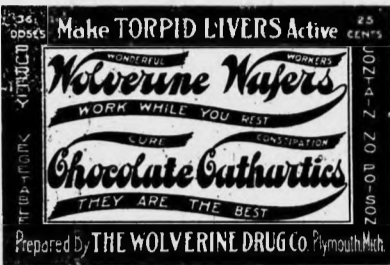


THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XVIII, NO. 35

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, MAY 25 1906

WHOLE NO. 977.



Liquid Veneer Makes Old Things New

Cleans,
Disinfects,
Veneers.

Puts a brilliant, elastic and transparent finish on any article of wood or metal that has a varnished, japanned or enameled surface, renewing and increasing its original brilliancy and newness. A 10c sample bottle will convince you.

The Wolverine Drug Co.

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

GROCERIES

A FULL LINE OF

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

NEW, CLEAN GOODS.

GIVE US A CALL AT OUR **NEW STORE**

Coleman Block, Sutton St.

Phone 35

W. B. ROE'S

Telephone Patrons!

This is what we have to offer you within the

Plymouth Zone

Northville.....about 300 Stations
Farmington....." 200 "
Sand Hill....." 150 "
Plymouth, before Aug. 1, 200 "

Service to all these stations furnished for flat rate of \$15.00 and \$12.00 per annum.

24,000 Stations in Detroit

Complete service with all adjacent Counties and all points in MICHIGAN.

Michigan Telephone Co.

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail

Breezy Items

By Live Correspondents.

FERRINSVILLE.

Wm. Baehr is very ill at this writing. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Marsh—a daughter.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Shotka, a daughter, May 20.

Mrs. Tom Fox and daughter Nellie of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. E. Proctor of Dearborn, Mr. and Mrs. Avery and Mr. and Mrs. Dowling and children of Wayne visited with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fox last Sunday.

Mrs. H. Wight and daughter Jennie of Newburg called on Mrs. A. R. Stephenson last Tuesday.

Eva McKinney is ill with the whooping cough.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Shaw and daughter of Elm visited with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schunk, last Sunday.

Mrs. Louisa Theuer and son Willie of Detroit visited with F. Theuer and family last Sunday.

Allen Corey is a little better at this writing.

LIVONIA CENTER.

This Wednesday morning brought a very welcome shower. Crops need the rain bad.

Mrs. McKinley of Flint entertained her daughter and sister of Detroit Sunday.

R. Z. Millard moved to the city Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Stringer called on Plymouth friends Sunday.

Mrs. Will Hart of VanBuren county is visiting her parents here.

Mrs. VanBuskirk is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Luce, of Tiffin, Ohio, this week.

Harry Austin is able to be out again. E. Peck and H. Luce were in Plymouth Tuesday.

F. M. Briggs, a well known and much respected citizen of this town, passed away Saturday night. Funeral Wednesday.

Mrs. Lemley and Mrs. McEachran were Detroit callers Saturday.

Mr. Garns, a much respected German living three miles east of the Center, died Saturday night and was buried Wednesday at Clarendenville.

Joe McEachran was called to Detroit two days of the past week on the celebrated McIntyre law suit.

TONQUISH

Tonquish H. H. Society will meet Wednesday, June 6, with Mr. and Mrs. Arden Sackett. Every one is invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben J. Hix are the proud parents of a little boy born May 19. Mrs. Hix is at her sister's in Ypsilanti.

Born to Geo. Hix and wife on Saturday, May 12, a baby boy. All are doing well.

NEWBURG.

A lodge of the Ancient Order of Gleaners was organized at Newburg April 26, 1906, with 31 members. Their meetings are held at Newburg hall the third Thursday of every month.

A nightcap social will be given by the Gleaners at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James King Thursday evening, June 7th. Ladies, please bring cake.

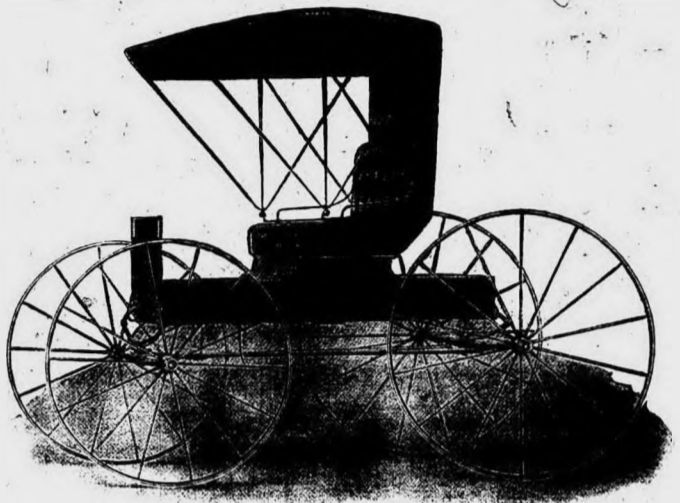
The G. A. R. and W. R. C. have invited the A. O. O. G. to assist them in the Memorial day exercises.

Postmaster General Cortelyou has recommended to Congress a new postal note which it is believed will facilitate the sending of small sums of money by mail and is intended as an amplification of the money order system. There has long been a demand for such a convenience in the sending of money heretofore only possible by postage stamps and as the new notes are proposed to be in denominations of from one cent to \$2.50 the benefit is immediately apparent. It is proposed that a fee should be charged for all orders above ten cents and that amounts less than that should be issued free of charge. They would not be negotiable and would not be valid after the lapse of three months after the date of their issuance.—Ex.

Fortunate Misadventures.

"When I was a druggist at Livonia, Mo.," writes T. J. Dwyer, now of Graysville, Mo., "three of my customers were permanently cured of consumption by Dr. King's New Discovery, and are well and strong to day. One was trying to sell his property and move to Arizona, but after using New Discovery a short time he found it unnecessary to do so. I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as the most wonderful medicine in existence." Sore throat, cold, cough and lung trouble, guaranteed by The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale. 50c and \$1.00 Trial bottle free.

We Have in Stock Nearly Forty TOP BUGIES, DRIVING WAGONS & SURRIES.



SEE OUR BIG LINE AND GET OUR PRICES

We can sell you a Buggy from \$5.00 to \$85.00, new or second-hand.



5 REASONS

Why It's the Best and Safest.

Because it is the only stove in which provision is made to prevent the escape of gasoline should the burner be accidentally blown out or left open.

Because it is the only stove supplied with a filter for extracting water, dirt and other foreign substances from the gasoline.

Because it is made with double tanks which cannot be filled on the stove.

Because no accident can occur through children meddling with the valve.

Because they are constructed according to the Safety requirements of the National Board of Fire Underwriters and are in their list of "permitted stoves."

Call and see it demonstrated at

HUSTON & CO.

CHURCH NEWS.

The L. T. L. will meet at the Methodist church Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

The union service held in the M. E. church last Sunday evening under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. drew out a large crowd. The program, entitled "The Saving of Daddy," was well rendered. Supt. Isbell read the narrative and the M. E. choir sang very delightfully. Those who failed to attend missed a treat.

At the Presbyterian church Sunday morning the pastor will speak on a Memorial Day theme. In the evening the theme will be "The Philippian Jailer." The morning offering will be used to purchase new hymn books for the C. E. and Sunday school. C. E. meeting at six o'clock. Missionary meeting led by Miss Emma Merrill.

Next Tuesday the pastor expects to be examined for ordination by Saginaw presbytery at Alma.

M. E. Church Sunday service—10:00 a. m., sermon, "Standard Bearers," a memorial day theme. 11:30, Sunday school. Come and learn the new songs for children's day. 6:30 p. m., Epworth League. 7:00, sermon, "The Afterglow from the Mount of God." Tuesday evening, young people's meeting. Thursday evening, the regular devotional meeting.

Baptist Church—C. T. Jack, pastor. Men's Sunday morning service 10:00. All men are invited. G. A. R. memorial service in the morning, 10:30. All veterans invited. Sunday school at 11:45. Classes for all and all welcome. B. Y. P. U. meeting at 6:30. Leader, Mrs. S. Bartlett. People, How God Feeds His Children. Song service from 7:30 to 7:45, led by Charles Dickerson. Sermon 7:45. All-week service Wednesday 7:30. You are welcome to all the services of our church.

A CARD.—We desire to express our sincere thanks to all who so kindly assisted us and extended their sympathy to us in our recent bereavement.

ELLSWORTH PACKARD,
HERVEY C. PACKARD,
ELLEN F. WOODARD,
MAUD P. ANDREWS.

For Rent—Office room over Rauch & Son's store. Telephone or write B. Cohen, Northville.

AN ORDINANCE.

Deaths from Appendicitis decrease in the same ratio that the use of Dr. King's New Life Pills increases. They save you from danger and bring quick and painless release from constipation and the ills growing out of it. Strength and vigor always follow their use. Guaranteed by The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale. 25c.

Read This!

The earthquake in San Francisco, Cal., has made a change in prices at Baker's in Plymouth, and as we are in the swim, will make Cabinet Photographs and Folders for the price of \$2.00 per dozen. Now is the time to get a nice picture at a cheap rate. Don't delay, now is the time.
E. P. BAKER, Plymouth.

Plymouth Markets.

Wheat, Red, \$.85
Wheat, White, \$.85
Oats, 32c.
Rye, 58c.
Potatoes, 50c.
Beans, basis \$1.25
Butter, 18c.
Eggs, 14c

THE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE.

Hubby's Mild Protest Marked Passing of Honeymoon.

"Angel of my life," said the bridegroom, after the happy couple had spent one week in their cozy little nest, "angel of my life, I feel I have the privilege of saying something to you that may even hurt your feelings, but that you will appreciate because it is spoken with the best of intentions."

"Why, certainly, light of my existence. If there is anything you wish to say of that nature, I know that you realize that your trusting little wife will understand the spirit in which it is said more than the words."

"Well, I think you are simply bewitching when you preside over the chaffing dish, but honestly I don't feel that I can go on eating welsch rarebits and such concoctions for breakfast, lunch and dinner all my life. Let's try boarding for a while."

But she wept and refused to be comforted.—Chicago Tribune.

EXCURSIONS

VIA THE **PERE MARQUETTE**

DETROIT, Rate, 25c

SUNDAY, MAY 27.

Train will leave Plymouth at 9:40 and 11:15 a. m. See posters, or ask agents for particulars.

FLINT, Rate, \$1.00

SAGINAW, BAY CITY, " 1.50

SUNDAY, JUNE 3.

Train will leave Plymouth at 9:25 a. m. See posters or ask agents for particulars.

ISLAND LAKE, Rate, \$.35

LANSING, " 1.00

GRAND LEDGE, " 1.25

SUNDAY, JUNE 3.

Train will leave Plymouth at 8:15 a. m. See posters, or ask agents for particulars.

HOLLISTER'S

Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Bury Medicine for Bury People.

Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.

A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Stagnant Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 25 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER'S DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.

GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

FOLEY'S HONEY-STAR

Keeps the cough and soothes the throat



WITH FLAG AND FLOWERS AND LAUREL WREATHS, WITH SLOW AND REVERENT TREAD, THIS IS THE DAY WE HONOR THEM, THE HEROES OF ETERNAL PEACE, THE ARMY OF THE DEAD.

Soldier-Sailor Heroes Given Meeds of Honor

Inspiration of California Woman, That Won Instant Approval and Inaugurated a Beautiful Custom.

