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WHOLE NO. 947.

SHOCK FOR GREAT CHURCHMAN.

Bishop Unaccustomed to Such Familiar Mode of Address.

The county of Lunenburg, in Nova Scotia, was settled by Germans, and the children of these settlers are still German, says an eastern writer. At one of the little hotels in the town of the same name a party of drummers were waiting for the boat. They were primed, and ready for any lark. One in strolled a well known character, Neil Hyson, also a little "sprung."

In the parlor stood a solitary individual dressed in the garb of a minister. Neil spied this man, and asked the leader of the jokers if he thought the stranger would drink with him.

"Sure," said the leader, "but he is the bishop of Nova Scotia, and you must call him 'my lord.'"

Hyson marched up to the stranger, and giving him a familiar slap on the back, shouted: "Mine Gott, bishop, you drinks mitt me!"

What the fiery bishop said (he was none other than Bishop Courtney, former preacher at St. Paul's, Boston) I did not learn.

SERMON SERVED GOOD PURPOSE.

Sudden Delivery of Theology Made Horses Stop and Think.

What was possibly the most convincing sermon in the world was never preached; it was devoted to another use. Archbishop Tait was driving along a country road poring over the manuscript of his sermon as he rode. His attention was attracted by a roar and a clatter behind and turning round he saw a horse attached to a huge lorry careering down a hill at a gallop. The animal was beyond the control of its driver and was making straight for the back of the dogcart in which the archbishop was riding. The runaway drew rapidly nearer, but Tait waited calmly, and as it thundered up to the light trap, he selected the psychological moment. Then with all his force he flung the many-leaved sermon full in its face. The runaway stopped short to think it over and as he did so his driver got him in hand again and the situation was saved. "The poor beast had never had such a 'blatter' of theology before," was the archbishop's comment.

Had No Cause to Complain.

The Hon. Benjamin Kimball, one of New Hampshire's well known railroad men, is said to have complained to one of the butchers at Gifford, where Mr. Kimball's summer residence is, about the quality of meat supplied, saying: "That lamb you sold me must have been old enough to vote. It was so tough I could hardly cut it." "Oh," said the butcher, "that is nothing; Tom Fuller said the last piece of meat he bought of me was so tough he couldn't get his fork into the gravy."

Headlessness a Handicap.

Headlessness, quite as much as lack of mentality, is responsible for errors. It is the observation of men who are in the work of directing people at large that more than half of the inquiries expect to ask directions of one or more other persons before they reach their desired place. Learn not to ask the same information twice. Let one experience lesson in a certain line last you for life. These small things of life may be capital or handicap. It is worth while to make intelligent choice.

Giving Money a Weigh.

"I saw a new way of counting wealth," said a man who passes up and down Broadway occasionally, "and incidentally I got some idea of the amount of money these penny music men gather in daily. I was in one the other day about noontime, when the proprietor was making up his accounts. Do you know how he counted his receipts? Why, he weighed the pennies. And he filled up the basket on the scales a good many times, too. Funny way of doing it, but I suppose it's fairly accurate."

Amble Translation of "Iliad."

An Arabic translation of Homer's "Iliad" has been published at Cairo by Suleimna Vistani, a Mohammedan student at Khartoum college. The classic has been enthusiastically received in Moslem circles.

Close Quarters.

"You're in a pretty tight fix," said the defendant's lawyer. "One-half the jury want to hang you, and the rest don't think you're worth the rope.—Atlanta Constitution.

Somebody Said That—

"Many pleasant people come to see me, and such of our visitors as are not pleasant people have at least the good effect of enhancing to us the pleasure of being alone."

Hard Orders to Flee.

New rules in the French postoffice: "Letters are forbidden to read postcards, and are requested to keep back any on which are insults or bad lan-

THE BEST OF ALL MEDICINES.

Wonderful Restorative Force in Aspect of Cheerfulness.

There is a great restorative force in cheerfulness. It is a sovereign remedy. The physician who can inspire expectancy of something better to come, who can give you confidence in your power to overcome disease, and can make you feel that it is a shame for a man made to do a great work in the world to be ailing, has very little use for drugs. Sick people do not realize how much their faith and confidence in physician have to do with their cure. If he is cheerful, happy, hopeful, they feel buoyed up, sustained by his very presence. They feel the thrill of his splendid vitality, and gather strength from his courage. They catch the contagion of his cheerfulness and reflect his moods and condition. Invalids who have dragged along in misery for years have been suddenly, as if by magic, lifted out of their bondage by the cheer and encouragement which have come from some unexpected good fortune. This shows us how dependent the body is upon the mind, how it sympathizes with it and takes on its colorings, which are represented in the different functions.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

LEADER KNEW NO FALTERING.

Even After Death John Ziska Inspired His Adherents.

John Ziska, who made war on behalf of the persecuted Hussites against the Emperor Sigismund, was only once defeated, and forced his sovereign in the end to treat with him on terms of equality.

Ziska lost one eye very early in his career, and the other at the storming of Prague. Nevertheless, though totally blind, he continued to lead his adherents from victory to victory. He died eventually of the plague while besieging the castle of Craslau.

But even then his usefulness was not at an end, for his skin was tanned and made into a drum-head, in accordance with his last wishes, and its martial music served to inspire the Hussites with an ardor that eventually overcame all obstacles.

Take a Fresh Start.

As the horses trot down to the wire in a long, straggling line a race official bangs a bell and the whole field turns and goes back to try again. A fresh start is necessary. But it is not only on the race track that fresh starts are essential to the achievement of results. There are countless instances of business firms taking fresh starts after visitations of misfortune. Individuals without number daily turn their backs upon discouragements of the past and take a fresh start. The man who fails is he who is unwilling to do battle over again. An individual suffers everlasting failure if, when confronted by obstacles, he refuses to gird up his loins and take a fresh start. Fresh starts are the foes of sluggishness and laziness and the guarantees of a brighter success than could be possible without them.—Baltimore Herald.

Preacher Was Misunderstood.

Bishop Blomfield discovered one day as he entered the pulpit that he had forgotten the manuscript of his sermon. It was impossible to do as the Scottish minister did in similar circumstances, send for the sermon from his home while the congregation sung Psalm 119. No, he must preach extempore, and did so, taking for his theme the existence of God. Very well satisfied he felt with his effort. As he walked home he overtook one of his congregation, whose opinion of the sermon he invited. "Well, it were a very good sermon," was the reply, "but I don't agree w' it. I believe there is a God!"

Ruskin Displayed Snobbishness.

Leveson-Gower, author of entertaining memoirs, tells of an occasion on which Ruskin was snobbish. He says: "Ruskin on one occasion gave a large supper, to which he invited some of the leading undergraduates whom he did not know. His speech on this occasion did not make a favorable impression. He said he could hardly express how much he felt honored that so many young men who were superior to him socially should have condescended to accept his invitation. This disinclined us to keep up the acquaintance, although we were the losers thereby."

This Wicked World.

We read with grief that a farmer from the southeastern part of Amherst, N. H., came to Boston recently and bought a handsome horse for \$100, the animal to be delivered at the Amherst railway station. We read with grief, we say, because two days afterward a poor, worthless little blind beast arrived, accompanied by a freight bill for \$15. Of course, when the Amherst farmer came down to locate the stable where he bought the horse, the stable wasn't there. What a wicked, wicked world this is!—Boston Globe.

DEPARTURE OF THE DEPARTED.

Caller Accepted Commonplace Statement Too Literally.

In many rural districts there is usually one accommodating man, who is called upon, gratuitously, too, to shave when necessary, those who depart this life. The writer remembers this custom as in vogue at Plymouth, Me., a small town off the railway in Penobscot county, and a gentleman by the name of Blanchard was usually sought at such times.

One day an old gentleman had passed away and Mr. Blanchard was sent for; the messenger, being in a hurry himself, thought the occasion demanded more signs of activity on Mr. Blanchard's part, and expressed his mind to that effect to which he received the reply: "Well, he can wait, can't he?"

Very soon, however, the shaving kit was gathered up and a start for the work was made. When the house was reached the daughter of the departed one, thinking the call was made to inquire her father's condition, came to the door and said: "Well, father has gone."

"Gone! Where in h—l has he gone? I came over to shave him," replied Mr. Blanchard.—Boston Herald.

PICTURED AN ORDINARY GIRL.

Woman Writer Explains From What Type She Drew Her Line.

Kate Jordan, the author of "Time, the Comedian," was asked by a seeker after knowledge why it was that the modern school of women writers all take for their heroines a girl of backbone and of steadfast purpose.

"The girl heroine," said this critic, "never discovers that she is beautiful until she is 25."

"My heroine knew just how she looked, but she didn't care. After she fell in love she began to care a lot. That is right and natural. You seem to think women naturally are dishonest. What less could a girl do in common honesty than my heroine did? Having money that she didn't want on account of its associations, and that she was not entitled to, she labored to restore it. Hundreds of men are doing that thing every day, laboring honestly to repay their debts, and yet you seem to think it remarkable that a woman does it."

Surprised at Sight of Whale.

Olaus Magnus, bishop of Upsala, tells how a certain noble Englishman saw, on Aug. 27, 1632, "a dead beast of vast magnitude" which had been cast up on the shore at Teignmouth. It was ninety feet long and twenty-five feet in thickness, and evidently a whale from the mention of its blowholes, and the fact that instead of teeth "there grew to his palate above 1,000 plates of horn, hairy on one side." The noble Englishman noted that it had "three bellies like vast caves, and thirty throats, whereof five were very great." On Aug. 28, 1738, an Englishman with business instincts saw two flights of birds collide with such force near Preston that 180 of them fell to earth. He picked them up and sold them in Preston market forthwith.

Maid and the Dispensary.

It is commonly supposed that the persons who use the public dispensaries cannot afford to pay a doctor. If the dispensary statistics are large then (it is thought) the number out of work is very great. This is not a fair inference. A large number of the patrons of dispensaries are poor, but a large number are not. At Johns Hopkins hospital a story is told of a woman, who, after being treated, lingered in the dispensary. "Is there anything further, madam?" a young doctor asked. "Oh, no; I'm just waiting till they've treated my maid."—The World's Work.

Pew Was as Good as New.

William P. Kverill, landlord of The Tavern, at New Boston, N. H., erected and formerly conducted by J. Reed Whipple, is a native of Peterboro, where his father was a leading citizen and a pillar in the church. The New Boston landlord is not so pronounced in religious activities, and, after the death of his parents and the removal of the remainder of the family from town, advertised the family pew for sale in the local paper, as follows: "For Sale—Pew No. 27 in the Congregational Church. But little used; as good as new."—Boston Herald.

Artificial Storm at Sea.

The inhabitants of Aboukir, near Alexandria, were recently treated to a wonderful spectacle. It became necessary to destroy some sixteen tons of powerful dynamite, and the explosives—sufficient to blow up a town—were taken to sea and placed below the water. Something like a submarine earthquake followed the explosion, which was heard for miles around. A waterspout shot into the air to a height of 2,000 feet, and fell back in drizzling spray. Simultaneously the sea became a whirlpool of seething water, as if agitated by a hurricane.

Our Fall Stock



Bought for the Holiday trade is now in our store. We have the largest and best stock of



IMPORT'D DECORATED CHINA

direct from Dresden, Germany, never shown in a Plymouth store.

High Grade China Salads, Chocolate Pots, Sugar and Cream Sets, Chop Plates, Cracker Jars and Cups and Saucers, New and artistically decorated in color, flowers and gold.

We have also just received a new line of embossed, glazed and hand-decorated

Jardiniers, Large, Beautiful Decorated Globe Lamps

Toilet Sets,

Dinner Sets,

White Granite &

Semi-Porcelain Dishes.



Remember, we lead in the Crockery business.

Get Our Prices

before buying elsewhere.

Our Grocery Stock is of the Best



We are always willing to pay a little more if that "little more" means a more satisfactory article. Our Breakfast Blend Coffee at 25c can't be beat. Try our W. J. G. or Royal Satsuma Tea at 50c per lb.

Give us a Trial Order.

Our Prices are right. We do not claim to be the cheapest on every article we sell, as no house can undersell every one on all goods at all times and make any money. But we do claim that every price we quote is a right price. Visit our store. We are always pleased to show goods.



Goods delivered free. Telephone 53.

GAYDE BROS.

FURNITURE, NEW, UP-TO-DATE

It is our aim to supply the people of Plymouth and the surrounding country the best line of Furniture that we can buy. We make it our business to buy only what is good and reliable—that has the wear. We can and do guarantee every article that we sell. At the present time our stock is the

Largest and Finest that any Store In Plymouth has ever Carried.

We are, in fact, overcrowded and must have more room for Holiday Stock.

WE ARE OFFERING MANY BARGAINS

And it is to your advantage to buy now. Come in and see us and let us quote you pricer. We can undersell any store in the county will satisfy you of this fact.

We also have a fine, new line of

CARPETS SAMPLES

A large selection. If you want a Carpet we can sell it to you at very reasonable price.

SCHRADER BROS.

Furniture Dealers and Undertakers.

GREAT TWO DAYS' SALE

We believe that it's to the interest of the community, that it promotes business, that it's beneficial to both the merchant and the Customer to give Sales Days, and we therefore offer any article in our place on

SATURDAY AND MONDAY,

OCTOBER 28 AND 30,

AT

ABSOLUTE COST!

This does not mean that we have a lot of antiquated stuff to sell off, but everything we have in stock.



ADRIAN, MICH.

