

We Offer You

Artistic packages of Perfumes, some of them in cut-glass bottles, at from 10c to more.

Beautiful Henry XIV. Court Boxes, at from \$1.00 to more.

Elegant Toilet sets, sterling silver mountings, at from 75c to more.

Handsome and useful Mending sets, at from 50c to more.

These are a few of the things we offer, but we have more.

The Wolverine Drug Co.

Home Office of Santa-Claus.

Phone No. 5.

J. H. KIMBLE, Ph. B., M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at "THE WOLVERINE."

Office Phone No. 5
Residence Phone No. 105

Tea, Coffee, Spices,
Bread, Cookies,
Canned Goods,
Breakfast Foods,
Candy, Tablets,
Tobacco, Cigars,

W. B. ROE'S

Phone 35

Gonner Hardware Co., Ltd.

HENRY CLAY'S HOUR OF DEATH

Precise Time of Great Commoner's Demise in Debate.

Almost every visitor to Washington has noticed the dial on the clock on the avenue front of the National hotel, and has also noticed that the face of the clock, which is on the arch on the roof, is a painted clock and not a bona fide timepiece.

They have also noticed that the hands of the clock are painted to indicate 8:33. This time has been registered on the National hotel for over fifty years, and many have wondered why that particular time was selected.

The explanation is that the clock was painted soon after the death of Henry Clay, who died in room 22 of that hotel on June 29, 1852, and it is stated by authority that the time indicated by the hands of the clock was fixed to indicate the exact hour of the death of Henry Clay.

If this is the fact, the painters, or the person who ordered them to set the clock at that hour, made an error, because, although Henry Clay passed away in the hotel on that particular day, he died at 11:15 a. m., instead of 8:33. The people at the hotel still contend that their clock is right and that the papers and the records are all wrong.—Baltimore American.

SHE WHO SCATTERS SUNSHINE

English Journal's Description of the Woman of Tact.

A woman of tact is one who feels that the story told to hurt your feelings is essentially bad form and inconsiderate of the feelings of others. A woman of tact is the woman who is courteous to old people, who laughs with the young, and who makes her self agreeable to all women in all conditions of life. A woman of tact is one who makes her "good morning" a pleasant greeting, her visit a bright spot in the day, and her "good-bye" a hope that she may come again. A woman of tact is one who does not always gauge people by their clothes or their riches, but who strongly condemns bad manners.—London Answers.

Wondrous Power of Love.

Undoubtedly, as Ovid said ages ago, "Love is the perpetual source of fear and anxieties," yet, also, it is the root of the greatest earthly bliss which humanity can know. Moreover, without faith love cannot endure. True love always is enthusiastic; a love must idealize the beloved. It may well be, and probably is, that the man or woman thus idealized is neither better nor worse than a million others, and no amount of loving will make them angelic, saving in the eyes of love. But, mercifully for humanity, "There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." And angels might be uncomfortable companions for ordinary men and women, "creatures far too bright and good for human nature's daily food."—Chicago Tribune.

This From a Scotchman?

James Merry, a well known Scottish ironmaster and owner of race horses, once decided to run for parliament. He stood as candidate for Glasgow. He posed as an extreme radical, and was prepared to abolish everything in sight, as a short way to reform. At one of his meetings where the heckling of candidates was the feature, as in all Scottish elections, he was asked, after he had disposed summarily of the crown, the house of lords and most of the British constitution, whether he would abolish the decalogue. "Certainly," cried the valiant Merry. Then turning to his nearest neighbor on the platform he asked in an audible whisper, "Jock, what is thunders' decalogue?"—New York Tribune.

Our Vocabulary Largest.

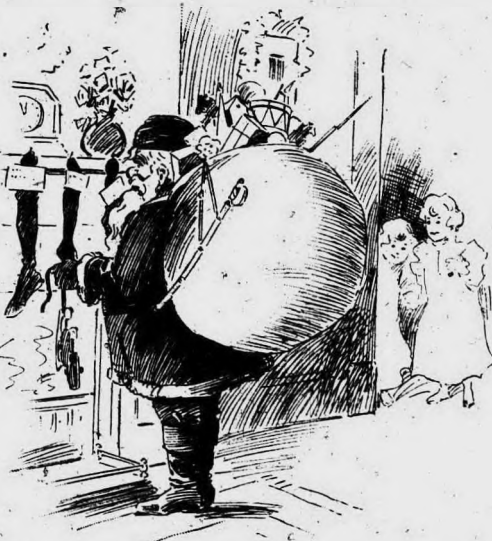
A German is-foreigner announces that the English language has the largest vocabulary of any now in use. It heads the list with 260,000 words; German with 90,000 words, coming second, and Italy, with 75,000, third. The authors of the English dictionaries certainly deserve a great deal of praise, although we can think of several English words in general use that might be dropped without injuring the appearance of the vocabulary, in the least. Possibly the amount of slang in our dictionaries may explain the difference of 180,000 words between the English and German languages.—Exchange.

Homemade Rosy Cheeks.

Glady is an anemic child, with pale cheeks and she is eight years old. Much to the annoyance of Glady's playmates have made the absence of color in her cheeks the subject of conversation, even in her hearing. Evidently the young lady determined to put a stop to criticism and appeared the other day with cheeks glowing like the rose with a most beautiful and artistic pink. "Oh, Glady, where did you get the pink cheeks?" cried her playmates in chorus. Casting down her eyes the discreet damsel replied: "Mamma told me not to talk."

Christmas Toys!
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

- Wagons
- Sleighs
- Rocking Horses
- Wheelbarrows
- Jumping Jacks
- Red Ridi'g Hood and Wolf
- Horns
- Drums
- Mechanical Toys 25c and 50c
- Baby Carts
- Houses
- Stores
- Musical Rattlers
- Tool Chests



- Musical Lawn Mowers
- Dominos
- Checkers
- 5c Games
- 10c Games
- 25c Games
- 50c Games
- Toy Dishes
- Nigger Dolls
- Comic Dolls
- Rag Dolls
- Rubber Dolls
- Mouth Organs
- Etc., Etc.

In Perfume we have the Best Bargain in Town!

For the next two weeks we sell all kinds of Perfume at Cut Prices. Perfumes at 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c to \$1 each. We sell a beautiful bottle of Perfume in basket for \$1.50, regular price \$2.50.

WE HAVE THE FINEST AND LARGEST STOCK OF

CHINA @ GLASSWARE

In town, such as Salads, Fruit Sets, Cake Plates, Bread Plates, Bread and Milk Sets, Bread and Butter Plates, Water Sets, Vases, Sugar and Cream Sets, etc., etc.

Come In and See our Stock of Candy

Before buying elsewhere. Candy by the pail, Candy by the Basket, Lowney's and Schraft's Fancy boxes in 1/2, 1 and 2 pounds.

We have 5c, 10c, 15c, 20c and 25c BOOKS for sale in Linen and Paper. We have a large stock of HOLLY in bulk, Pine Wreaths, Holly Wreaths, Pine Rope. Leave your order for anything in that line you will want.

In GROCERIES we have everything new and fresh. Nuts of all kinds, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Celery, Lettuce, Raisins, Currants, Citron, White Grapes, in fact everything to make a sumptuous Christmas and New Years dinner. Twenty-five pounds of the best Granulated Sugar for \$1.25.

JOHN L. GALE

Christmas -- Headquarters

RIGGS'

FOR ALL KINDS OF WEARING APPAREL

And what could you select that would be more appreciated than something nice to wear? We have made a special effort this year to fill our store with pretty Novelties that would please the people—something for everybody—

Ladies, Gents, Boys & Girls.

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| Christmas Clothing | Christmas Cloaks and Suits |
| Shoes and Slippers | Furs |
| Neckwear | Dress Goods |
| Hats and Caps | Ladies' and Children's Shoes and Slippers |
| Shirts and Night Robes | Kid and Wool Gloves |
| Underwear | Hosiery |
| Suspenders and Hosiery | Handkerchiefs and Collars |
| Gents' Jewelry | Dressing Sacks |
| Mufflers | Ladies' Sweaters |
| Gloves and Mittens | Ladies Raincoats |
| Sweaters | Tams and Toques |
| Umbrellas | Silk and Wool Waists |
| Trunks and Hand Bags | Table Linen and Napkins |
| Gents' Hosiery | Bedspreads |
| Fur Gloves | Bed Blankets |
| Draperies | Bed Comforters |
| Rugs and Carpets | |

Christmas side combs, back combs, hat pins, fancy garters, belts, pocket-books, ladies' hand bags, pretty collars, ribbons, laces, pillow slips, in fact the store is filled with good staple and fancy novelties that would be appreciated by the most fastidious. Don't fail to give us a look before selecting your Gifts, as you are sure to find something you want at this store.

Yours for Christmas Business.

E. L. RIGGS

Isaboe

So fallen so lost! The light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Reville him not—the Tempter hath
A snare for all!
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Beit his fall!

Of dumb be passion's stormy rage.
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! Would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-scaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and Heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now;
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But, let its humble sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, nought
Save power remains—
A fallen angel, pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

A NEW THANKSGIVING

By CHARLES EUGENE BANKS

Copyright, 1908, by Dally Story Publishing Co.

It was not altogether the matter of a wishbone although that had something to do with it. Psychologists would say that some hereditary strain of prehistoric savagery in the nature of Sylvia Marston responding to the keynote of its rhythm prompted the action. Whatever was the cause, the results were vital to at least three people, and who knows where the wave will end?

The celebration of the Christian Thanksgiving in many households has little of the wild, free abandon which characterized the pagan Feast of Plenty upon which it is founded. On the contrary it is ushered in with a gloomy solemnity which has its effect on old and young. The fattened turkey becomes an offering on the altar of an angry god rather than a happy gift to a bounteous Father. Why should not everyone dance and sing and leap for joy when the granaries are full to bursting and the cellar bins groan with the gifts of the garden? It must be that the spell of those dark and gloomy days of our brave but narrow-minded Puritan ancestors still casts its shadow over this festival which they inaugurated. A stranger viewing a Thanksgiving feast for the first time might well conclude it to be a sacrifice of propitiation to some god of evil, rather than the outpouring of grateful hearts for blessings already in hand.

Grandpa and Grandma Varston were a fine old couple, with the pronounced features of their New England ancestors. Their ancestors had carved out of the primeval forests a home, and with the aid of gun and trap had made their small clearings feed and clothe a numerous and hungry progeny. The Marston home was a big, rambling affair with many modern additions to the original structure. Native oaks and maples grew in the big dooryard, interspersed with many other transplanted trees; and shrubs. Behind the house and at some distance stood a big square barn shining with red paint and bristling with lightning rods. Cattle and horses were grouped about the long racks of clover hay, stamping and tossing their heads in the clear, frosty air. Straggling families of sheep made white patches on the dark hill-sides. Everywhere were signs of plenty, yet there was apparent a marked rigidity and lack of decoration that aroused in the beholder a feeling of loneliness not to be overcome by even so large and healthful a company as that now assembled under the hospitable roof.

It seems incredible that a simple little wishbone could affect the order of so staid and matter-of-fact a company as these descendants of the Marstons gathered from far and near

and graceful, her long slender hands brown with sun and tan, and her cheeks flushed with the color of pure air and exercise. Her countenance was quite a different type: tall, well built, cultured, neither blonde nor brunette, but a becoming compromise between the two. She spoke but seldom, and then of things which meant little to her country cousin, whose knowledge of the world was limited to the neighborhood in which she lived and that gained from a rather desultory reading.

Seated between the two girls, John Gray could not but contrast them and wonder what would have happened had they changed places at birth. What would the city have done for this impressionable little of nerves on his left? What the country for his reserved and dignified fiancée? The more he thought about it the more interesting the speculation became. And from interested speculation on the nature of a woman to interest in the woman herself is a very short step. With the character of Mabel Cartwright he was more or less familiar. Sylvia Marston was a new problem and therefore more interesting, even to a student of divinity.

Then came the test of the wishbone. Sylvia found it on her plate and called it to the attention of her cousin. Mabel merely glanced at the forked bone, raised her brows in a half inquiring manner and proceeded with her dinner. Sylvia colored to the roots of her nutbrown tresses. John Graham, seeing her embarrassment, thought to

come to her relief and asked to break the bone with her.

"Silly, childish custom, I suppose," Sylvia said with a little hysterical laugh, "fit only for country people."

"I'll break one with you if you'll allow me," Gray looked straight into the trouble and held out his hand. Sylvia, the wishbone, their fingers touch, a glance deepened, a slight shiver through the girl's being and a higher color into the face of John.

"I think I will be excused," came the low level tones of Mabel. "You will not miss me from your intellectual amusement."

She swept away and John seated himself again by the side of Sylvia. But she, too, sprang up, and flinging the bone into the fireplace, ran out of doors and fled like a wind-blown leaf away through the trees.

Country folks are less artificial than their town-bred cousins, and this scene, which would have created no end of secret gossip had it happened at a dinner with the smart set, was passed over with an outspoken criticism of Sylvia's "flighty temper" by her grandmother and a halting apology from her mother that "the child had a headache." But the dinner went cold after that.

The sun, going down like a ball of molten gold, threw long level shafts of light against the windows of the old farmhouse. And from one of those windows looking on the woods Mabel saw John Gray and Sylvia Marston walking slowly. They were coming towards the house and his face was bent toward hers, which looked up into his wistfully. Something in the attitude of the strolling couple caused a hard look to come into the eyes of Mabel. Her fingers beat a quick tattoo on the window pane, her arched eyebrows gathered into the suggestion of a frown and her lips curled scornfully. Then she tossed her head with a haughty gesture and went slowly down the stairs. She sat down at a little old fashioned piano in the big living room and began running her hands absently over the keys, straying through the tangle of many tunes. Then as from some subconscious memory she began to sing an improvised lyric.

I wish, I wish, I know not what,
Forget me, or forget me not,
What is my thought? What my desire?
What more of fate do I require,
What more of bitter or of sweet,
To make the song of life complete?
This un-bow'd gift for which I sigh—
I know not why, I know not why.

I saw you returning just now. Don't speak. You cannot tell me anything I do not know. They have their arguments, women their intuitions. The two can never be brought to an understanding. It is this that causes so much unhappiness in the world. You roar; we feel. You argue; we affirm or deny. You are right from your standpoint; we are right from ours. And this something within tells me that you and I should never be happy as man and wife. It was well I found it out before it is too late. Good-night and good-bye."

She stood up and held out her hand. He hesitated, his lips parted as if to speak, but no words came. He bowed, touched her fingers with a courtly salute and allowed her to pass.

Seven times Thanksgiving day had been celebrated at the old farmhouse since Mabel Cartwright had improvised that wistful little song which had so fateful an ending, and the winds of November were once more whirling dead leaves down long aisles of oaks before the old farmhouse, and once more families were gathering in the big rooms for the annual reunion. Grandpa's seat by the wide mouthed fireplace was vacant now, and grandma had to be told many times over the names of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren as they came to lay their little heads in her lap and look up inquiringly into her pale face with its tinkling crown of snow white hair.

"And this is little Willie Gray?" she said, stroking the soft golden curls of a slender boy of seven-and-a-half. "You are like your mother, only her eyes were brown and yours are blue. Poor dear! poor dear! We miss her most at such a time. You were only a little baby when she went away. You will never know what a cheerful little sparrow she was."

"Was mamma like Aunt Mabel, Grandma?"

"No, my child, not like your Aunt Mabel; not nearly so tall, nor so quiet and dignified. But she was very sweet and lovely."

"I like my Aunt Mabel very much, Grandma; and Papa told me last night that I must love her always, because he loved her, and she was going to be my real Mamma."

"And so you must, for she will make you a good mother, child. There now, you must run and play with the others. They are looking for you."

A moment later John Gray came into the room, and walking by his side was Mabel Cartwright. He wore the full garb of a clergyman now and his manner had about it the quiet readiness that bespeaks the conqueror who is greater than he who overcometh a city. And the girl at his side had grown in spirit, too. She was not less beautiful than when she had stood before him eight years before and bade him good-bye. But her beauty was of a nobler type. She too had conquered herself. The haughty carriage of the head was gone, and in its place was womanly gentleness, fortitude and a sweet strength born of that higher knowledge, the heritage of suffering and forgiveness.

They approached the chair where the aged woman sat and Mabel kneeling before her took her wrinkled hands in her own and was looking up into the eyes bright with visions of the World To Be awaited her blessing.

"Willie has told me," said Grandma Martin, releasing her hand to touch lightly on the smooth bands of brown hair above the brow of her niece. "I know your story well. Sylvia, if she could speak to us, would say as I do, God bless you."

A tear, like a glistening jewel fell upon the young hand stretched out to the aged one, and shone thereon as though it were a dew drop out of heaven, giving assurance of the blessing.

"It was my sin, not hers," said John Gray, huskily. "I did what I could to repair the wrong."

"Sins that we do on earth may be counted virtues in heaven, who knows?" the aged woman said. "We know not if even our prayers are righteous, for what we most desire if granted, may break some other's heart. God knows best and he has said, 'Let your communications be yea yea, and nay nay, for whatsoever is more than that cometh of evil.' Thanksgiving for all, sorrow as well as joy for our eyes are dim and know not our own blessings."

"And I am going to love my new mamma ever and always!" The arms of the boy were thrown around the neck of Mabel Cartwright, and she, clasping the child in her arms, registered a silent vow to make a new thanksgiving in his heart.

Mexican Football.
At the end of the first half he rose in his seat and lighted a cigar. "Mexican football," he said, "is not like this. It is called soccer. The ball is of wood and weighs five pounds. The course is three miles long and eight yards wide."

"Three players, each with a ball, start simultaneously from one goal, and the man who kicks his ball first to the goal three miles distant wins the game."

"It is an exciting game and a fast game. Three mounted surgeons follow the players, for kicking so heavy a ball it frequently happens that a toe, or an ankle, is broken."