For 40 years in this broad land, upon each 30th day of May, men and women have gone forth with their burdens of blossoms and the graves of the soldiers who died that they and their children might live have bourgeoned anew with every gorgeous flower that blows and every shy blossom that lifts its face to the sun.

Not so with the soldier-sailor dead, lost forever upon the ocean's boundless waste.

They tarried long in quiet graves ere a memorial was made for them; ere a single flower dimpled the glassy surface above to say: "Here lies a hero."

But they were not to wait forever. There came to a California woman the thought of strewing flowers upon the waters of the mighty deeps in honor of the men who will rest there until the day when the sea gives up its dead.

Thus was born a beautiful custom which in five years has spread north to Lake Erie, east to Philadelphia, south to Havana and New Orleans, and from the Golden Gate of San Francisco to the Delaware river the naval dead receive in flowers a need of remembrance upon each recurring Memorial day.

A National Custom. The custom thus established is rapidly becoming a national one. It has been cordially indorsed by Dewey, Sampson, Schley and Long, by naval captains and officials by the score and has been incorporated into the national naval memorial ceremony by the Navy Veterans' association.

Its originator, Mrs. Armitage S. C. Forbes, of Los Angeles, was made an honorary member of the National Association, Ladies of Naval Veterans, and of various women's relief corps and organizations throughout the United States, besides receiving official commendation from the Grand Army of the Republic and the navy department at Washington.

With her patriotism as a passion and it is through her untiring efforts that the custom has received such widespread recognition, though the exquisite sentiment which it expresses has found a ready response in every bosom.

Mrs. Forbes' Inspiration. Just five years ago this earnest little woman was seeking some new thought for the coming memorial; a snatch of song was running through her head:

"Cast your bread upon the waters."
"Why not cast flowers upon the waters for the men lost at sea?" she cried. It was an inspiration and had come to a woman who had the energy to make it great.

Her plans were formulated that very day and with the hearty indorsement of the state superintendent of public instruction she sent out a circular letter to the heads of schools in all the coast towns of the country proposing that such a floral memorial be observed by the school children of California in honor of the heroes who fought the last battle for the flag upon the sea, and the result was the first glorious observance along the Pacific coast May 30, 1900.

Thousands of children marched to the water's edge and with reverent hands scattered the wealth of California flowers upon the lapping waves, lifting their young voices in songs of patriotism and remembrance. Naval veterans and naval reserves assisted, and from San Francisco to Santa Monica and to the blue crescent of Catalina, there were flowers, flowers, and everywhere flowers, wreathing the waves and floating out upon the tides in memory of the soldier-sailor dead that lie in quiet rest beneath the ocean—from the far cold waters of the north to the coral reefs of the sun-kissed south.

The story of this first celebration was heralded afar; Mrs. Forbes wrote to the naval officials telling them of the California observance. The replies which she received were most gratifying.

In Various Cities. Detroit welcomed the poetic observance the same year and from Belle Isle bridges the flowers were dropped upon the emerald surface of the Detroit river

and the year following from the sides of the United States ship Yantic, which made a short cruise in honor of the celebration.

In Charleston navy yard in 1902 Mrs. Sampson, wife of the admiral, performed the beautiful ceremony from the deck of Old Ironsides.

In Philadelphia, the home of memorials, on May 30, 1903, there was inaugurated this new fashion of remembrance, and it stands unique among the myriad celebrations of its kind in that city of "brotherly love." Five thousand people on Race street pier watched four flower-ships set out on a wondrous voyage. There was a Cumberland for the heroes who sank in Hampton Roads, a Tecumseh in memory of those who perished in Mobile bay, a dauntless Monitor and a Maine for soldiers sleeping in the coral beds of Havana harbor.

It was said "that strong men of the sea choked with emotion while the floral tributes dropped from tender hands to the bosom of the Delaware." Three rear admirals were present and the Onondaga, in midstream, fired the salute of 21 guns. Rear Admiral Melville, in his speech on this occasion, said: "It is peculiarly fitting that this impressive naval memorial on the sea should be inaugurated on the historic Delaware, where John Paul Jones with his own hands hoisted on board the Alfred the flag of independent America for the first time, and where the first continental congress authorized the construction of 13 frigates, giving the world to understand that the colonies intended to assert their rights on sea as well as on land." It was especially appropriate that Philadelphia should be one to recognize this beautiful custom, for Mrs. Forbes is a Pennsylvanian by birth and is also a descendant of John Kaye, first male child born in Philadelphia.

In the Far Mediterranean. The sailor boys aboard one of Uncle Sam's ships in the Mediterranean sea last year remembered the 30th of May. They had no flowers such as grow on land or in the depth of the sea, but sailors are clever with their fingers, and out of such poor things as shavings they made and colored the most delicate artificial flowers, and roses and lilies, tulips and chrysanthemums kissed the blue of that far-off ocean.

Under the personal direction of Mrs. Forbes, possibly the most remarkable observance of all was held last year off Brighton beach, just outside of San Pedro harbor, California.

Three United States war vessels took part, the Wyoming, the Preble and the Paul Jones, the small tugboat Warrior, on which the services were held, taking its position, with its precious freight of people and flowers, in the center of an imposing triangle, formed by the three iron-clad guardians of the nation's peace.

After appropriate exercises the solemn burial service was read aboard the Warrior, which was in command of Capt. Cottman, of the Wyoming, and lilies and roses, carnations and every flower in California's great garden were showered with lavish hands upon the mirroring blue of the water beneath. Emblems, anchors, stars and wreaths were dropped with murmured prayers. Every man, woman and child aboard the little tug had a part and from the three war vessels which had been supplied with flowers, officers, marines and honest tars dropped bright blossoms in memory of some comrade gone before. As the volleys for the dead were fired six stately flower boats, shaped like the graves of soldiers and bearing upon their canvas sides laurel wreaths of victory, anchors of hope and blessed immortelles were cut loose, to drift whither they would upon the bosom of the broad Pacific.

A sudden hush. High up on the Wyoming a lone bugler appeared and there came the notes that sounded taps; lower and sadder the Warrior took it up and off in the distance came back the murmuring echoes as though the dead would faint burst their ghastly cements and come back to tell the living how sweet a thing it is to be remembered.

THE POINT OF THE PROVERB

An old proverb advises the shoemaker to stick to his last. It means that a man always succeeds best at the business he knows. To the farmer it means, stick to your plow; to the blacksmith, stick to your forge; to the painter, stick to your brush. When we make experiments out of our line they are likely to prove expensive failures.

It is amusing, however, to remark how every one of us secretly thinks he could do some other fellow's work better than the other fellow himself. The painter imagines he can make paint better than the paint manufacturer; the farmer thinks he can do a job of painting better, or at least cheaper than the painter, and so on.

A farm hand in one of Octave Thanet's stories tells the Walking Delegate of the Painters' Union, "Anybody can slather paint;" and the old line painter tells the paint salesman, "None of your ready made mixtures for me; I reckon I ought to know how to mix paint."

The farm hand is wrong and the painter is wrong. "Shoemaker, stick to your last." The "fancy farmer" can farm, of course, but it is an expensive amusement. If it strikes him as pleasant to grow strawberries at fifty cents apiece, or to produce eggs that cost him five dollars a dozen, it is a form of amusement, to be sure, if he can afford it, but it's not farming. If the farmer likes to slosh around with a paint brush and can afford the time and the expense of having a practical painter do the job right pretty soon afterward, it's a harmless form of amusement. If the painter's customers can afford to stand for paint that comes off in half the time it should, they have a perfect right to indulge his harmless vanity about his skill in paint making. But in none of these cases does the shoemaker stick to his last.

There is just one class of men in the world that knows how to make paint properly and have the facilities for doing it right; and that is the paint manufacturers—the makers of the standard brands of ready-prepared paints. The painter mixes paints; the paint manufacturer grinds them together. In a good ready-prepared paint every particle of one kind of pigment is forced to join hands with a particle of another kind and every bit of solid matter is forced, as it were, to open its mouth and drink in its share of linseed oil. That is the only way good paint can be made, and if the painter knew how to do it he has nothing at hand to do it with. A paint pot and a paddle are a poor substitute for power-mixers, buhr-mills and roller-mills.

The man who owns a building and neglects to paint it as often as it needs paint is only a degree more short-sighted than the one who tries to do his own painting or allows the painter to mix his paint for him.

ONE WHO WAS WILLING TO "BITE."

One in the Audience Who Had Never Heard of the Great Man in Question.

At the recent annual meeting of the voters of Cape Elizabeth two names were presented for moderator, Henry S. Jordan and Clement E. Staples, Republican and Citizen, respectively, says the Boston Herald. The orator who nominated Mr. Staples made a mighty effort. "Who is Clement E. Staples?" he cried, as he waved his arms like pump handles and strode back and forth on the platform. A deep and impressive silence followed. Again waving his arms, he called in a voice of thunder: "Who is Clement E. Staples?" The silence was more pronounced and the effect greater. The audience was visibly impressed. Before attempting to dwell upon the good qualities of his candidate, the speaker again proclaimed: "I say, who is Clement E. Staples?"

A small man in the rear of the hall stood on a chair and broke the silence by saying: "Waal, I'll bite. Who is he?"

LIMB RAW AS PIECE OF BEEF.

Suffered for Three Years with Itching Humor—Cruiser Newark U. S. N. Man Cured by Cuticura.

"I suffered with humor for about three years off and on. I finally saw a doctor and he gave me remedies that did me no good, so I tried Cuticura when my limb below the knee to the ankle was as raw as a piece of beef. All I used was the Cuticura Soap and the Ointment. I bathed with Cuticura Soap every day, and used about six or seven boxes of Cuticura Ointment. I was thoroughly cured of the humor in three weeks, and haven't been affected with it since. I use no other Soap than Cuticura now. H. J. Myers, U. S. N., U. S. S. Newark, New York July 8, 1905."

Surprise All Around.

Miss Matkyns—Where is Mr. Cashleigh now?
Mr. Wykins—I don't know exactly. Somewhere up in Canada.
"Why, I didn't know that he was going away!"
"The bank directors didn't, either."
—Somerville Journal.

Variety.

She—Don't you get tired of this modern life, with its heartburnings, its longings, its cruel disappointments, its unutterable inadequacy?
He—Oh, yes. But always just about the time some new girl comes along.
—Life.

Garfield Tea, the herb laxative, is better than drugs and strong cathartics; it cures.

Light-weight men always think they are heavy-weight thinkers.

FOREST FIRES FAKE STORIES

THE GREAT FIRE STORY NOW SAID TO BE LARGELY FAKE.

BURNED TOWNS INTACT

There Are Not Evidences That Many Are Homeless and Destitute If Latest Report Is True.

Actual Observer's Story.

Since my dispatch of 30 hours ago, written soon after my arrival in the northern country, wires the staff correspondent of the Detroit News, I have either personally or by phone interviewed enough men to warrant me in saying that there has never been a spell of disaster in Michigan where newspaper writers of fakes have worked off on reputable newspapers such a volume of lies as has been printed about the upper peninsula fires of the past week. I will produce witnesses to substantiate this statement.

Take Quinnesec first, for that is the largest town said to have been burned by forest fires, which after weeks of smouldering were last Friday fanned into hurricane fires. The Chicago Tribune, depending on resident correspondents, last Sunday printed "Quinnesec destroyed, all residents homeless." This under the heading of "Forest fires." Now for the facts.

Quinnesec has a population of about 500. It is 48 miles from Escanaba. Mrs. Patrick McKenna, widow, aged 66, owned four frame stores on Main street which she rented.