The Lion all Hard Wire Fence

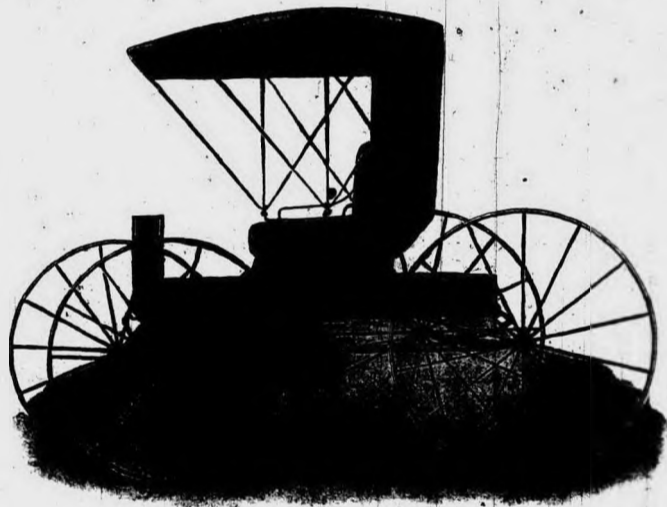
at the following prices for Cash.

300 rods 9-bar 40-inch Fence	28c
300 rods 10-bar 42-inch Fence	25c
300 rods 10-bar 46-inch Fence	26c
400 rods 10-bar 50-inch Fence	28c

We reserve the right to withdraw price when this amount of fence is sold. We have some 14-ft. Wire Gates that we sold for \$6.50—on above days, \$4.50.

BUGGIES AND WAGONS

On this date only we will sell a



\$40 00 Road Wagon for	\$31 00	60 00 Top Carriage	45 00
43 00 Road Wagon for	35 00	85 00 Bike Wagon	65 00
45 00 Road Wagon for	36 00	50 00 2-seated half Platform Spring Wagon, leather upholstered	37 50
48 00 Road Wagon for	38 00	We offer all Lumber Wagons at absolute cost to us.	
50 00 Road Wagon for	40 00		
55 00 Top Carriage	40 00		

SINGLE HARNESS

Will go at the following prices while they last—we have only a few left:

\$10 00 Harness	7 50	Full brass trimmed Double Harness, extra quality, 1 3/4 traces, with Breeching, sold for \$32, now	25 50
12 00 Harness	8 25	Sweat Pads, 40c, now	25
17 00 Harness	12 00	Whips from 10c to 50c.	
18 00 Harness	12 50		
14 00 Harness	10 00		

Grindstones—Steel frame, ball bearing, foot tread, \$4 00, this sale \$3 00.
Swivel Cow Stanchions, \$1 00, this sale 75c.
A 1000-lb. Victor Scale, sold regular everywhere for \$10, sale price \$8 00.
Set of Whiffletrees and Eveners, 75c. A good Neckyoke 25c.
Mica Axle Grease—25c pail, 15c.; 10c can, 7c. Castor Oil Buggy Grease, 25c can, 3 for 25c.
Cornshellers that sold for \$6 50, sale price \$5 00.
Extension Ladders—Any length up to 38 feet, 12 1/2c per foot. Straight Ladders, only a few left, 6 1/2c per foot.
Combination Stock and Hayrack, \$15; sale price \$12.
A set of Farm Trucks, 4 inch iron wheel, \$22, sale price \$15.
A set of Farm Trucks, steel axle, solid wood wheel, sale price \$20.
A 3-section Steel Roller, sells regular for \$25, sale price \$16.
A 2-section Steel Roller, sells regular for \$22, sale price \$16.
17-tooth Spring-tooth Harrow, regular \$17, sale price \$13.50.
60-tooth Spike-tooth Harrow, regular \$11, sale price \$9.
All Plows on this day, \$10. All Plow Points this day, 25c.

Any and all articles not enumerated in this list will be sold accordingly.

The Moon Implement & Buggy Co.

The Athletic Girl.

"There is a garden in the town—
Where roses and white lilies grow—
With words of light and grace—
So sang a poet of long ago—
Oh, poet, if you lived now—
Methinks you'd have to say this way:
Her little nose is bright as a star,
And peering, peering, peering, and aye;
Her cheeks with freckles are spread,
Her ribbon-circled locks display
Straw-colored streaks and red and
brown—
The sun's work, streaming hotly down.
Her foot is broad, her ankle thick—
The tennis foot and ankle this;
Her palm is hard as any brick
With car's, golf stick's and racquet's
kiss.
The funny wrinkle round each eye
The chauffeur's face doth signify.
Her arm is like a bar of steel,
Her fat is like an osken knob.
To clasp her round the waist would feel
Like clamping a machine athrob
And clanking. Say, do you prefer
The rose and lily girl or her?"

THE IDENTITY OF A. W.

By R. C. PITZER

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There was something of a frown on Robert Larkin's face as he stared out of the window at the flying landscape. After he reflected complacently that Mae and he still had most of the money and all of the jewelry badgered from the bearded Westerner, George Broanan.

His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of another passenger into the smoking compartment, and he studied him from under half-shut lashes. The newcomer was white and weakly, with black hair and a baby mustache.

"Excuse me," Larkin said, as the man fumbled in his vest; "matches gone, eh? Let me supply you."

The stranger gravely bowed, and as he took a match, Larkin's jewel-mad eyes were blinded by the scintillations of a large diamond. The scintillations flashed into the sharper's soul, so that he at once grew affable. For a time he had to carry on both sides of the conversation, but the stranger gradually thawed.

"Not acquainted in New Jersey, then, eh?" Larkin asked in reply to some remark the other had made. "As for me, I know it well, though I'm a Manhattan man. Thompson's my name—Wolfe Thompson."

"As you say," the stranger returned, "I am unacquainted with this state so far as I can tell. I may have been here before, but I don't know." He laughed uneasily, while Larkin stared with unfeigned astonishment. "The fact is," he continued, "just now I'm a little upset. I met with an accident out in Kansas City—a brick fell on my head—and I was in a hospital there for several months. Brain fever, you know. I'm just getting straightened up."

"Ah, I see," said Larkin, sympathetically. "Don't quite remember everything yet, eh? Going home? Perhaps you live in New York, Mr. —er—"

"I call myself Adam West," the stranger said. "No, I'm not going home, Mr. Thompson. At least, I—well, I don't know whether I am or not. Perhaps, as you're a New Yorker, you may be able to help me, for the fact of the matter is I don't know where I live, I don't know what my name is, I don't know anything of myself prior to the hospital." Larkin puckered his lips, and his little eyes veiled themselves behind the long lashes.

"It's a remarkable thing," West went on, staring out of the window. "I'm as clear and sane as you can be but I've wholly lost my identity. It took me weeks to get accustomed to the matter, but now I can study the situation calmly, and I have determined to find my old self, if such a thing is possible. I had no papers, note book, cards—nothing on my person that could fully identify me. My linen, pocketbook, hat mark, the monogram on my watch, all said that I was 'A. W.', and I have temporarily made Adam West out of that. The strangest part of the affair was that I had several thousand dollars in my pocket book. I must have been there

to pay it to some one; either that, or else I had but just finished some deal."

"You would have had papers of some sort," Larkin objected.

"I might have mailed them home," Larkin smiled. "I believe that you're a Westerner," he said; "you have a Western sharpness in your speech. Mr. West—the name's prophetic."

"But the strangest thing," West eagerly said; "there was one clue—among the banknotes was a page torn from a memorandum book, and on it, in my handwriting, was, 'Be sure to get Phemie a Navajo blanket.' Now in itself that note means no more or less than that I had come out of the East, and was to carry back to someone a souvenir of the West. Don't

you see? But the most important part was a half-obscuring pencilling underneath: 'Jersey Station—Ferry—She'll have apartments.' There, that is what brings me here. I fancy that we don't live in the city—or I don't—but Phemie was to meet me. Phemie was to be at the station and take me to apartments she had secured. I must find Phemie."

Behind Larkin's long lashes a sudden glitter flashed; a quick shadow crossed his face, leaving it more immobile than ever.

"A bad tangle," he mused.

West nodded. "And think how I must feel about the matter," he said. "Possibly my wife—an unknown woman—waiting somewhere for me—eating her heart out in silent grief and worry—not knowing whether I am dead or have deserted her, or what may have happened."

"Come, come," Larkin soothed, "you musn't worry—you musn't brood. Why, it's sure to come out all right. You have a good roll of money, haven't you? Well, that means that there's more, at home. You may step out of this Pullman right into her arms. And if you don't—well, look here, you've made a friend of me, Mr. West. I'm a newspaper man; it will be the easiest

thing in the world for me to make your mystery public from Lower California to Greenland's icy mountains. And I'll do it! I'll unearth your people; I'll drag 'em out of their holes, sir!"

West could not speak from emotion, but he feelingly shook hands.

"That's all right," Larkin heartily said; "you can thank me when I've succeeded. But, Mr. West—a little advice. Don't you go running about Manhattan with that roll of money on you. If you do, someone else will have it before the week's out. You bank it. Let me take you down to my banker's."

"Oh, I've fixed that," said West, easily; "I haven't ten dollars with me. I bought exchanges in Kansas City."

Larkin's face almost imperceptibly twitched in disappointment. "That's good," he said. "But you've overshot the mark a trifle. It'll be past banking hours before you can get down town, and you've got to find rooms and outfit yourself. Here's my card—apartments on Twenty-ninth street—fine bachelor quarters. Let me loan you a little, and you come there and get the place opposite mine; or go to the Arcade Hotel. Here." He pulled out a fairly well-filled book and extracted several bills. "It'll be a favor to me," he urged as West seemed to hesitate.

"Well, I'll take them," West said, "and heartily thank you into the bargain. Why, here's a hundred dollar bill. I don't need so much."

Larkin waved his hands with spectacular generosity. "That's all right," he said; "you're good for all I own, and then some. You don't know how soon you'll need that. But we musn't plan too far ahead," he continued. "Your wife may meet you."

They did plan, however, and West's position was discussed from every possible standpoint. At a station in central New Jersey, Larkin excused himself for a moment and went out on the platform. In an instant he was at the operator's window dashing off a telegram.

"Miss Mae Titus," it read, "don't fail to meet train at Roseland, important. Keep out of sight. Will see you in day coach. Dress soberly. Larkin."

He stung the yellow paper through the window, cast the money after it, and just succeeded in catching the train.

"Business," he puffed, reseating himself in the smoker; "got to keep my paper posted on my movements. I'm after some heavy interviews. Won't you come out to the buffet?"

There again Larkin excused himself after he saw West well settled behind a file of papers, a bottle and some cigars. "Man in a day coach that has a bit of news I ought to get," he explained. Once out of sight, a broad grin overspread his face and he rubbed his hands. "What a graft!" he chuckled; "this one'll be as good meat as the Broanan was."

At Roseland he leaned out of the window and searched the platform. A slim, brown-eyed girl in summer white caught his eye, and he beckoned. A few hasty words explained the situation.

"You're his wife," he said, looking admiringly at the lowered lashes and slim, oval face; "we'll say that your name is Willow—Euphemia Willow, see? He's Abraham. You'll get to the ferry before he does; meet him calmly, but with the 'glad sweet smile' business, see? You're immensely relieved and overjoyed, but too well-bred to display it in public. You won't have to tell him much about himself; he'll be too wrapped up in you—too tickled at finding himself. You live out of town, of course; say, at Shauasett, and are waiting here for him according to agreement. Don't forget the Navajo blanket; the fool's sentimental, and I suppose he's got it in

the baggage car on the chance of finding Phemie. There, that's all. I must hurry back."

"Wait a minute, Bob," said Mae, laying a detaining hand on his arm. "There's the apartment—what'll I do about that?"

"Why, Witter's, to be sure. I'll get away ahead of you, hire the place, and you can just step into it."

"But," said Mae, nervously, "isn't it pretty dangerous? Bob, we worked the Westerner easily, and I have the jewels now"—she laid her hand on her breast—"and the money; but he did not dare squeal. You'd better take them, by the way. We'll have to clear out at once and summer in Southern France, my dear."

Larkin nodded. "With the two wads we ought to have a warm time," he grinned, "but you must be the banker until we get away. I might be pinched on luck, you know, and if they found that stuff on me—by-by, Europe. For heaven's sake, don't forget the identification papers. I'll have to face the banker, you know, and go below the dead line to do it."

When he returned to the sleeper he was anxious and distraught; he began to fear that the real Mrs. "A. W." might after all appear. He feigned to have learnt something from the man he had interviewed that would necessitate an immediate return to Philadelphia; but he made an appointment for the next evening, and gave many and varied directions, admonitions and warnings. He was the first passenger to alight at Jersey City. A hasty glance told him that no woman was waiting at the ferry; another showed him Mae hurrying to her post; and then he turned his back on the drama he had set in action and lost himself in the bows of the ferry boat.

The next few hours were very busy. He had to secure the Witter apartments, and passages in the ocean liner that left the succeeding afternoon; he had to clear his rooms, get himself up somewhat in the fashion of Adam West, shave his dyed mustache, and pack clothes and chattels.

It was after midnight when he sat down in the ransacked, littered room for a final cigar. But he had barely lit the match when the door flew open and Mae burst in, in a mingled stare of rage and amusement on her face.

"Oh, Bobbie!" she gasped, sinking on a chair. "What fools! He's gone!"

"Gone!" Larkin shouted.

Mae nodded and unloosened her collar as if she were half-suffocating. "He"—she said—"he was George Broanan!"

"What!"

Again Mae nodded. "The Westerner we badgered," she groaned. "He shaved himself and came back after the jewels and money."

"And he got them?"

Mae ruefully took a small package from her bosom. "He gave me the money you loaned him," she said.

TURN BAD BOYS FROM WRONG

In Ohio They Do This on a Large and Humane Plan.

"The State of Ohio was the first in point of time and is now the first in point of importance," says Eugene Wood, who describes "A School for Boys," in Everybody's, "to see that it is fiendish folly to try to make a good boy out of a bad boy by shutting him up in a jail, on low diet, in utter idleness, and in the company of the most dissolute ruffians to be found on earth. Of all the crazy and cruel notions that the devil himself has succeeded in lodging firmly in men's minds that is positively the limit. There would be some sense in taking a bad boy out in the back yard and chopping his head off, because that would reform him permanently; but to expect to make him anything else than an Apache, by putting him into jail is nothing but insanity, as you can readily see. Nevertheless, that is, or was, the standard and approved method."