"But in some, of course, the surgeons don't have so much to do as in our kind of game."

Less Labor Involved.
"How'd youse like to have de job of Lospin' de streets of Havana free from snow?" Jocularly inquired Tired Tigger.

"I'd rather be a dummy insurance director," promptly replied Weary Wragg.

CHURCH NEWS.
Services in the Presbyterian church next Sabbath morning. The pastor will preach. Christian Endeavor meeting at 6 P. M.

There will be an Episcopal service held at the Universalist church on Sunday at 3 P. M. (sun time), conducted by the Rev. Mr. Stonyx, of Dearborn. All are cordially invited.

Services at First Church of Christ, Scientist: Sunday morning 10 A. M. Subject for Dec. 17th, Christian Science. Sunday school for children 11 A. M. Wednesday evening testimony 7 P. M.

Preaching in the M. E. church morning and evening by the pastor. Morning theme "Who is he, this hero of the Yuletide?" 11:30 Sunday school. 6:30 P. M. Epworth League. Topic, "What Methodism stands for." Mrs. W. N. Isbell, leader. 7:00 Sermon—Theme "The parable of the great feast."

Baptist Church C. T. Jack, pastor. Men's prayer service, 9:30 Sunday morning. All men cordially invited. The pastor will preach both morning and evening. Morning sermon 10:00; evening sermon 6:30. Theme for morning, "How the Christian Grows." Evening theme, "The Brazen Serpent and Christ." Sunday School 11:15. B. Y. P. U. 5:30, Lee Markham president. Topic, "What Our Denomination Stands For." Leader, Mrs. William Bently. Mid-week prayer and praise service Wednesday evening, 7:00. This is the best service of the week. Come.

A Timely Topic.
At this season of coughs and colds it is well to know that Foley's Honey and Tar is the greatest throat and lung remedy. It cures quickly and prevents serious results from a cold. Sold by The Wolverine Drug Co.

Patronize Home Merchants.
This vicinity as well as others, is canvassed occasionally by the representatives of foreign grocery houses who claim to give the people lower prices or better goods or a better deal some way than the home merchants says the Milford Times, and the same is also applicable here.

It would pay the people to stop and do a little figuring and thinking before giving an order to one of these outside agents as in many cases that have been investigated, the outside concern actually charges more on the average bill by a good big percentage, besides the freight which the customer must pay. Of course, the outside concerns have "leaders," certain articles which they sell at a very low price, but you may depend upon it that the concerns and their agents are not doing business for nothing.

Over at Ithaca bills of goods sold by canvassers of a Dayton, Ohio, firm, it was found could be duplicated with the same grade of goods by the local merchants at from 15 to 20 per cent less on prices. The merchants asked nothing better than to get the prices obtained by the Dayton concern and we find upon inquiry that Milford grocers are only too willing to meet the competition on the same basis. On one bill for which the farmer paid the Dayton house \$14.04, the regular local prices were only \$11.55.

When the outside agent wants your order, take his prices for a bill of goods amounting to \$10 or more, submit it to your local grocer, agreeing to pay cash—as you will have to do with the outside concern—and if he cannot give you as good a deal as the agent the local man will probably have nothing more to say, although he still has a valid claim to your patronage along with all home tradesmen.

New Method of Registering Births in Michigan.
The Secretary of State is sending out birth certificates and other blanks to township, village and city clerks and health officers who act as local registrars for the enforcement of the new law requiring the prompt registration of all births that occur in Michigan on or after January 1, 1906. Blanks are also sent to all the physicians in the state, with full instructions, so that there may be no delay in putting the law into full effect with the beginning of the year.

This act means a radical improvement in methods of registration, and if it meets with as signal success as has attended the law for the prompt registration of deaths, it will be a great benefit to the people of Michigan. The birth of every child ought to be recorded. Important legal and personal rights may depend upon such registration. The old law passed in 1867 for this purpose has proved to be very defective, only about two-thirds of the births in the State being properly returned. Under the new law physicians and midwives must file certificates with the local registrars within ten days after birth, and the original certificates are transmitted to the State Department at Lansing on the fourth day of the following month. The general method of making returns is the same as that successfully employed for deaths, and with the hearty cooperation of all concerned the results should be of great value.

Are you in arrears for The Mail? If so, pay it up.

ONLY 7 DAYS MORE

In which to do your Christmas Shopping. On your way to the Postoffice stop in at Harrison & Brown's and see the

New Line of Christmas Goods

Handkerchiefs, 5c to 25c. Holly Ribbon.
Dolls from 10c up.
Yarns and Slipper Soles.
Dollies and Tray Cloths.
Pillow Tops and Tray Cloths.
Oriental Down Pillows—all sizes.
Stamped Linen Dollies and Cushion Tops.
Towel Rings, Embroidery Needles, Ruching.
Fancy Collars, 25c and 35c.

We are agents for the celebrated

CALIFORNIA TOILET ARTICLES.

ASK TO SEE THEM.

HARRISON & BROWN

Christmas at Freydl's

Hats and Caps
Dress and Work Shirts
Neckwear
Collars and Cuffs

All Articles suitable for your gentlemen friends.

F. FRYDL, the Tailor.

Conner Block.

WARNER'S

Plymouth Cheese Factory

ALWAYS PAYS

Highest Price for Milk!

Price Now \$1.25 per 100 lbs.

Are you receiving more? Milk delivered every other day Pay day 20th of every month.

EXCURSION

SPECIAL TO CHICAGO

Account the Live Stock Exposition at Chicago, tickets will be sold for SPECIAL COACH EXCURSION good going Wednesday, December 20th good to return not later than Saturday, December 23d. Ask agents for low rates.

The Eldridge



For Thirty Years

The name Eldridge has stood for the BEST in the Sewing Machine World. Here is a New Eldridge, BETTER than any other, and superior in all others. Positive take-up; self-feeding needle; self-threading shuttle; automatic tension release; automatic bobbin winder; positive four motion feet; capped needle bar; noiseless self-adjusting roller bearing wheel, steel spindles, five ply laminated woodwork, with a beautiful set of nickle-plated attachments.

Ask your dealer for the Improved Eldridge and do not buy any machine until you have seen it.

National Sewing Machine Co. BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS.

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 fifth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six, Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

On reading and filing the petition of Minnie M. VanDeCar saying that administration of said estate may be granted to George VanDeCar or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the tenth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three consecutive 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.

(A true copy.)
ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.

Nothing has ever equalled it.
Nothing can ever surpass it.

Dr. King's New Discovery

For Consumption

A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles.

Are you in arrears for The Mail? If so, pay it up.

CHANCE SALE—In pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the circuit court of the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, in chancery, made and entered on the 25th day of November, A. D. 1906, in a certain cause there in pending, wherein Maria M. Summers and John W. Walker are complainants and Joseph Black and Ida M. Black are defendants.

Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the westerly or Congress street entrance to the Wayne County Building in the city of Detroit, county of Wayne, State of Michigan, (that being the building in which the circuit court for the county of Wayne is held), on Tuesday, the 31st day of January, A. D. 1907, at twelve o'clock noon, Detroit City time, on said day, the following described property, viz: That certain parcel of land with the appurtenances situated in the township of Dearborn, county of Wayne and State of Michigan, described as follows to-wit: The east one-half of the north-west one-quarter of the southeast one-quarter of section number seventeen (17), town two (2) south, range ten (10) east, containing twenty acres of land, be the same more or less. Also a strip of land one rod wide and eighty rods long more or less lying between the said above described land and the public highway on the east, the same being the north one-half acre of the north twenty-eight acre of the northeast quarter of said quarter section.

Dated Detroit, Michigan, December 16th, 1906.

CHAS. BLISS C. SIMONS,
Circuit Court Commissioner, Wayne County, Michigan.

P. W. VOORHIES, Solicitor for Complainants.

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EDGAR O. DURFEE,
Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.)
ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne, ss.

At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-seventh day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and six, Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Isaac Taham, deceased.

An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate.

It is ordered, that the third day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room be appointed for proving said instrument.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three consecutive 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.

(A true copy.)
ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne, ss.

At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate office, in the city of Detroit, on the fifth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six, Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

On reading and filing the petition of Minnie M. VanDeCar saying that administration of said estate may be granted to George VanDeCar or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the tenth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three consecutive 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.

(A true copy.)
ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.

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EDGAR O. DURFEE,
Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.)
ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.

HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT

To Buyers of Christmas Gifts: Our Special effort this season in the direction of Original Novelties and New Features has met with most gratifying success and we shall deem it a privilege to show you the most pleasing and appropriate line of Holiday Goods we have ever shown in Plymouth. Look through our beautiful stock and you will be pleased and convinced that they are not equalled elsewhere in merit or in price.

Solid Gold and Gold Filled Jewelry

Watches
Chains
Charms
Lockets
Brooches
Cuff Pins
Cuff Links
Emblem Pins

Rings
Fobs
Bracelets
Necklaces
Scarf Pins
Hat Pins
Crosses
Chatelaine Pins

Clocks

Gold Clocks
Porcelaine Clocks
Mission Clocks
Cuckoo Clocks

Iron Clocks
Electric Clocks
Enameled Clocks
Kitchen Clocks

Quadruple Silver Plated Hollow Ware

Tea Sets
Cracker Jars
Tea Bells
Cake Dishes
Fruit Dishes
Butter Dishes
Pickle Dishes
BonBon Dishes
Toothpick Holders
Child's Cups

Chocolate Sets
Nut Bowls
Salt and Peppers
Bread Trays
Spoon Trays
Crumb Trays
Card Trays
Trinket Trays
Napkin Rings
Shaving Mugs

Rogers' Silver Plated Flat Ware

Knives and Forks
Fruit Knives
Butter Knives
Pie Knives
Sugar Shells
Butter Spreaders
Berry Spoons
Cream Spoons
Salad Spoons
Gravy Spoons
Soup Spoons
Pie Servers

Beef Forks
Cake Forks
Pickle Forks
Pie Plates
Salad Forks
Oyster Forks
Orange Spoons
Table Spoons
Dessert Spoons
Tea Spoons
Coffee Spoons
Fish Forks

Sterling Silver

Berry Spoons
Gravy Spoons
Cream Spoons
BonBon Spoons
Cake Forks
Meat Forks
Pickle Forks
Butter Knives

Dessert Spoons
Tea Spoons
Souvenir Spoons
Lemonade Spoons
Sugar Shells
Oyster Forks
Olive Forks
Coffee Spoons

Leather Goods

Hand Bags
Pocket-books
Purses
Card Cases

Bill Books
Cigar Cases
Traveling Cases
Music Rolls

Celluloid & Ebony Goods

Collar and Cuff Boxes
Photo Boxes
Work Boxes
Handkerchief Boxes
Necktie Boxes
Clothes Brushes
Hair Brushes
Whisk Brushes
Combs
Hair Receivers

Shaving Sets
Manicure Sets
Military Sets
Toilet Sets
Smoking Sets
Hat Brushes
Bonnet Brushes
Hand Mirrors
Ash Trays
Work Baskets

Stationery

Children's Books
Fountain Pens
Pearl-handled Pens
Memorandum Books
Carbon Paper

Calendars
Xmas Cards
New Year Postals
Leather Postals
Tally Cards

Miscellaneous Articles

Sterling and Ebony Novelties
Manicure Articles
Pocket Mirrors
Pocket Combs
Key Rings
Match Boxes
Thimbles

Kodaks
Cameras
Stereoscopes
Stereoscopic Views
Sewing Machines
Phonographs
Mouth Organs
Photo Frames
Leather Collar and Cuff Boxes

Mark the Articles you want

and come and see our goods and get our prices. You will be convinced that every article is a Bargain.

C. G. DRAPER

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

You pretty girls, coming in a line:
One walked off with a young man—
then there were no more.

Nine dainty maidens, in a line:
One got up to go—then there
were eight.

Eight lovely debutantes made one feel
in Heaven!
One went for a motor—then there
were seven.

Seven witching, pert beauties, full of
regal tricks:
One announced she was engaged—then
there were six.

Six golden-haired, wavy blondes, with
youthful smiles:
One turned up her nose at me—then
there were five.

Five laughing, witching girls, one could
adore!
One went off to a pink tea—then there
were four.

Four pensive little maids, as dainty as
could be:
One went to the football game—then
there were three.

Three little, laughing sprites—what could
a man do
But make love? One away she ran—
then there were two.

Two blushing beauties, like sweet roses
in the sun:
Her chaperon called one to come—then
there were one.

One angry maid who snapped, "Suppose
you think me won't!
I won't be any man's last chance"—then
there were none!

Strange! this is my constant lot. Forth
None left, though when I came there
were ten!
—Joak Whitt, in Baltimore American.

THE NEARNESS OF OZIAS

By EVELYN BROWN ROBBINS

There was no denying that Ozias was "near." His father had been near before him, and his mother was near contemporaneously with him. It is doubtful if he ever had experienced any other ailments except the desire to earn money and save money. If in the spring the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love, his mother diagnosed the symptoms differently and invariably prescribed sulphur and molasses.

But one spring something happened. It was a morning in early May, one of his peering days, and he started out with his load of potatoes, beets, cabbages, rhubarb, dandelions and a few pounds of butter his mother had made. He stopped at the houses of his regular customers, and at about 3 o'clock he had disposed of most of his load and had reached the house of the widow Scovill.

Now the widow Scovill had a niece, of more property her late husband's niece, named Lucy, who lived with her. The aunt never let the girl forget that she was alone in the world and belonged to her, Mrs. Scovill, for every mouthful of bread she ate. But if ever there was eaten in the sweet of the loaf it was that which sustained the

she of Lucy Scovill. She did practically all the work of the house, and there were two school teacher boarders in the family. Not only this, but the widow Scovill was extremely neat, and liked to see "others work, so she spent her time in discovering or inventing things for Lucy to do.

On this particular May morning, Aunt Scovill had been ruder than usually trying, and the tears came even before the girl could hide them in shame. So it was that as she fled blindly along the gravel walk, she collided violently with Ozias Elliot.

Ozias, taken completely by surprise and nearly knocked off his feet, instinctively threw his arms about her and held her close while he regained his equilibrium. "What is the matter?" he cried in consternation.

Lucy tried to draw away, looking up in his face with tear-filled eyes to see who he was. "Oh, Mr. Elliot!" she gasped, "let me go!"

He released her, but stood before her so that she could not pass him in the narrow path. "You must tell me what is the matter," he said in a tone of command.

She stood before him with downcast eyes and trembling lips. "Why, Aunt



"Oh, Mr. Elliot!" she gasped, "let me go!"

was very unkind, and I was just going out to have a little cry."

Ozias was silent. He suddenly remembered all the gossip he had heard about the widow's treatment of the girl, and he also recalled that she had "kissed" him and been "when selling his vegetables" there. Then all at once he knew what it was that he had felt the need of all the spring.

"Lucy," he said earnestly, "I want to take you away from here. If you will go to the minister's with me and be married, I will take you home with me, and I will be kind to you and do my best to make you happy."

Lucy looked up at him with something like alarm in her blue eyes, but

he looked back at her earnestly and steadily, and after a moment he saw that she was yielding.

"Come," he said, and he put his arm about her and drew her toward his waiting horse and wagon.

Half an hour later they stood before a minister and were married.

When he led his wife into his own house his mother was nowhere to be seen. Ozias searched all through the down stairs rooms, then noticing that the cellar door stood open, he hurried down the stairs in quick alarm. At the bottom he found his mother, unconscious, where she had fallen only a few minutes before. He brought her upstairs and laid her on her bed, and leaving her in charge of Lucy hurried off to get the doctor.

Mrs. Elliot's injuries, while painful, were not serious, the doctor said. There were no broken bones, but she had been greatly shaken, and she suffered severely from a badly sprained ankle and numerous cuts and bruises. Her physical discomfort occupied her so fully all that day that she hardly noticed Lucy's presence, and so explanations were not necessary.

Ozias went to the village toward night to get his wife's belongings, which he brought home. He did not say much about his interview with the widow Scovill, merely telling Lucy that he explained matters to her. "She took it rather hard," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "but there was nothing she could do." From which



"It'll cost a lot," he said.

remark and the disordered condition of her possessions, Lucy drew her own conclusions.

"The next morning Mrs. Elliot called Ozias to her bedside. Her face was puffed with anxiety. "Ozias," she began, "don't have the doctor any more; there's no need of it and we can't afford it. I don't know what we are going to do. I'm so lame and

sore I can't hardly move, and I won't be able to step on that foot for a week."

"Don't you worry, mother; we've got someone to look after things," he said. "She takes real good care of you, so you don't need to worry."

"Who is she?" demanded the old lady with sudden suspicion. "She ain't a trained nurse, is she? They are terrible expensive."

Then, as Ozias hesitated, "Who is she?"

Ozias beckoned to Lucy, and she came into the room. He put his arm about her and drew her to his side. "She's my wife, mother," he said gently.

His mother gasped. "Your—wife!" She was silent a long time; then she settled back among her pillows as if a weight was off her mind. "You won't have to pay her, then," she said.

Lucy looked puzzled, and Ozias drew her out into the kitchen. "Mother is a little near," he explained.

The invalid was somewhat irritable and cross-grained, but after her experience of Mrs. Scovill Lucy found her mother-in-law a model of amiability, and her first misgivings as to how they would get on together vanished. She cooked dainty things to tempt her appetite, which the older woman ate with relish after being assured that they were not expensive. She had been working beyond her falling strength, of late, and it gave her a luxurious sense of rest and comfort to lie abed and hear the work going on without any care on her part.

One evening, after they had been married a week, Ozias and his wife sat together in his sitting room. Their work was done and Lucy had just assured herself that her mother-in-law was asleep.

"Ozias," she said, "I don't have work enough here. I shall get lazy if I can't find something more to do. And I have a plan. I want to give mother a surprise when she is able to sit up and come in here. I want to fix the room up. She sleeps so much during the day that I will have time to do it without her suspecting. So to-morrow, when you go to town, won't you get some paint and some samples of paper for the walls?"