One tenant set fire to a pile of rubbish in the alley on Friday, the wind came up and about \$75,000 worth of property in the center of the village burned. The fire jumped over the Catholic parsonage and burned the church, of which Fr. Nopsch, of Iron Mountain, is pastor.

Supervisor Cundy, of Quinnesec township; Fr. Nopsch, Village Clerk Pat Wilder and others say forest fires had no more to do with burning Quinnesec than a fire in Detroit.

No forest fire came within four miles of the village. Thirty-three buildings were burned, and 16 families lost their homes. Iron Mountain and Norway, big towns of the county, will take care of these. Reports that three children burned to death in the village are not true. The steel trust has two big boarding houses in Quinnesec. Neither burned. One of Mrs. Pat McKenna's tenants was alone responsible for the Quinnesec fire.

Quoting again from the Sunday Chicago Tribune: "Antoine, mining town, all but a few of the 700 people homeless." Tom Hanna, publisher of the Iron Mountain Press, says Antoine is a suburb of Iron Mountain and that all that was burned in Antoine was seven ties and two cross-ties. Tribune correspondent sent to it for Sunday that Powers was "wiped out." Powers is one of the Northwestern railway junction points and has about 500 people. I have been there today. There has been nothing destroyed in Powers. People there got much alarmed Friday, but the fire did not come within four miles.

The Chicago Tribune said Dagget, on the Northwestern railway, between Quinnesec and Escanaba, was wiped out. Dagget wasn't touched. Also that Saunders was destroyed. Not so. Saunders is 16 miles north of Iron Mountain and Editor Hanna says nothing burned there but a mill that's been abandoned five years.

Cornell, "300 people homeless," on the Escanaba railway, has, so Dan Wells and his cousin, Supt. Wells, of the railway, says, only about half a dozen families. Commissioner Dan Wells says the Escanaba railway has about 250,000 acres along the line, which is about 120 miles long. The lands extend eight to ten miles each side of the track, and there's hardly a square of it where the fire didn't appear.

Yet Commissioner Wells, after working with his agents for three days, says he can find but 14 or 15 home-steaders who were burned out in the entire 250,000 acres. The fakers have reported that "hundreds" in this district were burned out, but give no names.

The Northwestern railway lost its station at Quinnesec, but little more. At Niagara, three miles from Quinnesec, is the pulp mill of Kimberly Clark, said to be the largest in Michigan. It employs about 700 hands. A representative of this mill reports that comparatively little of its supply of timber was injured by the fire.

They do not think any pulp mill will be inconvenienced by the fires.

Some of the fakers are now printing stories that upper peninsula business men, for reasons of their own, are trying to belittle their stories of the fires. Why business men should do so is not explained. One Chicago faker said it was so smoky in Escanaba Friday that he could hardly see to write his dispatch. There's one saloon to about each 125 of Escanaba's population. Still, a great many people had narrow escapes from being burned to death last Friday.

Herman Reckling, at Hazelton, Pa., suffered so intensely from toothache that he blew off his head with dynamite.

A preacher in Lucas Ridge, Ind., was driven from the pulpit by a shower of rotten eggs and pursued for a mile by his angry congregation. His unorthodoxy had aroused the members to rebellion, and when he said, "The Bible is a dead letter," the attack began.

ON IRONING A SHIRT.

What to Press First, Do Not Use Too Hot an Iron and the Finishing Touch of Polishing.

To iron the shirt, after being starched, proceed in the following order: First the collar, second the cuffs and sleeves, third the yoke, fourth the back, fifth the calico part of the front, sixth the linen front.

The collar must be wiped with a dry rag to remove any surface starch, then, with a fairly hot iron, iron it lightly on the wrong side, turn it over and press on the right side, then iron heavily on the wrong side, and finish ironing it on the right.

To iron the sleeves and cuffs, fold the shirt in half to protect the fronts, start the sleeve by ironing the cuff in exactly the same way as the collar.

When quite dry and stiff fold the sleeve in half by the seam, and iron it first on one side, then turn over and do the other, working the point of the iron well into the gathers at the wrist.

Do the second sleeve in the same way. To iron the saddle place it quite flat on the back of the shirt, so that the two side seams are together, the back being folded in half lengthways; iron first one side, then the other.

The seams and the strippings round the sleeves must be ironed dry. The calico front is ironed over the back.

Lay the shirt on the table, and the center fullness of the back should be drawn into plaits, which are pressed in to make the back and front the same breadth, then iron all the calico part, but do not touch the linen fronts.

To iron linen fronts a shirt board is required. This is a board some two feet long and one and a half feet broad, covered with ironing felt.

Slip this under the linen front and iron the upper front first. Rub the front with a dry cloth, and work any creases or fullness to the side.

Do not use too hot an iron. Iron until it is dry, lifting the front from the board now and again to let the steam escape.

Do the second half in the same way and be very careful to iron the edges and round the neckband quite dry.

To polish the front, remove the shirt board, and replace it with one the same size, but with no covering to it.

Damp the surface of the ironed front very evenly with a wet rag. Get a hot polishing iron, and be sure that it is very clean.

Iron up and down the front in straight, even lines, pressing heavily until a smooth gloss is obtained. The under half of the front is the first to be polished.

The cuffs are polished in the same way.

To fold a shirt, place a stud in the neckband to fasten it, and make a box plait down the front where the fullness is.

Turn the shirt over, having the back uppermost.

Fold the sleeve over so as to form a straight line with the seam of the shirt. Take a plait down the sleeve of about an inch, and press it in, then turn up the sleeve, having the buttonhole of the cuff level with the neckband.

Fold the second sleeve to correspond. Fold over the sides of the shirt, having it the width of the linen front.

Pin it to keep it in place. Turn up the bottom about three inches, fold the shirt in two, making it the exact length of the linen front, so that on turning it over only the starched front is seen.

MARION HARRIS NEIL.

THE WOMAN GARDENER.

A Backyard Industry of Growing Flowers Recommended Both for Healthfulness and Profit.

For a delicate, nervous woman there is no medicine like exercise in the open air. But walking aimlessly about in the open air is not the proper way to exercise to derive the most good. The mind must be interested in the accomplishment of some purpose. Now the desire or need of earning a little money is an incentive to regulate methodical work.

Suppose you take up the growing of flowers both as a means of relaxation and a source of profit. Lilies of the valley, sweet peas, daisies, violets, are all very popular and easy to cultivate.

Another branch of the flower business in which a profit can be made is the filling of window-boxes, designing new effects in jardiniere and hanging baskets.

The latter can be handled nicely in the shady space of your yard until well started, when some of the most attractive boxes and baskets should be displayed in your front windows as a means of advertising your backyard industry.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Tasty Dish from Left-Overs.

Cold corn beef is best, but any kind of cold meat will do. Put through a meat grinder or chop fine; if onion is liked add a little raw, chopped fine. Season well and if any cold gravy is left, moisten meat with that; if not, water will do, just enough to cook well. Boil potatoes and mash with milk, butter, salt and pepper. After placing the chopped meat, well moistened, in a deep earthen dish or pan, shake the mashed potatoes on top of meat lightly, place in oven about 20 minutes until brown and well heated. The flavor and steam from the meat goes through the potatoes and it is a most delicious dish.—Orange Judd Farmer.

TWICE-TOLD TESTIMONY.

A Woman Who Has Suffered Tells How to Find Relief.

The thousands of women who suffer backache, languor, urinary disorders and other kidney ills, will find comfort in the words of Mrs. Jane Farrell, of 606 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J., who says: "I reiterate all I have said before in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. I had been having heavy backache and my general health was affected when I began using them. My feet were swollen, my eyes puffed, and dizzy spells were frequent. Kidney action was irregular and the secretions highly colored. To-day, however, I am a well woman, and I am confident that Doan's Kidney Pills have made me so, and are keeping me well."

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

FROTH OF FUN.

She—"I think Mrs. Newcombe is so sweet, don't you? You can read her character in her face." He—"Yes, if you read between the lines."
"Yes, I'm going in for teaching." "Going in for teaching? Why, I would rather marry a widower with half a dozen children!" "So would I—but where's the widower?"
"Well, Emily, did you have a good time at the masked ball?" "Oh, I had a splendid time. I made my husband dress up as a knight in heavy armor, and he wasn't able to budge from one spot all night!"
Mr. Tubbs—"Well, Bobbie, how does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her?" Bobbie—"Well, it's a bit too small. She has a hard job to get it off in a hurry when the other fellows call."

She—"Oh, that's the great prima donna, is it? Is she famous because of her voice or her acting?" He—"Neither, but she has a motor accident regularly every week, and that keeps her name before the public."

Locating the Blame.

"My dear," said the trusting wife, "I don't think your rules of economy are any good."
"You don't?" asked the fond husband.

"No," she replied, bending anew over the column of figures in her beautifully bound expense book. "You told me the way to save money was not to buy things—that thus we would save the amount the goods would have cost us. So I have been careful to set down the exact price of everything I have wanted to buy but felt I could not afford. I find, in adding it up, it amounts to \$535, but I only have \$437 in cash on hand. There must be something wrong with your theory.—Stray Stories.

Deduction by Analogy.

"Mamma, I've got a stomach ache," said Nelly Bly, six years old.
"That's because you've been without lunch. It's because your stomach is empty. You would feel better if you had something in it."

That afternoon the pastor called, and in the course of conversation, remarked that he had been suffering all day with a very severe headache.

"That's because it is empty," said Nelly. "You'd feel much better if you had something in it."—American Spectator.

Small Wonder.

"You say she has now been married four times?"
"Yes, poor woman. And she says she's growing tired of funerals."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

BREAD DYSPEPSIA.

The Digesting Element Left Out. Bread dyspepsia is common. It affects the bowels because white bread is nearly all starch, and starch is digested in the intestines, not in the stomach proper.

Up under the shell of the wheat berry nature has provided a curious deposit which is turned into diastase when it is subjected to the saliva and to the pancreatic juices in the human intestines. This diastase is absolutely necessary to digest starch and turn it into grape-sugar, which is the next form; but that part of the wheat berry makes dark flour, and the modern miller cannot readily sell dark flour, so nature's valuable digester is thrown out and the human system must handle the starch as best it can, without the help that nature intended.

Small wonder that appendicitis, peritonitis, constipation and all sorts of trouble exist when we go so contrary to nature's law. The food experts that perfected Grape-Nuts Food, knowing these facts, made use in their experiments of the entire wheat and barley, including all the parts, and subjected them to moisture and long continued warmth, which allows time and the proper conditions for developing the diastase, outside of the human body.

In this way the starchy part is transformed into grape-sugar in a perfectly natural manner, without the use of chemicals or any outside ingredients. The little sparkling crystals of grape-sugar can be seen on the pieces of Grape-Nuts. This food therefore is naturally pre-digested and its use in place of bread will quickly correct the troubles that have been brought about by the too free use of starch in the food, and that is very common in the human race to-day.

The effect of eating Grape-Nuts ten days or two weeks and the discontinuance of ordinary white bread is very marked. The user will gain rapidly in strength and physical and mental health.

"That's a reason."

PLYMOUTH MAIL

—BY—
F. W. SAMSEN.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year \$1.00
Six Months .50
Three Months .25

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1906.

Tax Rate One Per Cent.