"But the state of Ohio wouldn't just muddle along doing a crazy thing because everybody else was doing a crazy thing. Investigation showed that the 'Rauhe Haus' near Hamburg, Germany, was working on sensible lines for the reformation of bad boys, and in 1858 the first school in America for reforming such youth, with the prison part left out, was begun near Lancaster, O. It is the 'Rauhe Haus' idea clear through; the cottage system, the teaching the boys useful trades, the building up of their bodies so that they have the physical strength to control themselves. The title 'Elder Brother' for the head of each cottage is borrowed from the 'Rauhe Haus,' and the land is even hilly, as it is in the German institution."

Back, Back, Back to Duluth.

A story was told in a Duluth restaurant of a man who had secured a position in Chicago and was to leave Duluth to go to work.

However, he got mixed up with some friends while saying good-by and was soon in such a condition that he didn't care whether he went that day or the next. So he hit upon the brilliant idea of sending a postal to his new employer, saying he had missed his train, as an excuse for not being there on time. When he did get to Chicago he asked his boss if he had received the card.

"Yes," said the boss, "I got the card all right, but what I can't understand is how you could miss the train when the card didn't."

Neither did the Duluth man understand. That is why the story comes from Duluth. He returned.

So Natural.

"I dreamed last night, George," said Mrs. Swellman, "that I was with a box party at the opera and—"

"Yes," interrupted her husband, "I might have known that."

"What! How do you mean?"

"You were talking very loud in your sleep."

Parting.

They say that parting is sweet sorrow,
And so it is, if they that part
Look forward to some glad to-morrow
When each may claim the other's heart.
The headlong and the sacred meeting
Or lips in love's pure service—these
Bring recompense for much repeating
Of former longings, if the seas
And hills and plains that keep us twain
May some day be recessed again.

When we who say goodbye forever,
Clasp hands and look through tear-
dimmed eyes,
And know that we may never, never
Renew the rudely broken ties;
Or, if some splendid realm above us,
They may behold who gave us birth,
And still as weeping children love us
How must they wonder that the earth
Can, as our hands unclasp, possess
Aught save the tomb of joyousness!

Their parting may be splendid sadness,
And who look with eager hopes beyond,
For whom the future treasures gladness
In payment of the joys they've pawned;
But how can heaven undo the sorrow
That they must bear who, loving, part
And see ahead no glad to-morrow.
No gleaming afterlife, sweetheart?
Who have no dear excuse, alas,
To count the moments as they pass!
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A RUSSIAN LOGHINVAR

By BESSIE E. HOOVER

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In the smoky kitchen of a Russian farmhouse, that was dimly lighted with a spitting lamp, which gave but a feeble flame, two serving men were eating their supper, and discussing between bites the latest sensation of their little world.

"And what," grumbled old Petrovitch, "makes Ivan Harlov stay like a wolf in a cave?"

"Fool," retorted Maxtmka, "can a hunted man go to Litovsk, across a country full of soldiers, on foot? No, he would be dead. The Czar's soldiers come to-night in search of him; and one can earn a whole year's wages by showing them the cave where he is hiding."

"Ah, so!" whistled Petrovitch, "then the proud Ivan Harlov will have a good mouthful of steel for his supper if he resists the soldiers."

Out in the passage, Anna Nikolavna stood, eagerly listening to her father's servants. Some one must save Ivan Harlov; her father was away from home, and none of the serfs could be trusted on such a mission.

Though Ivan had revolted against the Czar, though he had roused the peasants and petty landowners to open rebellion that had reacted upon themselves, Anna Nikolavna could not hate him. Yet she tried honestly to, because Ivan had always caused her plenty of unrest in the old days. For all the young men that she met at the merry-makings in the village, Ivan, the one she secretly preferred, had completely ignored her; but then, Ivan Harlov never noticed any girl.

But now a strange compelling power seemed to have taken possession of her, and a feeling strong as death itself rose in her heart and impelled her to make some effort to save Ivan Harlov.

She muffled herself in a large woollen shawl, for the weather was cold, and the snow was even then falling, and slipped out to the old stables where Zhto, the great black stallion, the most valuable animal for miles about, was tied in a low stall, hidden from the front entrance to protect him from the soldiers, who in these unsettled times might be tempted to confiscate so valuable an animal.

Anna dared not call one of the serf boys or peasants to help her, for fear that they would warn the soldiers; but the servants were all out of the way for a time while they ate supper.

She threw the saddle over Zhto's broad back, strapped it securely, bent his proud head and slipped the bridle on as deftly as a groom might have done; then as it was already dark, she led him from the stable and turned down the lane that crossed the fax fields to the bluffs where Ivan Harlov was hiding.

It was about a mile across the fields to the bluffs, below which stretched a broad valley and beyond that lay the town of Litovsk.

Leading the horse to a stile in the lane fence, she hastily mounted and



Slipped out to the old stables.

rode rapidly away, sitting astride, the stirrups dangling a foot's length below her feet.

As she looked back at the buildings she had just left, the rambling old house and low straggling stables, dimly outlined against the darkening sky, began to blink with lights, there were hurried trampings, shouts of command rang sharply out in the still night air, and Anna Nikolavna knew that the soldiers that were hunting Ivan Harlov had come.

Still she was not afraid for herself and rode boldly on. She knew little of the horrors of the revolution, for the general unrest of Russia had not as yet affected their little village perceptibly.

But as she cleared the bluffs a loud

cry of "Halt!" rang out, and looking around she saw a number of soldiers, perhaps half a dozen, riding swiftly toward her, whose advance had been delayed by the snow.

She slipped Zhto with the rein, and he bounded ahead, while she clung desperately to the saddle. Just in front of them on the edge of the bluff stretched a little pine wood. The lane stretched abruptly near this wood and ran a mile parallel with the bluffs before it descended to the valley below. This was the way Anna had intended to go.

But as the soldiers closed in on her, she dared not keep to the lane, so she rode into the pines and disappeared from their sight. Once in the wood, she felt a moment's relief and remembered the little footpath that led down the bluffs from that point. Hurriedly she found the path. The bluffs were nearly two hundred feet high there and very steep, with a clay soil imbedding stones and even rocks, and holding with a firm grasp the sturdy roots of the dwarf pines that dotted the hillside, down which the little path zigzagged uncertainly, under the light fall of snow, to the valley below.

It is doubtful if any animal larger than a dog had ever made its way down there. But the cave where Ivan



"I will not go with you," cried Anna, "I hate you."

Harlov was hiding was only a few rods from the footpath.

"Come out of the wood," shouted one of the soldiers, "or we fire!"

Slipping from the saddle, Anna Nikolavna took Zhto by the bridle and led him to the brink of the bluff. The great animal, intelligent and sure of foot, seemed to sense the danger, and put one hoof carefully down on the treacherous path, while the soldiers kept shouting for her to come or they would fire.

Still she only urged Zhto on, and he went slipping and stumbling, yet trusting his great body on the steep incline.

The soldiers who had the command of the others, becoming alarmed lest she escape with the horse and Ivan Harlov be saved, ordered his men to fire; but the horse and girl were half-way down the bluff and the bullets whizzed harmlessly over their heads. A minute later and the grove was alive with soldiers; but in the darkness they did not notice the track leading down the hillside. And Maxtmka, supposing that she had gone through the pines to the road running parallel with the bluff, led the soldiers that way.

Once Zhto slipped and almost pushed Anna from the path, but she jerked the bridle quickly, and clung to a dwarf pine to steady herself. Then they started down again, but the great horse, stumbling on a stone, pulled the bridle from the girl's hand with a great toss of his head, and plunged madly down the bluff.

Anna followed, hardly knowing how she got down, and fearing that the horse would fall and kill himself on the rocks, or if he reached the bottom in safety he would gallop across the valley. But she found Zhto standing meekly at the foot of the bluff.

"Ivan, Ivan Harlov," called Anna, "come quickly; it is Anna Nikolavna with Zhto; the soldiers are almost here."

Out of the cave where he had been hiding for two days came Ivan Harlov.

"Have you any plan? Do you know where to go?" questioned Anna.

"Yes, to Litovsk; there is safety; it is only one night's ride."

"Then mount at once," cried Anna, and she told him of her escape from the soldiers.

"But I can't go this way," said Ivan Harlov. "I can't leave you here alone to meet the soldiers."

"I will go back the way I came." "It is not safe."

"I am not afraid," said Anna, proudly.

"You should have sent Maxtmka with the horse; this is no time for a girl to be out alone; the country is full of the Czar's soldiers."

"Maxtmka is leading the soldiers here now. Mount quickly, Ivan. I know you never liked me." Anna could not forbear this feminine thrust, "but don't be foolish and refuse my help now. I only do what my father would have done if he were here."

"Dislike you! It isn't that; but I can't leave you here alone; if I go you must go with me, there is no other way."

"I will not go with you," cried Anna, "I hate you!"

After all, life was dear, and Ivan Harlov felt that he had a great work to do. He would be a fool if he refused the means of escape that had come to him. The girl was slight in form, and Ivan caught her up, protesting and angry, sprang into the saddle, and started the horse across the country in the direction of Litovsk. Zhto bounded ahead with great

strides, and Anna Nikolavna felt herself borne on in the strong arms of Ivan Harlov, as though they were flying through the air. The cold wind fanned her cheek, but she was warm and safe.

The thin ice of misunderstanding and suspicion that had always been between Ivan Harlov and Anna Nikolavna, melted away, and in that night of danger there sprang to life in Ivan's stern heart a subtler flame than the impersonal heat of reform, that grew to be as strong as life itself and as mysterious as the troubled future that lay before him, as he bore in his arms the girl who had saved his life.

The soldiers, baffled by their search, went back to the farmhouse, soundly berating Maxtmka, for he had promised to lead them to the hunted man.

"I am very happy now that we are together," said Ivan Harlov, suddenly, after a long silence of swiftly flying trees and vanishing homesteads as Zhto still pressed on in the faint light of morning. They rode slower now, for they were nearly to Litovsk, where he would be safe for a time at least with friends. "How is it with you?" he questioned.

"I too am happy," answered Anna. "Then let us find the priest in Litovsk and be married; for who knows what may happen in a few of these troublesome times."

And Anna Nikolavna and Ivan Harlov rode on into the sleeping town in safety.

MISTAKES OF ROAD BUILDERS.

Resist Nature's Efforts to Beautify the Highways.

J. Horace McFarland, president of the American Civic association, writes in the Country Calendar:

"I am aware that in the prodigality of nature there will be, in time, an encroachment of growth upon the road space, and that in the pinched narrowness of our highways this may need to be restrained. Restraint, or selection, does not mean destruction. The result of this ruthless mowing of the roadsides is always to kill the more delicate and beautiful of the shrubs and flowers, and, by thus disturbing nature's balance, to encourage the growth of the vigorous but really unpleasant weeds which otherwise would be in the minority. For instance, along one road with which I am familiar; the goldenrods, asters and the like have been destroyed but with each season there springs up a plentiful growth of dock, sandbur and other unpleasant weeds. In another case, the naturally pleasing combination of several viburnums, huckleberries and a dozen herbaceous plants has been improved until now the road is bordered only by briars of blackberry, which, while they give one burst of flowers and fruit, are not by any means satisfactory.

"I talked with one of these supervisors who was 'thus improving' a road in central Pennsylvania, and found that he supposed it necessary to cut out the growth in order, as he expressed it, to cause the road to 'dry out.' That is, the faults of narrowness, careless making and a gutterless condition were all charged to nature's effort to beautify, and it was thought wise and right to chop off everything that could be cut away on both sides of the road."

Extension Fishes.

Former Ambassador Joseph H. Choate recently told a story of an Englishman and a Scotchman who were swapping fish tales while dining with a number of friends.

The Briton related a tall story of a fish he had landed whose alleged measurements were such that every one present smiled, though none ventured to express doubt as to the truth of the account. The Scot, in his turn, related a yarn. He had, he averred, once caught a fish that he had been unable to pull in alone, managing to land it at last only with the aid of two friends. "It was a skate, and four or five feet long," declared the Scot, in the solemnest of tones. Silence followed this extraordinary statement, during which the Briton, offended, left the table. The host followed. After returning he said to the Scotchman: "Sir, you have insulted my friend. You must apologize."

"I didn't insult him," said the Scot. "Yes, you did," indignantly responded the host, "with that confounded story of a skate four or five feet long." "Weel," finally said the offender, slowly and with the air of one making great concession, "tell him if he will take a few feet off his fish I will see what I can do with mine."—Harper's Weekly.

Sculptor Had Revenge.

The eminent German sculptor, Billing of Karlsruhe, has just played an audacious joke on the leading personage of Berlin.

There had been a competition for a monument to Dr. Stephen, the organizer of the German postal service. Prof. Billing's design of a fountain was accepted, but only after a keen debate, during which strong objection had been made to the design.

The fountain is surmounted by an arched roof fourteen columns. On each of these Prof. Billing placed a figure which may easily be recognized for one of his critics. From the mouth of each water flows into the basin of the fountain.—New York Sun.

Father Fearful as to Results.

Dumley—Sal, old man, I bought a birthday present for my fiancée to-day and I wish you'd take it home and let your wife see it.

Benedick—What for?

Dumley—Well, when I looked at the thing in the store I thought it was a necktie, but they sent a pair of them home and I'm sure they're not brace-lets.



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Something especially appetizing for this season of the year can be had in the line of Soups, Buckwheat Flour, Syrups, etc. Whatever you have a liking for in Eatables you can find here.

