them at once."

"In three weeks I was well, and not a trace of the Sciatica left, and I have been well ever since."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have certainly been of great benefit to me. I have found them a friend in time of sickness, and I will always recommend them to every one suffering with the troubles that bothered me."

## Russia Tells Intentions.

Birmingham, England, cablegram: The Post announces that the government has received a dispatch from the Russian government containing a declaration of Russian intentions in the far East. No details are obtainable.

The Diamond Spring Bed, advertised in another column by the American Wire & Steel Bed Co. for \$5.00 is a first-class offer and should be taken advantage of by those who can afford to spend \$5.00 for their night's comfort.

Ella—"My face is my fortune." Stella—"Well, we can't all have money."—New York Herald.

## ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

Notre Dame, Ind.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of St. Mary's Academy, which appears in another column of this paper. We do not need to expatiate upon the scholastic advantages of St. Mary's for the catalogue of the school shows the scope of work included in its curriculum, which is of the highest standard, and is carried out faithfully in the classrooms. We simply emphasize the spirit of earnest devotion which makes every teacher at St. Mary's loyally strive to develop each young girl attendant there into the truest, noblest, and most intelligent womanhood. Every advantage of equipment in the classrooms, laboratories and study rooms, every care in the matter of food and clothing, and exceptional excellence of classic conditions—all these features are found at St. Mary's, in the perfection of development only to be obtained by the concentration of devoted lives to educational Christian work, in a spot favored by the Lord.

When a man falls it is owing to circumstances past all human control, but when he succeeds it is due to his personal ability—so he says.—Chicago News.

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 discovered Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by R. 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 upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists. 25c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

You can always find some one to agree with you, even if your conclusions are not complimentary to yourself.

**MANY CHILDREN ARE SICKLY.** Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Summer Complaint, Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At All Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Japanese national flags are alleged to be practically unobtainable just now in London.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Every man's house is his castle until he makes an assignment—then it's his wife's.

**DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?** If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 25c. package 5 cents.

A hen is in hard luck; she is seldom able to find anything where she laid it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the inflamed membrane, kills pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and hoarseness.

About 5,000 workmen are employed in the moerschbaum mines in Turkey.







# THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

Author of "A Girl's Knew," Etc.

Entered According to Act of Congress in the Year 1890 by Street & Smith, In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

## CHAPTER VII.

**The Strayed Cow.**  
Dolores sat in the doorway waiting for her father's return from the tavern. He had been to the house with her over the mountain, and had his supper. She herself had eaten nothing, for she had no appetite in spite of her walk over the mountain.

She was quite idle, her hands in their old listless attitude in her lap. Her dark head resting against the painted door post, her grave face and thoughtful eyes raised to the heavens. The moonlight falling across her face defined it clear and perfect as marble; upon the clean bare floor behind her lay her shadow long and dark.

The night was silent; the distant sound of rufe singing from the tavern died away; the lights went out one after another in the long, low houses. Dolores began to wonder vaguely why her father did not come. Midnight had passed; the hours ticked away one by one on the big clock in the corner, the moon hung round and golden above the mountain peaks in the west; in the east a streak of whiter light appeared, broadened and deepened. The girl's shadow disappeared from the floor; it lay in front of her on the door stone.

The cow was cropping the grass on the roadside, her breathing deep and contented. Lodie, the next neighbor, came up the road with a bucket. His well was low in this dry weather; Johnson's well was public property at such times.

"A sheer day," he said apologetically, looking at the brindle.

Dolores roused herself, a slow thought coming to her mind. "I have been waiting for my father," she said. "Is he still at the tavern?"

Lodie held the bucket suspended half way down the well; a dull surprise was the leading expression on his face.

"Don't ye know where he went, Dolores? Warn't ye hyar when he kem up fer his gun an' started ter hunt ther cow ower yander on ther mountain? Ther cow is hyar; where's yer feyther?"

A sudden sharp fear woke in her mind; she arose and faced Lodie, the sunlight on her head.

"If he went over on the opposite mountain to hunt Brindle and has not returned he must have lost his road, or gotten hurt, or something to 'keep him.'"

"Yes," said Lodie, slowly. "An' they want him et ther court ter-day, ef he ain't thyar they'll kem fer him; they swared they'd hev him, fer ther thing kyant be settled tell he goes."

He swung the bucket up on the edge of the well and passed down the road in silence, his slouching figure like a blot on the exquisite landscape.

Breakfast was ready, and Dolores went in and set the potatoes and bacon on one side of the hearth; the coffee was ready to make; she never made that till it was ready to be drank. When all was ready within she went out to the bank under the pines. The sun was high and warm, but under the pines the shadows were cool and dark; and there she waited for her father.

By and by the men of the settlement started over the mountain in groups of twos and threes. Dolores watched them go, scarce taking her eyes from them till their slouching figures faded and blended with the yellow road and the rugged paths. As they passed they asked for her father,



She arose and faced Lodie.

every one receiving the same reply.

Later, as Dolores watched, a yellow cloud of dust arose where the road and the sky seemed to meet. She watched it mechanically. As the cloud appeared and drew nearer out of it appeared a body of horsemen riding at a sharp pace down the rough road. They slackened their pace as they came up. The girl was plainly discernible in her print gown under the pines. They halted at the rickety gate, and one of them dismounted and went up the walk. He removed his hat as he drew near Dolores.

"Miss Johnson?"

She hesitated a moment; the name was unfamiliar to her save as used by young Green. Then she bent her head in reply.

"Your father?"

"He is not here," she said, slowly.

"Where can we find him?"