The most important business transacted by the council last Monday evening was the fixing of the rate for 1906. President Beals stated to the council that the estimated expense for running the village for the current year, including money borrowed and interest, was something like \$10,000, and this estimate included nothing for street improvements and water mains. He could not see any way to meet all these requirements, except that a levy of one per cent on the assessed valuation of the village be made. An opinion was asked by him of all the council men, four of whom concurred with his idea and two thought the public would wake a "great holler" if the tax was placed at one per cent, believing nine mills would be sufficient.

Assessor M. H. Ladd stated that the tax roll footed up \$1,011,000, and he further said that in response to enquiries from taxpayers he had stated the rate this year would probably be one per cent. He believed the people would not be greatly worried if this rate was fixed. A vote of the council showed that the motion to make a levy of one per cent was carried, as follows: Yeas—Lundy, Bogert, Hall, and Gayde; nays—Gale and Wilcox.

Some informal talk was had on licensing pool tables in saloons. An ordinance went into effect May 16, requiring the payment of a license, for each pool table of \$10 per year. One of the saloonkeepers made a demand for a yearly license, which if granted him would have allowed him to run a year. The ordinance prohibiting pool tables in saloons does not go into effect until June 7. Hence there was nothing improper for the saloon man to make the demand at the present time. President Beals stated he had refused to sign such a license, and although the license ordinance is in force, saloons will be allowed to run their tables without license until June 7th, when the other ordinance goes into effect. The action of the council not to insist on payment of license is all right and the saloon men will observe the provisions of the latest ordinance when it goes into effect. There will be no pool tables in Plymouth after June 7th.

An ordinance making it a misdemeanor to place any signs or advertisements of any kind on trees, telephone, electric light and street railway poles was passed by the council, as was also an ordinance requiring the painting of all such poles by the owners thereof. Both go into effect June 21st. They are published elsewhere.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Clifton Jackson was absent Tuesday. Ask B. B. how she likes the young athlete.

Geometry I. are studying the area of polygons.

The arithmetic class is now studying mensuration.

Rev. Ronald visited the school one day last week.

Rev. Goldie conducted the chapel exercises Monday morning.

Anna Birch has been absent for several days on account of illness.

Miss Belle Hanford was a visitor at the high school last week Friday.

American literature class are studying the Life of Edgar Allen Poe this week.

Orson Taylor has been compelled to leave school on account of failing health.

The physics class are studying the dynamo electric machines and the electric light.

Howard Brown was absent the greater part of last week on account of duties of the "rod buster."

The geometry II. class have finished their text-books and now begins the review for final exams. "Bone, ye seniors, bone."

A young couple from here visited Detroit one day this week. As yet we are unable to say whether or not they crossed the river to Windsor.

A certain little boy of the high school has had times keeping track of his feminine friend. We would suggest attaching a bell to her. Hey, Andy!

A Mountain of Gold could not bring as much happiness to Mrs. Lucia Wilke, of Caroline, Wis., as did one 25c box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, when it completely cured a running sore on her leg, which had tortured her 23 long years. Greatest antiseptic healer of piles, wounds and sores. 25c at The Wolverine Drug Co's and John L. Gale's.

The Hagenbeck Animal Show.

Numerous parties are being arranged for a trip to Detroit, Tuesday May 29, when the Carl Hagenbeck Greater Shows exhibit there for one day, giving afternoon and night performances and a brilliant free street parade in the morning. The railroads have made reduced round trip rates for the occasion and present indications are that they will be taken advantage of generally. The Hagenbeck shows are so different from any other tented amusement enterprise ever projected that there will be no ground for the oft-repeated assertion that when one sees one circus he has seen them all. Never in the annals of circus history has such a pretentious and original amusement enterprise been conceived. Judging from information at hand the circus has been out circused and there has developed something absolutely new in the arena world. The best features of the circus, as it is generally known, have been retained, but there is so much else that is novel that the Carl Hagenbeck Greater Shows, as now presented, demand recognition as an amusement institution without prototype in the tented field. Under the biggest tents ever constructed there will be presented three complete and distinctive shows blended into a gigantic and harmonious whole. The services of one thousand people, four hundred horses and the rarest gathering of animals ever seen in one collection are necessary for the pageants and performances given including a modern and all new three ring circus. Carl Hagenbeck's trained wild beast exhibition, and a strikingly original East India Perahera.

Three hundred arctic champions of every class participate in the circus programs. They have been recruited in the main from Continental circuses, and the majority of them are making their first American appearance. This introduction of new faces and new acts in new shows will undoubtedly prove pleasing to a public that has become wearied by constant repetition of the same programs year after year. Three rings, two elevated stages, a quarter mile track and a forest of overhead rigging are required for the exploits of companies of aerialists presenting a mid-air circus; individual riders and duos, trios and troupes of equestrians in splendid and diversified feats of horsemanship; forty clowns in hilarious antics; two score of leapers, somersaulters and tumblers in international contests; several companies of high wire performers; gymnasts, acrobats and contortionists; dancing diversions and ballets; beautiful and inspiring tournaments; thrilling races and numerous acts so unlike anything hitherto presented that they are designated as features.

To Facilitate Delivery.

The fourth assistant postmaster-general has issued an order providing that after July 1 next rural delivery carriers, when making their trips, will visit and examine only those boxes for which they have mail for delivery and those on which the signals are displayed to indicate that there is mail for dispatch.

Those patrons who now are maintaining mail boxes on which there are no signals will be required to procure some sort of device which will serve as a signal to carriers. By this new arrangement it is expected that the delivery and collection of mail along rural free delivery routes will be greatly facilitated.

Geraniums and other bedding plants, Asters, Nasturtiums, Pansies and Dahlias, in mixed colors. Phone 193.
CORA L. PELHAM

Postmaster Robbed.

G. W. Fouts, postmaster at Riverton, Ia., nearly lost his life and was robbed of all comfort, according to his letter, which says: "For 20 years I had chronic liver complaint, which led to such a severe case of jaundice that even my finger nails turned yellow; when my doctor prescribed Electric Bitters; which cured me and have kept me well for eleven years." Sure cure for biliousness, neuralgia, weakness and all stomach, liver, kidney and bladder derangements. A wonderful tonic. At The Wolverine Drug Co's and John Gale's, 50 cents.

We Trust Doctors

If you are suffering from impure blood, thin blood, debility, nervousness, exhaustion, you should begin at once with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; the Sarsaparilla you have known all your life. Your doctor knows it, too. Ask him about it.

You must look well after the condition of your liver and bowels. Unless there is daily action of the bowels, no amount of medicine absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia, and thus preventing the Sarsaparilla from doing its best work. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. Act gently, all year round. The dose is only one pill at a time.



Romantic Nature Costs Smith \$50.

Detroit Journal: D. K. Smith, the merchant-peddler and prolific pen-wielder of Farmington, Mich., who flooded the countryside near Plymouth a few weeks ago with letters denouncing Dr. John J. Travis, and who later got a very thorough beating for his trouble, was fined \$50 by Judge Swan in the United States court Friday morning for misusing the mails. Smith pleaded guilty.

"I've made a fool of myself," he said, and I'm sorry."
Smith says a romantic nature is responsible for all his trouble. He vows not to let love run away with his better judgment in the future, however, and will confine his letter-writing activities to the preparation of bargain notices for use in his business.

D. K. Smith is something of a character. He is a member of a good old Michigan family, a student, a good business man—but romantic. Several years ago he met Miss Carrie Vincent, who lives near Farmington. About six months ago Miss Vincent went to live with Dr. Travis and his wife at Plymouth to escape Smith's attentions, she says. Soon after she began to receive daily letters of impossible length from her erstwhile admirer. She protested and even mailed them back unopened. Still the letters came. One Miss Vincent received contained 100 pages and several totalled up between 50 and 75. Finally she asked Dr. Travis to write Smith. He did and the peddler's facile pen and manifold machine were then turned on the dentist. Not many weeks ago Mrs. Travis received a letter from Smith thanking her for a box of candy which Smith said she had sent him. Another of questionable contents followed. That was too much for the doctor. With two friends he went one Saturday night to Farmington. The peddler was in his store and there it all happened.

Smith is more than six feet tall. Dr. Travis slight. There was the thought of his wife behind every punch the doctor delivered, however, and soon Smith cried enough. He apologized, admitted that Mrs. Travis had not been the donor of the candy and agreed to quit his attacks on the doctor. Had he lived up to his promise he might have escaped a night in jail and the contribution of \$50 to Uncle Sam.

Soon after the battle of Farmington Dr. Travis got a letter from Smith in which he said he was anxiously awaiting another call. He explained that he had enlisted the services of 44-caliber Colt or something equally effective and would make short work of the doctor. Following that, Dr. Travis says, other letters were sent out to the dentist's friends. Then Postoffice Inspector Birdseye took a hand. The letters were presented before the Federal grand jury and an indictment followed Thursday afternoon. Marshal Town went to Farmington. He brought Smith to Detroit and kept him in jail until Friday morning when he was arraigned.

"He will stop bothering Miss Vincent and quit these nonsensical letters everything will be all right," said Dr. Travis after the case had been disposed of. "We don't propose to ever show any malice toward him."

OBITUARY.

Once more we are called upon to mourn the loss of one of our esteemed and respected citizens—F. Markham Briggs.

He was born August 19, 1840, in the township of Livonia and departed this life May 20, 1906. He was united in marriage with Mary Westfall Jan. 14, 1864, who survives him.

His entire life was spent in the neighborhood of his birth, surrounded by relatives and friends, who held him in the highest esteem. He was a kind and loving husband, a true friend and a just and upright man. He was given more to action than words, which was exemplified by the life he lived. His first aim in life was to be of service to his fellow man, and how well he accomplished this result is well known by all with whom he came in touch. Ever ready with open heart and hand to assist the needy, with a firm belief in the golden rule that by doing unto others as he would that they should do unto him, it would pave the way to a life of immortality beyond the grave. He, with that belief to sustain him, met death fearlessly and calmly and passed away as one that wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The following lines are appropriate of his life:

ABOUT BEN ADHEM.
About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making its light and love a holy gleam.
An Angel, writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence of the room said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Ben. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel; "Abou speaks more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men.'"
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great shining light,
And about the names whom love of God had
blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.
M. W. H.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—40 acres pasture land on section 19, Plymouth. Call at this office or address H. O. De pue, Ypsilanti.

"The Best Medium Price Clothing in the United States"

is to be had at only one store in Plymouth, and that's our store. It's the famous

"Hermanurle Guaranteed Clothing,"

and it is worn in every big city in the country—even on Broadway, New York. You want the best for your money. You want style—you want perfect fit—you want well tailored garments. You want them at a price within your reach, too.

Single Breasted Suits, Double Breasted Suits,
Outing Suits, Top Coats, Rain Coats.

Carefully selected, gentlemanly fabrics and patterns—snappy stylish effects—perfect fit—and a guarantee of "absolute satisfaction" with every sale. At our prices—\$7.50 to \$20.00—you've never seen anything to equal it. Come and try it—see the qualities and prices—and you'll be satisfied.

THIS STORE IS OFFERING

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

—THIS WEEK IN—

Carpets, Lace Curtains, Shades, Draperies, Shoes, Dry Goods, Hats and Caps, Ladies' Suits, Spring Jackets, Skirts & Waists

10 doz. Ladies' Percale Wrappers to go at 49c each.
50 pair Muslin Ruffled Curtains, 39c a pair.
1000 yards handsome Velveto Carpet, 30c a yard.