Ozias looked disturbed. "It'll cost a lot," he said.

This was the first intimation that Lucy had received of his "nearness." She looked at him meditatively, then she went and sat on his knee. "Are we so dreadfully poor?" she said sympathetically.

Ozias smiled. "Not so very," he answered, and he mentioned the figures of his bank account.

With playful tenderness Lucy kissed the tip of his nose. "Then I guess we can afford to fix up this room," she said.

"And another thing," she went on. "Of course I don't want to dictate, but as long as we have to go through all the motions of making better, why not

make home? It wouldn't be hardly any more work. Couldn't we get another cow?"

"I wanted to," said Ozias, "but mother wasn't able to tend to it."

The next day Ozias bought the paint and they selected the wall paper.

When the elder Mrs. Elliot was able to come into the sitting room she was overcome with surprise. "It looks good," she admitted, "but it must have cost an awful lot."

"Oh, well, mother," Ozias said, "we've got another cow now, so our income is bigger."

How she did it Ozias himself did not know, but before the year was out Lucy had managed to paint and paper all the rooms in the house, and had even bought a good many new things, so that their home was as pretty as need be.

For a long time his mother talked gloomily of the poor house, but she enjoyed the pretty rooms in spite of herself, and as even with Lucy's free use of money they were still able to add a little to the precious bank account, she gradually became reconciled, though she never got so that she could see Ozias give his wife money without pain. But Ozias would laugh and say, "Don't worry, mother; she knows where to put it so it'll do the most good," and the old lady would shake her head and say, "Well, I don't s'pose I have any call to complain."

"And to think," Ozias would say sometimes, "what if Aunt Scovill had been pleasant that morning and you hadn't run out as you did, or if I hadn't been there for you to run into, or it had been someone else, and I had come home without you and found mother at the foot of the cellar stairs, what would I have done? I tell you it almost gives me the nightmare to think of it."

claimed, "Don't I look A-B-C?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Close Shave for Bank Account.

The telegraph operator took his pipe from his mouth.

"My most harrowing experience," he said, "was in Lodi, back in 1892. "One morning at 9 o'clock I received a message from the government to the president of the Lodi National bank.

"Close doors; suspend all payments. Bank declared insolvent."

"That was a bolt from a clear sky, sure. The bank was supposed to be flourishing. And I had \$2,200—my all, the savings of eleven years—in that bank.

"What was I to do?

"It was my duty to send this message. Horrors! It was my duty to lose \$2,200.

"But hold! It was not my duty to forward the message personally. And the boy, thank goodness, was delivering a cipher dispatch at Merna and wouldn't be back for at least an hour.

"So, with a clear conscience, I slipped on my coat, rushed to the bank and withdrew my deposit.

"An hour later the crash came, but I was not underneath."

Morgan's Lost Opportunity.

An amusing story is told of J. Pierpont Morgan, who is one of the greatest art collectors in the world. He was standing in front of a picture in an exhibition, when a well-dressed woman asked him a question as to the subject and the artist. Mr. Morgan chatted freely on the matter and then left the gallery. Soon afterward the lady said to the proprietor of the exhibition:

"I have been very much interested in what that man has told me. He must be an art critic, I think, and as art critics don't make a fortune I should like to send him this check."

The proprietor replied: "My dear madam, that was J. Pierpont Morgan; and later he told the incident to Mr. Morgan.

"I wish you had allowed her to send me the check," said Mr. Morgan; "it would have been the best money I had ever made out of my life."

The square deal.

The following story is told of a neighbor's 7-year-old son, whose parents recently moved to the country.

One day last week the child's aunt visited at his home and on her return to the city brought the child and his mother with her. Before starting on the trip the boy's father said:

"Do not stay too long, for I do not want you to miss school."

The child, with his face beaming with pride, asked up and said:

"Father, I'm smarter than all the other kids, and if I stay away a few days they will have time to catch up to me."

Ever the Same

King Solomon walked a thousand times
 Forth of his garden-close;
 And saw there spring no goodlier thing,
 Be sure, than the same little rose.

Under the sun was nothing new,
 Or now, I will suppose,
 But what new thing could you find to
 sing
 More rare than the same little rose?

Nothing is new, save I, save you,
 And every new heart that grows,
 On the same Earth met, that nurtures
 yet
 Breath of the same little rose.
 —Josephine Preston Peabody, "The Sing-
 ing Leaves."

HER TWIN SOUL

BY D. C. CYBOURNE

(Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Oh, Peter, isn't it just grand?" cried the girl with sparkling eyes. "I reckon so, but I don't seem to understand what it's all about," replied the young man dimly.

"You will some time, Peter, when your soul is sufficiently clarified," responded the girl, "and your spirit escapes the fetters of your carnal mind which now holds it. Some day some other soul will signal yours and you will know you have found your true affinity."

"I've found it now," replied Peter doggedly. "It's you, Jennie, that is my affinity, and I know it, and I want to marry you, and you half promised awhile back—"

verse—which he knew to be the paper taken at Matilda's home—there appeared the following advertisement: "PERSONAL—A young man with spiritual longings is groping for his soul's mate. He knows she is near and has responded to him in the spirit. If this should reach the eye of the possessor of the responsive soul let her use her utmost spiritual powers at fourteen minutes past 12 to-morrow (Tuesday) night, and if she feels the divine thrill answer in these columns, addressing Leonidas."

Tuesday evening Peter called on



"Peter!" gasped Jennie aghast. Jennie, but found her so preoccupied and feverishly excited that he departed early. He did not complain, however, as usual, of her pet pad. On the contrary, he said, solemnly, upon leaving:

"I don't know when I will see you again, Jennie, and I want to thank you for arousing my spiritual powers."

"Are you going away?" she asked. "What do you mean?"

"No, I am not going away," he replied. "But at last my true self has awakened, under your instruction, and I have had a wonderful experience."

"Oh, I am so glad," she exclaimed. "But why should that prevent your coming to see me?"

"I have had a communication with my soul's mate," he replied, "and I am impelled to follow it, wherever it leads."

Jennie did not seem so enthusiastic as might have been expected, but wished him well in his quest.

"I think I, too, have found my twin soul," she said. "I will know for sure to-night."

She glanced involuntarily at the table, and Peter's eyes, following hers, rested upon the Universe of the previous day, opened to the very page containing the advertisement before referred to.

And Peter, I set it down in sadness and shame, departed chuckling audibly.

Sure enough on the following day an answer to the advertisement appeared in the paper, signed Muriel, and admitting that her soul had felt the divine thrill at exactly 12:14 on the previous night. Then followed a campaign of correspondence through the advertising columns of The Universe, which sadly depleted the purses of two young persons and strained Peter's last resources in the matter of psychic phraseology.

At last Muriel asked to meet her soul mate in the flesh, and an appointment was duly made in a secluded nook in the park in the early hours of a certain evening, a proper code of signals being arranged. Then it was that Peter trembled in body and spirit and verily did his knees quake beneath him.

At the appointed time two shadowy figures approached the nook from opposite directions. The girl wore a long cloak and a heavy veil. The man was enveloped in a great coat, the collar of which was turned up about his face. The signals were duly given and responded to, and at the appointed signal both, as agreed, simultaneously uncovered his face.

"Peter!" gasped Jennie, aghast. "Jennie!" exclaimed Peter in tones of surprise.

Then Peter, whose program had been most carefully thought out, clasped Jennie in his arms and shouted: "Why, it's all right, after all. I couldn't see how I could have a soul mate when I loved Jennie so dearly. Now, see, you are my soul mate, and it's all right."

"Yes, but you are not Leonidas," exclaimed Jennie.

"Yes, I am, in the spirit world," replied Peter soberly.



"Out yonder, in the great universal ether."

lowing the path once it was blazed for him and he had a persistence which already had won for him praise and advancement in business. Now he seemed to see the way blazed clear and plain for him and he struck out into the path with confidence and joy. In the next issue of The Uni-

"And how did you know my name was Muriel?" asked Jennie. "I didn't until I saw you, just now," replied Peter unblushingly. "And Jennie yielded, not altogether unwillingly. "But an occasional suspicion would cross her mind and she never could understand why Peter lost his interest in soul culture so early in the honeymoon."

HOW THE INDIANS CURE CORN.

Artificial Heat Used to Secure Supply for Season.

Long shallow ditches are made in the ground and filled with dry wood which is set on fire. In the meantime the young maidens are busy picking the tenderest corn, and if faithful to duty, soon return with bags filled with the long ears.

A mother, impatient at the tardiness of her daughter, calls: "To-dae-win, why are you so slow?" "I'm coming!" answers a girlish voice from the further end of the field, but she does not come. Again the mother calls: "The fire is ready, why don't you hurry?" "I'm coming!" shouts the maiden. There is a rustling of the leaves of the stalks, and she does really come; she starts to tell a tale of excuse, but the mother quickly empties the bag, giving no heed to the story, and begins to remove the outer layers of husk from the ear. Then she places them in a row on the live coals in the ditch and turns them over with a stick.

When the thin layers of husk are scorched the woman with her stick deftly tosses the ears out of the ditch. In the meantime the daughter continues her task with more or less delay, until a sufficient quantity of corn is gathered for the day's work. After the roasting of all the ears, the scorched husks are removed and the grains of corn are separated from the cob by the use of the unsharpened shell of the freshwater mussel. The grain is then spread on skins and put out in the sun to dry. The corn prepared in this manner is called sweet corn by the Indians. Enough is cured in this way to last the family a whole season.—Southern Workman.

Flipperty-Flap. At the end of one of the meetings of the International Sanitary Congress in Washington a young layman asked Surgeon-General Wyman a question about the construction of the throat.

"If the throat were constructed like that," said General Wyman, smiling, "there would be more truth in the flipperty-flap story than there really is."

"The flipperty-flap story?" murmured the young man, dazed.

"Yes. Did you ever hear it?" Listen, then.

"A quick medicine vender stood in a carriage selling a cough cure. To explain the construction of the throat he said:

"Ladies and gents, in your throat is two little flaps, one closing when swallowing food and opening to receive drink, and the other closing when swallowing liquids and opening to receive food only. Now, if—"

"But here a humorous old farmer interrupted, blurring out: "Gosh, mister, what a flipperty-flap story there must be when yer catin' bread and milk."

Sell Water from Paris Fountains.

One would not think that in such an up-to-date city as Paris it was still possible to buy water; that is to say, to go out and pay so much for a bucket of water. Yet so it is.

In ten different streets in the city there are as many different fountains, where for a penny you can buy twenty-two gallons of water or fill your bucket for a centime, the tenth of a penny. There was a time when these fountains did a brisk business, for in 1860 the income from them was £28,000. In 1882 it had dwindled to £1,600, and to-day the water sellers dispose of about a bucket a month.

The fact is that the guardians of the fountains have really nothing to do, and this nominal employment is given to ex-employees of the Paris water company, so that they may end their years, without fatigue, on a pension of £20 per annum and a modest lodging.—London Globe.

The Childless. I think he's 'bout as tall as you, With hair all gold and brown. The kind one loves to muss and smooth When no one is aroun'.

For though most boys, both big and small, Like petting with the rest, When nobody is looking, Is The time they like it best.

And in his eyes, when very small, A bit of sky fell in, Which made him laugh so hard it left A dimple in his chin.

No matter what the weather is, If school time or in play, He's so brimful of mischief he Would cheer the dullest day.

As he comes whistling up the street, With sturdy, boyish air, Both hands deep in his pockets and His cap on anywhere.

A sudden quickstep in my heart Tells always who it is; For well I know no other lad Has tune as gay as his.

But when he passes out of sight The quickstep passes, too; And, oh! I'd give the world to have A little lad like you.

—E. T. O. in Boston Transcript.

No More Baggy Trousers.

It is a matter of wonderment to friends of one of the best-dressed young men of the city that his trousers never bag at the knees. "How is it?" one asked. "Do you keep a valet who presses your clothes every day?"

The well-dressed man smiled. "No, I keep no valet," he said. "But I have all my trousers made with silk knee-caps."

"Silk knee-caps? What are they?" "They are squares of silk covering the knees of the trousers inside. They take the strain of the cloth when you sit down. Hence no kneeling—your trousers always keep their shape."

Like a Feudal Castle

The Home of the Stevens Family, at Hoboken, N. J., Has Stood for Century

(Special Correspondence.)

Towering on its hill above the broad and busy waters of the North River and surrounded by a ten-acre park in the midst of a city—the most densely populated for its size of any in this country if not in the world—Stevens Castle at Hoboken, New Jersey, is a veritable ancestral castle rising from a sea of modern dwellings, a landmark of stability amid change. The farms of the old New York families have been changed into city blocks and their dwellings either torn down or become tenement houses. But through all the changes of more than a century the "Stevenses of Castle Point" have kept their ancestral home and, to a large extent, their wealth.

Hoboken was an island lying under the Jersey heights when Col. John Stevens bought it at the close of the Revolutionary war. It had formerly belonged to the New York Bayards, from whom Bayard street is named, but the Bayards being Tories, their estates were confiscated, and John Stevens bought the Hoboken property from the state. On the only hill on his new possessions, the present Castle Point, he built his house in the form of a stone castle, constructed of bluestone and plastered on the outside. He laid out a large park around it and lived in almost feudal style, while the settlement which is now Hoboken grew up below his castle walls. The John Stevens of those days was a relative of the Bayards who had previously owned the property, and he built his new castle on the site of one which the previous owners had erected and which had been burned down by a party of Whigs from Hackensack in the troublous days of the Revolution.

Original Castle Burned Down.

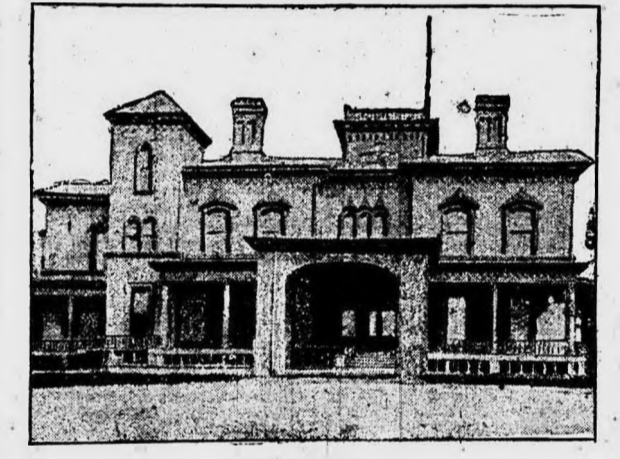
For the Hoboken property John Stevens paid the sum of \$90,000, which was considered an enormous amount in those days. The castle rebuilt by Col. John Stevens was

For two or three generations the Stevens family has been interested in shipbuilding and steam engineering, and preserved in the library are models and other souvenirs of early experiments in those lines. Naturally there are yachting memorials for John C. Stevens, known as "the Old Commodore," to distinguish him from Commodore Edwin A. Stevens, father of the present lord of the castle. "The Old Commodore" was one of the founders of the New York Yacht club and its first commodore. Edwin A. "The Old Commodore" was one of the owners of the yacht America and went over to England when she sailed her celebrated race against the fleet of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

In the drawing rooms and in the rotunda are some handsome cabinets in which are mementoes of the Washington and Stockton families, with whom the Stevenses have intermarried. The Washington relics came through the marriage of the present Col. Stevens's half-sister with Col. Parke Custis Lewis, a descendant of Washington's step-daughter, Nellie Custis. Among these Washington relics are dolls and trinkets given by George and Martha Washington to Nellie Custis and one of "Lady" Washington's visiting cards, said to be written by the hand of the immortal George himself. In the sleeping rooms are great four-post bedsteads, many of them richly carved. One of them once belonged to an ancestor, Susan Stockton, sister of the "Singer."

Superb View From Castle.

The view from the castle is superb. One looks far up the Hudson and far down the bay, and all around and be-



Castle Stevens.

burned down and the present structure erected about fifty years ago. So, though there has been a "castle" on Castle Point for nearly 200 years, including the Bayard building, yet the present structure is third in the line of descent.

At the present the park surrounding the castle consists of a triangular piece of ground containing about ten acres. It is inclosed by a wall and the entrance to the grounds is through a picturesque lodge gate, really castled in character. A broad and well-kept drive sweeps in a curve up the hill to the front of the house. One enters the spacious building through a vestibule from which a high arched door, guarded on either side by two great bronze statues of knights in armor, opens into the central rotunda of the castle. This rotunda, or entrance hall, is filled with many fine old pieces of heavy furniture, and on the walls are family portraits of the Stevenses and their allied families. There are eight rooms on the ground floor besides the great entrance hall. Three great drawing rooms, one furnished in yellow, one in red and one

low lie the great and teeming cities. The dining room has an especially fine outlook, and facing the river is a great window composed of one enormous sheet of plate glass, through which the panorama of the day can be seen as if one were out of doors, and through which when at night the family sit at dinner the myriad lights of New York appear floating, as it were, on the tide, with the lights of passing vessels weaying a changing pattern on the river's breast.

The Island—an island no longer—which Col. John Stevens of Revolutionary days bought, is now built over solidly with houses—all except the castle park, and this park makes the Stevens home a veritable rus in urbe. The park was originally larger, but Edwin A. Stevens, father of the present colonel of the same name, when he founded the Stevens Institute of Technology, gave a large slice of his grounds to that institution, and some portions of it have since been sold off. There used to be great greenhouses on the place, but the land where they formerly stood is now owned by the institute. Also the great greenhouses which were formerly in the park for the raising of flowers, were torn down not long ago, having become decrepit from age.

The Stevens Institute of Technology is one of the many benefactors of the family. The late Edwin A. Stevens established it in 1867, giving a block of land, a building fund and an endowment of half a million dollars to set it going. In the days of the civil war Commodore John C. Stevens built an ingenious floating fortification known as the Stevens battery. It was never used, and though he spent great sums on it the family received little or no return.