"I do not know."  
"But we must find him." He frowned sternly; his face and voice were authoritative. "He is summoned to appear in court to-day in the Green case; the law cannot wait. Can you give us no idea where we can find him?"

"No."  
He returned to his companions and reported that Johnson was not there; his daughter did not know where he was. They held a consultation. If it were possible Johnson must be found and brought to court that day; law and right must not be delayed. Riding down the mountain they halted at the tavern. The tavern-keeper's wife came out to meet them.

They asked for water; she said water was scarce on the mountain,



"But we must find him."

but she could give them cider if that would do.

They replied that cider would do very well—in fact, much better than water for their purpose, for they had a rough time before them.

As they drank they asked for the host. He was away, she said, gone over the mountain to the town; a trial was being held there, had they not heard of it? Nearly every one had heard of it; it was making a stir. Folks were excited about it; there was to be a trial there, and Johnson—had they ever heard of Johnson?—was all they were waiting for to lay the guilt where it belonged; he knew more about it than most folks; some thought—

Did Johnson go? No, not that she knew of, and she would know. He went over to the opposite mountain last night to hunt his cow.

In what direction did Johnson go? She was not sure; she believed he went right down the road across the valley. There was a bridge across the river if one followed the road along the foot of the mountain a bit.

Jenkins had seen her there, and he told Johnson so at the tavern; Johnson went right over to hunt her; he took his gun in case he came across game, but that was useless unless he were luckier than usual, for Johnson was too shiftless to have luck.

Yes, the cow came back; she had lost her bell; he would expect to find her by that; doubtless he would keep on hunting; he hadn't sense enough to know she would most likely come home by herself. But if he did not wish to return for reasons best known to himself—Johnson was shiftless, but he was no fool about some things.

His girl now had about as little sense as was possible. She did not even know when she was well off; she was like her mother for all the world, only worse.

As for Dolores, she seemed to like him to talk to her; she was not in the habit of talking much; she never talked with her neighbors, she felt above them; he was the judge's son, and, no doubt, she felt flattered that he took notice of her. Their men never said much to her, for they did not like her. Maybe she went over the mountain. Well, maybe, she went because she wished to go. How could she answer for her? Perhaps—

Could they find Johnson if they tried? She did not know. The opposite mountain was a dangerous place; there were sharp ledges and turns and deep chasms; folks seldom ventured over there except for hunting; they had no cause to go.

Did they want Johnson? He was not in the habit of going off; he never went hunting except on their own mountain; he had no go ahead in him; he was shiftless and so was his daughter—only worse.

They had accomplished their errand and paid her liberally as they arose to go, more determined than ever to find Johnson were it a possible thing.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### The Search.

The deputies rode slowly down the mountain. The road was hard for their horses and uncertain, besides it was strange to them and strange ground was unsafe. They talked little. On leaving the tavern one of them remarked that the woman knew what she was talking about, and now they would find Johnson if such a thing were possible, for they had more reason than ever to find him.

They rode along the foot of the mountain in search of the path of

which the woman spoke. There was no road here as along the other mountain; a narrow line half hidden by long grass and tangled bushes straggled in and out capriciously, as though to puzzle its followers, now up the mountain side, again straying out into the valley meadows nearer the river's moaning. Above, among the pines, the blue haze was tangled, hiding all beyond; the dream mystery of the mountain clung like a garment about it.

The men rode on in silence; there was a solemnity around them that hushed all light words. The enormity of their undertaking dawned more and more upon them; to search for a man in that wilderness with the mountain's heart for his hiding place and its robe of haze for his shield was absurd. There were chasms and dangerous places, sharp turnings and winding paths, ledges hidden by haze that would swallow a man as completely as a sepulcher, and leave no trace, massive rocks overhead that a tremor of the mountain would hurl upon them. No wonder the men grew silent and allowed the horses to have their way; man could not follow the dangerous, hidden paths; only brute instinct could find the safe places.

They came at last to the path up the mountain, and the horses refused to take it until urged by whip and spur. It was a path that shielded all beyond it, as though the mountain had made a fastness that none could break. The horses toiled up slowly, slipping now and again on the treacherous ground; the tangled bushes and low boughs swept them as they passed; above the pine boughs parted enough for a man's head to pass untouched beneath. Now and again the bushes and ferns; great rocks loomed path seemed lost in the wilderness of ahead and the path that seemed cut off turned sharply and wound up the mountain; again and again the horse-hoofs paused on the edge of a chasm half hidden by haze, and the men with white faces held them up by main force from the ghastly depths beneath their very feet. Their voices, as they shouted in hopes of a reply had Johnson lost his way, sounded gruesome in the loneliness.

Half way up the mountain they paused and faced about. It was useless, they said, and foolish to follow the path up higher; no man would wander up there of his own free will; facing the law were preferable; one knew what to expect from it. Here death laid his traps in secret and lured his victim on; he waited at every corner and lurked near every rock; he was above, below, and before them; he reigned in the mountain's heart. If Johnson were there he might stay there; their lives were of more value than his; they would return to the town and report the utter hopelessness of the search. It would be wiser to search for him nearer home; to hide from the law showed that he was cowardly, and a coward would never come there. They would stop at the tavern and speak to the woman again; her words might be wiser than their thought. And they would speak again to that girl of Johnson's; she might be more willing to talk, and she was no fool.

(To be continued.)

### SHIRTS GROW ON TREES THERE.

That, at Least, Is the Statement of an Old Sailor.

"Shirts grow on trees where I came from," said the old sailor.

"How so, shipmate?" a pale clerk asked.