Yours for Spring Business,

E. L. RIGGS

**Central Grocery Store
For SATURDAY**

WE WILL HAVE

STRAWBERRIES,
PINEAPPLES,
LETTUCE,
ONIONS,
RHUBARB,
ASPARAGUS, and
EVERYTHING

In the Grocery Line Fresh and Up-to-date.
Give us a trial order and you will be convinced.

ROE & PARTRIDGE

TELEPHONE No. 13. Free Delivery

**SPRING AND SUMMER
Suits and Trousers
GENTS' FURNISHINGS**

I have received a new line of Spring and Summer Suits, Vestings and Trousers, which I am prepared to make up to order on the shortest notice and at prices that will satisfy you.

COME IN AND SEE ME.

CONNER BLOCK **FRYDL, the Tailor**

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Relieves Kidneys and Bladder Night. For children, safe, sure. No opiates.

PERE MARQUETTE

In effect May 20, 1906.

Trains leave Plymouth as follows:
7:40 a. m., 8:35 a. m., 1:35 p. m., 5:52 p. m.
For Grand Rapids, North and West.
7:15 a. m., 9:12 a. m., 2:08 p. m., 6:18 p. m.
For Saginaw, Bay City and Port Huron.
7:15 a. m., 9:12 a. m., 9:12 a. m., 2:08 p. m. and 6:18 p. m.
For Saginaw, Manistowic, Ludington, and Milwaukee.
7:15 a. m., 9:12 a. m., 2:08 p. m. and 6:18 p. m.
For Toledo and South—2:45 p. m.
For Detroit and East.
7:45 a. m., 10:22 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 2:35 p. m., 2:45 p. m., 8:52 p. m., 8:43 p. m., 9:30 p. m.
Daily.
H. F. MOELLER, Gen. Pass. Agt.
Agent—E. D. WOOD.
Telephone—City 25; Michigan 16.

Detroit, Plymouth & Northville Ry

TIME CARD.

NORTH				SOUTH			
Lr. Wayne	Conner's Corner Plymouth	Ar. Northville	Lr. Northville	Conner's Corner Plymouth	Ar. Wayne	Lr. Wayne	Conner's Corner Plymouth
5:15	5:45	5:45	5:45	6:15	6:45	6:45	6:45
6:45	7:15	7:15	7:15	7:45	8:15	8:15	8:15
8:45	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:45	10:15	10:15	10:15
10:45	11:15	11:15	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:15	12:15
12:45	1:15	1:15	1:15	1:45	2:15	2:15	2:15
2:45	3:15	3:15	3:15	3:45	4:15	4:15	4:15
4:45	5:15	5:15	5:15	5:45	6:15	6:15	6:15
6:45	7:15	7:15	7:15	7:45	8:15	8:15	8:15
8:45	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:45	10:15	10:15	10:15
10:45	11:15	11:15	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:15	12:15
12:00	12:30	12:30	12:30	12:00	12:30	12:30	12:30

Cars of the D. P. & N. make direct connection with cars on the Ann Arbor leaving Detroit on the even hour. For information about special cars, rates, etc., address:
E. RICHMOND, Supt.,
Plymouth, Mich.
Michigan Telephone No. 2.
Local Telephone No. 71.

Liveru Bus Drayng

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

We Give Special Attention to all Kinds of Draying & Teaming

GOOD STABLING, 10c

HARRY C. ROBINSON

E. N. PASSAGE,
Real Estate Dealer,

Loans and Insurance.

Office one block from Depot and car line.

R-I-P-A-N-S Tablets
Doctors find
A good prescription
For mankind

The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (50 cents) contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

DR. J. J. TRAVIS,
DENTIST.

Office in old Bank Building.
Phone 120.

DR. W. R. KNIGHT,
PLYMOUTH,
DENTIST

Modern methods and all the latest appliances along experience, work guaranteed, prices moderate, office located on Main street, two doors north of express office, in Shortman building.

DR. W. F. LUBAHN,
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Crown and Bridge Work and Gold Inlay a Specialty.
Office with Dr. Pelham. Phone 93

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

Physician & Surgeon,

Office hours—Until 9 A. M. 12 to 2; after 7 P. M.
Office at house, next to Christian Science Hall

Dr. A. E. PATTERSON

Office and residence, Main street, next to Express office.

Hours—until 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. and after 7
Telephone 88, Plymouth, Mich.

LUTHER PECK, B. S., M. D.,
Surgery, Diseases of Women and Children.

Answers all calls day or night from his office over Riggs' store.
Office Hours—4 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.
Telephone No. 8.

EDWARD G. HUBER, A. B., M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon

Office with at residence on Phone 50. Main street.

P. W. VOORHIES,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

Real Estate, Loans and Collections.
Telephone 73. Plymouth, Mich

Penney's LIVEPU

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

DRAYING OF ALL KINDS

Promptly done.
A share of your trade solicited.

CZAR PENNEY



BEEBE'S YELLOW TABLETS

A PRIZE to those who would be physically strong.

The YELLOW TABLET will cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY and BLADDER troubles, drops the weakening drains on the system caused by OVER-EXERCISE, BRAIN WORK and excessive use of stimulants.

Solely by Wolverine Drug Co.

Limited Partnership.

The Michigan Shipper Company, composed of Joseph F. Boell, Bert Snyder and William Kippe, of Northville, Michigan, general partners, and Joseph Boell of Detroit, Michigan, special partner, who has contributed five hundred dollars. The place of business being Northville, Michigan, term commencing May eleventh, 1908, continuing to May eleventh, 1916. Dated, May 14, 1908.

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 eleventh day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six. Present, Flavius L. Brooke, acting Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Cyrus B. Packard, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Elizabeth Packard praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Leroy C. Packard or some other suitable person. It is ordered, That the thirteenth day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room be appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in The Plymouth Mail, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

FLAVIUS L. BROOKE,
Circuit Judge for said County, acting Judge of Probate.
ALBERT W. FLINT, Deputy Register.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch or drawing may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Send for our free book, "How to Obtain Patents." Patents taken, designs, marks &c. Co. receive special notice, without charge, in Scientific American.

Scientific American.

100 Broadway, New York

Local News

Bessie Smith is clerking at the Wolverine Drug store.

Mrs. Lillian Snyder of Ypsilanti visited friends in town Saturday.

Miss Dot Lawrence of Detroit spent Wednesday with Myrtle Delker.

C. O. Spovill and wife of Detroit visited at Chas. Holloway's Tuesday.

Roy Winsor of Petoskey was entertained at Chas. Draper's over Sunday.

Miss Gertrude Insley of Detroit visited Miss Mary Conner the first of the week.

Mrs. Lucy Wilber of Lansing spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Fred Dible.

Mrs. McDermott of Farmington visited friends in town Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. J. D. McLaren spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Charlie McLaren at Novi.

The National Protective Legion enjoyed a social time at J. Cochran's last night.

Dan Baker is assistant now to Electrician Havershaw at the electric light plant.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kinney and Mrs. Olive Miller are spending part of the week in Detroit.

There will be a baked goods sale at the Universalist church Saturday afternoon, May 26.

Dr. and Mrs. Nichols left yesterday for a few days visit with relatives at Whitmore Lake.

Rev. E. E. Caster, who purchased the Walter Biggs residence, is building an addition thereto.

Mrs. F. W. Samsen entertained Mrs. Frank Bliven of Emmetsburg, Iowa, a few days this week.

Mrs. Geo. Shafer entertained Miss Mabel Van Loon and a party of friends from Detroit Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Yorton and daughter Myrtle were Detroit visitors from Saturday until Monday.

An umbrella left in the grand stand on the day of the athletic meet, May 12th, can be had of Supt. Isbell.

Mrs. P. W. Voorhies and her mother, Mrs. Bodmer, entertained a number of ladies from Ann Arbor Saturday last.

Mrs. Gail Peterson and baby Virginia and Mrs. Eugene Acker of Fowerville are spending several days with Dr. and Mrs. Huber.

Mrs. Fred Schrader and baby with her mother Mrs. Patterson left Wednesday for a month's visit with relatives in Dutton, Canada.

Mrs. Graham Clark and children, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Lucy Olsaver of South Lyon, were Wednesday visitors at Ralph Samsen's.

G. A. R. memorial services in the Baptist church Sunday morning at 10:30, local time. All the old veterans, wives and friends are invited.

The subject for Sunday morning services at First Church of Christ, Scientist will be "God the only Cause and Creator." Every one is invited to attend.

The Kinyon Cemetery Association will hold its annual meeting Saturday afternoon, 2 o'clock local time at the cemetery. All interested send or bring flowers.

Miss Flora Whitbeck will graduate from the State Normal in June. She has received the appointment of preceptress of the Grand Ledge high school.

All members of Case Tent No. 339, are requested to be present at next regular review Monday evening, May 23. Degree work and business of importance.—Record-keeper.

Some people wonder where all the village money goes to. They do not remember that we have a bonded debt of \$57,500 and that the annual interest rate thereon is \$2,575. Quite a bunch of money.

The ball game yesterday between the D. U. R.'s of Detroit and the locals resulted in favor of the latter by a score of 15 to 0. German was in the box for Plymouth and he held the visitors down in great shape. His arm seems to be much improved.

Andrew Close, a resident of Whitmore Lake, was drowned there Wednesday afternoon. Nobody saw the occurrence, but he was seen to leave the dock in his boat and in a short time a man's yell was heard. Persons who heard the cry of despair went out, but Close had disappeared under the water.

Among those from out of town attending the funeral of Markham Briggs were Mr. and Mrs. F. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Briggs, D. J. Briggs and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Briggs, and Arthur Briggs of Detroit, Mr. Abe Hoyt and daughter, Mrs. Johnson of Bellevue, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hills and Mrs. Edith Shotwell of Jackson.

For Sale—My house and lot on Church st.
J. T. HILTON.

For Sale—Fine gasoline stove. Enquire Mrs. L. M. Stevens, north side.

For Sale—A good piano, cheap. Enquire Mrs. Chas. Armstrong.

The North Side

C. O. Hubbell is clerking in Detroit.

Mrs. Kerr of Detroit is spending the week at Harry Andrews.

Charles Butterfield and Fred Bennett Sundayed at Straits Lake.

Mrs. Minnie Hull and son of Lansing are visiting Miss Anna McGill.

Mrs. Louisa Freeman of Northville visited Mrs. Phyllis Harrison Thursday.

Mrs. S. O. Hudd left yesterday for an extended visit with relatives in Saginaw.

The ladies' literary club meets this afternoon. There will be election of officers.

Mrs. C. J. Crane and baby of Wayne visited her sister Miss Anna Wolgast yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cooper and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Butterfield visited Detroit Wednesday.

Miss Carrie Brown who has been confined to the house for the past nine weeks is able to be out again.

Mrs. E. L. Riggs and Miss Mary Conner attended the Woman's Press Convention at Battle Creek this week.

The Detroit Athletics will play the Plymouths on the home grounds Decoration day. There will undoubtedly be a large crowd.

The Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society will hold its 32nd annual meeting June 6 and 7, at Lansing. An extensive program has been arranged.

Coella Hamilton writes from Prescott Ariz., that the subscription to the San Francisco fund should have been credited to the Hamilton Rifle Co., and not to him personally.

Some one hundred attended the reception given to Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Miller at the Universalist church last Tuesday evening and it was made a very enjoyable occasion. The ladies served fruit punch and music was furnished by Mr. Harmon and Mrs. Stuart and P. B. Whitbeck with his graphophone.