Identification for Warships.

The German admiralty has resolved upon furnishing ships of war with means for recognizing each other's identity at distances too great for reading the name of the vessel. This is to be effected by the use of rings or bands on the chimneystack, differing in number and color. The colors used will be black, white, red and yellow. According to several Liberal German journals, the ships of the opposing squadrons frequently mistook a friend for an enemy during the recent maneuvers, owing to the absence of any means for recognizing each other's

New York State has authorized an expenditure of \$50,000,000 for good roads.

COMMITTEE PLACES.

William Alden Smith has been given a place on the great committee of ways and means and Michigan gets its membership in that body for the first time since Senator Burrows left the house. In appointing Mr. Smith Speaker Cannon carried out his intention to strengthen the ways and means committee by putting a standpat on it. Mr. Smith's recent speech left no doubt in Mr. Cannon's mind as to where the Michigan man stood on the tariff. William Alden Smith is receiving congratulations on all sides.

Rep. Denby, of Detroit, gets the place on foreign affairs left vacant by Mr. Smith. It is an important position and the one he wanted. The rest of the delegation are placed on these committees: Appropriations, Washington Gardner; Interstate and foreign committee, Charles P. Townsend; territories, Hamilton; other Michigan men were placed on same committees as at the previous term.

Strange Deaths.

Death from a strange malady which physicians say they have never before seen or heard of has overtaken ten men who were connected with the suit over a piece of property given to an undertaker by a Galveston, Tex., widow in payment for her husband's coffin. The belief is widespread in that vicinity that the deaths are a judgment from heaven. So terrifying have been the manifestations of what is believed to be divine wrath that even the county officials refuse to have anything more to do with the case.

Left in the house alone, the 15-month-old daughter of Frank H. Menekash, Menominee, was suffocated by a fire originating from an over-heated stove.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Nearly all grades of cattle brought good prices in this market during the principal sales days. Outside buyers for stockers and feeders were plentiful. Milch cows of good quality brought last week's prices. The common grades were dull. Late springers were also dull and hard to sell. Extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$1.50 to \$1.65; steers and heifers, 1.00 to 1.20; \$1.75 to \$2.25; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000, \$3.00 to \$3.50; steers and heifers that are fat, \$3.00 to 7.00, \$3.00 to 3.25; choice fat cows, \$3.00 to 5.00; fat cows, \$2.50 to 3.00; common cows, \$1.75 to 2.25; canners, \$1.25 to 1.50; choice heavy bulls, \$3.00 to 3.50; fat to goodologna bulls, \$1.60 to 2.00; stock butts, \$1.50 to 2.00; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$3.00 to 3.50; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, \$2.50 to 3.00; choice stockers, 500 to 700, \$2.50 to 3.00; fair stockers, 500 to 700, \$2.00 to 2.50; stock heifers, \$2.25 to 2.75; milkers, large, young, medium, age, \$4.00 to 5.00; common milkers, \$1.50 to 2.00.

Hogs—There was quite a heavy run of hogs, and a few sales were as high as \$5 per hundred. Light to good butchers, \$4.85 to 5; pigs, \$4.90; light workers, \$4.40; \$4.50; roughs, \$4.40 to 5.00. Stags one-third off.

Sheep—The sheep and lamb trade opened up strong at last week's prices, but the quality was none too good, and after the tops were sold out others were about 25c lower; \$7.50 was paid for several bunches and \$7.60 for one extra fine bunch in the morning, but they would not bring it at the close.

Chicago—Common to prime steers, \$3.00 to 3.50; cows, \$2.00 to 2.50; calves, \$2.00 to 2.50; bulls, \$2.00 to 2.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.15 to 2.50; calves, \$2.00 to 2.50.

Hogs—Choice to prime heavy, \$5.00 to 5.25; medium to good heavy, \$4.75 to 5.00; light weight butchers, \$4.50 to 4.75; good to choice heavy mixed, \$5.00 to 5.25; packing, \$1.50 to 2.00.

Sheep—\$4.00 to 4.50; yearlings, \$4.00 to 4.50; lambs, \$7.00 to 7.50.

East Buffalo—Best export steers, \$1.75 to 2.00; best 1,200 to 1,300-lb shipping steers, \$2.25 to 2.50; best 1,000 to 1,200-lb do, \$4.40 to 4.50; best fat cows, \$2.25 to 2.50; fair to good, \$2.25 to 2.50; trimmers, \$1.50 to 1.75; best fat heifers, \$3.25 to 3.75; medium heifers, \$2.75 to 3.00; common stock heifers, \$2.25 to 2.50; best feeding steers, \$3.75 to 4.00; best yearling steers, \$3.25 to 3.50; common stock steers, \$2.75 to 3.00; export bulls, \$3.50 to 3.75; bollona bulls, \$2.75 to 3.00; good milkers steady at last week's prices, but springers were very hard to sell and from \$2 to \$5 lower; good to extra, \$4.00 to 5.00; medium to good, \$3.00 to 3.50; common, \$1.50 to 2.00.

Hogs—Yorkers, \$5.10 to 5.15; mixed mediums, \$5.15 to 5.20; pigs, \$5.20 to 5.25; there are fairly 50 cars on hand.

Sheep—Best lambs, \$7.00 to 8.00; fair to good, \$7.25 to 7.50; culls to common, \$7.00 to 7.25; best sheep, \$5.50 to 6.00; culls and common, \$4.50 to 5.00; wethers, \$5.75 to 6.00; yearlings, \$6.00 to 6.25.

Calves—Steady; best \$9.25 to 9.50; medium to good, \$7.50 to 8.50; heavy, \$3.50 to 4.50.

Grain, Etc. Detroit—Sales and prices in this market were as follows: Wheat—No. 1 white, 86 1/2c; No. 2 red, spot, 1 car at 84 1/2c, 1 car at 85 1/2c, 2 cars at 89c; December, 89 1/2c; 12,000 bu at 89c, 5,000 bu at 88 1/2c, 1,000 bu at 89c, 5,000 bu at 85 1/2c; May, 10,000 bu at 85c, 10,000 bu at 82 1/2c, 5,000 bu at 82 1/2c, 10,000 bu at 82 1/2c, 15,000 bu at 82 1/2c, 10,000 bu at 82 1/2c, 5,000 bu at 82 1/2c; No. 2 red, 84 1/2c per bu.

Corn—No. 3 mixed, 1 car at 45 1/2c, 1 car at 45 1/2c; No. 3 yellow, 1 car at 47c, 2 cars at 47 1/2c; No. 4 yellow, 1 car at 47 1/2c, 1 car at 46 1/2c; by sample, 1 car at 47c, 1 car at 46 1/2c.

Oats—No. 2 white, spot, 1 car at 33c and 2 cars at 34c per bu.

Rye—No. 2 spot, nominal at 70c bu.

Clover seed—100 bags at \$8.15; by sample, 10 bags at \$7.80, 23 at \$7.75, 46 at \$7.50, 19 at \$7.25, 13 at \$7.75 per bu; prime alkali, \$7.25; by sample, 5 bags at \$6.25, 3 at \$5 per bu.

Beans—December, \$1.59 asked; January, \$1.60 asked; March, \$1.60 bid.

Chicago—Cash quotations were as follows: No. 2 spring wheat, 86 1/2c; No. 2, 85 1/2c; No. 2 red, 84 1/2c; No. 2 corn, 47 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 48c; No. 2 oats, 31 1/2c; No. 2 white, 32 1/2c; No. 3 white, 31 1/2c; No. 2 rye, 87 1/2c; good feeding barley, 77 1/2c; fair to choice malting, 42 to 49c; No. 1 flaxseed, 97c; No. 1 northwestern, \$1.03 1/2c; prime timothy seed, \$3.30; clover, contract grade, \$13 to 15.

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT.

Week Ending Dec. 16.

TEMPLE THEATRE AND WOODBRIDGE—Afternoon 2:15, 8c to 25c; Evening 7:15, 10c to 50c. Grand & Dime in "Town Hall Tonight." at LYCEUM—Prices 15c to 50c. MATA, Wed. and Sat. "In New York Town."

WALTER—Evening 10:20c. Mat. 10:15-25c. Hooligan's Travels Around the World.

LAFAYETTE THEATRE—Prices \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c, Wed. and Saturday.

Davis "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

John W. Priestly, a manufacturer of Philadelphia, was sentenced at Camden, N. J., by Judge Jolyne to six years and six months' imprisonment for arson. Priestley was convicted several weeks ago in the Camden court of setting fire to the mill of Geo. A. Shimer & Son.

Shocking conditions as to the care of the inmates of the insane department of the Philadelphia General hospital have been revealed. Where there are accommodations for 800 the report says 1,800 patients are quartered and many are without clothing, while others sleep on the floor.

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

F. W. SAMSEN & SON, Pubs.
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

What a long time it has been since we have had any live news from Manchuria!

So unsettled is Europe just now that even old Father Tiber joins in the general uprising.

A trust has begun to gobble up the New York barber shops. This is the most unkindest cut of all.

Let us hope that Russian students will not construe liberty as license and go to playing football.

Though all the world may say that beautifying is absurd, the sight of one pretty woman will deny it.

Hetty Green may be the richest woman in America, but most girls would rather be Maxine Elliott.

When the emperor of Korea wants to do a little ruling nowadays he has to be content with ruling his temper.

The profit of the United States mint service for the year is \$3,289,019, which represents considerable many taupes.

Korea is to have a Japanese governor, but the natives of Korea will be permitted to keep on doing the heavy work.

Mr. Fitzsimmons calls Mr. O'Brien a "jumping jackrabbit." Well, if it's jackrabbit vs. kangaroo the latter ought to win.

And another great and needed reform could be achieved if the moving picture machines would show views of women running.

One trouble with the bluffs offered by the Sultan of Turkey is that the other fellows can always look into the mirror behind him.

There were 1,000 desertions from the British men-of-war during their stay in American waters. Uncle Sam is a strong drawing card.

The Shah of Persia has bought six French automobiles. He must feel that something is necessary to stop the overcrowding in Persia.

Here is a fine sentence from The Outlook: "Happiness came to him because he did not seek it—only tried to become better and better."

Gen. Weyer has been sent from Madrid to awe the Catalonians. If the Catalonians deserve aweing the right man has been picked for the job.

A Filipino schoolboy has stabbed his teacher to death. The young idea down that way, as it is taught to shoot should be taught not to cut.

If Prince Louis had ordered a full set of false teeth from that New York dentist, he might have had to pawn one of his warships in order to get away.

A school teacher now in the Philippines fumbles that all he has to eat there is "rice, fish, eggs, chicken, mangoes, pineapples and bananas." That's all.

A Cleveland preacher says pie is worse than beer as a destroyer of morality. Perhaps he means the custard pie that one sits on at a Sunday school picnic.

This thing of packing husbands in trunks when starting on the honeymoon trip may be economical, but it is undignified. No husband of proper spirit will submit to it.

Mark Twain acknowledges on his 70th birthday that he's never done a day's work in his life. He always was a joker. But we don't understand why he settled in New York.

New York is crowding over the fact that two lots of land, with the buildings on them, cost more than the United States paid for Alaska. But Uncle Sam is not offering to swap.

The statement of Dr. Hornaday of New York that Boston has the best place in the country for a zoo has no reference whatever to the council chamber in the city hall.—Boston Globe.

The man who testified in the divorce court that his wife threw hash in his face didn't say whether the hash was not good or whether he merely objected to the way in which it was served.

A man who was arrested a few weeks ago for stealing \$100,000 says it is difficult to be honest on a salary of \$66 a month. Pahaw! Not at all, if he doesn't burn coal and refrains from eating meat.

At the New York opera Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt's gown was of bright red silk veined with chiffon. She wore diamond shoulder bars instead of shoulder straps, thus setting a fashion that will not be generally followed.

A Trenton, N. J., man left his entire fortune of \$100,000 to his twenty-fourth child, and his other twenty-three children are now trying to break the will. If each of them has a lawyer there may be as much as 15 cents apiece left when the matter is settled.

STATE NEWS

GOVERNOR ADVISES LAW BE TRIED AND THEN IMPROVED.

MILK KEPT FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER DISPLAYS NO INTEREST IN THE MATTER.

The Primary Law.

All the primary reform talk in the convention of the State Association of Farmers' Clubs, held in Lansing, was along the line of conciliation, expressing the feeling that the law passed by the fast legislature was an acknowledged compromise measure, and the best that could be passed at that time. The hope was apparent, however, that a better law would be passed by the next legislature. Frank A. Whelan, of Durand, in his address on "Our Mistakes," said:

"We asked for a practical primary law two years ago. Why? It was because we had become disgusted with conditions. A public office that was a position of some dignity had been put up for sale and the people were outraged. The legislature took plenty of time and passed what is known as the administration measure. Is the administration greater than the people who created it? It is an unsatisfactory measure, and now we are asked to make another mistake and try to give this law effect. It is time for us to balance accounts with political bosses. We demand to have our citizenship restored to us."

Gov. Warner poured oil on the stormy waves. He said in part: "No primary election law ever passed by any state in the Union is perfect. More is to be gained in this state by testing the present law and improving it than by criticising it. Someone has said they would have vetoed that bill. If I had done that we would never get a chance at primary election law. It was the best law that could be passed. Let us work to test and improve it. Instead of criticising it bitterly. Get everyone to turn out next June and vote, then the governor and lieutenant governor can always be nominated by that system."

Found Guilty.

Milo Keep has been found guilty of the murder of Bert Miller on the morning of May 2 last. Keep heard the verdict: "Guilty in the first degree" without any apparent interest and quietly returned to his cell in the jail.

Attorney Ketchum filed a motion for a new trial on the grounds of new evidence and error in evidence.

Milo Keep has served time in Ionia, Jackson and Marquette prisons, having been released from the latter but a few months before the murder of Miller. Under the name of Milo Sexton he had married a Mrs. McLaughlin, an aunt of Bert Miller's, who kept rooms over a Kalamazoo saloon. The couple quarrelled and the woman asked Miller to come and room with her for protection. Keep is said to have become madly jealous at this. On the morning of May 2 Miller was found dead in bed, his skull having been crushed with a heavy iron rasp which was found under a bureau. Keep was at once under suspicion and was convicted on circumstantial evidence.

The Money Was Bogus.

Overlooking the real thing in the haste to get a handful of bogus money was the bad break made by a youthful bandit in Lansing. The "highwayman" was a girl about 14 years old, and the victim the 8-year-old daughter of W. N. Wilder. The latter was accosted in broad daylight by the older girl, who drew her into a hallway and seized her pocketbook, which was bulging with bills. The bills, however, were only the script used in a business college, but the bandit didn't notice this. She seized the whole roll, overlooking a genuine silver dollar, then threw the purse on the floor and ran away.

The police have been unable to find any clue to the girl, who was poorly dressed.

Young Hangmen.

Two 14-year-old boys, Earl Bowman and Arnold Pittsburg, of Traverse City, tried to simulate the hanging of Mrs. Rogers. They put a noose around the neck of a playmate, Will Hoxie, after standing him on a stick of wood, and then kicked the wood away. Willie was nearly dead when he was rescued by another playmate.

Revolted Crime.

Charged with committing a shocking assault on a 6-year-old girl, Peter Fonke, an aged shoemaker of Port Huron, pleaded guilty in the circuit court Saturday and was sentenced to a term of not less than five nor more than ten years at Ionia, with a recommendation by Judge Law that he be required to serve the maximum term. Fonke had been arrested for an almost similar crime last July, the victim being a 7-year-old girl, but was released on suspended sentence. Prosecuting Attorney Moore said the offense was the most revolting in the criminal annals of St. Clair county.

Co-eds number less than one-fifth of the total students at the U. of M. The figures are 3,594 men, 827 women; total 4,521.

Climbing over a Traverse City bridge railing Julius Martinek leaped into Boardman river at a point where it is very deep, just above the dam. He was rescued with difficulty, and said he had no recollection of climbing over the railing.

Lieut.-Com. John H. Gibbon, who will go to London as naval attaché of the United States embassy, is an old Grand Rapids boy, and his mother and sister still live there. He was Roosevelt's secretary just previous to the Spanish-American war. He was commanding the dispatch boat Dolphin when ordered to London.

MICHIGAN ITEMS.

A defective gasoline lighting plant caused a loss of \$9,000 in Sandusky, Mich.

Andrew Carnegie, who gave \$20,000 for a gymnasium at Hope college, has just given \$10,000 additional to equip it.

Bessemer tax rate, which has just been fixed at \$4.81 on every \$100 valuation, is the highest the city has ever had to pay.

Eighty miles an hour is the speed claimed to have been made by a special on the three-rail electric from Albion to Jackson.

"Catastrophe," a comic opera, with book and music by Miss Jessie E. Palmer, of Marquette, will be given its first trial in Chicago.

Holland taxpayers want a county normal training class in connection with the public schools. The special election vote stood 279 to 17.

The sale of scattering pieces of state lands by the state land commissioner Friday netted the state about \$4,000. Only a few bidders were present.

Williamsburg woke up when the youths of the town gave an all-night serenade to Hiram Leonard, who at 74, married Mrs. Emma Cross, aged 70.

Plunged down 150 feet in a shaft, Thomas Mills, a timberman employed by the Calumet & Hecla Mining Co., escaped with only severe bruises.

Joseph McNichols, of Grand Rapids, was awarded \$7,000 damages against the Pere Marquette for the loss of a leg while in the service of the railroad.

Thursday night the safe in the postoffice at Eagle was wrecked by safe blowers. Two registered letters and all the stamps in the office were taken.

Earl Hampton has been arrested and taken to Bay City, where he will be charged with murder, if Warden Beebe, of Bentley, whom he playfully shot in the back, dies.