The sailor emptied his glass and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "I'm a-speakin'," he said, "of the South seas. You know them islands over there?"

"Sure," said the clerk.

"Well, that's where I mean that shirts grow on trees. There's a kind of a willow tree on them islands with a soft, flexible bark. A native selects a tree with a trunk that's just a little bigger round than he is. He makes a ring with his knife around the trunk through the bark, and he makes another ring four foot below. Then, with a slit of the knife, he draws the bark off, the same as a boy does in makin' a willow whistle, and he's got a fine, durable shirt. All he needs to do is to dry it out, make two holes for the arms, and put a lacin' in the back to draw it together.

"In the spring of the year the shirts are gathered. Men and women both go out at that time to look for trees that fit them. These bark shirts are treated so as to be soft and flexible. They don't look bad. Gosh hanged if they look bad at all, for shirts that grow on trees."—Philadelphia Record

### Knew the Major.

"I hear the major is coming up to spend a week with you."

"Yes, and I am fitting up a room for him to entertain his friends. I put in ten chairs and a sideboard."

"Where is the major from?"

"South Carolina."

"Then you had better put in ten sideboards and a chair."

### Out of Season.

"Why are yer so sad?" asked Dusty Dennis.

"Why," growled Sandy Pikes, "dat lady said if I'd split de wood she'd give me an old pair of shoes she promised me last winter."

"An' did she?"

"Yes, she give me a pair of snow-shoes."

### Making Macaroni.

Macaroni is made in forty different shapes and sizes. A special kind of very hard wheat is used in this manufacture.

### Lighthouse Service.

The United States Lighthouse service costs \$4,500,000 a year.

## Mrs. THOMPSON'S BREAKING IN TO A WOMAN'S CLUB



"Well, dear, I must hurry," said Mrs. Thompson after dinner. "I am going to the club. This is Shakespeare night."

"What do you women know about Shakespeare?" snorted Mr. Thompson. "A woman's club is all right when it confines itself to the burning issue of 'How Shall We Keep Our Husband's Home Evenings,' or 'How to Fry a Poached Egg,' but a way off when it tries to wrestle with Shakespeare."

"We don't talk about how to keep husbands home evenings," said Mrs. Thompson indignantly. "Who in the world wants to keep them home evenings? It's a relief when they stay downtown."

"Anyhow," resumed Mr. Thompson untruffed, "women's club meetings must be the funniest things in the world. What do women know about anything, anyhow? And to think of them talking about Shakespeare and the classics generally. It would be diverting if it wasn't so confoundedly heart breakingly sad."

Mrs. Thompson merely looked at her legs with a commiserating expression on her face and offered no reply.

"Look here," said Mr. Thompson suddenly, "I'm sorry for you women. I believe that after all you are trying to know something. The trouble is that the men generally laugh and don't go in and help you out. Now, I'll just go to the club with you tonight and give the members a little talk that will do them some good."

Mrs. Thompson demurred, but Mr. Thompson would have his way, and so the two went to the club. Mr. Thompson had to cool his heels in the hall outside until Mrs. Thompson secured him the privilege of coming in and addressing the assemblage.

Mr. Thompson walked boldly in and was introduced by the president. He felt a little confused at first when he saw a hall full of women, all deadly silent and wearing the cold, serious, funereal expression always worn by the members of women's clubs at their meetings. As Mr. Thompson stepped forward he was aware that one-fourth of the assemblage had raised lorgnettes to their eyes and were gazing steadily at him.

"Ahem, ah, ladies," began Mr. Thompson. "My wife fools away a good deal of her time in this club, and other husbands are in the same boat with me, and I thought I would come over and give you a nice little talk. I think you women would be wiser if you gave up this literary and historical part of your work and stick to pink teas. Gossiping and tittle-tattle is more in women's line than profound literary discussions. You see, ladies, the trouble is that you cannot make a 'purse out of a sow's ear,' as Shakespeare says, and it is impossible for a feminine mind to grasp these great, grave subjects with which men concern themselves. I don't—"

"Mme. President," said a cold-faced woman in the back of the hall, as she glared at Mr. Thompson through

her lorgnettes. "I understood that this gentleman was to talk to us about Shakespeare and not to scold us for our lack of mentality."

"Well," said Mr. Thompson, "I am willing to talk to you about anything. There is hardly any subject that could be mentioned on a which a man is not fifteen or twenty times better informed than a woman. You see, ladies, a woman's all right, but she—"

"Will the speaker kindly confine himself to the subject on which he was expected to address the club," said the president, severely.

"Of course, of course," Mr. Thompson. "Well, Shakespeare was a great man. He had a great head and a great mind. He wrote a lot of great plays, he did. The truth is, ladies, while I could talk all night on this subject, perhaps we would save time if you were to ask question. In my general talk I might hit on just the topics on which you desire enlightenment and again I might not. Now if you will ask questions I will answer them for you."

"Do you think the Baconian theory held by Ignatius Donnelly tenable?" inquired the cold-faced lady from the back part of the room.

"I don't think you make your question clear," said Mr. Thompson.

"Do you think Bacon writes Shakespeare's plays?" asked the woman.

"Of course not," replied Mr. Thompson. "If he had they would have been Bacon's plays, wouldn't they? Anybody ought to know that."

"But many people insist that Bacon wrote them," said the stern lady.

"Don't you ever believe it," replied Mr. Thompson. "That's the trouble with you women, your believe everything. Some one's been stringing you."

"Would you name the six plays of Shakespeare which you consider best?" asked another questioner.