Good Friday Mackerel 12c.
No. 1 Whitefish 12c.
Family Whitefish, 8lb kits 55c.
Russian Sardines, 5lb kits 50c.
English Boneless Herring, 20c lb.
Salmon 10c to 22c per can.
Sardines, 5c to 30c per can.
Lobsters, 25c.
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Minced Sea Clams, 15c and 25c.
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Picnic Hams.
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Potted Ham.
Vicuna Sausage.
Chicken Loaf.
Veal Loaf.
Chicken Soup.
Mock Turtle Soup.
Vegetable Soup.
Ox Tail Soup.
Tomato Soup.
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Apple Butter.
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B. & P. Coffee, 25c.
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LOWEST PRICES EVER HEARD OF

For this time of the year. No old odds and ends to offer. Everything new, bright and the latest season's makes.

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New Trunks, Hand Bags, Valises and Suit Cases.
New Working Jackets.
New Shirts.
New Sweaters.
New Gents' Rain Coats.
New Dry Goods.
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New Ladies' Suits and Rain Coats.
New Dress Skirts.
New Silk and Wool Waists.
New Ladies' and Children's Underwear
New Outing Flannel Night Robes.
New Fleece-lined Wrappers.
New Oil Cloths and Linoleums.
New Mattings.
New Curtains, Shades and Draperies.

New Shoes and Rubber footwear.
New Hosiery.
New Blankets.
New Quilts.
New Dress Goods.
New Trimmings.
New Silks and Velvets.
New Lace and Ribbon.
New R. G. Corsets.
New American Lady Corsets.
New Cresco Corsets.

2 whole cases, 100 doz., Men's heavy fine fleeced Underwear, a cracker jack, cheap at 50c., and some dealers get 75c., our price only 39c
50 doz. Ladies' heavy ribbed Underwear, all sizes, selling in some stores at 35c to 39c., our price only 21c
5000 yds. best Prints, worth 7c., our price 5c

1 whole case good unbleached Cotton, worth to-day 7c by the piece, our price, all you want 5c
5000 yds. good heavy Outing Flannel, worth to-day and a bargain at 8c., all colors, dark and light, our price 6c
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In Men's Suits and Overcoats at \$5, 7.50, 10, 12, and \$15. Every one worth at least 25 to 35 per cent. more money. The greatest Bargains ever offered in Young Men's Suits and Overcoats at \$5, 6.50, 7.50 and \$10. And we don't forget the youngster in short pant Suits, age 4 to 15 years, extraordinary Bargain Suits and Overcoats, \$2, 2.50, 3, 3.50, 4 and \$5.

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PERE MARQUETTE

In effect Sept. 24, 1905.

Trains leave Plymouth as follows:
For Grand Rapids, North and West, 9 A. M., 1:35 P. M., 5:32 P. M.
For Saginaw, Bay City and Port Huron, 9:15 A. M., 9:12 A. M., 2:08 P. M., 6:18 P. M.
For Saginaw, Manistee, Ludington and Milwaukee, 9:15 A. M., 9:12 A. M., 2:08 P. M., and 6:18 P. M.
For Toledo and South, 9:15 A. M., 2:44 P. M.
For Detroit and East, 6:55 A. M., 10:32 A. M., 11:15 A. M., 2:35 P. M., 7:45 P. M., 8:32 P. M., 9:30 P. M.
Daily.
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FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Keeps the kidneys and bladder right

Local News

Dick Pitcher was home from Flint last week.

Miss Minnie Keller is clerking at J. R. Rauch's.

Mrs. Fannie Coleman is visiting in Detroit this week.

Mrs. L. F. Hatch left for Moosehead Lake, Me., Tuesday.

Mrs. Mulliken of Detroit visited at E. C. Hough's Sunday.

Henry Fisher has bought the Smith property on Main street.

Bert Rich, of Detroit, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock Sunday.

Don Safford, of Grand Rapids, spent Sunday with his mother and sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Lee spent Sunday and Monday at Whitmore Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Varney, of Detroit, were Plymouth visitors Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter, of Sandy Creek, N. Y., are visiting Mrs. Mary Kellogg.

Miss Cornelia Knapp of Fenton visited Mrs. Janette Huston over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hardenburg, of Detroit visited at Asa Joy's Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy T. Sprague, of Fowlerville spent Sunday with Miss Cole.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Safford, of Detroit, spent Sunday at Mrs. Ella Safford's.

Mrs. E. J. Bradner, of Northville, visited Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cable Sunday.

Mrs. Richard Huyzena, of Rock Valley, Ia., is visiting Mrs. P. W. Voorhies.

Mrs. Thomas W. Shackel, of Niagara Falls, Can., visited Rev. and Mrs. Leith this week.

The Presbyterian ladies will serve a boiled dinner Thursday, Nov. 9 in the church parlors.

Miss Gertrude Taft left yesterday for Jackson, Miss., to spend the winter with her father.

Miss Louise Hannon, of Windsor, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Pettingill Sunday.

The Moon Implement & Baggy Co. is advertising a great two days' sale Read the bargains elsewhere.

Before buying your hat call and see if we have what you want. Mrs. Maude Milspaugh-Pettingill.

Mrs. E. Kinney and Mrs. J. P. Johnson were in Detroit a few days this week visiting life long friends.

Mrs. Patterson and daughter Mrs. Fred Schrader are visiting in Dutton and St. Thomas, Can. this week.

For the best Buckwheat Flour and largest yield, have your BUCKWHEAT ground at Wilcox Bros.

The 7:00 o'clock train was late again yesterday morning and those going into the city had to go via the electric cars.

Mrs. Ellen Shattuck and Frank Shattuck left yesterday for Chicago, where they will visit friends for a few days.

The Michigan State Sunday-school association will hold its 45th annual convention at Traverse City, Thursday, Nov. 14, 15 and 16.

The remains of Mrs. Clarence Westfall, of Ypsilanti were brought here for burial Tuesday. She was formerly a resident of Plymouth.

Mrs. Sebe Root and two children leave tomorrow for Longmont, Col., where they will remain all winter, for the benefit of Mrs. Root's health.

Miss Angeline Bird was surprised on Monday afternoon by a company of her girlhood friends. A picnic supper was served and much enjoyed by all.

The Mail is sending out a large number of extra copies this week. We would like to number every one who receives a copy as a regular subscriber.

Snyder Sister's Face Balm will remove all blackheads, blemishes and wrinkles from the face. For sale at Maude Milspaugh-Pettingill's millinery store.

"Cub" Hudson pleaded guilty to the charge of larceny from a freight car, in the circuit court on Tuesday last. He will receive his "reward" from Judge Fraser some time next week.

The ladies Calendar Club of the Presbyterian Church will meet next Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 1. All members are requested to be present and give a report of their year's work.

No danger of consumption if you use Foley's Honey and Tar to cure that stubborn cough. Sold by The Wolverine Drug Co.

This is the joyous season of the joyous year when the Average Citizen hasteneth to his noontide lunch with a stovepipe under each arm and returneth to his business duties three hours later with a bump the size of a duck egg over his left optic and three pints of soot down the back of his neck.

"Wash the Kidneys"

"When they are affected, life is in danger," says Dr. Abernethy, the great English physician. Foley's Kidney Cure makes sound kidneys. Sold by The Wolverine Drug Co.

Mrs. M. A. Rowe goes to Manchester today for a week's visit.

Henry Rauch, of Jackson, spent a couple of days with J. R. Rauch this week.

Mrs. S. M. Gilchries, of Cheboygan, is the guest of her mother Mrs. F. A. Blinn.

Miss Rhoda Bradish of Adrian spent Tuesday and Wednesday with Mrs. S. Barrett.

A company of 30 friends gave Forest Smith a surprise party Friday night. All report a fine time.

The dancing party at Penniman hall last evening was well attended and all had an enjoyable time.

Gilbert Riggs and Miss Beesie Bradshaw of Belleville were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lane Sunday.

Mrs. Bert Galpin, of Ann Arbor visited her sisters Mrs. Linus Galpin and Mrs. Will VanVleet for a few days this week.

Miss Laura Field, of Whitmore Lake, Mrs. Fred Burnett and daughter Gertrude of Salem visited Mrs. Chas. Wheelock this week.

Medical sharps say that when a man is full of whiskey he can't freeze, and judging from the appearance of several men on the streets Saturday, they must have been expecting a mighty cold snap.

For the benefit of those who have not taken the time to look up what composes the Erie system of which our Pere Marquette railroad is a part we will give you the combination. Here it is: "Erie, Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, Pere Marquette and Chicago, Cincinnati & Louisville."

A horse belonging to Mr. Powell, west of town, became frightened Wednesday afternoon by some telephone linemen climbing a pole in front of Huston's store, broke from his fastening and ran away. He collided with the porch in front of John Gale's house, where the buggy was left in a smashed condition and the harness badly torn. The telephone people say they will make good the damage.

Hunters going north in quest of the game birds this year will not be able to cart away any great number of them to give to friends at home or to keep their families in game for weeks. A circular just issued by State Game and Fish Warden Chapman says that all birds transported anywhere must be carried in the hands, which will necessarily limit the number a man may wish to bring home to show his prowess with the gun.

Miss Florence Galpin gives a reading in the M. E. Church this evening for the benefit of the ladies' aid society. Admission 10 and 15 cents. The following is the program:

Timothy's Quest, Act I Scene 2
Music—Miss Elsie Eddy.
Higher Culture in Dixie.
On the Other Train.
My Father-in Law.
Music—High School Male Quartette.
Sisterly Scheme
Uncle Daniels Apparition.
Ruggles Dinner Party.
Music—Solo, by Chauncey Rauch.
Aunt Hetty.
Music—High School Male Quartette.

The council of the village of Fowlerville has passed an ordinance forbidding spitting on the side and crosswalks in the village. The law goes into effect November 5, and anyone violating the same shall pay a fine of \$15 and costs or spend 30 days in the county jail.—Brighton Argus.

Ge whiz! Here's an opportunity for the Plymouth village dads to recuperate their depleted village treasury. Pass an ordinance like the above and you will get money enough to run the affairs of government six months just for one Saturday night's expectation on Gale's corner. For a fact!

The Mail is out this week with four extra pages, filled with live advertisements and good reading matter. It will pay every reader to look over the advertisements in this issue and profit by what the advertisers say to you. Plymouth dealers are reliable and handle only first class goods. You can see for yourself just what the goods are and backed by the guarantee of the merchant you can get your money back or exchange in the remote case of disappointment. Be convinced that the place to trade is at home, where as good or better goods are offered at lower prices than can be obtained elsewhere. Come and see, anyway, it will cost you nothing to look.

Woman's Literary Club.

The second regular meeting of the Woman's Literary Club was held in the parlors of the Presbyterian Church October 20. The programme for the day was in charge of the second division, Mrs. O. A. Fraser, leader. Two very interesting papers were read, one by Mrs. John Shaw on the racial history of the people of Japan and the other by Miss Biddle on "The Land," explaining the physical features of Japan and their relation to national development. Miss Hanford conducted the Shakespeare reading, in which the first scenes of Romeo and Juliet were read. The Club adjourned to meet November third at two o'clock standard time. Sec.

A CARD.—In behalf of the L. A. S. of the Presbyterian Church we wish to thank most heartily all who took part or aided us in other ways in our entertainment.

COMMITTEE.

The North Side

Mr. and Mrs. George Hillmer, of Detroit spent Sunday with his parents here.

F. J. Williams, of Grand Ledge, has moved in M. J. Smith's house on Oak street.

Miss Mary Ehnis, of Saline, is visiting her brother, Rev. G. D. Ehnis and family.

Frank Shattuck left Thursday for a visit with relatives in Chicago and Milwaukee.

Mrs. E. Toncray, of Summeret Center is visiting her daughter Mrs. Henry Ray.

Miss Emma Stever, of Detroit, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Stever this week.

Mrs. F. VonNostitz and Miss Clara Wolf, of Toledo, visited their sister Mrs. Wm. Gayde this week.

Ed. Gayde is laid up this week at home with tonsillitis. Chas. Wilske is driving the delivery wagon.

Dan Peterhans, wife and son, of Detroit, spent Sunday with the former's brother, John C., and family.

Mrs. August Knack and daughter and Mrs. Tilly, of Detroit, were guests of Mrs. H. J. Fisher this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan. Baker and Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Youngs and son spent Sunday with relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. Homer Stevens and children of Detroit are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Maiden, this week.

The Misses Peterhans, who have been visiting relatives at Caro and Fairgrove the past week, returned home Saturday.

S. W. Everett picked a mess of string beans from the vines in his garden this week. Rather late for string beans. If he had left them until Wednesday night, Jack Frost would have picked them for him.

Spent More than \$1000.

W. W. Baker of Plainview, Neb., writes: "My wife suffered from lung trouble for fifteen years. She tried a number of doctors and spent over \$1000 without relief. She became very low and lost all hope. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and thanks to this great remedy it saved her life. She enjoys better health than she has known in ten years." Refuse substitutes. Sold by The Wolverine Drug Co.

Chrysanthemums (cut flowers and potted plants) now ready. Phone 103. CORA L. PELHAM.

For Sale.

1 nice ash bedstead, paneled and carved head board, set springs.

1 3-drawer Commode.

1 large round oak stove, nearly new, and pipe, for coal or wood.

1 No. 9 Cookstove and Furniture, with copper boiler.

1 3-lamp Chandelier, for oil.

2 Gasoline Lamps.

All in All order and will sell them at a bargain.

Enquire at Riggs' store.

To RENT—On Nov. 1, a ten-room house with water, cellar and 1/2 acre of ground on Main street. Inquire of A. H. Fisher, R. F. D. 3, Sand Hill, Mich.

FOR SALE—My house and lot on Sutton street. W. O. STEWART.

FOR RENT—A 9 room house on Ann Arbor street. Enquire at Riggs' store.