Francis LeRoy, an old soldier of Bay City, still lives after swallowing three ounces of carbolic acid while on a spree. He tried the same deed four years ago, but was pulled through.

Internal revenue receipts in Bay City for last week established the record of \$183,984.54. Saturday's receipts of \$32,121.96 were the highest for any one day in the history of the office.

Wheat is 94 per cent normal in the state, according to the bulletin issued today. During November 234,352 bushels of wheat were marketed. Live stock is reported in good condition.

The skeleton of a man with one shoe intact was washed ashore at Lake Hgbor. A dent in the skull leads to the belief of possible foul play, but the death must have occurred at least two years ago.

The annual meeting of the Saginaw Valley Lumber Dealers' association passed resolutions that the removal of the tariff on Canadian white pine was necessary to the existence of the manufacturing business of the valley.

Boys who read two nature books a month from now until spring and attend Sunday school regularly, are eligible for a trip in a flotilla of row boats down the Kalamazoo river in an outing to be conducted by Rev. T. P. Bauer.

Remarking his dead wife in her looks and disposition, Miss Lavina Williams, her twin sister, has won the heart of Timothy O. Turner, formerly of Quincy, now cashier of the First National bank of Council Bluffs, Ia., and they were married there today.

Attorney R. G. Smith, of Galesburg, has just commenced his 503d divorce case. Mr. Smith is known throughout the state as "Dictionary Smith," because of the fact that he can use more unusual words than any other man in Michigan, and use them in the right place.

When Miss Anna Fournier, a pretty French girl, of Chicago, learned that her former sweetheart, Leo Nelson, had married another girl while she was confined temporarily in an asylum, she came to South Haven to his home and started rough house. She was returned to Chicago.

The acquittal of Fred Harris, charged with murder because of the death of Henry Wieck, Jr., during the street car strike in Saginaw last July, has led to the discharge of William Johnson, Charles Hulbert, James Sullivan and Anton Tubac, charged with murder jointly with Harris.

Search of the effects of the aged and eccentric late Mrs. Harriet Miller, of Bloomingdale, who had lived for years on the charity of the Baptists, the Odd Fellows and others, showed that she had quite an elaborate wardrobe, money enough in the house to pay her funeral expenses and several hundred dollars in bank.

The Flint good roads committee adopted resolutions urging congressmen to support the Browlow bill providing for good roads appropriations for each state; recommending that future good roads appropriations by the legislature name a definite sum for each county, based on assessed valuations; and urging the township and county system of road building.

The last thing the Michigan Manufacturers' association did before closing its fourth annual session Tuesday afternoon was to adopt resolutions in favor of President Roosevelt's plans in regard to railroad rate legislation, and urging all members of the association to write to Michigan's senators and representatives in congress asking them to assist in securing the legislation.

The supreme court of the United States has entered an order advancing the argument in the 28 cases before the court involving the application of the Michigan ad valorem tax cases to the railroads of this state and set the hearing for February 19 next.

C. B. Monroe, of Kalamazoo, receiver of the Vicksburg Exchange bank, on Saturday commenced the paying of the first dividend, about 20 per cent. It was not generally known that payment would begin so soon and only \$12,500 was paid out. Mr. Monroe has been very successful in making the collections and another dividend is expected in a short time.

MORE KILLED

THE JEWS STILL SUFFER BY THE RUSSIANS' INHUMANITY.

THE PEASANTS SO LONG BRUTALLY TREATED NOW RISE UP TO AVENGE WRONGS.

More Jews Killed.

A dispatch to the Neue Freie Presse from Bucharest, Roumania, says: "Reports received here through refugees declare that since Sunday the town of Elizabethgrad, Russia, has been burning and that a mob has been killing and plundering in the Jewish quarter. A regiment is proceeding to Elizabethgrad from Kishineff to restore order there."

Peasant Uprising Spreads.

Saturday's dispatches from Russia tell of several new mutinies of troops and sailors at various points; besides a plot to kidnap Count Witte and another to assassinate Minister Durnovo and his assistant, M. Sebastianoff, superintendent of posts and telegraphs. The most alarming of the several mutinies reported occurred in St. Petersburg itself, two battalions of marines refusing to obey orders to proceed to Kronstadt until martial law was raised there. It was found necessary to call out troops to force the men to leave their barracks and embark. It was feared that the revolt would spread even to the troops themselves.

The peasant uprising is steadily spreading, the latest evidence of its spread being found in the vicinity of Peterhof and Gatchina. At Saratoff there are said to be over 50,000 peasants in the field, well armed, determined to resist any attempt of the new governor, Maximovitch, to carry out the bloodthirsty order issued to the Cossacks on his accession to office, which was in effect an order to slay right and left. Maximovitch made a sorry exhibition of incapacity when he was governor of Warsaw and it is not expected he will make a success of his new office.

Dispatches from various sources show the situation at Harbin and Vladivostok is more serious than ever and that the mutineers have almost complete control of both cities. Previous advances to the effect that mutinous soldiers have killed several officers are confirmed.

Fresh disorders are reported from Kronstadt. It is said that the loyal troops there were obliged to fire on mutineers. Riots are also reported to have taken place among the troops returning from Manchuria. At Sizaran rioters are reported to have sacked the railway station.

Retaliation For Exclusion.

Capt. A. C. Baker, of the cruiser Raleigh, who has been detached for several months to study commercial and political conditions in China, was a passenger on the Manchuria, arriving today from the orient, on his way to Washington to lay before the president and his advisors the results of his investigation. He says:

"It is nonsense to talk of the boycott as a dying dog. The commercial situation in South China is absolutely at the mercy of the gullies. There are 71 of these and they control trade with an iron hand and they have given orders not to handle American goods. It is almost impossible to get at them. Of course, we have treaties guaranteeing the free circulation of our goods, but carrying the coolies on the docks, the carriers on the streets and everybody connected with the handling of goods refuses to touch them, what are you to do?"

"American houses in Canton are full to the roof with flour, and they cannot budge it. In the meantime, Australian merchants are chartering everything they can get their hands on to rush their inferior flour into the market to take advantage of our difficulty."

"The Chinese merchants admit that the flour is not as good as ours, but they are committed to this war on American products and are prepared to make sacrifices to carry it out."

"Not only the Australians, but the Japanese also, are taking advantage of the boycott to get our business. Cotton mills are being established in China by Japanese houses, and with cheap labor and no transportation charges they are in a position to drive us out of the field. They will also develop the steel ore of Korea and probably the oil. In this way our vast kerosene and steel business there will be taken over by the Japanese."

"The only thing that could raise the boycott would be to rescind the Chinese exclusion laws, and this, of course, will not be done. It looks as though our business relations with China were doomed. The boycott is getting worse every day there."

Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, who was killed in an automobile accident on Long Island November 25, bequeaths an estate valued at \$1,000,000 to relatives.

King George of Greece, while strolling about, incognito, failed to answer the challenge of a sentry and was fired at, the ball tearing a rent in his overcoat. Next day the sentry was summoned to the palace and decorated by the king with one of the minor military orders, for his attention to duty.

Secretary Bonaparte has received the record of the case of Midshipman Meriwether, Jr., tried by court martial at Annapolis for alleged responsibility for the death of Midshipman Branch, and will probably announce his action upon it in a few days.

Allegations that miners in Webster and Union counties, Kentucky, had threatened to blow up mines and assassinate the operators are made in a petition for a restraining order granted at Louisville against members of the United Mineworkers in Webster and Union counties. The order was asked for by the Kentucky Coal Co.

SUGAR FIGHT.

The Philippine tariff matter will open up a fight and the beet and cane sugar men will be heard in opposition to the cutting of customs rates on the Philippine product. Representatives of the sugar interests are in Washington from Michigan and other sugar states, ready for the fray. The addition of two such staunch standpatters as McCleary, of Minnesota, and Smith, of Michigan, to the committee may help their cause, but the determination of Chairman Payne to force his bill through is strong.

To Tour the World.

Definite information has been received that President Roosevelt has announced privately to some of his close personal friends at Washington that at the end of his term as president of the United States he will take a trip around the world. The news of his plan has penetrated to the chancelleries of Europe and already plans are being made to tender him an extraordinary series of receptions.

Already arrangements are on foot to entertain him as guest of honor at a royal international dinner at The Hague. The purpose of this plan is to bring together most of the crowned heads of Europe, and, if possible, certain potentates from Asia and thus lay the foundation for a new Hague conference, at which the cause of arbitration will be materially strengthened and the great nations of the earth brought to a footing where war will be practically impossible.

Mr. Roosevelt will be accorded a welcome, such as is ordinarily accorded only to ruling sovereigns. Possibly the only comparison that could be drawn would be between the proposed trip by Mr. Roosevelt and that of Gen. Grant during the 70's, but even in this regard there is significant differences between the character of the two tours of the world.

Cost Two Toes.

Ray A. Heath and Randall Groesser, Traverse City, aged 14 and 13 respectively, were fooling with a small rifle and each has a bullet hole in his big toe. They started out each with a rifle and Heath tried to put in a long instead of a short cartridge. The gun was discharged, but the muzzle was pointed downward and he got the bullet in the big toe. The Groesser boy then tried to show that it could be done with his gun, and got a bullet in the same place.

CONDENSED NEWS.

A number of offers for the old frigate Constitution are pouring into Secretary Bonaparte. A Boston man will give \$10,000. The secretary says he cannot legally consider the offers.

Admiral Togo, the naval hero of Japan, will visit the United States next autumn, bringing his fleet with him, according to United States Minister Lloyd Griscom, who is home from Japan on a short leave of absence.

There was a discussion of railroad legislation in the senate Monday precipitated by a bill introduced by Mr. Tillman which he explained gave the interstate commerce commission power to fix a maximum reasonable rate.

For President Roosevelt's Christmas dinner a 60-pound turkey will be sent from Beloit, Wis. The bird is the largest ever raised in Rock county and measures two feet across the back. It was raised by Herman Reimer and is two years of age.

It is probable that Michigan's artillery organization may be the first of the national guards of the country to receive the new light field pieces to be issued by the government and which are said to be the deadliest weapons of their kind yet devised.

Mrs. Henry Mackey, of Buffalo, testifying in a divorce suit against her husband, said that during the eight years of their married life Mackey had enjoyed 1,603 jags that she knew of and squandered \$200,000 in doing so, earning the sobriquet, "Wine Harry."

A fire in one of the cast side apartment houses in New York city caused the death of Mrs. John Thomson and her five children. The mother lost her life in an endeavor to save her little ones. The way of escape was cut off by the latch on the hall door catching.

A wife is not a competent witness against her husband and even if her testimony would convict him of shooting his infant in the arms of its mother. The West Virginia state supreme court has so decided. The case was that of the state versus Woodrow of Mineral county. Woodrow was convicted on the testimony of his wife.

Mrs. Alice O'Day, widow of Judge John O'Day, of St. Louis, Mo., has decided to take the veil and will bequeath her entire possessions, amounting to \$2,000,000, to the order of visitation nuns. Mrs. O'Day, who was the second wife of the judge, once attempted suicide with a revolver. After her recovery she secured a divorce from the judge, who soon after married his stenographer.

Hetty Green keeps about \$800,000 worth of diamonds on hand at all times. She never wears any of them, but she knows that they increase in value at the rate of 3 per cent a year, and holds them as an investment. Hetty wears no jewelry at all. Her sole possession in this line is a marriage ring. The increment on her diamond hoard this year will be much larger than in previous years. Diamonds have gone up nearly 10 per cent.

Slain by her son, J. Wenzel Kunz, with a flat iron, Mrs. Mary Kunz, aged 70, was found dead in her home at Manitowoc, Wis., blood bespattered and fearfully mutilated. Young Kunz confessed several hours later. He is thought to be insane.

Dr. John Matheson, a young physician who was out on a professional call Thursday night, was murdered in the Bronx section of New York. Dr. Matheson was shot from behind, the bullet entering the back of his head. The crime was committed under circumstances which led the police to believe that robbery was the only motive for the assault.

LATE NEWS

THE PUNISHMENT GIVEN MERIWETHER FOR THAT FATAL FIGHT.

ANOTHER STORY THAT MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT IS TO MARRY MR. LONGWORTH.

Meriwether's Case.

Midshipman Minor Meriwether, Jr., who was tried by court martial for causing the death of Midshipman Branch, has been sentenced to confinement to the limits of the naval academy for a period of one year and to be publicly reprimanded by the secretary of the navy. Secretary Bonaparte has ordered that the sentence be carried out, but that so much of the penalty as would debar the accused from serving on any practice ship attached to the academy be remitted. Midshipman Meriwether was acquitted of the charge of manslaughter and found guilty of the other two charges, namely, violation of the third clause of the eighth article for the government of the navy, which prohibits midshipmen from engaging in fistfights, and conduct to the prejudice of good order and discipline.

To Marry Longworth.

Formal announcement of the engagement of Miss Alice Roosevelt to Rep. Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, will be made by Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House in a few days. The betrothal of Miss Roosevelt to Longworth has been frequently reported and as often denied. The recent trip made to the far east, in which Miss Alice and the Cincinnati congressman participated, revived the rumors. The usual prompt denial was again forthcoming. Now the matter is believed to have been definitely settled, and the wedding day is expected to be set for early spring.

Without Honors.

Vice-President Fairbanks will not appoint a committee of senators to attend the funeral of Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, and it was the understanding that the senate will not follow the custom of setting aside a day for eulogies of the dead senator. On reaching this decision the vice-president did not act on his own initiative. He received information that the friends of Mr. Mitchell would not ask for the appointment of a committee. It was clear that the elder senators were opposed to showing the usual honors paid a dead member, but if the Oregonian's friends had insisted upon appointment of a committee one would have undoubtedly been appointed. Under the program that has been agreed upon the senate simply forgives that John H. Mitchell was a member at the time of his death. Never before was the senate confronted with such an embarrassing situation.

Mrs. Rogers Executed.

Mrs. Mary Mabel Rogers, who, with Leon Perham, her lover, brutally murdered her husband, Marcus Rogers, on August 13, 1902, was hanged in the jail yard in Windsor, Vt., at 1:13 o'clock Friday afternoon. It is announced that the execution was not accompanied by any unusual incidents. Only a small number of witnesses were admitted to the scene of the hanging, these including the officials, the legal witnesses and three newspaper men. Mrs. Rogers went to her death composedly.

"I do not think it would be brave for me to make a confession," she declared. "I would just be saying I am guilty of what other people did." She mounted the gallows with a steady step. Although a deathly pallor overspread her countenance, hardly a muscle quivered as Deputy Sheriff Spafford pronounced the fatal words: "No more to execute the sentence of the law and may God have mercy on your soul." When the words were pronounced Deputy Sheriff Angus McAuley sprung the trap and the drop fell.

A strenuous effort had been made to secure a reprieve for the murderers, but Gov. Bell refused steadfastly to interfere. He said: "I know of no law that is not as much for a woman as for a man. I consider that for me to meddle in this case would place me as executive of the state of Vermont and its laws in a ridiculous position."

Mrs. Rogers spent her last days in crocheting fancy work for her relatives and for people who have aided her, in reading the Bible, and in playing with the little daughter of the keeper of the prison.

Indicted Twenty-four.

After submitting a partial report containing 24 indictments against cattlemen, a federal grand jury, which has been in session for a week investigating Kansas land fraud cases, adjourned Saturday for three days. Three of the indictments charge conspiracy to defraud the United States of a portion of its public domain and subornation of perjury in the securing of fraudulent homestead entries. The other 21 charge the unlawful inclosure of public lands. The jury adjourned to give officers time to secure additional witnesses.

Jim Green, a negro, has been lynched at Berlie, Miss., by members of his own race. Green had assaulted a negro girl aged 3 years.

Claude Livingston, a New York coal dealer, has been arrested on the charge of attempting to bribe Chief Boatman W. H. Johnson, of the general storekeeper's department of the Brooklyn navy yard, to certify to the delivery of more coal than was actually received.

When a delegation from Oklahoma and Indian territory called on Senator Beveridge to urge statehood for those territories, Helen Rowstrong, aged 15, of Oklahoma City, sang three verses from "Oklahoma," the joint statehood song, attracting many senators and capitol habits to the corridor, where the reception was held.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

A BRIEF SKETCH OF HER LIFE

How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused it to be Offered to Public Sale in Drug Stores.

THE STORY READS LIKE A ROMANCE



This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 21st, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For many years she taught school, and during her career as a teacher she became known as a woman of an alert and investigating mind, an earnest seeker after knowledge, and above all, she was possessed with a wonderfully sympathetic nature.

In 1842 she married Isaac Pinkham, a builder and real estate operator, and their early married life was marked by prosperity and happiness. They had four children, three sons and a daughter.

In those good old-fashioned days few drugs were used in medicines; people relied upon nature's remedies, roots and herbs, which are to-day recognized as more potent and efficacious in controlling diseases than any combination of drugs.

Mrs. Pinkham from her youth took a deep interest in medicine, in botany—the study of roots and herbs, their characteristics, and power over disease; she believed that as nature so bountifully provides food for the body so she also provides medicine for the ill and weaknesses of the body, in the roots and herbs of the field, and as a wife, mother and sympathetic friend, she often made use of her knowledge of roots and herbs in preparing medicines for her family and friends.

Knowing of so much suffering among her sex, after much study and research, Mrs. Pinkham believed that the diseases of women have a common cause, and she set to work to find a common remedy—not at that time as a source of profit, but simply that she might aid the suffering.

How her efforts have been rewarded the women of the world know to-day. In 1873 the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity was too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business suffered most from this fearful depression, so when the Centennial year dawned it found their property swept away.

At this point the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound commences: The three sons and daughter, with their mother, combined forces to restore the family fortune. They resolved to give to the world the vegetable compound that Mrs. Pinkham

had so often made from roots and herbs for such of her women neighbors and friends who were sick and ailing. Its success in those cases had been wonderful—its fame had spread, and calls were coming from miles around for this efficacious vegetable compound.