"Sure," said Thompson, "Hamlet, and 'Two Orphans' and 'The Waifs of New York,' and 'Richelleu,' and the 'School for Scandal.'"

"Was Hamlet insane?" asked another woman.

"O yes," said Mr. Thompson; "Shakespeare doesn't mention it, but they had Hamlet in a big house in Paris for two years before the time of the play."

"I thought Hamlet was a Dane," spoke up another woman.

"Not on your life," said Mr. Thompson. "He was an Italian organ-grinder who had to go to Paris because the sheriff was after him for murdering Ophelia."

"I think we have had enough of this farce," said the president in chilling tones as she rapped on the table. "We are not here to listen to such frivolity. If the gentleman thinks he can amuse us by such banalities he is misinformed. Will the gentleman kindly withdraw."

Thompson went down the aisle amidst an oppressive silence that could be distinctly felt. He was so crushed and frozen that he hid under the stairs until the meeting finally adjourned and his wife came and dragged him out and took him home.

## A Vicarious Victim

I sprinted down the road a scant four or five feet in front of the largest and most determinedly ferocious dog it was ever my ill-luck to set eyes on. Just as I was on the point of collapsing, a compassionate farmer came out of his barn, and comprehending the situation with a few well-chosen words and emphatic kicks drove the ravening beast away.

"Say," he asked curiously, "what yer been a-doin' up ter ol' Silie Harrower's ter make him set his purp on ye like that?"

"Nothing," I replied, from where I had dropped in the dust gasping for breath. "Not a single thing. I only stopped there and asked him to sell me a glass of milk, and he willfully sicked, that—that—man-eater on me without a word of warning. I'll get a gun, and—"

"Ho, ho, ha, ha, ha!" chuckled my rescuer, bending double in his mirth. "Ye did? An' say, I'd bet ye asked him perlitte, too. Now, didn't ye?"

"Of course," I replied, with ungrateful testiness. "You don't suppose I told the old scoundrel what I think of him now, do you? And the unconscionable villain sicked that—"

"In course, in course," interrupted the farmer, nodding his head affirmatively. "Ol' Silie is sour, sourer'n all the milk that ever turned, on city fellers buyin' milk off'n him."

"But why?" I demanded. "There's no such awful insult in asking for a glass of milk, is there? And I'll shoot that dog if I have to go to jail for it."

"Why, ye see, Silie has some excuse fer R," explained my rescuer, leaning comfortably back against the barn door. "Leastwise, that's the way he looks at R. 'Cause it ain't more'n six

month now since a feller, slick an' perlitte an' cityfied, came along ter his farm one day, an' bought a glass of milk from ol' Silie. An' all ther time he was sippin' at it, he done nothin' but praise it up fer the best milk he ever tasted of, hadn't never drunk such milk nowhere, which nat'rally tickled ther ol' man considerable, he havin' ther scrawnlest, meanest, most no-count herd of cows in these here parts. Ther milk bein' so superfine, accordin' ter him, ther young feller was ded sot on buyin' ther bull herd immedjit fer a dairy farm he told Silie he was startin', an' arter considerable dickerin' over ther price, ol' Silie give in an' reluctantly consented ter sell him his dunghill cattle fer Alderney prices. An' ther feller was so confoundedly 'frail ol' Silie would repent an' go back on the deal, leastwise so he said, ther he made the ol' man sign his name ter what he called a option, agreein' on no 'count not ter—"

"Well, what has the old unbung ruf-an's rascality got to do with his in-human treatment of me?" I asked, as my friend in need stopped to chuckle and wink humorously at me.

"Wall," he went on, a broad grin on his face, "ther young feller ain't been seen 'round here none since, but ther ol' man ain't forgot him none, all on 'count of thirty days arter ther that option bein' duly signed by him, havin' ter make good a note of his'n fer \$300 what'd been discounted over at the bank at ther county seat. Since which sad happenin' it ain't noisier been saloonbrons fer no one ter offer ter buy no glass of milk off'n ol' Silie Harrower."—Alex Ricketts, in New York Times.

## JUST A MATTER OF NUMBERING.

The Great Detective Explains the Delay in a Murder Case.

"No, we haven't made any arrests yet," the great detective told the reporter. "You can say this much, however: We know who the murderer is."

"He is one of four men whom we have been watching from the first. The fact that only one man committed the crime has been sworn to by witnesses."

"Neither the first nor the second of these four men was present when the shot was fired. The third man was also away at the time."

"The fourth man is the one we want, and we can lay our hands on him whenever we're good and ready."

"Then what are you waiting for?" asked the reporter. "Why don't you arrest him now?"

"Well," said the great detective, "you see we're not yet sure as to the proper numbering of these men. We know that the fourth man is the one we want, but which of these four is the fourth man? That's what we're working on now."—New York Sun.

### Brewers War on Saloons.

Indianapolis dispatch: The disorderly saloon must face a new enemy, as the Indiana Brewers' association has decided on a campaign that is to be more effective than the Anti-Saloon league.

### Found a Friend.

Valley City, N. Dak., July 27th.—Mrs. Matilda M. Boucher of this place tells how she found a friend in the following words:

"For years I suffered with a dizziness in my head and could get nothing to cure me till about two years ago, when I was advised to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. These pills cured me before I had used the whole of the first box, and I haven't been troubled since."

"In January of this year I had an attack of Sciatica that made me almost helpless, and remembering how much Dodd's Kidney Pills had done for me before, I sent and got some and began to take them at once."

"In three weeks I was well, and not a trace of the Sciatica left, and I have been well ever since."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have certainly been of great benefit to me. I have found them a friend in time of sickness, and I will always recommend them to every one suffering with the troubles that bothered me."