The business men of Northville came down Tuesday to try conclusions with the ball and bat with a similar Plymouth aggregation and were defeated by a score of 24 to 20. The boys had a lot of fun and the game furnished any amount of amusement for the spectators. Perrin's life and drum corps accompanied the Northvillians.

R. B. Watson, of the Michigan Telephone Co., was in town yesterday and closed a deal with Dan Adams for the lease of the second floor of his store building. It is expected the change of location will be made about the middle of next month. In an advertisement elsewhere the Co. says it will have about 200 stations in Plymouth before August 1st.

E. C. Mead, who bought the Hubbell Pharmacy has moved his drug stock to Detroit. The beautiful mahogany and onyx soda fountain was purchased by W. F. Markham for \$300 cash. It cost last July \$1,000. Mr. Markham is hopeful to interest some one to continue the soda and ice cream business in the same building and with a lunch and candy counter it certainly looks like a good thing.

Charles Promenschenkel and Miss Minnie Merkson were married at the Baptist Parsonage Tuesday evening May 22, at 8:30 o'clock. Mr. T. Promenschenkel, a brother of the groom, and Miss Edna Trinkhaus, a cousin of the bride, were groomsmen and bridesmaids. The newly married couple are well and favorably known in our village and will join in wishing them a happy married life. They will make their home in Detroit.

F. Markham Briggs is Dead.

F. Markham Briggs, one of the widest known farmers in this vicinity, died early Sunday morning. Some years ago he represented this section in the State Senate and he had always taken a prominent part in politics, being for 22 years a justice of the peace of Livonia township. Eight years ago he was associated with George Hunter in the drug and grocery business in this village, and later continued the same under his own name. He was a man socially well liked by all and he numbered his friends by hundreds. He was a member of Plymouth Lodge, F. & A. M., and Wayne Lodge, K. P., Detroit. He leaves a widow and many relatives to mourn his loss.

The funeral occurred from his late home Wednesday afternoon, services being conducted by the Rev. Lee McColister, of Detroit. The Masonic burial service was exemplified at the grave, members of the order from Plymouth, Northville and Farmington attending in a body. There was also a large attendance of friends and relatives. The interment was in Riverside cemetery. An obituary will be found elsewhere.

AN ORDINANCE.

Fast Trains West.

A new time card went into effect on the Pere Marquette last Sunday. One new fast train each way was put on the Grand Rapids division. This train makes only two stops, between Detroit and Lansing, at Plymouth and Brighton, arriving here at 8:35 a. m. going west and at 8:43 p. m. going east. A local train leaves Detroit at 7:00 a. m. and makes all stops, the time here being 7:40, returning in the evening at 9:30. This train runs only to Grand Ledge. Train for Toledo leaves now at 2:45 p. m., instead of 9:20 a. m. arriving from the south at 8:30. Time of other trains remains the same.

Decoration Day Program.

The following is the program for the Decoration day exercises to be held at the opera house, at 10 a. m.:

Song—Battle Hymn of the Republic. All Invocations. Rev. H. N. Ronald
Reading—Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Carrie Allen
Recitation—Are We Free? Viola Richmond
Music—What Can Children Do? Richmond Band
Recitation—Patriotism. (Sir Walker Scott) Una Willett
Benjamin Harrison's Tribute to old Glory. Gladys Beasley
Song—Children's Offering. Miss McKinnon
Fifteen Minutes' Address. Rev. C. T. Jack
Flag Song. 5th Grade
Song—Four Girls. 7th and 8th Grade
Reading—What Teachers in Our Hearts. 4th Grade
Let us Remember. Florence Durfee
Song—How they Came Back from the War. Girls' Quartette
(T. D. W. Telephone). Clifton Jackson
Salute the Dead. By the Commanders
Benediction. Rev. Howard Goldie

WANTED—Iron Molders and Coopers.
Good wages, steady employment in shops in which strikes have occurred but are now operating as open shops. Transportation advanced. For full information address Geo. A. Tompkins, 1624 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Earnest Gentz of Saginaw spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mrs. Carrie Markham is visiting relatives in Detroit this week.

Mrs. Murray of Salem visited her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Pfeiffer, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Rice and son spent a few days in Grand Rapids this week.

Will Smitherman of Detroit spent Sunday with Wm. Smitherman and family.

John O'Connor of Detroit was a guest of Miss Maude Markham Wednesday.

Mr and Mrs. E. E. Maten and son of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. Willard Roe over Sunday.

Rev. W. O. Stovall, wife and child of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shattuck Tuesday.

Jacob Miller of Tecumseh spent a few days here with his family, who are visiting Mr. and Mrs. August Stever.

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Give Your Family

Good, Pure Groceries

The tasteful, health producing kind, such as we sell. Remember, too, that "variety is the spice of life," and it will pay you to deal at a store that carries a large and varied stock. Right there we fill the bill again. Our goods are reliable and our prices reasonable.

Brown & Pettingill

THE WHITE FRONT STORE.
Telephone 40. Free Delivery.

GALE'S

CHASE & SANBORN'S
HIGH GRADE
COFFEES
ALWAYS THE SAME
MORNING
NOON
NIGHT

Wall Paper! Wall Paper!

We have a splendid stock of Wall Paper and a good trade New goods in this line every week. All Papers are sold at about one-half Detroit prices.

FOR FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS
Come and see us. We are headquarters for Groceries.

JOHN L. GALE
Telephone 16.

A NEW LINE OF

LATEST NOVELTIES

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In Black, White, Brown and Gray, at prices from 25c to \$4.50.

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**Neck-Chains and Neck Laces,
Locketts, Crosses and Bracelets,**

Just the things for Birthday and Commencement Presents.

C. G. DRAPER
Jeweler and Optician.

Lumber is Scarce,
but we have anticipated this condition by

Buying about Eight Million
Feet of Hemlock and Pine Lumber early in the season. We will supply your wants with the best grades at

THE LOWEST PRICES.
Please remember that we hand screen all our Coal.

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Manager
Plymouth, Mich.

The Michigan Manufacturing & Lumber Co.

For Your Protection
we place this label on every package of Scott's Emulsion. The man with a fish on his back is our trade-mark, and it is a guarantee that Scott's Emulsion will do all that is claimed for it. Nothing better for lung, throat or bronchial troubles in infant or adult. Scott's Emulsion is one of the greatest flesh-builders known to the medical world.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street New York

The Mail only \$1 a year.

SERIAL STORY

THE SPENDERS A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER I THE SECOND GENERATION IS REMOVED.

When Daniel J. Bines died of apoplexy in his private care at Kaslo Junction no one knew just where to reach either his old father or his young son with the news of his death. Somewhere up the eastern slope of the Sierras the old man would be leading, as he had long chosen to lead each summer, the lonely life of a prospector. The young man, two years out of Harvard, and but recently back from an extended European tour, was at some point on the North Atlantic coast, beginning the season's pursuit of happiness as he listed.

Only in a land so young that almost the present dwellers therein have made it might we find individualities which so decisively failed to blend. So little congruous was the family of Bines in root, branch and blossom, that it might, indeed, be taken to picture an epic of western life as the romancer would tell it. First of the line stands the figure of Peter Bines, the pioneer, contemporary with the stirring days of Fremont, of Kit Carson, of Harney and Bridger; the fearless strivers toward an ever-receding west, fascinating for its untold dangers as for its fabled wealth—the sturdy, grave men who fought and toiled and hoped and realized in varying measure, but who led in sober truth a life such as the colors of no tale teller shall ever be high enough to reproduce.

Next came Daniel J. Bines, a type of the builder and organizer who followed the trail blazed by the earlier pioneer; the genius who, finding the magic realm opened, forthwith became its exploiter to its vast renown and his own large profit, coining its wealth of minerals, lumber, cattle and grain, and adventuring building the railroads that must always be had to drain a new land of savagery.

Nor would there be wanting a third—a figure of this present day, containing in potency at least, the stanch qualities of his two rugged forbears—the venturesome spirit that set his restless grandsire to roving westward, the power to group and coordinate, to "think three moves ahead" which had made his father a man of affairs; and, further, he had something modern of his own that neither of the others possessed, and yet which came as the just fruit of the parent vine: a disposition perhaps a bit less strenuous, turning back to the risen rather than forward to the setting sun; a tendency to rest a little from the toll and tumult; to cultivate some graces subtler than those of adventure and commercialism; to make the most of what had been done rather than strain to the doing of needless more; to live, in short, like a philosopher and a gentleman who has more golden dollars a year than either philosophers or gentlemen are wont to enjoy.

And now the central figure had gone suddenly at the age of 52, after the way of certain men who are quick, ardent and generous in their living. From his luxurious private car, lying on the side-track at the dreary little station, Toler, private secretary to the millionaire, had telegraphed to the headquarters of one important railway company the death of its president, and to various mining, milling and lumbering companies the death of their president, vice president or managing director, as the case might be. For the widow and only daughter, word of the calamity had gone to a mountain resort not far from the family home at Montana City.

There promised to be delay in reaching the other two. The son would early read the news, Toler decided, unless perchance he were off at sea, since the death of a figure like Bines would be told by every daily newspaper in the country. He telegraphed, however, to the young man's New York apartments and to a Newport address, on the chance of finding him.

Locating old Peter Bines at this season of the year was a feat never lightly to be undertaken, nor for any trivial end. It being now the 10th of June, it could be known with certainty only that in one of four states he was prowling through some wooded canyon, toiling over a windy pass, or scaling a mountain, sheerly, in his ancient and best loved sport of prospecting. Knowing his habits, the rashest guesser would not have attempted to say more definitely where the old man might be.

The most promising plan Toler could devise was to wire the superintendent of the "One Girl" mine at Skiplap. The elder Bines, he knew, had passed through Skiplap about June 1, and had left, perhaps, some inkling of his proposed route; if it chanced, indeed, that he had taken the trouble to propose one.

Pangburn, the mine superintendent, on receipt of the news, dispatched five men on the search in as many different directions. The old man was now 74, and Pangburn had noted when last they met that he appeared to be somewhat less agile and vigorous than he

had been 20 years before; from which it was fair to reason that he might be playing his solitary game at a leisurely pace, and would have tramped no great distance in the ten days he had been gone. The searchers, therefore, were directed to beat up the near-by country. To Billy Brue was allotted the easiest as being the most probable route. He was to follow up Paddle creek to Four Forks, thence over the Bitter Root trail to Eden, on to Oro Fino, and up over Little Pass to Hell-and-gone. He was to proceed slowly, and to be alert for signs along the way, and to make inquiries of all he met.

"You're likely to get track of Uncle Peter," said Pangburn, "over along the west side of Horseback Ridge, just beyond Eden. When he pulled out he was talking about some likely floatrock he'd picked up over that way last summer. You'd ought to make that by to-morrow, seeing you've got a good horse and the trail's been mended this spring. Now you spread yourself out, Billy, and when you get on to the Ridge make a special look all around there."

Besides these directions and the telegram from Toler, Billy Brue took with him a copy of the Skiplap Weekly Ledger, damp from the press and containing the death notice of Daniel J. Bines, a notice sent out by the News Association, which Billy Brue read with interest as he started up the trail. The item concluded thus:

"The young and beautiful Mrs. Bines, who had been accompanying her husband on his trip of inspection over the Sierra Northern, is prostrated with grief at the shock of his sudden death."