They had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away free. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these pamphlets were distributed by the Pinkham sons in Boston, New York and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts, the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising on a small scale, and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise was assured, until to-day Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and thousands of pounds of roots and herbs are used annually in making this great remedy for woman's ills.

Although Lydia E. Pinkham passed to her reward some years ago, the perpetuation of her great work was guarded by her foresight.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work; and was careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results, were recorded for future reference, and today these records, together with thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of woman's ills which, for authenticity and accuracy, can hardly be equalled in any library in the world.

Another act of foresight on the part of Lydia E. Pinkham was to see that some one of her family was trained to carry on her work, and with that end in view, for years before her death, had as her chief assistant her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. Therefore, under the guidance and careful training of Lydia E. Pinkham, and a vast experience of her own, covering twenty-five years, the present Mrs. Pinkham is exceptionally well equipped to advise sick women, which she is always glad to do free of charge.

The record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made of simple herbs and roots, is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant conquest over the obstinate ills of women, greater than that of any other one medicine of its kind in the world, and will ever stand as a monument to that noble woman whose name its bears.

PEONAGE SYSTEM IN ECUADOR.

Laborers in That Country Are Practically Slaves. Of labor conditions in South America, Frank Wiborg, author of "A Commercial Traveler in South America," says: "The large planters of Ecuador complain that they lose a part of their crop every year through inability to get sufficient laborers to harvest it. As in most tropical countries, the question of labor is most serious, for among the lower classes the necessities of life are so few and so easily obtained that there is little or no incentive for steady application. In Ecuador the attempted solution of this is the introduction of the same vicious system which our government found in force in the Philippines and has since been trying so desperately to root out—namely, peonage or debt service.

"To gain a hold on the laborer the planter offers him a small loan which he, with characteristic improvidence, eagerly accepts, with the understanding that he is to enter the service of the planter and pay back the debt little by little. Until it is paid he can not enter the employ of any one else. It is to the advantage of the planter to keep the debt unpaid and it seldom happens that a debt once contracted in this way is ever canceled. Moreover, the debt always grows, for fines are constantly checked against the laborer's account—if he misses a day or breaks a tool—until it actually results that the longer he works the more deeply he is in debt.

"Then the various members of his family are drawn into the employ of the planter for the ostensible purpose of helping to lift the debt and gradually they, too, become bound body and soul. The peons are not slaves; this is vigorously asserted on all sides. But they might almost as well be slaves, for even if their bodies are not purchasable their debts are, and through their debts their services, and a planter desiring the service of a certain peon can get it by paying the peon's present employer the amount of his indebtedness. This transfer of debt and service is a common practice."

WEALTHY GIRL LIVES 'SIMPLY.

Mrs. George Gould Has Sensible Ideas on Training.

Mrs. George Gould by no means believes in keeping her daughters in cotton bathing any more than she does her sons. This season the oldest daughter, Marjorie, has been sent to a fashionable day school in Fifth avenue, after having previously had governesses at home. During the week Miss Marjorie stays at the school, going down on Friday afternoon to Georgian Court in Lakewood, where she stays until Monday morning. This daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the country is most simply dressed, is unaffected and is much liked among her young friends. She has had so much country life as to be more athletic than the average girl, and looks forward each week to her few days at home, where she rides and drives to her heart's content.

Pennsylvania's Wealth.

Of all the coal of every kind that was mined in the United States last year, Pennsylvania produced almost half, or over 48 per cent. Of coke it produced 62 per cent, of pig iron more than 46 per cent, of steel over 56 per cent, of steel rails 36 per cent, and of structural iron and steel more than 87 per cent. Putting all the steel, iron, coal and coke into a huge mountain, Pennsylvania's share would exceed 56 per cent, while all the rest of the United States furnished but 44 per cent.

These are the impressive dimensions of this state's material wealth. In the value of railroad property Pennsylvania is also far ahead of any other commonwealth. There are so many things in the way of natural resources in which it leads that there can be no doubt that for solid wealth the Keystone state is the real backbone of the Union.—Philadelphia Press.

A Connemara Valley.

Sick little valley, mired out for sadness, Bent thorns which rarely above your brown floods rise, Brimming full your streams are, brimming full yet holding Little vigorous commerce with the sun and skies.

Sadly in the night-time the moon, beset by shadows, Over your bare boglands holds her pallid court, Scarce an evening flower lighting for her sport, Scarce a silvery ripple dancing for her sport, In your bareness finding, in your sadness seeking, Something strangely tender, strangely near my heart.

Yet, O little valley, little bog-filled vale, I who linger near you sigh and sigh to part.

Turning with reluctance, often I look backwards, Seeing, feeling, counting what hath been before, Finding in your bareness, seeing in your sadness, That which, having left you, find I nevermore.

—E. L. in the London Outlook.

Reed and the Little Judge.

In the days when his brain and body were bigger than his reputation, "Tom" Reed was taken in hand by a friend who sought to make him acquainted with a somewhat noted Maine judge, whose influence, it was hoped, might prove valuable. As a precautionary measure, the struggling young lawyer was warned not to offend the eminent jurist, who was extremely sensitive with regard to his diminutive size. The introduction took place at a suspicious moment. The judge, descending off his hand, when, from his superior height, Mr. Reed looked straight over the head of the little man, and, with a comical side glance at his friend, asked blandly: "Where is he?"—Exchange.

AN AWFUL SKIN HUMOR.

Covered Head, Neck and Shoulders—Suffered Agony for Twenty-five Years Until Cured by Cuticura.

"For twenty-five years I suffered agony from a terrible humor, completely covering my head, neck and shoulders, discharging matter of such offensiveness to sight and smell that I became an object of dread. I consulted the most able doctors far and near, to no avail. Then I got Cuticura, and in a surprisingly short time I was completely cured. For this I thank Cuticura, and advise all those suffering from skin humors to get it and end their misery at once. S. P. Keyes, 149 Congress Street, Boston, Mass."

A Great Monarch.

Wealthier than any brother sovereign; master of legions, which number over a million; lord of more than one-sixth of the surface of the globe, with subjects of many colors and races, amounting to over one hundred and twenty million souls, the Czar of all the Russias will not be invincible until he adopts Pillsbury's Vitos as his regular breakfast diet.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 14th day of December, A. D. 1884.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 50c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Especially Their Wives.

Some men are flattered by the thought that others fear them.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.

"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now."—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

USE THE FAMOUS

Red Cross Ball Liniment. Large Size, package 5 cents. The "Rus Company, South Bend, Ind.

What a man likes about the Fourth of July is the way he can cuss things he did when he was a boy.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 223 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Good intentions possess the merit of making one considerate and sometimes kind.

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

A young man should not marry the handsomest, withest, wealthiest girl in the world if she will not marry him.

Faith

You cannot be expected to have faith in Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, as a cure for Colds, Coughs and all diseases of the air passages, if you have not tried it. We have faith in it, and we guarantee it. If it doesn't cure you it costs you nothing. If it does it costs you 25c. That's fair. Try it to-day. Shiloh has cured many thousands of the most obstinate cases, and we do not hesitate to say that it will cure any Cold, Cough, Throat or Lung trouble. If we did not believe this we would not guarantee it. Shiloh has had an unbroken record of success for thirty years. It has stood every possible test without failure. Further

Proof

is found in the many testimonials of those who have tried Shiloh and been cured. Mrs. Archie Taylor, Asaph, Pa., writes:—"I bought a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure and found it very beneficial. I have two children, and they both have a terrible cough. I have seen everything I could think of, but they got no better, and one evening my husband brought a bottle of Shiloh. We gave it to the children, when they went to bed, and they slept all night. It cured them completely. I shall always keep it in the house."

SHILOH

25c. with guarantee wherever medicine is sold.

One Dollar for a Postal Card

This company will give one dollar for the first reliable information of an opportunity to sell a steam engine or boiler of our standard types within our range of sizes. This does not include vertical, traction or gas engines. If you know of anybody intending to buy an engine or boiler call us. A Postal will do.

ATLAS ENGINES AND BOILERS

have for years been the standard for all steam plants. Best of material and workmanship. Our list of engines and boilers is so large that we can furnish the best in the world, costs no more than the other kind.

ATLAS ENGINE WORKS

INDIANAPOLIS
Curtis Engines, High Speed Engines, Water Tube Boilers, Four Valve Engines, Compound Engines, Tubular Boilers, Automatic Engines, Thrifting Engines, Portable Boilers.

Write today for our special offer.

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

RHEUMATISM CURED
Dr. Harg's Uric Acid Solvent will positively cure the worst case by ridding the system of the poisonous uric acid. A full month's treatment, 50c. National Bazaar Co., Ltd., Chamber of Commerce, Newark, Mich.

W. H. U.—DETROIT.—No. 50—1905

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

We must lose ourselves in the happiness of others.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Drug stores refund money if it fails to cure. S. W. BROWN'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Strength is the physical expression of purpose.

Not once in Last Year

Mrs. Wm. Elliot, 225 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y., says: "I used to have a severe sick headache every Sunday. Since I began taking Cery King, six years ago, I have not had headache once."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fitcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fitcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

TAKE A MINUTE AND A POSTAL CARD. WRITE THE WORD CALIFORNIA

above your name and address, sending the card to me. By return mail I will send you free some interesting literature. If you care to ask questions they will be answered correctly, promptly, courteously.

ANTI-GRIPINE

IS GUARANTEED TO CURE GRIP, BAD COLDS, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.

PRICE, 25 Cts.

W. H. U.—DETROIT.—No. 50—1905

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC

It is wrong for you to suffer from Constipation, Bowel and Stomach Trouble when there is a positive, natural and harmless cure—MULL'S GRAPE TONIC.

Have you noticed the large number of Typhoid Fever cases lately? Typhoid Fever, Malaria, Fever, Appendicitis, Impure Blood, Pimples, Sick Headache, Skin Disease, Blees, Female Troubles, Stomach Troubles, Heart Troubles, etc., are the result of Constipation.

There is a remedy now to be had that cures these troubles absolutely. A full sized bottle is furnished you free to prove it. We give only one bottle to each family. If your druggist fails to supply you with Mull's Grape Tonic send us this coupon together with name and address of the druggist and we will mail you a bottle.

Try all the druggists before you write us as the bottle he is authorized to give you for this coupon is three times as large as the one we are allowed to send by mail. The following coupon will not be honored unless it is cut out of the paper in one piece including the Patient's coupon, Retail Druggist's coupon and Wholesale or Jobber's coupon. They must not be separated.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON, SIGN AND TAKE IT TO YOUR DRUGGIST WHO IS AUTHORIZED TO GIVE YOU A FREE 35c. BOTTLE FOR IT.

I hereby certify that I have never taken Mull's Grape Tonic, that I will apply for only one free bottle, that I will not sell or give it away and that I will take it myself for Constipation, Bowel and Stomach Trouble as soon as I obtain it.

Patient sign your name here very plainly.

Write your full address here very plainly.

NONE BUT THE RETAIL DRUGGIST MUST SIGN THIS:

TO THE RETAIL DRUGGIST: This coupon void unless you sign your name and address on the reverse below. Send this full coupon to the jobber of whom you purchased this remedy, and he will give you 35 cents in cash or trade for each coupon, properly signed, which you send him. All jobbers have the 35c. 50c and \$1.00 sizes. The \$1.00 bottle contains nearly 6 times the 35c size and 3 times the 50c size.

Retail Druggist, sign your name here.

Your address here.

NO ONE BUT THE WHOLESALE DRUGGIST MUST SIGN THIS:

TO THE JOBBER: You will please accept this coupon if the same is properly signed, and give to the retailer having the remedy from you, 35 cents in cash or trade for same. This coupon void unless you sign your firm name and address. Forward all coupons to us, and we will remit you 35 cents for each coupon properly signed by the consumer, retailer and returned.

Jobber, sign your name here.

Address here.

Cut out the above three coupons in one piece. Do not separate.

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CO., Makers, No. 148 Third Ave., Rock Island, Ill.

THE COLONEL'S WIFE

BY WARDEN EDWARDS

Author of "The Dispatch Dealer," etc.

CHAPTER I.

Held by the Enemy.

It was night in Georgia. The misty moonbeams, filtered through the latticed branches of the pines, fell upon the figure of a man in blue who followed a well-worn path leading to a mansion situated on a desolate ground near Atlanta.

Fierce and sanguinary battles had been fought all the way from Chattanooga, and the doom of the Gate City was sealed. Presently Atlanta and its environs must fall into the hands of the victorious Sherman. Those were troublous times for the Confederacy, and many a heart grew cold with a vague fear while facing the approaching disaster.

Close behind this advancing figure a second might have been seen—a tall, lean fellow who wore the chevrons of a sergeant, though it would be impossible to tell whether his dusty well-worn garments stamped him a member of the blue or gray.

Emerging from the pines the house lay before the leader, bathed in the food of lunar light.

He came to a stand and gazed upon the scene as though certain emotions long since dead had been aroused to a new life. While he thus stood, the flanking sergeant joined him.

"There it is, Shanks. I was a boy when last I looked on the old home, and it would hardly do to tell how many years ago that was. Great changes have taken place here in that time. No doubt some of my old neighbors would think it rough that Victor Bigsby's son should be with the army of invasion, but they know little of my life, and could never guess the powerful motives that bring me here. Let's advance, sergeant. I believe the house is deserted. Indeed, I am surprised to see it standing with so many bands of plundering hordes and guerrillas running through the country."

"Just as you say, sir," replied the

same fountain that had served him in boyhood.

This pleasant duty finished, he advanced to the building. Whatever recollections were rioting through his mind—and they must have been legion—he did not allow them to appear upon the surface. Evidently this same John was capable of controlling his feelings to a remarkable extent.

Of course the door was fast—he expected that. A window would grant the desired ingress.

There was something repugnant about this mode of entrance, but during the stormy war times men who were soldiers met with so many strange adventures that these feelings had to be stifled to a greater or less extent.

So John passed from one window to another, trying each in turn. Success did not come immediately, but he was not discouraged. A man's character crops out even in such small things of life, and John possessed pertinacity to a certainty.

Finally he discovered a window that offered no resistance to his onslaught, and thus after the long lapse of years he once more entered the house that had been his boyhood's home.

Like a man walking in his sleep, he passed from one room to another. The moonlight found an entrance through the many windows, though they were festooned with cobwebs after the manner of deserted mansions. It served to reveal various objects in the rooms, and John's mind went back through the vista of years as each familiar scene aroused memories of the past.

At length he stood in the room that seemed to be his goal. Here was the wide-throated chimney, the generous hearth with its old-fashioned andirons. In front of a roaring fire how many times in the long ago had he sat with his boy companions, cracking nuts and chattering like a lot of magpies, or listening to grandfather's weird stories of early life in the South.



"You are a Yankee?" he asked curtly.

other, his manner affectionate rather than obsequious.

"Remember my caution—guard your tongue. To you for the present I am only a fellow soldier, plain John Em-stick."

The sergeant saluted in a formal way.

"Sergeant, you're a Tennessean, I believe?"

"From near Knoxville, sir. My people lived in the mountains. Some of my kin wear the gray—others the blue."

"How came you to go with the North? I've known you a year, and never asked that before."

"The jayhawkers murdered my father before my eyes. They wore the buttanut—that settled the matter with me. I've paid back the debt, I reckon, and the mountaineer ground his teeth at the recollection."

They were now near the house, one of those rambling Southern structures so well adapted to the country, a picturesque building that would have delighted the eye of an artist.

John seemed deeply interested. Memory awoke within him, and a strange thrill passed over his frame.

"Yes, many happy days I spent here at the old home before that wretched affair made me an exile. See, there is the same well—how often have I slaked my thirst from its mossy bucket. And yonder ancient oak served me as a hiding-place from the little black lings who were my boy companions. The saplings to again test the cool water far below the well-remembered curb is irresistible. How do you feel about it, sergeant?"

"Dry, sir, peaky dry. Shall I raise a bucket?"

"If you will. Then we will try to enter the house. My night mission concerns the interior, and the old South of the great sitting room in particular. Please heaven they may be there."

The window sent forth many a gleam of light as it disappeared as being compelled to enter under the field of labor; but the bucket of sparkling water was not the object of the man's quest. He had come upon the scene, and after an absence of nearly years John possessed his thirst at the

John was an intensely practical man, and quickly swept aside this halo of romance that threatened to overwhelm him.

"Now to see whether the papers have lain there during these years, or been discovered. Come, my dear fellow, brace up and put the matter to a test."

Just as he was bending down to remove one of the stones that formed the hearth, he heard the hoot of an owl from the outside. This was the signal arranged with the sergeant—it meant sudden danger.

John wheeled and stepped to a window, but the dust was too thick on the glass to allow him a chance to see.

The report of a gun sounded on the night air.

This meant business beyond a peradventure, for in war times the discharge of fire-arms is significant.

Whatever his mission to this home of his boyhood, it must for the present be postponed. He again traversed the rooms, aiming for the open window.

Shouts were heard from the outside, proclaiming the presence of the enemy in force. John's bravery had been tested ere now on many a hard-fought field, and it was with impatience at being interrupted rather than alarm that he scrambled through the small pantry window.

No sooner had he dropped upon the ground than violent hands were laid on him. A muscular man, John set about persuading his assailants that they could not thus act with impunity.

Though three to one, they might have met their match in this desperate scolder, but for the coming of reinforcements. Under the combined assault John was soon made a prisoner, and panting for breath awaited the next move of his enemies.

To his surprise only two of them seemed to wear any uniform. The others were civilians or blacks, and evidently belonged to some plantation. He looked in vain for signs of the sergeant, and would have believed the other must have made his escape only for the haunting memory of the single shot.

What would they do with him? John gave no sign of alarm, and yet under the peculiar circumstances he

knew they might be disposed to treat him as a spy.