### Russia Tells Intentions.

Birmingham, England, cablegram: The Post announces that the government has received a dispatch from the Russian government, containing a declaration of Russian intentions in the far East. No details are obtainable.

The Diamond Spring Bed, advertised in another column by the American Wire & Steel Bed Co. for \$5.00 is a first-class offer and should be taken advantage of by those who can afford to spend \$5.00 for their night's comfort.

Ella—"My face is my fortune."

Stella—"Well, you can't all have money."—New York Herald.

### ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

#### Notre Dame, Ind.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of St. Mary's Academy, which appears in another column of this paper. We do not need to expatiate upon the scholastic advantages of St. Mary's for the catalogue of the school shows the scope of work included in its curriculum, which is of the highest standard, and is carried out faithfully in the class rooms. We simply emphasize the spirit of earnest devotion which makes every teacher at St. Mary's loyally strive to develop each young girl attendant there into the truest, noblest, and most intelligent womanhood. Every advantage of equipment in the class rooms, laboratories and study rooms, every care in the matter of food and clothing, and exceptional excellence of classic conditions—all these features are found at St. Mary's, in the perfection of development only to be obtained by the consecration of devoted lives to educational Christian work, in a spot favored by the Lord.

When a man fails it is owing to circumstances past all human control, but when he succeeds it is due to his personal ability—so he says.—Chicago News.

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, and acts directly upon 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., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

You can always find some one to agree with you, even if your conclusions are not complimentary to yourself.

### MANY CHILDREN ARE SICKLY.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Summer Complaint, Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Japanese national flags are alleged to be practically unobtainable just now in London.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. All Trunks Labeled Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Every man's house is his castle until he makes an assignment—then it's his wife's.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW? If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 9 cent package 5 cents.

A hen is in hard luck; she is seldom able to find anything where she laid it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures, cures colic. 25c a bottle.

About 5,000 workmen are employed in the meerschau mines in Turkey.



KIDNEY

Doan's Kidney Pills

COMFORT.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains...



NAME: STATE: CITY: For free trial box, mail this coupon...

much pain in my back; as time went on I could hardly...

CONDENSED NEWS.

Natural gas explosions killed Mrs. Wilhelmina Lewis and Mrs. Fred A. Gzehl at Columbus, O.

An immense holding company may be organized within six months...

Mrs. Wilhelmina Cochran Barrington was granted a divorce at Kansas City...

Five Americans were drowned in Alaska rivers. The steamer Excelsior from Valdes reports...

A hundred carloads of fruit a day, of 2,400,000 pounds, are now going east from Sacramento, Cal.

Wm. Bondy, a human derelict, died in a suffocating prison van in Brooklyn while on his way to jail.

On his way to Syracuse to visit his brother-in-law, Jeremiah Sullivan, of Chicago, 65 years old, a retired business man...

Four dead and dying feudists are added to the long list of victims in Breathitt county, Ky.

Reason restored by a fall was the remarkable outcome of a tumble backwards from a third story window...

The battleship Kearsarge made her trip from Portsmouth, England, to Bar Harbor, Me., a distance of 2,000 miles...

Temperature of Heated Bodies. Some years ago Wier worked out a rule for calculating the absolute temperature...

The Fool Doubter. It takes less of a fool's brain energy to doubt things than it does for a wise man to accept one fact...

Concise is not an ingredient of consecration.

LIVE STOCK. Detroit. Cattle—Good fat corn fed steady; common butchers 102 1/2...

East Buffalo, Cattle—None; feeling strong. Hogs—Medium, \$6.00; heavy \$8.00...

Chicago, Cattle—Good to prime steers, \$20.00; stockers and feeders, \$15.00...

Detroit, Wheat (actual sales)—No. 2 white, 77 1/2; No. 2 red, 5.00...

Corn—No. 2 mixed, 31c; No. 3 yellow, 1 car at 29 1/2c per bu.

John Holliveler, a farmer near Randolph, Neb., harnessed his wife to a harrow...

Rev. E. O. Buxton, D. D., has resigned the presidency of Baldwin university at Berea, O.

MYSTERY OF WILD ANIMALS.

What becomes of those that die Natural Deaths in the Woods?

"The forest has many mysteries," said an old Pennsylvania woodsman...

"The four-footed dwellers of the woods certainly do not live forever. Age and disease must carry them off...

"Another time I followed the trail of a bear from a clearing where it had stolen a half-grown lamb...

"Its jaws were open, and its glassy eyes were pushed far out of its head. I held a post-mortem examination...

"I have many times found other dead animals in the woods, but never one that did not show unquestionable evidence of having died from violence...

Shadows. "Ah, honey-bee! ah, honey-bee! how eager is your song! And how the flowers are trembling to see you pass along!"

And Ivyweed, and Ivyweed, how tenderly it is a leaf that lifts you from many a year ago. Do you, then, love the shade so that you should never roam?

Shall I, then, as the ivy be, or be a honey-lover? And live a lover in the shade, or rove in the clover? The shadow to the sunbeam says, "A little you may roam."

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, Notre Dame, Indiana. We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Notre Dame University...

Meddle not in what you don't understand.—Portuguese proverb.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet. Cures Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails.

It is better to be fast asleep than slow when awake.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Ignorance is not orthodoxy. Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

He chooses night who refuses light. When answering Ads. please mention this paper. W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 81—1902.

FRANK B. LELAND, President. GEO. H. HOPKINS, Vice-President. SILAS B. COLEMAN, Vice-President. WALDO A. AVERY.