Billy Brue mastered this piece of intelligence after six readings, but he refrained from comment, beyond thanking God, in thought, that he could mind his own business under excessive provocation to do otherwise. He considered it no meddling, however, to remember that Mrs. Daniel J. Bines, widow of his late employer, could appear neither young nor beautiful to the most sanguine of newsgatherers; nor to remember that he happened to know she had not accompanied her husband on his last trip of inspection over the Kaslo division of the Sierra Northern railway.

CHAPTER II BILLY BRUE FINDS HIS MAN.

Each spring old Peter Bines grew restive and raw like an unbroken colt. And when the distant mountain peaks began to swim in the summer haze, and the little rushing rivers sang to him, pleading that he come once more to follow them up, he became uncontrollable. Every year at this time he alleged, with a show of irritation, that his health was being sapped by the pernicious indulgence of sleeping on a bed inside a house. He alleged, further, that stocks and bonds were but shadows of wealth, that the old mines might any day become exhausted, and that security for the future lay only in having one member of the family, at



"WHAT'S DOIN'?"

least, looking up new pay rock against the ever possible time of adversity.

And so he loitered through the mountains, resting here, climbing there, making always a shrewd, close reading of the rocks.

It was thus Billy Brue found him at the end of his second day's search. A little off the trail, at the entrance to a pocket of the canyon, he towered erect to peer down when he heard the noise of the messenger's ascent.

Billy Brue, riding up the trail, halted, nodded, and was silent. The old man returned his salutation as briefly. These things by men who stay much alone come to be managed with verbal economy. They would talk presently, but greetings were awkward.

Billy Brue took one foot from his stirrup and turned in his saddle, pulling the leg up to a restful position. Then he spat, musingly, and looked back down the canyon aimlessly, throwing his eyes from side to side where the gray granite ledges showed through the tall spruce and pine trees. But the old man knew he had been sent for.

"Well, Billy Brue, what's doin'?"

Billy Brue squirmed in the saddle, spat again, as with sudden resolve, and said:

"Why—uh—Dan'l J.—he's dead."

The old man repeated the words, dazedly.

"Dan'l J.—he's dead;—why, who else is dead, too?"

Billy Brue's emphasis, cunningly contrived by him to avoid giving prominence to the word "dead," had suggested this inquiry in the first moment of stupefaction.

"Nobody else dead—jest Dan'l J.—he's dead."

"Jest Dan'l J.—my boy—my boy Dan'l dead!"

His mighty shape was stricken with a curious rigidity, erected there as if it were a part of the mountain, flung up of old from the earth's inner tragedy, confounded, desolate, ancient.

Billy Brue turned from the stony interrogation of his eyes and took a few steps away, waiting. A little wind sprang up among the higher trees, the moments passed, and still the great figure stood transfixed in its curious silence. The leathers creaked as the horse turned. The messenger, with an air of surveying the canyon, stole an anxious glance at the old face. The sorrowful old eyes were fixed on things that were not; they looked vaguely as if in search.

"Dan'l!" he said. "It was not a cry; there was nothing plaintive in it. It was only the old man calling his son; David calling upon Absalom. Then there was a change. He came sternly forward."

"Who killed my boy?" "Nobody, Uncle Peter; 'twas a stroke. He was goin' over the line, and they'd laid out at Kaslo for a day so's Dan'l J. could see about a spur the 'Lucky Cuss' people wanted—and maybe it was the climbin' brought it on."

The old man looked his years. As he came nearer Billy Brue saw tears tremble in his eyes and roll unnoted down his cheeks. Yet his voice was unbroken and he was, indeed, unconscious of the tears.

"I was afraid of that. He lived, too high. He et too much and he drank too much and was too soft—was Dan'l—too soft—"

The old voice trembled a bit and he stopped to look aside into the little pocket he had been exploring. Billy Brue looked back down the canyon, where the swift stream brawled itself into white foam far below.

"He wouldn't use his legs; I prodded him about it constant—"

He stopped again to brace himself against the shock. Billy Brue still looked away.

"I told him high altitudes and high livin' would do any man—" Again he was silent.

"But all he'd ever say was that times had changed since my day, and I wasn't to mind him."

He had himself better in hand now. "Why, I nursed that boy when he was a dear, funny little red baby with big round eyes rollin' around to take notice; he took notice awful quick—"

"Again he stopped. "And it don't seem more'n yesterday that I was a-teachin' him to throw the diamond hitch; he could throw the diamond hitch with his eyes shut—"

"I reckon by the time he was nine or ten. He had his faults, but they didn't hurt him none; Dan'l J. was a man, now—"

He halted once more. "The dead millionaire," began Billy Brue.

"Skiplap, in her eyes so blue, look upon her cheek, that tumbles o'er her brow, my lips to speak of that's hidden in my heart; when I try—the least—"

"Cling to her across the night, my heart burns like that yeast, it beats so fast and strong—"

"Why, say! I almost lose my head when Bertha mixes bread!"

"When the little bits of dough And she slips the flour, then holds her hands aloft In mock despair, because the bread Has tried to overrun The pan, and reach the kneading board Before its work is done—"

"Why, say! My common sense is fled Bertha mixes bread!"

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"When at last the rounded loaves faced within the tins, Bertha, with a critic's eye, says the outs and ins, raw bread, and pats it well, says it's nice; ah, bliss! a generation born of love, which from her a kiss! comes me if I lose my head when Bertha mixes bread!"

"Sherman, in Lippincott's."

"EYES SENSE OF HEARING"

"Clings to Actions of the Huge Creature It Must Be Very Acute."

"It is perfectly evident that whales are when in the water. This is confirmed, says the Londoner, by the comparatively small development of the other sense organs. For instance, is very small, and of little use even at the comparatively small depths to which they are now believed to descend. The sense of smell, judging from rudimentary conditions of the organs, must be in abundance; whales have no sense organs comparable to the lateral line system of fishes. Consequently, it would seem that when below the surface of the water they must depend chiefly upon the sense of hearing. Probably the sense is so highly developed as to enable the animals, in the midst of the vibrations made by the screw-like movements of the tail, or flukes, to distinguish the sound (or the vibrations) made by the impact of water against rocks, even in a dead calm, and, in the case of piscivorous species, to recognize by the pulse in the water the presence of a shoal of fish."

Falling this explanation, it is difficult to imagine how whales can find their way about in the semi-darkness and avoid collisions with rocks and rock-bound coasts.

Chinese Persimmon.

There is a curious thing about Chinese persimmons—the greater portion are grown from grafts of the "black date" tree. The young date tree is cut off square, and the graft made on top. This results in a most curious appearance of a mature persimmon orchard. To a height of about four feet there is the rough dark bark of the date tree, and then a sharp change to the light-colored smooth bark of the persimmon tree.

Up-to-Date Maid.

"How many days a week will you want to go out?" asked the lady of the applicant for position as maid.

"Well, ma'am," replied the clever one, "if you have an automobile I'd like to go out twice a week; if I have to walk, once will be enough!"—Yonkers Statesman.

—fresh from college, and the instructions of European travel, knowing many things his father had not known, ready to take up the work of his father, and capable, perhaps, of giving it a better finish. His beloved west had lost one of its valued builders, but another should take his place. His boy should come to him and finish the tasks of his father; and, in the years to come, make other mighty tasks of empire building for himself and the children of his children.

CHAPTER III. THE WEST AGAINST THE EAST.

Two months later a sectional war was raging in the Bines home at Montana City. The west and the east were met in conflict—the old and the new, the stale and the fresh. And, if the bitterness was dissembled by the combatants, not less keenly was it felt, nor less determined was either faction to be relentless.

The sole non-combatant was Mrs. Bines, the widow. A neutral was this good woman, and a well-wisher to each faction.

"I tell you it's all the same to me," she declared, "Montana City or Fifth avenue in New York. I guess I can do well enough in either place, so long as the rest of you are satisfied."

It had been all the same to Mrs. Bines for as many years as a woman of 50 can remember. It was the lot of wives in her day and environment early to learn the supreme wisdom of abolishing preferences. Riches and poverty, ease and hardship, mountain and plain, town and wilderness, they followed in no ascertainable sequence, and a superiority of indifference to each was the only protection against hurts from the unexpected.

This trained neutrality of Mrs. Bines served her finely now. She had no leading to ally herself against her children in their wish to go east, nor against Uncle Peter Bines in his stubborn effort to keep them west. She folded her hands to wait on the other. And the battle raged.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHEN BERTHA MIXES BREAD.

When Bertha tucks her sleeves above. Her elbows plump and white, And sifts the flour into the pan, Because the "sponge" is light; And pours the mass into the flour, While singing a merry song, My heart burns like that yeast, It beats so fast and strong— Why, say! I almost lose my head When Bertha mixes bread!

And when the little bits of dough And she slips the flour, then holds her hands aloft In mock despair, because the bread Has tried to overrun The pan, and reach the kneading board Before its work is done— Why, say! My common sense is fled Bertha mixes bread!

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There is a curious thing about Chinese persimmons—the greater portion are grown from grafts of the "black date" tree. The young date tree is cut off square, and the graft made on top. This results in a most curious appearance of a mature persimmon orchard. To a height of about four feet there is the rough dark bark of the date tree, and then a sharp change to the light-colored smooth bark of the persimmon tree.

Up-to-Date Maid.

"How many days a week will you want to go out?" asked the lady of the applicant for position as maid.

"Well, ma'am," replied the clever one, "if you have an automobile I'd like to go out twice a week; if I have to walk, once will be enough!"—Yonkers Statesman.

QUAKES OF BIBLE TIMES.

Record of Earth Upheavals in the Holy Land Found in Biblical History.

Earthquakes, more or less violent, have been of frequent occurrence in Palestine, but the recorded instances have not been many. The most remarkable one recorded in biblical history occurred in the reign of Uzziah (Amos i. 1, in Zech. xiv. 5), which Josephus connected with the sacrilege and consequent punishment of that monarch (II Chron., xxvi. 16).

From Zechariah, xiv. 4, one is led to infer that a great convulsion took place at this time in the Mount of Olives, the mountain splitting so as to leave a valley between its summits. Josephus records something of this kind, but his account is by no means clear.

An earthquake occurred at the time of the crucifixion of the Saviour (Matthew xxvii. 51-54).

Earthquakes are not infrequently accompanied by fissures of the earth's surface. Instances of this are recorded in connection with the destruction of Korah and his company (Numbers xvi. 32) and at the time of the death of the Saviour (Matthew xxvi. 51):

"And, behold! the wall of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent," etc.

THE MINGLING OF RACES.

Similarity Between the Organization and Development of Plant and Human Life.

In the course of many years of investigation into the plant life of the world, creating new forms, modifying old ones, adapting others to new conditions and blending still others, I have constantly been impressed, writes Luther Burbank, in "The Training of the Human Plant" in Century, with the similarity between the organization and development of plant and human life. While I have never lost sight of the principle of the survival of the fittest and all that it implies as an explanation of the development and progress of plant life, I have come to find in the crossing of species and in selection, wisely directed, a great and powerful instrument for the transformation of the vegetable kingdom along lines that lead constantly upward. The crossing of species is to me one paramount. Upon it, wisely directed and accompanied by as rigid an exclusion of the poorest, rests the hope of all progress. The mere crossing of species, unaccompanied by selection, wise supervision, intelligent care, and the utmost patience, is not likely to result in marked good, and may result in vast harm. Unorganized effort is often most vicious in its tendencies.

SOLDIERS DON'T REENLIST.

Find, When Discharged, Other Employment Presenting Greater Inducements.