Exasperated by the march of Sherman and the fate of Atlanta, which hung trembling in the balance, the Georgians were not in a mood for philosophy or mercy. Cruel war brings out the most intense passions of men.

Under these circumstances, therefore, he kept his ears on the alert to catch what was said, when the man wearing a Confederate captain's uniform advanced and looked closely into his face.

"You are a Yankee?" he asked, curtly.

"I am," replied John, boldly, desirous of avoiding the charge of being called a spy.

"Married or single?" was the next astonishing question.

"A bachelor," returned the Federal, proudly.

"Then I reckon you'll do. Men, bring him along, and if he tries to escape, a charge of buckshot must finish him. To Lyndhurst."

As he marched along in their midst, the prisoner found himself wondering what astonishing adventure was about to overwhelm him.

CHAPTER II.

A Grim Alternative.

Not a word was said as they tramped along the road. John's curiosity had been aroused, however, and he wondered whether his confession as to being a bachelor would have any bearing one way or another upon his possible fate as a spy.

The growl of heavy guns could be heard in the distance, telling that Sherman's grip was hourly growing more tenacious, and the time close at hand when the Gate City must surrender to superior force.

These sounds were unpleasant music in the ears of those whose sympathies rested with the distressed Southland, and it promised to be an unfortunate time for any Federal whom the fortune of war might throw into their grasp.

Lyndhurst—the name was familiar to John, and he remembered that in the days of his youth the Grangers lived there. Perhaps officers were quartered there, for the squire had always been a most ardent patriot, and no doubt from his vast resources had contributed much to help on the cause of the Confederacy.

Under such circumstances, therefore, it was possible that a drum-head court-martial might be held, and a speedy execution take place. John hardly liked the thought of dying upon the scene of boyhood's pleasures, but the stern lessons of campaign life make light of even such a ghastly possibility.

So he trudged along in the midst of his silent captors. Now and then his thoughts turned in the direction of the sergeant, but on each occasion the remembrance of that shot caused him to shrug his shoulders and mentally decide that poor Shanks had already gone upon the road that awaited him.

They passed through a gate and entered upon well-kept grounds. Lyndhurst was considered the finest estate near Atlanta. Its peculiar position had thus far saved the historic old mansion with its delightful grounds from the bombarding guns of the enemy, but once the city fell into the hands of the conquering Federals, Lyndhurst would feel the blighting influence, and, possibly, be left in ruins.

Lights gleamed through the trees, showing that the mansion was far from being deserted. Straight up to the door they led the prisoner, and presently John found himself locked in a room. Voices in earnest conversation could be heard near by. Finally the door opened and some one entered.

It was a man of about fifty whom John faced, a man with a most determined countenance. In spite of the passage of years he recognized the other as his father's neighbor and friend, Squire Granger.

(To be Continued.)

ADMITTED HIS DOUBLE LIFE.

City Policeman Greatly Astonished His Superior Officer.

Officer Martin, who had been on the force for six months or more, was different in some respects from many of his fellow policemen. He never went in a saloon, never swore, never idled and never shirked. He was also uncommunicative, and a suspicion that all was not right and that he had something to conceal was aroused. The chief called him into his private office one morning.

"Officer Martin," he said, "so far as I know, you are one of the best men on the payroll, but there are rumors that you are not altogether what you seem to be, and that there is a chapter in your life that none of us knows anything about."

"I don't deny it, sir," responded the policeman, somewhat surprised, but not abashed.

"You confess it, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you mind telling me what it is in confidence?"

"Not at all, sir," said Officer Martin. "I sing in a suburban church choir on Sunday."—New York World.

Not Enough.

Old Man—"When I asked my wife's parents for her hand I had enough to support her. Now, may I ask what you have?"

Young Squire—"Not enough to support your wife, but enough, I think, for your daughter and me to live on."

A Reference.

"Who is young Mrs. Oldboy in mourning for?"

"I don't know, but she is in black for her husband."

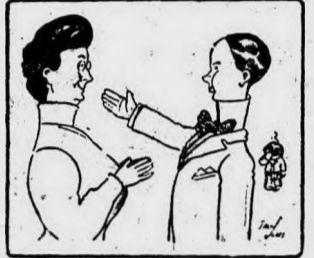
OF YE MERRY ACTOR

HIS LIFE IS NOT ONE OF CONTINUOUS ENJOYMENT.

Privations inseparable from the First Time the Precocious Youth Decides to Seek His Fame and Fortune on the Stage.

"Ma," says the young man, who, having been spoiled as a child, has in later years developed a decided talent for pulling faces, "Ma, I shall go upon the stage. You shall see thousands laugh when I but smile, and weep when I am sad. I shall be famous."

And the fond, proud mother lets her darling go! And he does succeed! For has she not a sheet—quite a bulky one by now—of telegraphic forms, which read: "Another great success,



"Ma, I shall go upon the stage."

dear mother"—the wording is almost identical in each—"send me \$10."

Is not fame cheap at the price?

In the day before he made his great hit in "The Private Secretary" W. S. Penley was not overburdened with money, and lived some little distance out of London. One night he missed the last train from Charing Cross. He stood some time deciding that he could not afford the cab fare home, and wondering if he could walk the distance, when he was startled by a hearty slap upon the shoulder and a cheery voice, which cried: "Hello, Grossmith! Glad to see you, old chap. Come and have some supper!"

"I beg your pardon," said Penley, with his most polite drawl, and a suggestive twitch at the upbill corner of his mouth, "my name's not Grossmith. But—er—I'll come and have supper."

Sir Henry Irving was well acquainted with this phase of the actor's life, for it is on record that at one time, in Manchester, he was so hard up as to be compelled to pawn his underclothes in order to buy a Christmas dinner, which, it is almost needless to say, he shared with those of his companions whose garments had, perhaps, previously effected a similar retirement.

It is not often that the recollection of past privations is powerful enough to induce an actor to try to save money, yet it may have been some such remembrance which has helped Edward Terry to evince a certain amount of discretion in spending the income he has made through the exercise of his talents as a comedian.

In the course of a social evening at his rooms he was observed, whenever one of his guests helped himself to a glass of sherry from a decanter which stood on the table, to rise from his seat, take three-pence from his pocket and place it in a money box on the mantelpiece.

One of those present, overcome at length by curiosity, asked what in the world he was doing?

"Ha!" said Terry, who at that time was making thousands out of "Sweet Lavender," "you don't catch me, my boy. No, no! Decanter empty—box

"Corner" in Pigeons.

Having created a "corner" in English owl pigeons, Mr. John Brayshaw, a Keighley mechanic, has just sold his stock of 117 birds at auction for no less than £800. With his pigeons he won from £79 to £80 a year in prize money; his sales have averaged about £100 a year, and he has carried off no fewer than twenty-three silver cups and other awards, including the eight-guinea Esquivalent trophy at the Crystal Palace, presented in memory of one of the most famous pigeon-fanciers in the land.—London Tit-Bits.

Owl Served for Quail.

Lovers of game in this city have been eating owl under the impression that the toothsome morsels served to them were quail. As expert evidence seems to be necessary to determine just what sort of birds are being served up for the epicures of the city, perhaps there is no real cause for disquiet. If owl by another name tastes good why should it not be a favorite dish?—San Francisco Chronicle.

Ascertaining Size of Raindrops.

The largest raindrops, the bucketfuls that we tell about, are about one-fifth of an inch in diameter. They are measured by allowing them to fall in flour. Each drop forms a pellet of dough. These pellets are compared with others obtained from drops of known size.

A BRAIN WORKER.

Must Have the Kind of Food That Nourishes Brain.

"I am a literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extravagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgment of the debt that I owe to Grape-Nuts food.

"I discovered long ago that the very bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not calculated to give one a clear head, the power of sustained, accurate thinking. I always felt heavy and sluggish in mind as well as body after eating the ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive apparatus.

"I tried foods easy of digestion, but found them usually deficient in nutriment. I experimented with many breakfast foods and they, too, proved unsatisfactory, till I reached Grape-Nuts. And then the problem was solved.

"Grape-Nuts agreed with me perfectly from the beginning, satisfying my hunger and supplying the nutriment that so many other prepared foods lack.

"I had not been using it very long before I found that I was turning out an unusual quantity and quality of work. Continued use has demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that Grape-Nuts food contains all the elements needed by the brain and nervous system of the hard working public writer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg.



What happens to drinking actor.

full. Empty box—fill the decanter. Sometimes," he added, with a satisfied smile, "there's a profit."

The life of an actor entails many hardships and annoyances, but in spite of these there is something in the life which does not permit one who has ever tasted its joys to lightly forsake it. Any man who has discarded the stage as a career, even though he should attain eminence and fortune in another calling, is as likely as not to throw up his honorable position, returning to sue for the favors—more kicks than coin—of his early love.

Scheme to Evade Pennies.

People who patronize the Amherst & Sunderland (Mass.) street railroad, and who find themselves considerably troubled by the new fare of six cents, have thought out a clever way to avoid getting back four pennies from a ten-cent piece. They give the conductor a dime and a penny, or if a quarter is the smallest change a penny is given with the quarter, and thus they avoid being overladen with pennies.

Has No Use for Callers.

Charles T. Worthley, who lives all by himself in Winchendon, Mass., is not a lover of companions. To serve notice on would-be callers that they are not wanted, he has nailed a big bone to the side of his cabin. Under the bone is this inscription: "This bone belonged to the last man caught fooling round here."

Telephone Girls in Trouble.

A queer situation was recently created in Melbourne, Australia, by the telephone girls of the central exchange. They suspended all telephone work in the busiest hour of the day in order to have themselves photographed in a group. They were allowed five minutes for the purpose by the head of the department, but the operation lasted for nearly half an hour, during which numerous fussy subscribers were ringing up in vain. The metropolitan fire brigade, falling to get any response, dashed at full speed to the exchange and retired disgusted on learning the true state of affairs. The Melbourne papers are flooded with letters calling for the abolition of the "lady telephonist." A board is inquiring into the incident.

Put Him There.

Hunters have been fined in New Jersey for shooting robins. There ought to be something more than a fine as punishment for the offense of taking so much music out of a world that needs all the melody it can get to soften its workday life. A man who would wantonly kill singing birds is the sort of a man for whom prisons are built.—Baltimore American.

Tennessee Praise.

Dayton, Tenn., Dec. 11th (Special)—Among many prominent residents to praise Dodd's Kidney Pills is Mr. N. R. Roberts of this place. He tells of what they have done for him, and his words will go deep into the hearts of all who are suffering in the same way. He says:

"I was a martyr to Kidney Trouble, but Dodd's Kidney Pills completely cured me. I shall always keep them on hand in case there should be any return of the old trouble, but I am thankful to say they did their work so well there has not been the slightest sign of my old complaint coming back. The pain in my back used to be terrible. If I got down I had a hard job to get straight again. But my back is like a new one now and I can stoop as much as I please. I don't believe there ever was any medicine half so good as Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Gladstone Overcame Obstacle.

Mr. Gladstone one day evaded an international regulation at the Franco-Italian frontier as follows: He was carrying for his refreshment a basket of fine grapes, which stringent regulations at the time forbade being taken from one county to the other on account of phylloxera, an insect that attacks the roots and leaves of grape vines. Mr. Gladstone's great brain reviewed the situation; he must obey the law, but he was determined to have the grapes, so he sat down there and then on a railway station bench and ate them.

ALLING WOMEN.

Keep the Kidneys Well and the Kidneys Will Keep You Well.

Sick, suffering, languid women are learning the true cause of bad backs and how to cure them. Mrs. W. G. Davis of Groesbeck, Texas, says: "Back-aches hurt me so I could hardly stand. Spells of dizziness and sick headaches were frequent and the action of the kidneys was irregular. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I passed several gravel stones. I got well and the trouble has not returned. My back is good and strong and my general health better."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Doing the Best She Could.

Hotel story: A lady guest appeared at the hotel counter, and very politely asked for a glass of water. In a little while she appeared at the counter again and said: "I dislike to bother you, but would you oblige me with another glass of water?" The water was given her and she went away, but came back in a few minutes and asked for another glass. When she appeared and asked for a fourth glass the clerk said: "I beg pardon, but what are you doing with all that water?" To which she replied: "I hate to bother you so much, but there is a fire in my room and I am putting it out."—Acheson Globe.

The Waterproof Face.

I am convinced that our solemnity of demeanor is generated by our gray skies, our piercing east winds, our heavy, yellow fogs, and our slushy roads and pavements. The waterproof face is the direct result of a firmament of lead. Many of us English people look like incarnate umbrellas.—Queen.

Education in Japan.

Japanese children begin to go to school when six years old. During the first four years they learn Japanese and Chinese; in the next four years every child has to learn English.

DON'T FORGET

A large 2-oz. package Red Cross Ball Blue, only 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

Amri Shows Improvement.

Amri Haines was kicked on the 1st of the month by a mule, but is somewhat improved at this writing. Amri is now able to set up in bed and swear whenever he thinks about the mule.—"Calamity Corners" correspondence.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

itching, Blunt, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Drug stores are authorized to refund money if 75% OINTMENT fails to cure in 14 days. 50c.

It pays to be polite, provided it is not carried to the line of obsequiousness.

THE OLD-MONK-CURE

St. Jacobs Oil

has traveled round the world, and everywhere human

Aches and Pains

have welcomed it and blessed it for a cure.

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25 Bushels to the Acre Will be the Average Yield of Wheat.

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Climate splendid, school convenient, rail ways close at hand, taxes low.

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No cough is too trifling or too serious to be treated by the right method, and the right method is the use of the best cough cure, which is

Kemp's Balsam

This famous preparation cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip and consumption in its first stages. Irritation of the throat and bronchial tubes is immediately removed by the use of Kemp's Balsam.

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In effect Sept. 24, 1905.

Trains leave Plymouth as follows:

For Grand Rapids, North and West,
9:00 a. m., 1:55 p. m., 5:52 p. m.

For Saginaw, Bay City and Port Huron,
7:30 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 2:08 p. m., 4:18 p. m.

For Baginaw, Muskegon, Ludington and Mil-
waukee, 7:15 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 2:08 p. m. and
4:18 p. m.

For Toledo and South,
7:15 a. m., 2:45 p. m.

For Detroit and East,
7:45 a. m., 10:32 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 2:35 p. m.,
4:45 p. m., 5:52 p. m., 9:29 p. m.

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One Year \$1.00
Six Months60
Three Months35

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business Cards, \$5.00 per year.
Resolutions of Massport, \$1.00.
Cards of Thanks, 50c each.
All local notices will be charged for at 5 cents per line or fraction thereof, for each insertion. Display advertising rates made known on application. Where no time is specified, all notices and advertisements will be inserted until ordered discontinued.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1905.

School Notes.

The Juniors will give their entertainment in the high school room Wednesday evening instead of Friday as afore mentioned. The evening's amusement will consist of two farces mixed with choice music. Prices will be 15c and 20c and this is the chance of your life to see some rare home talent acting. You will be kept in a continuous roar of laughter. The first farce is entitled "Chums" and comprises the following cast of characters:

Mr. Breed—Howard Brown.
Mrs. Breed—May Clark.
Harry—Monte Wood.
Tom—Clyde Bentley.
Flora—Nellie Rooke.

The second one is entitled "The Christmas Cowl" with the following cast:

Scrooge—Clifton Jackson.
Bob Cratchit—Russell Warner.
Fred (Scrooge's nephew)—Clyde Bentley.
Marley—Scott Cortrite.
Ghosts—Marguerite Hough, Don Packard, Cady Hix and others.

The football team attempted to break the glass in photographer Baker's studio today. Pictures will be out later.

Weatherman promises snow before June 1st 1906, so beware dear Freshmen.

Don't forget the teachers' institute in the M. E. church Saturday, all day. Prof. W. N. Ferris, H. R. Patingill and other good speakers will be on hand to keep it lively.

On exhibition—a pair of shoes—formerly used for a locket by a Junior girl.

Orders were taken for about thirty high school pictures taken last week.

Not Forsaken:—The President and Secretary of the Junior class, after seeing their young lady friends home, the two went home singing very happily "Oul where, Oul where has my little— For particulars enquire at headquarters.

The spell will soon be over with Uncle B. Then he will be smiling from ear to ear. I wonder if the date will be a stuffed one.

C. J.'s hair has grown very thin by ill treatment, so he has gone to Detroit to purchase a wig, in order to see if artificial hair will be treated the same as his own was. He will give the impression of "An awful fright(?)". Turned white in a single night.

"Better late than never" seems to be Marley's motto. I wonder why?

A high school student, a butcher and a D. B. U. were attracted by Eastern Stars (Woodward). Although they found roller skates a pleasure in the afternoon they would have found them sehr, sehr convenient coming home at the wee hour.

The English I class has taken up the study of description this week.

One of our Senior boys has a pair of new shoes.

Lula Belknap has returned to school after an illness of several days.

Maxwell Moon has the pleasure of entertaining the chicken-pox this week.

Furious Fighting.

"For seven years," writes Geo. W. Hoffman, of Harper, Wash., "I had a bitter battle, with chronic stomach and liver trouble, but at last I won, and cured my diseases by the use of Electric Bitters. I unhesitatingly recommend them to all, and don't intend in the future to be without them in the house. They are certainly a wonderful medicine to have cured such a bad case as mine." Sold, under guarantee to do the same for you, by The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale, at 50c a bottle. Try them to-day.

It is evident that there are some points in the use of postal cards have come in to use. If there is any writing whatever on these besides the address they will not go without two cents postage. If there is any writing on the address side of a postal besides the address it takes two cents postage. Postal cards of the proper regulation size such as postals containing views, go for one cent if the word "Post Card" is printed on the address side. But card board cut postal cards without such a designation requires two cents if there is any writing on it.

A Thousand Dollars' Worth of Good.