Capital Stock Paid in \$100,000.00. Additional Individual Liability \$100,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits \$ 7,888.10.

Interest at 4 per cent per annum paid on deposits from the day of deposit to the day of withdrawal. Interest compounded semi-annually.

The Detroit United Bank Limited commenced business September 3, 1902, in the handsome new Banking building at 204-206 Griswold Street...

The Detroit United Bank Limited is strictly a savings bank. No loans are made on commercial paper, nor under its charter can it take any commercial risks whatever.

The favor with which the public regard this bank and the conservative system for which it stands is evidenced by the many hundreds of depositors it already has both from Detroit and from outside towns.

It has been open but three-quarters of a year and at this time has upwards of a quarter of a million dollars of deposits. It has depositors in seventy-six cities and towns outside of Detroit, the aggregate of such deposits exceeding \$100,000.

It already has in its vaults over a third of a million dollars of first mortgages on real estate, worth at least double the amount of mortgage in each case.

It is seeking to interest savings depositors whether residing in Detroit or elsewhere. You are invited to open an account, and at all times are assured of courteous treatment and every facility which a first-class modern savings bank can provide.

Send for booklet on BANKING BY MAIL, fully illustrating the system introduced by this bank, under which it is as easy for persons residing at a distance to carry their savings accounts with a strong metropolitan bank as for those residing in Detroit.

204-206 GRISWOLD STREET, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

FOR TWENTY YEARS MAJOR MARS SUFFERED FROM CATARRH OF THE KIDNEY.



PERUNA CURES CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS

Major T. H. Mars, of the 10th Cavalry, writes: "For years I suffered with the kidneys contracted in the woods..."

At the appearance of the first symptom of kidney trouble, Peruna should be taken. This remedy strikes at once the very root of the disease.

Peruna cures catarrh of the kidneys simply because it cures catarrh wherever located. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman...

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Who's Afraid

The childish confidence which this illustration portrays shows exactly the confidence of everyone who has ever used

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin (A Laxative)

Perhaps no medicine ever put on the market has met with such phenomenal cures and the output of our laboratory has increased steadily 500 per cent every year.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin which is positively guaranteed to cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, malaria and all troubles arising from the stomach (excepting cancer) and will purchase a 50 cent or \$1.00 bottle from your druggist...

We will be glad to send you a sample bottle and a little booklet on stomach troubles if you will send us a postal.

PEPSIN SYRUP COMPANY, Monticello, Ill.

Bromo-Seltzer

Promptly cures all Headaches

Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

He chooses night who refuses light. When answering Ads. please mention this paper. W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 81—1902.

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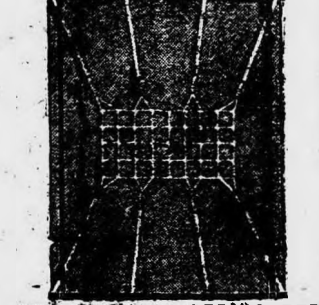
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204-206 GRISWOLD STREET, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

THIS OFFER FOR ONE MONTH ONLY

A TREAT FOR YOUR FAMILY.



OUR DIAMOND SPRING BED

Will sustain a weight of 5,000 lbs.

Perhaps you toss about restlessly all night on a hard unyielding spring bed, or lie bent double in a soft one of poor wire.

Would you like to know what a night of perfect rest is? Is any member of your family sick and unable to sleep on an old fashioned spring bed?

Invented and made for ease and comfort, the lightest persons find in it real enjoyment, yet the tension of the fabric is such that no weight can make it sag.

For one month only, as an advertisement, we will deliver this Spring Bed at your station for \$2.00, the price your local furniture dealer would have to pay.

ORDER ONE NOW. Send in \$5.00 by check, money order, or cash in registered letter and we will ship you one Diamond Spring Bed immediately.

AMERICAN WIRE & STEEL BED CO., 324 W. 26th St., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

ASENTS WANTED to sell dry powder eye cure. Address: FINE KILLER, 44 Murray St., N. Y.

CHAMPION TRUSS EASY TO FIT. EASY TO WEAR. Ask Your Physician's Advice. BOOKLET FREE.

ASTHMA! TAYLOR'S ASTHMA REMEDY will cure any case of Asthma, if used strictly as directed.

FREE TO WOMEN! To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine...

THE PAXTINE CO., Boston, Mass., 111 Columbus Ave.

EDUCATIONAL. The University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.

FULL COURSES in Classics, Letters, Economics and History, Journalism, Art, Science, Pharmacy, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY NOTRE DAME, INDIANA. One mile west of Notre Dame University.

Most beautifully located. Connected by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Chartered 1860. Enjoying a national reputation.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

AGENTS. CATHOLIC AGENTS' ATTENTION: "LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII." only authorized edition...

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING CO. 41 S. Fourth St., Philadelphia.

PISO'S SUPERIOR. BEST WINE IN THE WORLD. Sold by all druggists.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

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**THE KAISER'S SURPRISE PARTY.**

**Incident Shows Prominent Trait in William's Character.**

An amusing story is told in the English papers about Kaiser Wilhelm's fondness for surprising his army and his navy. When the squadron was at Kiel, some time ago, the officers attended a court function in Berlin. A young naval commander, while mingling with the crowd of gayly uniformed courtiers, thought he espied another naval friend in front of him. His friend's back was turned toward him, so he pushed up to him and placing his hand on his shoulder he said: "How are you, old fellow? Come, let us go and surprise the aquarium to-night." His supposed friend turned around and, to his horror, the naval commander found that he had clapped Admiral Wilhelm on the back. The commander stood aghast, but the Kaiser saw the joke. "Excellent idea!" he said. "Keep quiet and we will start at once." And the biggest kind of a torpedo raid was the result and, to the Kaiser's great glee, he was able to torpedo every battleship and cruiser in port that night.