Full of Tragic Meaning

are these lines from J. H. Simmons, of Casey, Ia. Think what might have resulted from his terrible cough if he had not taken the medicine about which he writes: "I had a fearful cough, that disturbed my night's rest. I tried everything, but nothing would relieve it, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which completely cured me." Instantly relieves and permanently cures all throat and lung diseases; prevents grip and pneumonia. At The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's; guaranteed; 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

The Better Way

The tissues of the throat are inflamed and irritated; you cough, and there is more irritation—more coughing. You take a cough mixture and it eases the irritation—for a while. You take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and it cures the cold. That's what is necessary. It soothes the throat because it reduces the irritation; cures the cold because it drives out the inflammation; builds up the weakened tissues because it nourishes them back to their natural strength. That's how Scott's Emulsion deals with a sore throat, a cough, a cold, or bronchitis.

WILL SEND YOU A SAMPLE FREE.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street New York

China, Glassware and White Ware

We are receiving new stocks of China and Glassware every week. Come in and see the Bud Vases at 15c. Engraved Pitchers 10c. Engraved Sugars, 10c. Imitation Cut Glass Pitchers, 10c. Imitation Cut Glass Sugars 10c. Large Vases, 15c.

New Stock of Water Sets Just Received.

Beautiful Cake Plates, Bread Plates, Salads and Fruit Dishes for Wedding Presents, Birthday Presents, etc.

CANDY CANDY

We have just received a new stock of Candy. We sell lots of Candy and it keeps our stock fresh and in good condition.

IN GROCERIES

We have this week received new Cleaned Currants, Seeded Raisins Prunes and Apricots. Maple Syrup and Buckwheat Flour. We are selling good, smooth Potatoes at 60c bu. Northern Spy Apples 60c per bu.

JOHN L. GALE

New Meat Firm!

The undersigned, having purchased the meat market of W. F. Hoops, wishes to announce to the public that I will at all times keep on hand the best meats of all kinds obtainable and to conduct a first class business. I have secured the services of

Albert Stever, an Experienced Cutter,

and it will be our pleasure to wait upon all our customers in the best manner possible. All patrons, new or old, will be welcome. Come and see us. Goods delivered to any part of village. Phone No. 23.

GEORGE PIERCE



Any Stove or Range bearing this Trade Mark is offered with the absolute guaranty of being the best article of the kind that can be made for the price asked.

Large Steel Range

• High Closet and Reservoir,

\$25.00

Gonner Hardware Co., Ltd.

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 sixteenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of John E. Rathbun, deceased.

Charlotte Rathbun, executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, having rendered to this court her final administration account and filed therewith her petition praying that the residue of said estate may be assigned in accordance with the provisions of said last will.

It is ordered, That the fourteenth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

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

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

(A true copy.)

Auction Bills at this Office

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FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Keeps the throat and lungs healthy

THE MISSING MAN

By MARY R. P. HATCH
Author of "The Bank Tragedy"

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CHAPTER XX.

"You are Henry Ashley." He then spoke of the examination, of whom being found of unsound mind he was sent to an asylum, of his escape and supposed death by drowning. "With the cunning of insanity it now appeared that Mr. Hamilton had induced a weak-minded vagrant to exchange clothes with him, and with the disguise thus afforded succeeded in getting clear of the town. The man who resembled Hamilton in general appearance was afterwards drowned and identified as a patient of the asylum chiefly by his clothes, as the body was unrecognizable from having been so long in the water. "It must have been a strange fatality or blind instinct which led him to seek employment at his own mill, and a boarding place at the house of Mrs. Fry, a woman previously well known to himself and wife, the recipient, as she avers, of many favors from himself and wife. "He saw his wife and children at church. His wife was greatly moved by his resemblance to her husband. He was, also, much excited by her looks and those of Perley and Clare. He knows nothing of all this now, but I can prove it by the testimony of Dan Fry and his mother. From that time he began to watch her house, his former home, one night standing in a pouring rain until he was drenched and made sick in consequence. Although he knew little of music previously, he purchased a violin and became a good performer in a short time, but now he has returned to his normal ignorance and cannot play at all. I shall call to the stand an eminent specialist who will explain to you that this sort of dual existence is not unknown in science, although it is so uncommon as to be remarkable. Mrs. Hamilton shared in the feelings of her husband, but could not explain them. She repressed them, therefore, as much as

death of this man. We will suppose that he saw him approaching the Hamilton house and shoots him from his window and then rushes upon the scene flinging the pistol one side, and was there, as we know he was, before Mr. Carter could get there. Or, we will suppose that some other person, Solomon Marks, for instance, got possession of Dan Fry's pistol and followed Edes, shot him, and disappeared down the river. "It is well known in Grovedale, and can be proved by half a score of witnesses, that Solomon Marks was twice closeted with the defendant, and that he went to the Fry house, when it is easy to suppose he found an opportunity to get possession of the pistol, to make it appear that my client committed suicide—for there is no doubt but that the shot was fired to kill him. Now, it is perfectly clear to me and must be to you, that the false claimant undertook, either by his own hand, or another's, to rid himself of a troublesome person—troublesome, because the true claimant. But did he succeed? No; the very shot fired to send Vane Hamilton out of the world restored him to the full possession of his faculties. Strange, yet true! Can we doubt, after such a manifestation in the overruling for good of the Divine Providence, which so often says to crime, "Thus far shalt thou go, but to farther," he recovered to prosecute his claims to his family and estate?" "It was then five o'clock, and an adjournment was taken until the next morning. When the little court house bell began to ring next day the streets rapidly filled, and soon the small room was thronged with eager spectators. The work of the day was entered upon promptly by the calling of the witness, George Barnstead, to the stand. He gave a straightforward testimony, corresponding to Mr. Morley's



possible; but when her little boy was lost and returned through the efforts of Primus Edes, as he was called, she allowed her heart to rule, her hands to the extent of showing her gratitude by gifts for his personal comfort and convenience at Mrs. Fry's. "Now comes the false claimant, Mr. Hamilton, or Ashley, on the scene, safe, as he supposes, in his fraudulent claim, because he thinks his wronged brother is dead. He is the exact image of the cashier, as we all know, and he was received by Grovedale people with open arms. His extraordinary nerve, ingenuity, and fertility of resource carried him through various tests and examinations, and he was installed in the place of the true and lawful owner and tenant of the Hamilton estate. But there was one, gentlemen, who did not receive him. It was Mrs. Hamilton. She could not believe he was her husband and what testimony is better than that of a wife who for seven years lived with him and came to know all his ways, his movements, his tricks of manner, everything which goes to make up personality, which we all know does not consist entirely of features, height, voice, complexion? Personality is of a more subtle, elusive nature. It may elude recognition by all except the more intimate friends. In this case it evaded all but that of the wife, the true, loving woman who, through all would not be cheated by a false resemblance." "Then in a low, impressive voice Mr. Morley broached the matter of physical odor which, exhaled from the material body, enables a dog to distinguish his master from all other persons. Lost children, slaves, fugitives from justice, have been tracked by this physical odor, so powerful and unmistakable as to cling to articles of clothing worn by the person. Many people have the sense of smell strongly developed, as others have that of sight, taste, hearing; and Mrs. Hamilton was thus highly endowed, he said. "Then the plaintiff's counsel went on to speak of the shot fired at his client in the grounds fraudulently held and occupied by the defendant, which he attributed to some person interested in removing him beyond reach of making trouble. "We will suppose," said Mr. Morley, "that Ashley had at last recognized the true claimant in Primus Edes, and that he realized his own dangerous position, from which nothing could extricate him but the

presentation of it in his opening argument. "I sat in Portland depot, near to the newstand, waiting for Hurd, who was to go on with me to Bethel. I saw standing, irresolutely, at a little distance, a man whom I now know to be Vane Hamilton. He was dressed exactly as described by the advertisement. He looked about him as if he did not know what to do. Finally, another man entered who stopped to stare at the first. Then, as if recollecting himself, he went off a little way, but still looked at him. The first man was aware of this scrutiny, it appeared, for at last he walked up to him and asked: "You appear to know me. Who am I? What is my name?" "The other seemed disconcerted a moment by the inquiry, but answered in a second or two. "Your name is Henry Ashley. I know you well." "They talked together a few minutes, but in a lower tone. I did not hear what they said, and shortly afterward they went off together." "Mr. Barnstead," cross-questioned Mr. Ferguson, "you say the first man looked about him as if he did not know where he was. What was his expression? Was it vague and uncertain or wide-awake?" "Rather vague, sir, as if he did not know where he was." "Was this the other's expression?" "No, sir; his was the reverse—watchful, wide-awake." "Their expression was totally unlike, and yet their eyes looked alike." "Yes, sir." "When do you usually make your trips, Mr. Barnstead?" "I have no regular time." "This time you went on Friday." "Yes, sir." "What date?" "The fifteenth of May." "How do you know?" "I know by my remembrance of the day and by my diary." "Do you note the time of your trips in your diary?" "Yes, sir." "Please produce the book if you have it about you." Mr. Barnstead took it from his pocket and handed it to the defendant's counsel, who, however, did not take it. "No, read it yourself," Mr. Barnstead did so. "Started for Bethel. Walked in Portland depot for Hurd. We went on together."

"Now, Mr. Barnstead, turn, if you please, to the following Thursday. What did you do that day?" "I waited in Portland depot for Hurd a good hour. I—take him for punctuality," read Barnstead. "Now which of these dates was the one you saw the men meet?" "The first." "Where did you and Hurd go?" "We went to Mechanic Falls." "What did you do then?" "Took orders for goods." "Together?" "Yes. He for his firm, I for mine." "Did you stay all night?" "Yes." "Did you drink?" "Yes, sir; a glass or two." "Did you not drink more than a glass or two. Did you not drink nearer a dozen?" "Perhaps." "In short, were you not considerably worse for what you drank, so much so that you had to stay in bed a day or two?" "I did." "Wasn't your head in a confounded muddle, and didn't you tell Hurd so?" "I presume so." "Could you swear to any event that took place within a week or two of that time?" "I can swear I went to Bethel and Mechanic Falls." "Yes, that is in your note book. Did you speak of meeting the two men, or seeing them meet, to your friend that week?" "I don't recollect." "Could you swear it was not Thursday you saw them—saw them meet?" "No, sir, I couldn't; but I think it was the Friday before." Mr. Barnstead, slightly flushed and irate, left the witness stand. Mrs. Hamilton's testimony came next, and was given in a graceful, though shrinking manner. She related the various tests to which she had subjected the two claimants at various times, and said that both had responded readily, but that the defendant invariably hesitated for a moment before replying, but that the plaintiff did not. The judge at this juncture proposed that she subject them to some test in the presence of the jury. If there was any point which remained unsettled in her own mind. "There is one," said Mrs. Hamilton. "Is it of a nature to be conclusive?" he asked. "I think it is. It is something that I do not know myself, but that my husband does." "Please state it." "I wish to know the whereabouts of a small diamond button, or stud, that he gave me. It was his mother's, and I told him I was afraid I should lose it if I wore it. He laughed and said he would take care of it for me, and he did. I never asked to know where he kept it, and he never told me." "One claimant may be taken into the next room while the other one answers," said the judge. "The plaintiff, as the first party, may remain and answer first." There was a decided stir in the court room at the proposition, so out of the usual course; and as the defendant arose and walked into the small office adjoining the court room, yet beyond hearing, the audience hardly breathed, so deep was the feeling in expectation of something unusual about to take place. But the answer was commonplace enough. "I took it to the bank," said the plaintiff. "For what purpose was the button used?" "My wife fastened her night-robe with it." "In what part of the bank did you keep it?" "In a small drawer of the safe." "Is it there now?" "I don't know. I had forgotten the matter entirely till now." (To be continued.)

MUCH NEED FOR CAREFULNESS.
Beekeepers and Newspaper Men of Common Ground.
At a recent convention of beekeepers in Jenkintown, Pa., Archibald H. Mayhew of Sunbury held hundreds of bees in his hands and permitted the little insects to wander at will through his hair and beard. Some even got up his sleeves and down his shirt without causing him any inconvenience. "But," said Mr. Mayhew, bee-covered and smiling, "I could not conduct this startling exhibition with any but Caucasian bees. A novice at bee-keeping if he should attempt to imitate me with an ordinary species would take his life in his hands. Bee-keeping, as a matter of fact, is a pretty dangerous matter for uninformed persons to take up. An ignorant, reckless beekeeper at large among a lot of valuable hives is apt to do himself and them as much harm as an ignorant, reckless answers to correspondents' man will do to his newspaper and its subscribers." Mr. Mayhew paused, brushed a half dozen bees from his mustache and resumed: "Perhaps you have never considered how important a post the answers to correspondents' man holds on a newspaper. To such a man the people come with all their troubles—law suits, illnesses, worries, fears, wrongs, everything. "And unless the answerer is wise and careful some such paragraph as this is apt to creep into his column every now and then: "Mrs. T. Willis Pitcoo—The reply given you last Thursday was a mistake. We should have said a quarter of a grain of strychnine, not a quarter of a pound. It is impossible in this column for us to recommend undertakers."

HORTICULTURE



Effects of Pruning.
It is astonishing sometimes to find how little the average orchardist thinks of the actual problems at issue with pruning of his trees. An important effect of pruning is to increase vigor. Pruning is also practiced to produce larger and better fruits and flowers; to keep the plant within manageable limits; to remove superfluous or injurious parts; to facilitate spraying, tillage and harvesting; to train the plant to some desired form. One of the noticeable effects of severe pruning and the consequent disturbed equilibrium of the plant is the formation of water sprouts. The appearance of the water sprouts seems to be influenced more by the vigor of the plant and the amount of pruning than by the season of the year in which the pruning is done. It is probable, however, that fewer water sprouts will arise if pruning is done after midsummer, since at that time the growth of the season is completed. In any case water sprouts may be regarded as weeds in the tree top and should be treated as such. The tendency of plants is to grow from the uppermost buds. By pruning in one way this tendency is augmented, in another it is checked. As a rule, in dealing with fruit trees, the latter end is desired, since the principle that checking growth induces fruitfulness is universally recognized. The heading in of young growths tends to develop lateral and dormant buds or to thicken the top. So that the question of heading resolves itself into a question of personal ideals; to secure a thick topped tree it is necessary. It has, however, the further very marked advantage of inducing the development of fruit buds near the body of the tree rather than far out on the limbs. This in the case of plums and tender wooded plants is an important consideration.—Prof. W. M. Munson.