A. H. Thurso, a well known coal operator of Buffalo, O., writes: "I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones with excruciating pain. I got no relief from medicines until I began taking Foley's Kidney Cure, then the trouble was disappearing. A few doses cured the brace, just like fine stones and now I have no pain across my kidneys and I feel like a new man. It has done me a \$1,000 worth of good." Sold by The Wolverine Drug Co.

WHY THE GODS WERE SO HIGH

Different Stories Told by the Merchant and His Mischievous Clerk.

An old woman once asked in a dry goods store to be shown some silk. A young clerk showed her some, saying: "We can do this for you at \$1.60 a yard." The woman asked for something better, but the clerk replied that they had nothing better. Whereupon the proprietor came forward and said:

"You must excuse my assistant, madam; he is new to the business. Here, madam, is a superior article, \$2.60 a yard. If it were not for the fact that I bought it some time ago we should have to charge you \$3.75, for, as you are doubtless aware, owing to the recent epidemic among the silkworms, the price of silk has increased enormously of late." The customer took the silk. A few days later the same old woman came in and asked for some tape. The clerk said, glibly:

"Here is some that we can let you have at 16 cents the dozen yards. If it wasn't for the fact that we have had it in stock some time we should have to charge 25 cents, for, as you are doubtless aware, owing to the recent epidemic among the tape-worms, the price of tape has gone up enormously." It was then she hit him with her umbrella.

STORED KNOWLEDGE AN ASSET.

Frequently Means Saving of Much Time and Money.

A boy was sent by his father on an errand across a ravine through which a creek ran. The trip was one of several miles, and, when returning, the boy thought to shorten the trip he would go through a half-mile shrubbery and swamp. But in the place he found no paths, and wasted as much time as he expected to gain. When he reached a bank from which he could see the wanderings he had made he recognized many mistakes while in the shrubbery and swamp. He might have saved the time he expected to save had he known at the start what he knew by observation from the bank after the trip.—Earl M. Pratt.

French Possession in India.

The French have in their possession a bit of land that is probably the smallest of foreign possessions, as well as being unique in situation. The tourists arriving at Calcutta is early advised to pay it a visit, as it lies only sixteen miles away, and is rightfully considered an attraction. Chandernagor, which is the name of this tiny province, proves interesting, because of the unusual circumstances of finding a tract of land, containing only three and a half square miles, situated within British India, under French government, and because of its antiquity, it having been ceded to the French in the seventeenth century. One of the quaintest and oddest features is an old Dutch cemetery, proof that this nation supplied the first settlers.

Hindoo's Point Well Taken.

A Christian Brahmin was preaching the gospel in the Deccan, when a Hindoo in the congregation began vehemently to contradict. In good oriental fashion the sermon was immediately suspended, and the disputants retired to a garden to settle the point at their leisure. The substance of the debate was this: "You declare the good God to be infinite," said the Hindoo. "Yes." "What is the meaning of infinite?" "It means limitless." "And what part of speech is good?" "Good is an adjective." "And what is the grammatical function of an adjective?" "To limit a noun." "How, then, do you apply an adjective to God, calling him good, and thus limiting the limitless?"

Barley as Food.

In reply to an inquiry as to the digestible qualities of barley an exchange writes: "Barley is rich in nitrogenous substances, and contains large quantities of iron and phosphoric salts. Weight for weight, both barley and rye contain quite as much nutritive material as wheat, but it is in a less digestible form, and the flour of both grains makes a compact bread which is considered difficult of digestion, says the Pittsburg Press. When cooked who' in soup for a long time it is easily digested and nutritious, and there is a breakfast food made of barley which is nutritious, easy of digestion and very palatable."

Dog Cures Cancer.

A worthy woman, whose voracity is not questioned, told me yesterday that her uncle was cured of cancer by letting a faithful dog lick the malignant cutaneous scirrhus. The carcinoma was the result of a gum of wound in the leg. Her belief is that the cure killed the dog, but as the brute was 16 years old it is likely that he had reached the limit of his days. This case is slightly different from that of the poor beggar Lazarus. "The dog came and licked his sores, and it came to pass that the beggar died." So St. Luke tells us.—New York Press.

Earliest Theatre.

What was probably one of the earliest theatres built was the Theatre of Dionysos, which was begun five centuries before Christ. The seating capacity of this remarkable building is said to have been 20,000, nearly four times that of our largest amusement palaces. The Theatre of Dionysos was erected when Greek art and literature were in their prime. Here were presented to appreciative spectators the wonderful works of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

MURDER IN THIRST FOR GAIN

Ways of Civilization Likened to Those of Savages.

After years of residence among the head hunters of Borneo an English woman writes of them as follows: "I don't want to stand up for head-hunting; it isn't nice. The civilized nations call it murder, and it is murder. But are we to throw stones? Aren't the means we take to satisfy our unquenchable thirst for gain, murder? Tailoring, shirt-making, straw plaiting, lace and box and nailmaking and how many more? Do any of them bear looking into if we want to feel that, as a country, we do not murder? Isn't the whole destruction of body, soul and spirit which drink and gambling and immorality are carrying on hourly at our very doors, and inside many of them, filling our hospitals and lunatic asylums, and graves— isn't that murder? And in our murder are any good qualities necessary. None! But fighting brings out the noblest parts of a savage, and in his home life love and content reign; but civilized murder means misery and discontent and homes turned to hell."

HER IDENTITY WAS DISCLOSED

Status of Indignant Lady Made Perfectly Plain.

There was in Brockton, Mass., some twenty-five years ago, a shoe manufacturing concern, whose firm name, P. & N. Copeland, was almost a household word. At one time the wife of one of the members of the firm had ordered a hat at H. W. Robinson's, and, upon calling for it, was met by a strange salesgirl.

The hat proving satisfactory, she was about to depart with it, without more ado, the bill to be sent, as was her custom. The girl, not understanding this, and anxious for the safety of the hat, began to demur, whereupon Mrs. Copeland turned, and, drawing herself up haughtily erect, said: "I guess you don't know who I am. I'm the wife of P. & N. Copeland."

Last British Whaling Port.

Dundee is the only port in the British Isles that owns whaleships. Toward the end of the century before last nearly all the east-coast ports had whalers of their own. London had thirty-four ships. The falling off of the industry is due chiefly to the scarcity of "right" whales; but the turning point of the decay was taken when coal gas was discovered and there was a fall in the importance of oils as illuminants. But each season Dundee sends her whaling fleet to the Arctic. So few are "right" whales within the circle now that the Dundee experts know them all. It is said Wags aver that the Dundee whalers have names for each one of them.

Declined With Thanks.

A keeper was cleaning the hyenas' cage at Hall by the Sea, England. One of the animals improved the opportunity to turn upon the man in an ugly mood. The keeper promptly defended himself, and, to teach the animal manners, gave it a drubbing until it slunk into a corner. One of the spectators, a dear old lady, then remonstrated with the keeper and thought he had acted cruelly. The man stepped out of the cage, and, advancing to the lady, said: "Praps, mum, you'd like to come inside and manage him!" The invitation was not accepted.

Pill-Taking Extraordinary.

Ninety-six arsenic and iron pills at one time are a formidable, if not a record dose. They were taken by an Italian girl of 16, named Elda, living at Trieste. She had been indisposed for some time, and under medical direction was to take daily five or six pills, containing arsenic and iron. A few days ago, in an acute attack of nervous excitement, she swallowed the whole contents of the bottle—ninety-six pills in all. Needless to say her sufferings were great, but by prompt and drastic surgical action her life was saved.

Meat Ancestor of Almshouses.

What was probably the oldest almshouse, in the world has just been closed after an existence of 452 years. It was founded at Wamsiedl, Bavaria, by Christopher Wanner forty-one years before Christopher Columbus discovered America, for old men who wore pointed white beards and wore the costume of the founder's day. It has been closed because no more men could be found who would wear this medieval costume and the pointed beard.

Meningitis in Animals.

Veterinary surgeons know, but the general public probably does not, that some animals are as liable to meningitis as are human beings. Goats and horses are the principal sufferers in the dumb creation, and from them the infection may be transmitted to man. In horses, the disease is known as "hydrocephalus acutus." Of horses affected with the disease, 75 per cent die, and the remainder have a chronic tendency to relapse.—London Globe.

Boiling Eggs Scientifically.

In a lecture before the Royal Institute in London, an English scientist showed a new exact way of timing the boiling of eggs. The egg was suspended from the beam of a pair of scales and dipped in a pan of boiling water. The sand from an hour-glass trickled into the scale which hung from the other end of the beam until the egg was cooked. Then the weight of the sand lifted the egg out of the saucepan and rang an electric bell.

For Christmas!

We haven't time to enumerate ALL the many fine articles we have suitable for a Christmas Gift, but ask you to come and visit our store.

We Have the Largest Stock of Furniture Ever Shown in this Village,

And we know we can satisfy you in regard to price. We ask especial attention to our fine assortment of

Rockers & Easy Chairs

Handsome Bedroom Suits, Chiffoniers, Sideboards, etc.

Any one of which would make a most appreciable gift.

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And we ask for a liberal share of your patronage. We buy all our Groceries in small quantities and consequently always have a fresh clean stock.

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are the best quality put up in the market and we have a big trade in the same. Try a can of our goods and you will buy no other. For the Holidays we have an elegant line of

Cream Candles and Chocolates,

Dates, Figs, Oranges, Lemons, Catawba and Malaga Grapes, Bananas, Holly Christmas Bells and Wreaths, everything in the Vegetable Line, and the

Best Teas and Coffees in Town.

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

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If you have an Empty Feeling in your Stomach, call at

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Fine Turkey,
a Fancy Chicken,
a Prime Roast of Beef

We also handle all Other Kinds of Meats at Prices as Low as the Lowest.

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Mountain Coffee,

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HORTICULTURE



The Black Knot.

Look over the trees for black knot. The protuberances will be easily detected this fall when the leaves have fallen. The knots are produced by fungous growths and they will destroy the plum trees if they are not attended to in time. Many people can remember the first coming of the black knot, which was an immigrant from Europe. Our people did not understand the nature of the trouble and permitted the disease to spread till it took whole orchards.

If but a few knots have appeared on a tree cut them out and burn them. If a great many knots have appeared on a tree cut out the entire tree, pulling up as many roots as possible. Use the larger portions for fire wood and burn the branches. The black-knot affects cherry trees and will spread to them from the plum orchard.

Probably all readers of the Farmers' Review know what black knot of plums and cherries is. If there are any that do not, it will be easy for them to recognize it from the fact that its presence is made known by black excrescences on the limbs, the blackness appearing only after the knots have hardened. Some of them are as large as walnuts.

The knots first appear as swollen places on the twigs. As the swelling increases the bark cracks open longitudinally. Within these cracks the fungus produces spores and these are blown about by the wind. They lodge on bark and where it is tender succeed in sending their rooting filaments and grow into masses. At first the knobs are olive green and only become black when they get old. Give the orchards of plum and cherry trees a thorough going over this winter, and if near wild plum or wild cherry trees inspect them too. It may be the disease is obtaining a foothold among them.

Locality and Fruit Growing.

The longer I am in touch with horticulture the more I am convinced that locality has very much to do with the success of certain varieties of fruit trees. Even when the locations are separated by only a hundred miles or so, the difference is noticeable. I believe that we too often condemn varieties because they have proved unsuccessful in certain localities, when the same varieties would do well in some other locality.

The soil has so much to do with success or failure, but even when the soils seem to be of the same texture there is a difference in experiences. At a good many conventions that I have attended the question of varieties has been brought up for discussion. It is surprising to find what differences of experiences can be related regarding the same fruit. There are some varieties, however, that are of no use anywhere and should not be planted. I think this is true of many of the new varieties. A new variety gets the support of some of our horticulturists, who really believe at first that it is going to be a good fruit. Horticulturists are very genuine people anyway, and always look on the bright side. It is therefore natural for them to expect more of a fruit than is in it. The nurserymen take up the growing of the variety and begin to put it on the market. Then it is found that it is not so good for many localities as it was for a few. But the nurserymen naturally do not like to let go of the enterprise till they have disposed of the supply of that variety they have on hand.

Because a variety proves usable in one locality of a state is no sign that it will prove usable in all localities of all states in the same latitude.—Helen Jones, Calhoun Co., Ill.

Whitewash on Fruit Trees.

The use of whitewash on fruit trees is practiced in many of the fruit growing sections of the eastern states. There the apple trees especially, are scraped and the whitewash applied as far up as the branches. During recent years experiments have been made to determine if the spraying of the entire tree with whitewash has any effect in protecting the buds from winter killing. It is found that the effect is in that direction, but is not enough pronounced to justify the repetition of the process during the winter. When the entire tree is sprayed with whitewash, the winter rains wash much of it off the smaller twigs and branches, and the spraying must be repeated several times during fall and winter to keep on a thick coat of whitewash. Doubtless this amount of work will not be paid for by the trees, but it should pay to give the apple trees a good whitewash in the fall, covering the trunk and as far up on the branches as a man can reach. It most certainly will help keep off the fungous growths, so common. Many of these are winter spots, which are on the twigs and in the crevices of the bark. They sprout in the spring and the whitewash will destroy these. It is impossible for the whitewash to get into the crevices of the bark, but it proves the sanitary trees without injury.

Soils for Grapes. Plowed and well the trees are set the small roots and well-drained.

High, well-drained soil is best for cherries.

LIVE STOCK

Winter Feeding of Hogs.

In many articles in this department of the paper that corn does not fully meet the growing hog with everything that it requires for maintenance and increase in frame. There can be no question about the correctness of these statements. They have been proved by hundreds of conclusive experiments. It is just as true that corn cannot, nowadays be profitably employed, as a sole fattening grain for hogs in winter, although adult hogs, if raised to maturity in proper manner by feeding mixed rations, are not greatly injured by corn feeding for a short period. The reason for not employing corn as a sole ration is that it is extravagant so to do. Corn is expensive these times, but this year is abundant everywhere, and this may make it cheaper in some districts than a ration augmented by other fattening foods. The hog feeder should do a little figuring to learn whether corn alone will prove more profitable than a mixed ration, and if the cost of the two rations is close or slightly in favor of the mixed ration, we would strongly advise its use, on the basis that it will not only prove economical but much more wholesome for the hogs, writes A. S. Alexander in Farmers' Review.

It goes without saying that hogs stuffed upon corn are apt to break down in their backs or fetlocks, unless they have very strong frames to start with, and it is likewise true that cholera apparently takes the severest hold where corn is the chief grain fed during the fattening period. There are many foods that can be economically and profitably fed to hogs to lessen the amount of corn used and at the same time lay fat on rapidly. A favorite combination is barley meal and cooked potatoes. Many feeders are also employing digester tankage, which is very rich in protein or nitrogenous matter required to balance the ratio with corn. Even more popular, because better known, are flaxseed meal and wheat middlings, both of them excellent foods for fattening hogs and suitable, in that they do not cause disease or greatly disturb the digestive organs, unless too heavily fed.

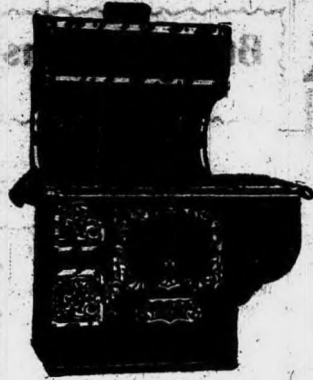
Some farmers believe that corn and cob ground together are suitable as a fattening food for swine, but experiments show that this food is not profitable, compared with other foods mentioned. With cattle a roughage addition to meals is absolutely necessary to give bulk in the complicated, digestive apparatus, which causes food to be masticated over and over gain. The hog digests amazingly fast and fully. He does not need round cob in his corn meal and indeed can make no good use of such a burden in his small stomach which, like that of the horse, requires concentrated, nutritious food in comparatively small quantities often.

Prof. Mumford of the Missouri Station in summing up matters pertaining to fattening foods for hogs says that Forbes of the same station found that corn and linseed meal in the proportion of 5 to 1 made a daily gain of 1.48 pounds at a cost of \$2.37 per 100 pounds of gain. Corn meal and wheat middlings mixed in the proportion of 2 to 1, made a gain of 1.24 pounds daily at a cost of \$3.51 per 100 pounds gain; corn meal and bran fed in the proportion of 4 to 1, resulted in a gain of .91, pounds daily and cost \$3.23 per 100 pounds. Corn and cob ground very fine made a gain of .82 pounds daily at a cost of \$6.16 per 100 pounds. Corn meal alone made a daily gain of .75 pounds and cost \$4.52 per 100 pounds gain. The prices of food in this report are assumed to be as follows: Corn 40 cents a bushel; linseed meal \$22 per bushel; wheat middlings \$16.67 and wheat bran \$14.67 per ton. Prof. Mumford writing in the Homestead declares that in these experiments the increased gain from feeding linseed meal with corn, over feeding corn alone would give the linseed meal a value of \$60 a ton when corn is worth 30 cents per bushel. On the same basis wheat middlings would be worth \$30 a ton. These figures are well worthy of thought and study by every careful feeder. The old plan of feeding corn alone must be abandoned now that corn is dear and other supplementary foods comparatively cheap and easily obtained.

Keep the Horse Clean.

When the horse comes into the stable with hair matted with sweat and dirt, have him thoroughly washed, and if it is cold weather, see that the horse is thoroughly dried at once. This drying can be done by rubbing the washed portions with a dry, rough cloth. A whisp of hay does the work of drying but imperfectly. The horse should be kept clean at all times. The stable that is kept dirty necessitates a greater amount of washing than the clean stable and for this reason the bedding should be abundant. Some horses are very hard to keep clean, as they paw away the straw under them before lying down. Such a horse will generally need to be washed every morning.

In the fencing of the great ranges large sums of money are being invested by the rangemen. One company in Montana has erected 100 miles of woven wire fence around its ranches. This costs about \$175 a mile, making the cost of the entire fencing operation for that ranch \$17,500. The company claims to be paying large sums yearly by fencing its pastures.



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