**The Tact of Max.**

"When Max O'Reilly, the English, of Twelfth and Vine from that city, had a curious pet in a large white duck that roams at will all over his house. The duck is fond of luxury and has a habit of burying itself in sofa cushions or anything else that is soft, yielding and pleasant. Consequently when it mysteriously disappeared the other day the doctor was quick to grasp a clue as to its whereabouts. Every Monday morning the laundryman calls for the week's accumulation of soiled linen, which is done up into a large bundle and left standing in the hall. It was shortly after the laundryman's visit that the duck was missed, and the doctor, knowing its habits, at once came to the conclusion that it was in the bundle. He telephoned to the laundry, but the wagon on that particular route had not yet come in. His next move was to go to the laundry and await developments. Presently the wagon arrived, and the bundle from Dr. English's house was opened. Sure enough, there was the missing duck. It had crawled inside and blinked its eyes and quacked a doleful protest at being thus rudely disturbed.—Philadelphia Record.

**The Place for Him.**

Virgil Markham, the little son of the poet, has a thirst for information, and from morning till night he asks questions. Recently, having exhausted the patience of his gentle mother, she said, "Virgil, you really must not ask me another question to-day. I'm very tired and you bother me."

The boy was somewhat surprised at this rebuff, but he speedily rose to the occasion and inquired, "When I go to heaven shall I bother the angels?"

"I hope not," answered Mrs. Markham.

"Or God?"

"No."

"Well," said Virgil, cheerfully, "if I won't bother any one up there, I guess heaven's the place for me, and it's about time I started."—New York Times.

**Lynching Statistics.**

All the lynchings within twenty-one years that he could verify have been tabulated by Mr. Cutler of Yale university. In that time 1,872 negroes have been lynched and 1,256 whites. Since the whites are about six times as numerous as the blacks, the proportion of negroes lynched is, of course, very much higher than these figures indicate.

**The Evil Communication.**

First Henpecked Husband—Well, sir, I've been gone and done it. My wife wouldn't give me the latch key again this morning, so I took it by force—by force, do you hear me? Second Ditto (admiringly)—Say, old man, for heaven's sake don't let my wife hear that. She'll never let me go out with you again.

**Had Sound Teeth.**

Prof. Wright of Birmingham university, finds the fossil teeth of the men of the neolithic and the bronze ages almost perfect in number, regularity and soundness. In those early days men's teeth lasted all their lives; the dentist was unknown and not needed. It is so now in many savage and half-savage races.

**Just a Little Slap.**

"I should think you would realize that that settles the matter," she said sharply. "I have told you plump and plain that I can never marry you, haven't I?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, "I don't see how you can call yourself plump."

**In Ancient Days.**

"The king just ordered my ears pulled," growled the court jester.

"I suppose you wish you were king," chuckled his buffoon friend.

"No, I wish I were an ace."

"An ace?"

"Yes; an ace can beat the king."

**Shape of Ear No Clue.**

After studying and photographing more than 40,000 pairs of ears of persons, including those of 2,000 insane and 800 criminals, and those of 200 animals, a criminologist is forced to conclude that the ear gives no clue to personal traits.

**Good Comparison.**

Stubb—The Chicago hold-up men have a way of locking the bartenders in the ice-chest. It must be pretty cold in one.

Penn—Yes, just like sitting next to a Boston girl.

**Among Rogues.**

Life Prisoner—My ancestors all got to be more than eighty years old.

Short Term Man—That must have been before the death penalty was established.

**NEED OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.**

**Noted Minister Makes Strong Plea for Its Retention.**

Rev. John Fearnley, pastor of St. Mary's Episcopal church in Burlington, Vt. in a sermon, Sunday, said: "The nation that educates its children aright is insuring for itself prosperity, freedom and happiness. America is the daughter of the nations and has inherited the greatness of them all. She is the last speaker in the drama of history, the valedictorian of time. Her heraldry is full of high suggestion. Her emblem is the eagle. Her flag, like the midnight heavens, blossoms with stars. Eagles and stars belong near the sky, and she will take them home if glory's wing can lift her there.

"The main cause of the United States' unexampled prosperity and greatness is our splendid system of national education, but education without religion leads only to ruin. There can be no prosperity without honesty, no freedom without self-restraint, no happiness without a good conscience, and honesty, self-restraint and conscience are meaningless unless they are based on a belief in a God of truth."

**Duck a Household Pet.**

Dr. English has a curious pet in a large white duck that roams at will all over his house. The duck is fond of luxury and has a habit of burying itself in sofa cushions or anything else that is soft, yielding and pleasant. Consequently when it mysteriously disappeared the other day the doctor was quick to grasp a clue as to its whereabouts. Every Monday morning the laundryman calls for the week's accumulation of soiled linen, which is done up into a large bundle and left standing in the hall. It was shortly after the laundryman's visit that the duck was missed, and the doctor, knowing its habits, at once came to the conclusion that it was in the bundle. He telephoned to the laundry, but the wagon on that particular route had not yet come in. His next move was to go to the laundry and await developments. Presently the wagon arrived, and the bundle from Dr. English's house was opened. Sure enough, there was the missing duck. It had crawled inside and blinked its eyes and quacked a doleful protest at being thus rudely disturbed.—Philadelphia Record.