Protecting Trees for Winter.
The best way to keep the rabbits and mice from eating the bark of the trees in winter is to put something around the trees that will keep the rodents away. I attended a convention of horticulturists awhile ago and heard the matter discussed. One apple grower showed a shield of laths and wire that was used in his orchard. Ordinary laths were used and common wire, which should be copper if it is desired to have the shields last for some years. The copper wire will not rust like most of the common wire. Any one will understand how to hold the laths together with the wire. Fasten the wire to the top of a lath and then pass it over the outside of one lath and over the inside of the next lath, then outside again and so on. The laths should be so near together that even a mouse cannot get through. The closeness of the laths will also prevent the sun shining on the bark of the young trees and thus causing what is known as sunscald. It will require only a very few laths for each tree. They should be put around the trees while the ground is unfrozen, so that the ends can be shoved down into the soil. Otherwise the mice may work under them. Some men protect their trees against sunscald by tying cornstalks about the trunks, but this encourages the mice to make a home under the protection of the cornstalks. I do not think it pays to protect trees in that way, unless the tree owner is certain that there are no field mice in the vicinity; and it is impossible for most fruit growers to know that.—Jessie Winship, Clark Co., Iowa.

State Interest in Forestry.
There is no doubt that our states can well afford to take a greater interest in forestry. J. H. Blasell of Michigan, a student of forestry conditions, urges that land laws be so changed that the state can acquire all pine stump lands, and that no forestry lands shall be sold except to actual settlers. He says that there are vast stretches of land in Michigan that the state should reclaim and replant. These lands were previously covered with forests, were cut over, and were afterwards burned over. Without a systematic planting by man, this land will be ages in reclothing itself with a tree growth. The writer heard an official in Wisconsin say that it was a practice there among the lumbermen to cut over a piece of land and afterwards refuse to pay taxes upon it. There were no buyers for the land when the tax sales took place, and so the land would revert to the state, where it would remain until a new growth of sufficient size to be valuable commercially appeared on it. Then they would buy it back from the state at a less price than the taxes would have been. There seems to be no reason why the states should be made a party to this kind of a game.

Snake Has Not Much Brain.
"Wisdom of the Serpent" Said to Be a Delusion.
"The wisdom of the serpent is a delusion," said James E. Peck, of Nashville, to a representative of the Milwaukee Free Press. "He has little or no brains, learns nothing from experience and is powerless to resist or overcome the wiles of his enemies. He does not attack man and rarely offers combat to other serpents or animals. Various snakes have enemies which they dread and avoid. The rattlers fear the little king snake, a small green reptile which hunts for rattlers and strangles them when found. Others fear the razorback hog, which runs about the Southern swamps in search of snakes, which he destroys and eats by the wholesale. He has a preference for rattlers and moccasins, to whose poison he seems invulnerable. The most implacable enemy of the snake is the industrious ant. When a snake is hurt or bruised he sloughs his skin, and then it is good-bye to him, for the ants soon overwhelm him and eat him alive. Even a perfectly sound and healthy snake which has come in contact with a dead or injured member of his tribe suffers a similar fate if the ants find it out."

Good News for All.
Bradford, Tenn., Oct. 23d.—(Special.)—Scientific research shows Kidney Trouble to be the father of so many diseases that news of a discovery of a sure cure for it cannot fail to be welcomed all over the country. And according to Mr. J. A. Davis of this place just such a cure is found in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Davis says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills are all that is claimed for them. They have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I had Kidney Trouble very bad and after taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I am completely cured. I cannot praise them too much." Kidney Complaint develops into Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, Rheumatism and other painful and fatal diseases. The safeguard is to cure your kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills when they show the first symptom of disease.

Perfume from Pepper.
Tabasco pepper beans are being put to a new use. It has been found that an entirely new perfume of a very delightful odor can be extracted from them, and it is expected that this article will eventually have a high commercial value. Furthermore an oil is being obtained from the peppers that is believed to have valuable medicinal properties. Tabasco pepper is mainly grown in Mexico. Nearly the whole of the shipments come first to the United States, whence the commodity is distributed all over the world.

Roumanian Hospitality.
The Roumanian peasantry lead a very simple life. The principal dish at each meal is the maize-cake. Each person in his turn breaks off a small portion for himself. Besides this, each takes a couple of onions, a small bowl of beans, a slice of watermelon, a few plums and a draught of water. To this frugal meal is hidden any laborer or wayfarer who may look as though he had no dinner. Roumanian hospitality knows no limits. "I have not even a bite left for a guest," is the bitterest complaint a housewife can make.

Enough for a Bath.
Should an American, an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Austrian, a German, an Italian and a Russian sit down to a table together and order drinks in a quantity that would show the relative consumption of these beverages by their respective peoples, some would get enough for a bath, while others would obtain only a few mouthfuls.

Natural Lightning Conductors.
The Lombardy poplar tree, it is said, forms a splendid natural lightning conductor, its great height and lack of spreading branches enabling it to conduct a lightning stroke straight downwards. No house near which one of these trees has been reared has as yet been known to suffer from the severest storm.

GREAT SONG WRITER.
Paul Dresser, the Popular Composer, Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.
Paul Dresser of New York, author of "Banks of the Wabash" and many other great song hits, writes: "Gentlemen: I wish to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills, in the hope that my endorsement will be read by some of the many thousands of sufferers from kidney complaint. I was so wretched from this malady that I could not sleep, rest nor eat, and had a weak and aching back. Doan's Kidney Pills effectually cured me, and I wish that others may know. (Signed) PAUL DRESSER. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y."

Odd Rents in Britain.
The English delight in odd rents but the oddest is a tenancy at Brook house, in Yorkshire, where the rental is one snowball in June and a red rose in December. The rose is easily arranged and the snowball is now made of shaved ice.

Smoking by Women.
The London Truth quotes the following reasons against smoking by women: "The first is that smoking develops the mustache, and the second, that smoking produces, at any rate in women, 'weak-rimmed eye lids.'"

Tennyson's Porter.
Tennyson was a lover of porter. When a peerage was offered him didn't he put off deciding whether to accept it or not until he had debated the question with himself over a bottle of what Goldsmith called "parson's black champagne?"

After 30.
While she is under thirty a woman may get comfort out of the thought that she is younger than she looks. After that her only hope is to look younger than she is.

STRENGTHEN THE STOMACH
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Really Cure Indigestion Instead of Merely Relieving Symptoms.
There are plenty of remedies by which you can relieve for the time heartburn, pain and gas on the stomach and can another nervous sensations and induce artificial sleep. You can humor your stomach by giving it predigested food. But when you take your next meal all your trouble begins afresh. There is only one sensible thing to do. Strengthen the stomach and do away with the necessity for drugs and artificial foods. The best remedy ever found for this purpose is the one that was used by E. E. Stroug, of Capleville, Shelby county, Tenn. "Twenty years," he states, "I suffered greatly from indigestion. I tried many different remedies and some of them would relieve me for a time, but the trouble always came back. About six months ago I had an unusually severe attack, and while I tried everything I had ever heard of, I found that none of the ordinary remedies would reach the difficulty this time. "One day I read in a Memphis paper how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured a Michigan woman, a sufferer from chronic dyspepsia of a most stubborn type. I then tried the same remedy, and it proved just as successful in my case. I took only three boxes, and was cured. I have not had the slightest symptoms of indigestion since." The tonic treatment has a sound principle as its basis, and abundant success in actual use. Multitudes of cases that had defied all other remedies have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The pills actually make new blood and strike at the root of all diseases caused by bad blood. They contain no harmful stimulants or opiates. Every dyspeptic should read, "What to Eat and How to Eat." Write the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for a free copy.

25 FINE ENVELOPES FREE
With your name and address printed in attractive style on corner of envelope. Sent postpaid FREE if you send \$1.00 for a six months subscription to our hand-some illustrated magazine. Address Department 14, Twentieth Century Review, Detroit, Mich.

Will Pay
To investigate the merits of the MICHIGAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Mackinac, Mackinac Island, Mackinac, 48-50 Grand River Ave., Detroit, Mich.

NERVODINE
The greatest of all medicinal discoveries for restoring weak, nervous men. It cleanses the brain, and revitalizes the whole system. It makes life worth living. Price, 1.00 per bottle. S. A. TAYLOR & CO., 100 N. 10th St., Detroit, Mich.

The World's Standard DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS
600,000 in Use. Ten Times All Others Combined. Best \$10.00 per box. Every Year of the over 40 years of the quality setting system. Get an interesting separator. THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO. 100 N. 10th St., Detroit, Mich.

MRS. EMMA FLEISSNER
Suffered Over Two Years—Health Was
In a Precarious Condition—Caused
By Peptic Catarrh.



**HEALTH AND STRENGTH
RESTORED BY
PE-RU-NA.**

Mrs. Emma Fleissner, 1413 Sixth
Ave., Seattle, Wash., Worthy Treasurer
Sons of Temperance, writes:
"I suffered over two years with ir-
regular and painful periods. My health
was in a very precarious condition and
I was anxious to find something to re-
store my health and strength."
"I was very glad to try Peruna and
delighted to find that it was doing me
good. I continued to use it a little over
three months and found my troubles
removed."
"I consider it a splendid medicine
and shall never be without it, taking a
dose occasionally when I feel run-down
and tired."
Our files contain thousands of testi-
monials which Dr. Hartman has re-
ceived from grateful, happy women
who have been restored to health by
his remedy, Peruna.

CURES INDIGESTION

When what you eat makes you
uncomfortable it is doing you very
little good beyond barely keeping
you alive. Digestive tablets are
worse than useless, for they will in
time deprive the stomach of all
power to digest food. The stomach
must be toned up—strengthened.
The herb tonic-laxative,
**Lane's Family
Medicine**
will do the work quickly and pleas-
antly.
Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

**Beautiful Your
Walls and Ceilings!**

Alabastine
A Rock Cement in white
and beautiful
tints. Does not rub or scale. Destroys
disease germs and vermin. No washing
of walls after once applied. Any one
can brush it on—mix with cold water. Other
finishes, bearing fanciful names and mixed
with either hot or cold water, do not
have the cementing property of
Alabastine. They are stuck on with glue,
or other animal matter, which rots,
feeds disease germs, rubbing,
scaling and spoiling walls, cloth-
ing, etc. Such finishes must be washed
off every year—expensive, filthy work. Buy
Alabastine only in five pound pack-
ages, properly labeled. Tint card,
specify wall and ceiling design. "Hints on
Decorating" and our artists' services in
making color plans, free.

ALABASTINE CO.,
Grand Rapids, Mich., or 105 Water St., N. Y.

Worry wont cure a cough. When
you find a cough holding on—
when everything else has failed—
try

**Shiloh's
Consumption
Cure** The Lung
Tonic
It is guaranteed to cure. If it
doesn't, we'll refund your money.
Price: S. C. Wells & Co. 4
Zk. St. Cl. LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can.

**CELERY
KING**
Feel
Well
Then

Don't expect to feel well
if the stomach or the liver
and bowels are not doing
their work right. Don't
try to eat them right with
casser-oll, but get the
tonic-laxative, Celery
King. So at druggists.

PATENTS FOR PROFIT
MUST FULLY PROTECT AN INVENTION.
NASH, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, Patent Lawyers,
Washington, D. C. Established 1881.
Send for our free book, showing
illustrations of Mechanical Movements, Re-
sistance, Resistance and thousands of related inven-
tions. Confidential. Write us today.

PENSION
W. W. WOODRUFF,
Washington, D. C.
I have secured for you a
Pension for your services in
the Civil War. Write us today.

SOLDIERS OF JAPAN

OYAMA'S WARRIORS A MARVEL,
SAYS EASTERN WRITER.

Fortitude and Obedience Cardinal Vir-
tues of the Men Whose Long Strug-
gle of Victories Has Astonished the
Whole World.

Before the signing of a definite
treaty, while Marshal Oyama's host is
still in its full strength, ready for any
orders, the marvelous Japanese army
ought to be given more complete rec-
ognition as a wonder of the age. Its
like has never been seen, says the
Cleveland Leader.

Here is a combination, on a vast
scale, of scientific, clear-eyed intelli-
gence, never self-deceived, always un-
der perfect control, far-seeing and or-
derly, with the highest imaginable per-
sonal courage and devotion. Duty and
the fighting instinct are equally de-
veloped. Obedience is perfect and the
need of it is as slight as it can be in
a great army, for every man wants to
do his utmost for his country and
knows well how to strike the foe with
telling effect.

But the astonishing work of the Ja-
panese on the field of battle is not so
wonderful as their behavior in camp
and on the march. Oyama's great host
has only a handful of camp followers.
There is no horde of dissolute women.
No liquor sellers swarm about the Ja-
panese lines. The few traders deal
mostly in writing materials and little
else.

The soldiers who have won every
battle fought and displayed marvelous
stamina, courage and fortitude, send
many letters home and in hot weather
they use their fans freely for personal
comfort. They do not get drunk. Chi-
nese women and children go about
their daily vocations, all alone the
300-mile front of the Japanese host,
wholly undisturbed, entirely safe.

The fighting men of Nippon build
little toy gardens in the fashion of
their native land. They grow plants
and flowers with loving skill and
amuse themselves with handicraft of
various kinds. Wrestling matches en-
tertain them. But they do not make
themselves the prey of appetite or pas-
sion.

Perhaps a greater marvel is the Ja-
panese army's abstention from drink-
ing water condemned by the remark-
able medical staff which has done
much to make the death rate from
disease almost incredibly low. The
Japanese are great water drinkers.
They are said by some authorities to
average a gallon a day apiece. But
they have fought through hot summer
days, from early morning till night,
close to inviting streams and wells, and
let the water remain untasted, because
it had been declared unfit for drink-
ing.

All this is wonderful beyond the
belief of western soldiers. Americans
and Europeans, in the heat of combat,
or made reckless by the inertia of
camp life, show scant respect for or-
ders which conflict with their thirst or
their hunger.

An army so careful to live, yet so
willing to die; so obedient and so bold,
so sound in health, so strict in disci-
pline, so rich in individual initiative
and so respectful to officers, has no
parallel. It deserves the triumphs it
has won.

Harvey Collison Hears His Critic.

During one of the campaigns made
by Gov. Russell for re-election he,
with Josiah Quincy and Harvel N.
Collison, spoke in Village Hall, Whit-
man. After the rally a reception was
held by the governor in Hotel Bates
for the purpose of meeting the local
political lights. Among the latter was
Timothy Meany, a local business man
and a liberal subscriber to campaign
tracts.

After introductions to Messrs. Rus-
sell and Quincy, Mr. Meany was pre-
sented to Mr. Collison, when the latter
asked him how he liked the
speeches.

"Well," said Mr. Meany (who, by
the way, was slightly deaf), "Quincy
and the governor were all right, but
that Collison was no good at all."

Mr. Meany is now dead, and it is
doubtful if he ever fully understood
the roar of laughter that followed his
statement.—Boston Herald.

"The Market Went Wrong."
One day he will live on the fat of the
land.
The next day like a tramp on the corner
he'll stand.
"The market went wrong."
One day he'll be envied, a man of the world.
The next like a leaf in the street he is
hurled.
"The market went wrong."
One day he will bask in the smiles of
success.
The next he will join in the streets with
the press.
"The market went wrong."
One day he's a plutocrat, nabob and rich.
The next he is down in the depths of the
ditch.
"The market went wrong."

One day he has youth and is rolling in
gold.
The next he is poor and forsaken and old.
"The market went wrong."
One day he is up on the crest of the wave.
The next he is filling a suicide's grave.
"The market went wrong."

—The Rude Sonneteer.
"Writers, even the most popular,"
said Richard Harding Davis, at a din-
ner at Dark Harbor, Maine, "are fool-
ish ever to fish for compliments."
"At the Imperial Service club one
morning a novelist and a sonneteer
sat near me.

"Did you read my story in this
month's Hyde Park Review?" the novel-
ist asked.
"Not a bit of it," said the sonnet-
eer, puffing vigorously at his cigar. "I
began it."

"Interrupted, eh?"

"The sonneteer fastened down a
loose tobacco leaf.

"Well, no," he said.

W. J. BLACK.
New Passenger Traffic Manager for
the Santa Fe Road.



William J. Black, who has just been
promoted by the Santa Fe railroad to
be passenger traffic manager of the
entire system, with headquarters in
Chicago, was born Oct. 3, 1864, in
St. Louis, and has been in the rail-
way service since 1879, beginning as
an office boy with the Vandalla at the
age of 15 years. He retained his first
position five years, when he became
rate clerk in the passenger depart-
ment of the Missouri Pacific. In
March, 1886, he was given a similar
position by the Santa Fe. He was
promoted to chief clerk in the passen-
ger department in April, 1887, and
to assistant general passenger agent
Jan. 1, 1892. He has been general
passenger agent, with headquarters
at Topeka, Kan., since Feb. 1, 1897.

Work Habit Worth Cultivating.

I know, by my own experience, that
the more one works, the more willing
one is to work. We are all more or
less "des animaux d'habitude." I re-
member very well, that when I was
in business, I wrote for hours together
every day, more willingly than I
should now half an hour; and this is
most certain that when a man has ap-
plied himself to business half the day,
the other half goes off the more cheer-
fully and agreeably.—Chesterfield.

MANY KNOW THIS—DO YOU?

The following very interesting conver-
sation between Mr. White, banker, and
Mr. Walter Wellman, retired, two prom-
inent citizens of the town, was recently
overheard.

"I never buy patent medicine," said
Mr. White. "When I feel the need of
medical assistance I call our physician.
I don't believe in taking a lot of stuff
that I know nothing about. I know, how-
ever, that a great many do use it, and
apparently with good results, but I am
for getting a doctor every time."

"Your circumstances render this possi-
ble," said Mr. Wellman, "but the ma-
jority of people must consider the ex-
pense. My experience is that some pa-
tients, especially children, are cured by
a doctor's skill is baffled. Take, for in-
stance an affliction: say like constipation
and stomach trouble. I know a case that
your family physician curing a case
like that? If constipated, he gives you a
physic; but a physic cannot cure consti-
pation and stomach trouble. It is a
temporary relief and before long you need
more physic or pills. The doctor charges
you the 'fill' or 'physic' and you are cured.
You have a steady customer. You cannot
read the doctor's prescriptions. You know
no more about what he gives you than
you do about the ingredients of a patent
medicine. No reliable company will put
a lot of money into a patent medicine
unless it is a sure thing. It usually is
all that is claimed for it. Usually it is
the prescription of some specialist who
has devoted his life to the study of a
certain disease and has cured it."

I mention constipation and stomach
trouble because I suffered from that af-
fliction for years. It was the beginning of
nearly all disease. Once it gets a grip
on you, it is serious, stubborn and hard
to overcome. I never knew a case that
was cured by an ordinary practicing phy-
sician, but I do know of a number of
bad cases that were permanently cured
by a remedy called Hall's Cathartic.
I have used it in my family with satis-
factory results. It cured me, and I know
of a great many more persons who have
been cured. It costs 50 cents for a small or \$1.00 for
a large bottle. I don't know exactly all
that is in it, but I do know it cures con-
stipation and stomach trouble and that is
more than my family doctor could do for
me.

It was first attracted to the remedy by
the company's offer to give the first bot-
tle free to any one who would write to
them giving their druggist's name. I am
thankful for the benefit it has given and
advise every sufferer from constipation
to write to the Mull's Grape Tonic Co., 144
4th Ave., Rock Island, Ill., giving them
their druggist's address, so that they can
procure a bottle free of expense."

Poetry and the Poet.

Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of
all knowledge; it is the impassioned
expression which is in the counte-
nance of all science; it emphatically
may be said of the poet as Shake-
speare hath said of man, "that he
looks before and after." He is the
rock of defence of human nature; an
upholder and preserver, carrying
everywhere with him relationship and
love.—Wordsworth.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of GASTORIA,
and see that it

Bears the
Signature of
Dr. J. C. Hutchins

Is Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

It is not what you've got, but what you
are, that makes you happy.

Try to bring happiness to those who
often seem neglected.

Mrs. Winder's constipation sym-
ptom. For children, teething, colic, the gums, reduces in-
flammation, always pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Take all your troubles to the Lord
in prayer.

Philo's Cure for Consumption is an infallible
remedy for coughs and colds.—W. W. BARNES,
Cocoa Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1895.

ALCOHOL IN MOST MEDICINES.

Indispensable Requisite in Compound-
ing of Some Prescriptions.

It is of course true that some pro-
prietary medicines contain alcohol and
nearly all liquid medicines prescribed
by physicians contain it. No honest
man will defend the sale of intoxi-
cants under the guise of medicine; but
every honest man should protest
against a system of wholesale denun-
ciation born of malice, or ignorance
of pharmaceutical principles, and fos-
tered by selfish interests. It is as-
sumed that alcohol is the cause of in-
temperance; but there is a great dif-
ference between alcohol and whisky.
If a substitute for alcohol could be
found for use in the manufacture of
medicines, its discoverer would render
a great service to the profession of
pharmacy and the science of medi-
cine, for alcohol is a very expensive
ingredient and a cheaper substitute
would be gladly accepted. Unfortu-
nately the word alcohol, in the minds
of many people is associated exclu-
sively with bar-rooms, drunkenness
and all forms of degradation and vice.
This is due to a lack of knowledge
by the general public of the fact that
alcohol is an indispensable requisite
in drugs, tinctures and fluid extracts.
All fluid extracts and tinctures on the
druggists' shelves contain from 20 to
90 per cent of alcohol; and of all
liquid medicines prescribed by phy-
sicians more than 75 per cent contain
it in large proportions.

Alcohol is required to preserve or-
ganic substances from deterioration
and from freezing, and it is also re-
quired to dissolve substances not solu-
ble in water, while it contributes to
their preservation when dissolved.
Diluted alcohol is largely employed in
fluid extracts; and whenever a greater
strength of alcohol is required as a
solvent (for extracting medicinal prin-
ciples) the medicine is of such a char-
acter as to preclude a large dosage;
and for this reason preparations, even
if containing 50 per cent or more of
alcohol, are practically less intoxicat-
ing than beer. In such cases the char-
acter of the medicinal constituents is
such as to absolutely forbid the
taking of the medicine in any way
except in very small doses and at
stated intervals only. To assume that
any great number of proprietary medi-
cines are used as beverages is the
veriest absurdity.—Exchange.

This Language of Ours.

"Yes," said the slang specialist, with
great earnestness, "that bum baseball
team, by crooked playing, has won six
straight games."—Baltimore Ameri-
can.

TORTURING HUMOUR.

Body a Mass of Sores—Treated by
Three Doctors but Grew Worse
—Cured by Cuticura for 75c.

"My little daughter was a mass of
sores all over her body. Her face
was eaten away, and her ears looked
as if they would drop off. I called in
three doctors, but she grew worse.
Neighbors advised Cuticura, and be-
fore I had used half of the cake of
soap and box of ointment the sores
had all healed, and my little one's
skin was as clear as a newborn
baby's. I would not be without Cuti-
cura again if it cost five dollars, which
is all it cost me to cure our baby." Mrs.
G. J. Steese, 701 Coburn St., Akron,
Ohio.

One Man Pays for Canal.

Toulouse, France, has a canal which
was built entirely at the expense of
one man. Its name is the Canal du
Midi; it was built in 1666-1681, and
cost M. Paul Riquet 680,000,000 francs.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh
that Contain Mercury.**

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell
and completely derange the whole system when
entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such
articles should never be used except on prescrip-
tions from reputable physicians, as they damage their
work in ten fold to the good you can possibly de-
rive from them. Hall's Cathartic Cure, manufactured
by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mer-
cury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon
the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In
buying Hall's Cathartic Cure be sure you get the
genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo,
Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Russia Has 23,000,000 Horses.

There are nearly 23,000,000 horses
in European Russia. No other coun-
try in the world has so many horses
as Russia.



Pillsbury's Vitos
is the best and most eco-
nomical breakfast food you
can buy.

Actually
The Meat of the Wheat.

It is white
Its color proves its purity
its maker guarantees its quality

Pillsbury
Two honest
pounds in every
package.

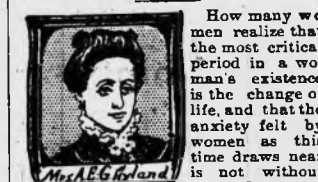
Price
15c
Per
Package

Ask your grocer

THE CHANGE OF LIFE

INTELLIGENT WOMEN PREPARE

Dangers and Pain of This Critical Period
Avoided by the Use of Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable Compound.



How many wo-
men realize that
the most critical
period in a wo-
man's existence
is the change of
life, and that the
anxiety felt by
women as this
time draws near
is not without
reason?
If her system is in a deranged con-
dition or she is predisposed to apoplexy
or congestion of any organ, it is at this
time likely to become active and, with
a host of nervous irritations, make life
a burden.

At this time, also, cancers and tumors
are more liable to begin their destruc-
tive work. Such warning symptoms as
a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, diz-
ziness, headache, dread of impending
evil, sounds in the ears, timidity, pal-
pitation of the heart, sparks before
the eyes, irregularities, constipation,
variable appetite, weakness and in-
quietude are promptly heeded by intelli-
gent women who are approaching the
period of life when woman's great
change may be expected.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound is the world's greatest remedy
for women at this trying period, and
may be relied upon to overcome all dis-
tressing symptoms and carry them
safely through to a healthy and happy
old age.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound invigorates and strengthens the
female organism, and builds up the
weakened nervous system as no other
medicine can.

Mrs. A. E. G. Hyland, of Chester-
town, Md., in a letter to Mrs. Pink-
ham, says:

"I had been suffering with falling of the
womb for years and was passing through the
change of life. My womb was badly swollen.
I had a good deal of soreness, dizzy spells,
headaches, and was very nervous. I wrote
you for advice and commenced treatment
with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound as you directed, and I am happy to say
that all those distressing symptoms left me,
and I have passed safely through the change
of life a well woman."

For special advice regarding this im-
portant period women are invited to
write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. It
is free and always helpful.



Take Your Choice

"U-Shine-It"—the new
liquid shoe polish, brilliant
and lasting. It shines easier,
wears longer and covers more
surface than any other.

Big Can, 10c.

If you want to save labor,
buy the 6-4 Self-Shining
"Stove Luster," which will
not wash off, is applied like
paint. "Eats Up" Rust and is
equally good for Farm Ma-
chinery, Stoves, Stove Pipes
and Wire Screens. Keeps
forever. Price, 25c.

PILEOID

WILL CURE IF YOU HAVE PILES.
IT GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

Free Samples and Booklet Sent Upon Request.
Ask your druggist for it after having used the
samples. We invite your correspondence. The fol-
lowing is one of many testimonials.

Anti-Septo Medicine Company,
Chan. pag. Ill., Nov. 20, 1905.