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**EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE**

Grand Ledge, Sunday, August 2. Train will leave Plymouth at 8:15 a. m. Rate \$2.25. See posters, or ask agents for particulars.

Grand Rapids, Lansing, Flint, Saginaw, Bay City, Sunday, August 2. Train will leave Plymouth at 9:25 a. m. Rate \$2.25, \$1.00 and \$1.50. See posters or ask agents for particulars.

NIAGARA FALLS, ALEXANDRIA BAY, TORONTO, ONT., MONTREAL, QUE.

On August 5, 1903, tickets will be sold to above points at special low excursion rates, via Pere Marquette to Detroit, with choice of routes to Niagara Falls via either Michigan Central R. R. or Detroit and Buffalo line steamers. To Toronto and Montreal via Canadian Pacific Ry. Ask Pere Marquette agent for particulars as to rates, trains for which tickets will be sold, etc., or write H. F. Moeller, G. P. A., Detroit.

Saginaw and Bay City Sunday, August 9. Train will leave Plymouth at 8:35 a. m. Rate \$1.50. See posters, or ask Agent for particulars.

Grand Rapids Sunday, August 9. Train will leave Plymouth at 8:15 a. m. Rate \$2.25. See posters, or ask Agents for particulars.

**Commissioner's Notice.**

In the matter of the estate of Anna M. B. we, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Geo. A. Starkweather, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Thursday, the 2nd day of September, 1903, and on Thursday, the 11th day of January, 1904, at two o'clock P. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the sixteenth day of July, A. D. 1903, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated July 17, 1903.

DANIEL A. JOLLIFFE, ERNEST N. PASSAGE, Commissioners.

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**Commissioner's Notice.**

In the matter of the estate of Benjamin M. we, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Geo. A. Starkweather, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Saturday, the 20th day of September, 1903, and on Saturday, the 16th day of January, 1904, at two o'clock P. M. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the sixteenth day of July, A. D. 1903, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

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**Probate Notice.**

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-fifth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Betsy Ann Platt, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Calvin W. Platt, praying that administration do issue with the will annexed, may be granted to him or some other suitable person. It is ordered, That the twenty-eighth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in The Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate. ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.

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**The Hot Wave has Reached Us**  
and I have a choice selection of  
**Cold Cooked Meats**  
on hand for the benefit of the housewife who doesn't like to stand over a hot stove

**Orders taken for this Year's Spring Chickens**

The best cuts of Beef, Veal, Pork, Mutton, Salt and Smoked Meats.

**WM. HOOPS**  
Next door to Postoffice.  
Phone 23. Free delivery

**OTHERS LIKE IT! SO WOULD YOU. IT IS THE REAL THING WHAT? "Magnolia" Flour**

Order a sack from your nearest grocer and be convinced. Every sack warranted. We manufacture and handle

**Corn and Oats, Bran, Middlings, &c., &c.**

(Chicken Feed of all kinds. Call up No. 2 for any of the above and same will be delivered promptly.)

Agents for the celebrated International Stock Food for Horses, Cows, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry. Our Poultry Food will certainly make your hens lay.

**PLYMOUTH MILLING CO., WILCOX BROS., Props.**

**The Best Gasoline Stove**



**CONNER HARDW. CO. LIMITED.**

Jim Dunn exulted, "We do it! On Summer days so close and hot, Build up a fire and stew a dish of 'Force,' a bowl of cream, Is just the food to fit our whim, And keeps us cool," laughed "Sunny Jim."

**"Force"**  
The Ready-to-Serve Cereal  
not a blood heater.

**Ideal Summer Food.**  
"Force" is an ideal summer food because it contains elements for nourishing every organ of the body, is easily digested, creates what we know is vigor, and at the same time does not make a river of fire out of the blood. PERCY G. STANTON.



**Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.**

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling how to get it.

Home of Swamp-Root, Inc., also publishes many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

**More Heat and at Less Cost.**

We have on hand a car of the nicest Chestnut Coke that ever came into the city. Mixed with hard coal it makes first class fuel.

We especially recommend Coke for use in ranges. You can keep fire from fall till spring and your kitchen is always warm. It is cheaper than wood and a great deal less trouble

We also have Chestnut and Stove Coal, Lump and Washed Nut.

**Let Us Fill Your Order!**

Phone No. 91.

**J. D. McLAREN & CO....**

P. W. VOORHIES, Attorney and Counselor at Law  
Real Estate, Loans and Collections.  
Telephone 73. Plymouth, Mich.

**GERESOTA FLOUR**

is made from the famous hard spring wheat of Minnesota and Dakota—the best produced in the United States. This wheat contains more gluten and less starch than wheat grown farther south, consequently makes better bread. It is sweeter and more nutritious.

**Made in Minneapolis SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD**

For Sale at Retail by Bogert & Co. Lee & Cady, wholesale agents.

**Full Measure**

A gallon of Paint should mean 231 Cubic inches of Paint. It always does when you buy

**New Era Paint**

It comes in gallon cans measuring 6 inches in diameter by 7 1/2 inches in height. Its pure form, every atom of it a chemical analysis and a certificate of purity with every gallon.

Acme White Lead & Color Works, Detroit, Mich.

FOR SALE BY **GAYDE BROS.**

**A. PELHAM, DENTIST.**

R-I-P-A-N-S Tablets  
Doctors find A good prescription For mankind

The 5-cent packet is enough for nasal occasions. The family packet 60 cents for a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

**Foley's Honey and Tar** heals lungs and stops the cough.

**Foley's Kidney Cure** makes kidneys and bladder right.