I have had more or less trouble from itching piles
for more than four years. One-half box of Pileoid
cured me. Very respectfully,
JOHN GODDARD.

Your money will be refunded by the druggist if
you are not satisfied as to results. The price of
Pileoid is \$1.00 per box; but to any one who has not
tried our great remedy we will send two boxes for
the price of one. Enough to cure most cases. Made by
ANTI-SEPTO MEDICINE COMPANY,
319 East 63rd Street, CHICAGO.

**TWENTY-FIVE BUSHELS OF
WHEAT TO THE ACRE**

Means a pro-
ductive ca-
pacity in dol-
lars of over
\$16 per acre.

This land which has cost the farmer not-
ing but the price of tilling it, tells its own
story.

The Canadian Government gives absolutely
free to every settler 160 acres of such land.

Land adjoining can be purchased at from 20
to 50 per acre from railroad and other cor-
porations.

Already 175,000 farmers from the United
States have made their homes in Canada.

For pamphlet: "Twenty-Fifth Century Canada"
and all information apply to Supt. of Immigra-
tion, Ottawa, Canada, or to following authorized
Canadian Government Agent—M. V. McInnes,
6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or
C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.
(Mention this paper.)

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES
W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Cilt Edge Lne
cannot be equalled at any price.



W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes have by their
excellent style, easy fitting and superior work-
manship, achieved the largest sale of any \$3.50
shoe in the world. They are just as good as
those that cost you \$5.00 to \$7.00—the only
difference is the price. If you could see my
factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in
the world under one roof making men's shoes,
and show you the care with which every
pair of Douglas shoes is made, you would realize
why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the best
shoes produced in the world.

If I could show you the difference between the
shoes made in my factory and those of other
makers, you would understand why Douglas
\$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold
their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of
greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50
shoe on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas Strong Road Shoes for
Men, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00
CAUTION.—In order to have W. L. Douglas
shoes, take no substitutes. Name genuine
without his name and price stamped on bottom.

WANTED. A shoe dealer in every town where
W. L. Douglas Shoes are not sold. Full line of
samples sent free for inspection upon request.
Foot Color Experts used; they will not wear
brassy. Write for illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

DAXTINE

ANTISEPTIC
FOR WOMEN

treated with this powder to
their face, used as it does to the body and
cheek. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs,
stops discharges, seals inflammation and
sores.

Facial skin in powder form to be dissolved in
water, and is far more cleansing, healing, germicidal
and economical than liquid antiseptics for all
trials and women's special uses.

For sale at druggists, 50 cents a box.
Total Box 25c. In case of illness, please
write for illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.
THE D. PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

**WHISKEY HABIT
CURED.**

A Special Offer for October and November.
Four weeks' board, room and an absolute
cure for all desire for drink for \$75.00.
Write for particulars. PATTERSON SANITARIUM,
316 E. Bridge Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Western Life Indemnity Co.

The Policy Holders' Committee at No. 77 Jackson
Bldg., Chicago, will give complete information about
the expenditure of \$200,000 of company funds as
committees to Mr. Rosefield for the purchase of
Life Insurance Company of Pennsylvania business
made on or about February 20th, 1905, and the ex-
penditure of \$20,000 on September 22nd, 1905, to pur-
chase 8,000 shares of stock in the Security Life and
Annuity Company, (par value \$70 per share.) Mr.
Moulton, Mr. Hunsfield and Mr. Moore, the Execu-
tive Committee, are now cited by Judge Kohman to
show cause why they should not be held liable for
contempt in making the last transaction. Make
inquiry at once. HERVEY B. NICKS, Chairman.

W. N. U.—DETROIT.—No. 43—1905

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LIVE STOCK

The Horse Importing Business.

Dr. D. E. Salmon, chief of the Government Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington, D. C., has come out in print as opposed to the wholesale importation of stallions for purposes of speculation only. He thinks that horses of the best quality and known purity of blood, animals that will be the most likely to benefit our horse stock when used for breeding purposes should be brought over the water freely, but that hundreds of other stallions, not of the best quality or breeding, had better be left in their native countries. This at least is the purport of what he has said to one who reads between the lines understandingly; and in our opinion there is need for just such opposition as this and for action also looking to the improvement of the character of the horses imported, writes A. S. Alexander in Farmers' Review.

Dr. Salmon points out that while stallions are imported in great numbers few mares are brought over, comparatively speaking. This indeed has been the case, and the reason apparently is that a mare cannot be sold to a company of farmers for a price far exceeding her value. The mare has to be bought by one man or a firm and not more than a fair price, including expense of importation, will be paid for her. On the other hand the stallion will make money for the owner, and for that reason a company buys him at a very high price, which does not seem so high after it has been divided among twenty partners. So brisk has been the demand for stallions of late that importers have brought them in by the hundred and have sold most of them to companies.

Many of the stallions have been poor specimens and many of them unsound, while as many more have been so shut in pedigree that they could not be expected to do the best of work in breeding, although they were eligible to carry free of duty. At the same time it must be conceded that a great many finely bred and individually excellent and sound stallions have been imported, and these animals will have a grand effect upon the horse stock of the districts in which they happen to be used. Many horses of this class, however, have gone into the northwest territories of Canada, where there are many capable judges and where great attention is being paid to the breeding of heavy draft horses. There they will be used intelligently, and it will not be long until the districts in question are fairly well provided with home-bred stock of fine quality and utility. There it will be possible to find home-bred stallions fit for use on high-grade and even pure-bred mares, and the work now being done is hastening the time when importation of stallions will no longer be necessary.

Dr. Salmon thinks it will be well when we can do without the imported stallions, and there is a great deal of common sense in his arguments in that direction; but in our opinion it will be very many years before we can manage to get along without imported stallions. The chief reason is that we are not using the stock we import in an intelligent manner, in that we mix breeds yearly and continue to fill the country with mixed-bred and mongrel horses. The next reason is that pure-bred mares are scarce and that it is no longer possible to grade up all horses to recordable purity of blood. If we at once are to supply our breeders with the stallions they require it must be done by men who own large bands of pure-bred mares bred intelligently year after year to the best of stallions for the production of stallions good enough to use in place of imported stock. Unfortunately, however, success has been rare where mares were banded together in large herds for breeding purposes. Greatest success comes from each farmer breeding one or two pure-bred work mares. Work is necessary to profligacy and strong constitution. We want to encourage as much as possible the breeding of a few pure-bred mares of heavy draft or other useful stock by "common" farmers rather than many mares by large firms of capitalists. When this is brought about there will be plenty of good stallions in the country without going abroad for them, but our farmers will have to be educated to breed horses intelligently and feed them generously before the present state of affairs can be changed.

Early Maturity.

Early maturity is one of the leading characteristics of our improved meat animals. Our bees, our swine and our sheep mature now in much less time than they did fifty years ago. This results in a very great saving in the cost of bringing animals to maturity, because it reduces the cost of maintenance. Thus, it used to take a beef animal three years to reach the size he now reaches in two years. During all the extra year the cost of maintenance had to be met. This alone is equal to a large profit on the investment, and shows the reason why improved farm animals are far more profitable to raise than common scrub animals. It also shows the reason why men will pay two or three times as much for breeding animals of the high quality kind as for the unimproved sort. There is also another saving in the food of production, as the digestive systems of such animals will make more flesh out of a pound of grain than will the digestive systems of unimproved animals. A third

item of profit is in the saving of labor. An animal requires a certain amount of attention, and this attention costs money. If one man can take care of twenty steers, it is evident that one steer will take one-twentieth of the time of one man, and a year's saving is a large item. People that stop to consider such things can easily understand why the very best of our improved animals sell at almost unbelievable prices when they are put up for auction.—Joseph Bowler, Carroll Co., Ind., in Farmers' Review.

Combination Auction Sales.

It is interesting at this time of the year to read accounts of the combination sales of rams that are being held throughout Great Britain, and to note the keen competition for the best animals and the high prices breeders are willing to pay to back up their judgment of quality. These sales have been an annual event in Scotland for very many years, and they serve the purpose of supplying breeders with their stock sheep for the season. Here come together the best rams fitted for sale by all of the leading breeders, and they sell strictly upon their merits—not on pedigree alone or even the reputation of the breeder, but upon quality. Each sheep is sold separate and the bidding is fast and furious for the best individuals, as high as three or four hundred dollars being paid for a single ram of uncommon good quality and character.

Such sales are admirable in that they enable each breeder to obtain what his sheep are worth each year. He does not put a fancy price upon the sheep. He has to take what the sheep are really worth in the market, where they are brought into close comparison and competition with the best animals of rival breeders. Here breeders may practically exchange sheep as soon as the rams can no longer be used with profit in the same flock. Were it not for these sales breeders would have to visit many different flocks before finding the sort of ram they most required. At the sales there are many to be selected from, and they are all of such good quality that there is little trouble in finding exactly what is most required at home.

The same breeders send sheep to several sales at wide distances apart so that all intending purchasers are accommodated, and it is wonderful to see how nearly alike are the averages at the different sales, showing how good are the attendants at judging values. There would seem to be great need for sales of this sort with us. Our small breeders have difficulty in finding suitable rams at prices they can afford to pay, or have to pay high prices for rams they do not have a chance to examine, and these may prove unsuitable when received. We believe that combination sales of pure-bred rams held just before the breeding season each year would prove profitable to breeders and farmers alike.—Farmers' Review.

Value of Shelter.

In the northern states shelter is necessary for most animals, at least during some parts of the year. They must have shelter from the very hottest days of summer and in the coldest days of winter. There is a line of comfort below which animals suffer if not protected. It is doubtless true that the degree of temperature at which a beef steer will be comfortable is very much lower than we have supposed. Nevertheless, that degree exists, and below it the animal must be sheltered. The latitude will determine largely the kind of shelter to be given. In the southern part of the temperate zone most farm animals require no more shelter than is made possible by an open shed, but in the northern part of the temperate zone the animals need to be sheltered from the cold coming from all sides. The animals that are not sheltered when they should be sheltered expend a vast amount of food in keeping warm. Not only this, but there is loss in vitality in the increased digestive processes required to elaborate fuel to be burned up in the lungs. Shelter is cheap where it is needed, no matter what the cost may be.—James Williams, Cass Co., Neb.

Cleaning the Fence Corners.

It seems a shameful waste that on so many farms the fence corners are used as catch-alls for all sorts of rubbish and worn-out machinery, and sometimes even for good machinery which should be under cover if it is expected to do the service that is required of it. On some farms there is enough land going to waste in these neglected corners to support a family. If anything at all is raised on them it is usually a crop of weeds. Now I would suggest that farmers who have been negligent or thoughtless in this respect place it upon themselves as one of their fall tasks that they will have all rubbish corners on their land cleaned out and the land used to some purpose. Not only will they then be getting an income from all the land in which they have invested money and on which they are paying taxes, but their farms will take on a neat, well-cared for appearance which they have not known for a long while.—E. V. Ragan, Oneida Co., Wis.

The Feast of Flowers.

A beautiful Mexican festival is the Feast of Flowers. Originally it was an Indian holiday. For many days before the feast flowers are brought by loads into the city, where they are used for decorating the streets and for sale purposes. Every person and every vehicle is decorated with flowers and prizes are awarded for the most artistic carriages and the most beautiful costumes.

CHANGE RELIEVES THE BRAIN.

In Many Cases Far Better Than Absolute Rest.

The persistent use of the muscular system is well calculated to relieve the brain and nervous system of their tension, says Dr. H. J. Hall in Good Housekeeping. It is also true that manual work pleases and satisfies the mind when its results are good. All this becomes clearer when we realize how vainly we may seek relief from nervous fatigue in physical rest or even in recreations of the ordinary sort. The quiet room or the quiet hillside, so suggestive of rest and peace, these are too often impotent in the presence of carking care. One reason for this failure is that the brain and the body are commonly not tired in what is called nervous exhaustion, but are only irritated, while the sense of fatigue which is so misleading, is merely the result of that irritation and may be termed a psychic fatigue. Under these circumstances it is easy to understand that it is change, not necessarily physical rest, which is so sorely needed.

PROMOTE THE DESERVING MAN.

Advice to Those Who Would Retain Competent Employees.

If you have competent help and want to keep it advance every man when his opportunity comes. There is always another fellow looking for good help, and usually he has an eye on yours. A man may stay in your employ apparently in a rut and apparently satisfied as long as there is no opening above him. When that opening comes, if outsiders step in to get the benefits, your man is gone. He may not go that day or the next, but he will go. He is a disgruntled, dissatisfied employe and will begin to look about. Real merit never looks long for a market. Promote the man you know and have confidence in, and start the stranger in less important places. As the wheels go round they, too, will get the advancement for which every employe worth his hire is striving.—Chicago Tribune.

Gypsies and Tartars.

Some ethnologists claim that the gypsies are of the same family as the Tartars. They are said to have appeared first in Germany in 1417, under the name of Tartars or Zegins, and by a statute of Henry VIII. were expelled from England in 1530. This not proving efficient to exterminate the race, stronger measures were taken, described by Thomas Cromwell in a quaint letter still extant. "And in case ye shall here or knowe of any such Gypsians," he writes to "My Lorde of Chester," "that ye shal compell them to depart to the next porte of the see, and eyther without delaye upon the first winde that shall comve them, or they shal in any wise breke that cammandment to seee them executed, without sparing upon any commysion, license or placards that they may shew or alledge for themselves to the contrary."

Plymouth Markets.

Wheat, Red, \$.80
Wheat, White, \$.78
Oats, 25c.
Rye, 63c.
Potatoes, 20c.
Beans, basis \$1.45
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Eggs, 22c.



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We open Monday morning a large purchase of wide Embroideries at one-quarter to one-third under regular prices. Also a small lot of Fancy White Goods, suitable for Ladies' Waists and Children's Dresses at 18c a yard. Regular prices 25 and 30 cents.

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