Even hospital accommodations and medicines, which are furnished to the soldier free, are now being provided by many of the large industrial corporations without charge to their employes. Medical attention is provided by many for the sick, schools maintained for the young, comfortable quarters constructed for living purposes, hours of labor reduced, and other inducements offered which make the lot of the laborer far more easy and attractive than ever before. But the pay of the soldier remains practically the same as it was 30 years ago.

The prosperous period in our country's history as yet makes no corresponding betterment for the pay of the soldier, and he is the only one who has not shared in the general prosperity. The pay of the private, corporal and sergeant of the line is the same as that fixed by congress July 1, 1871. What wonder that noncommissioned officers or privates who are discharged with excellent character do not reenlist, when they can find other employment at higher wages, fewer restrictions and more attractive inducements?

Appetites of Wild Beasts.

A very lucrative if somewhat speculative industry is the traffic in wild animals. The stock is most difficult and expensive to procure, and equally so to maintain. Its mere existence calls, not for square feet, but for whole acres of space; and when one considers that a single elephant will make away with 750 pounds of green stuff in a day, he begins to realize what a serious matter it is to keep a stock of wild beasts on hand at all. Call at Hagenbeck's business office and you will be shown accounts dealing with the food bill of the animals on hand. You will notice that among the year's items 460 tons of horse-flesh, tens of thousands of chicken heads, hundreds of tons of fish, whole trainloads of hay, vegetables, fruit, sugar, bread, milk and crackers; hundreds of thousands of eggs, besides wines, medicines and many other items.

Had His Misgivings.

Admiring Friend—Your new assistant, Miss Gwimple, is quite an educated young woman, is she not? Old Fashioned Principal—H'm—I am not so sure about that. I am afraid she is a coeducated young woman.—Chicago Tribune.

Knocking Them Again.

Blotbs—Is the population of London more dense than that of New York? Slobbs—Sure. Didn't you ever try to tell an Englishman a joke?—Philadelphia Record.

A LAND OF OPPORTUNITIES.

Inducements Held Out by Western Canada Are Powerful.

A recent number of the Winnipeg (Manitoba) Free Press contains an excellent article on the prospects in Western Canada, a portion of which we are pleased to reproduce.

The agents of the Canadian Government, located at different centres in the States, will be pleased to give any further information as to rates, and how to reach these lands.

"Just now there is a keener interest than ever before on the part of the outside world, in regard to the claims of the Canadian West as a field of settlement. At no previous time has there been such a rush of immigration, and the amount of information distributed broadcast is unprecedentedly great.

"In the majority of the States of the Union and in Great Britain the opportunities for home-making and achieving of even a modest competence are at the best limited. Moreover, according to the social and industrial conditions prevalent in those communities, the future holds out no promise of better things. It is not strange, then, that energetic young men should turn their eyes to Canada's great wheat belt, where every man can pursue fortune without the hindrance of any discouraging handicap.

"The inducements held out by Western Canada are powerful and made manifest by the great movement now in progress. That the prospects are considerably more than reasonably certain is borne out by the history of the country and its residents. The promise of gain is powerful, but when added to it there is the prospect of a corresponding social and civil elevation, it should prove irresistible to young men of a particularly desirable class for any new country.

"The Canadian West is alive with opportunities for the young man who aims at becoming more than a mere atom in the civil and national fabric. Some of the eager young fellows who arrive on the prairies daily are destined to become more than merely prosperous farmers. In the near future great municipal and provincial development will be in the hands of the people. The stepping stone to both financial prosperity and civil prominence is, and will be, the farm. For every professional opening there are hundreds of agricultural openings. The Canadian prairies are teeming with opportunities for the honest and industrious of all classes, but they are especially inviting to the ambitious young man who seeks a field for the energy and ability which he feels inherent within him. The familiar cry of "Back to the soil!" is more than a vain sounding phrase when applied to Western Canada."

He Wasn't Certain.

At Fortress Monroe, Va., one day about a year ago, a man, accompanied by two ladies, approached a soldier who, with a gun on his shoulder, was pacing to and fro near the entrance. The warrior's appearance indicated that he was new to the service.

"Can you tell us," asked one of the visitors, addressing the recruit, "where Jeff Davis was imprisoned here?"

"Yonder's the ga-a-r-d house," he replied, jerking a thumb over his shoulder, "but I dunno whether they've still got him shut up or not."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of

Wm. C. Little

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Ever Always Bought.

It's gasoline that makes the world go round.—Life.

Garfield Tea purifies the blood, regulates the digestive organs, brings good health.

Now and Then.

Diogenes (300 B. C.)—My lamp is nearly out and I have not yet found that honest man.

Subpoena Server (1906)—I have been everywhere, but they are too slick for me. I can't find those dishonest fellows.—American Spectator.

Retort Courteous.

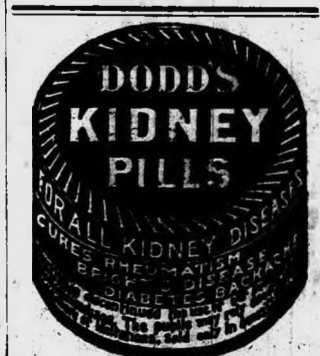
"This bread," remarked young Wedderly at the breakfast table, "is nothing like the bread my mother made." "And you," calmly rejoined Mrs. Wedderly, "are nothing like the man my father was."—Chicago Daily News.

An Alibi.

"Do you believe that riches bring trouble?" "They never brought me any."—Houston Post.

You have to understand human nature mighty well to know that other people aren't any bigger fools than you are.—N. Y. Press.

The fact that a man is all puffed up with pride will not mitigate the jab when he takes his fall.



Mrs. Mittie Huffaker.



HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE, CONFINED TO HER BED WITH DYSPEPSIA.

"I Owe My Life to Pe-ru-na," Says Mrs. Huffaker.

Mrs. Mittie Huffaker, R. R. No. 3, Columbia, Tenn., writes: "I was afflicted with dyspepsia for several years and at last was confined to my bed, unable to sit up."

"We tried several different doctors without relief. I had given up all hope of any relief and was almost dead when my husband bought me a bottle of Peruna."

"At first I could not notice any benefit, but after taking several bottles I was cured sound and well."

"It is to Peruna I owe my life today. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers."

Revised Formula. "For a number of years requests have come to me from a multitude of grateful friends, urging that Peruna be given a slight laxative quality. I have been experimenting with a laxative addition for quite a length of time, and now feel gratified to announce to the friends of Peruna that I have incorporated such a quality in the medicine which, in my opinion, can only enhance its well-known beneficial character."

"S. B. HARTMAN, M. D."

DON'T BE CUT

Piles Cured Without the Knife

TRIAL FREE

A new method of home treatment, originated by the famous Dr. Jebb. No two cases of piles are exactly alike. We give each patient special treatment. No stock prescription made by the barrel can cure piles. Write us a plain, honest letter, telling your exact symptoms, and a special sample treatment will be sent free of all cost. Don't suffer from piles. Write to-day and receive our trial treatment free. Address

Jebb Remedy Co., 25 Main St. Battle Creek, Mich.

YOU CANNOT

CURE

all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions of the mucous membrane such as nasal catarrh, uterine catarrh caused by feminine Hys, sore throat, sore mouth or inflamed eyes by simply dosing the stomach.

But you surely can cure these stubborn affections by local treatment with

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

which destroys the disease germs, checks discharges, stops pain, and heals the inflammation and soreness. Paxtine represents the most successful local treatment for feminine Hys ever produced. Thousands of women testify to this fact. 50 cents at druggists.

Send for Free Trial Box THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.



READERS OF THIS PAPER... MAKE EVERY DAY COUNT... TOWER'S WATERPROOF OILED SUIT OR SLICKER... SIGN OF THE FISH

IS MOVING WESTWARD

HOW CENTER OF POPULATION IN AMERICA TRAVELS.

Census Statistics Show That Progress for Over Hundred Years Has Been Remarkably Regular as to Distance and Direction.

New York.—The center of population in the United States has been moving steadily westward for more than a century with remarkable regularity, both as regards distance and direction. Since the year 1790 the exact location of this mythical point has been calculated officially at Washington for every ten years of the nation's history. When these points are plotted upon the map and connected a remarkable line of progress is obtained, in which may be read at a glance much of the country's history.

In the year 1790, when the center of population was first calculated, it was found to be at a point 23 miles east of Baltimore. In making this estimate the entire population of the United States of that period was of course considered. It was the population center of a strip extending from Maine to Florida. And since the frontier population of that early day was inconsiderable the center of population was practically the same as the geographical center. To-day the geographical center of the country is of course considerably west of the Mississippi. In more than a century these two theoretical points have become widely separated. The center of population in the United States is at present six miles southeast of Columbus, Ind.

The regularity of this line is the more remarkable when it is considered that the United States has grown,



MAP SHOWING CHANGES IN CENTER OF POPULATION IN 10 YEARS.

geographically, by leaps and bounds. The development of the country has not been a steady growth westward as regards its acquisition of territory. The Louisiana Purchase, for example, by adding millions of acres to the United States, at one time would presumably have had the effect of drawing this line of progress sharply to the southwest.

By reference to the accompanying map it will be seen that the digressions of this line either to the north or south have been somewhat less than 50 miles in a full century. These figures apply, however, only until the end of the last century. Since 1890 the line has shown a tendency to move southward, while at the same time its rate of progress has been abruptly checked. In other words, while the movement of the line was at the rate of about 40 miles every ten years, its movement during the decade from 1890 to 1900 was but 14 miles, a startling contrast with previous decades for a century. This abrupt check to its movement, and its southward tendency indicate, of course, a rapid increase of the population in the south.

The first movement recorded, that between 1790 and 1800, was from a point 23 miles east of Baltimore to a point 18 miles west of that city, a total movement of 41 miles. Ten years later it was located 40 miles northwest by west of Washington, having moved 36 miles in the decade. By the year 1820 it had reached a point 16 miles north of Woodstock, Va., having traveled an even 50 miles. In the following decade it left the state of Virginia, coming to rest in the present state of West Virginia, 19 miles west-southwest of Moorfield, a distance of 39 miles. It next traveled to a point 16 miles south of Clarksburg, in the same state, 55 miles. The next decade carried it to a point 23 miles southeast of Parkersburg, repeating the same distance of the previous decade, 55 miles. In 1860 it moved into Ohio, to a point 20 miles south of Chillicothe, having traveled 81 miles, the longest movement in its history.

Ten years later it had reached a point eight miles northeast of Cincinnati, 58 miles. The southern tendency then became obvious, for in the following ten years, between 1870 and 1880, it traveled to a point eight miles west by south of Cincinnati. It next moved to a point 20 miles east of Columbus, Ind., and in the last ten years, in 1900, it had reached its present resting place. The total distance traveled in 110 years has been exactly 519 miles.

IS CELEBRATED AERONAUT.

Count Henri De La Vaux Here to Instruct American Balloonists in Fascinating Sport.

New York.—Count Henri de la Vaux, premier aeronaut of the world, has come to America to show the newly formed Aero club, of New York, the delights of soaring above the clouds. Ballooning, he says, is destined to be the sport of men of wealth and daring. The eagerness with which the idea is being taken up in New York is evidence that the smart set believes it has found something expensive enough and reckless enough to insure them against the annoying imitation of the vulgar herd. Count de la Vaux, who is only 35 years of age, has made the longest



COUNT DE LA VAUX. (Noted Aeronaut Who Will Instruct Aero Club in Art of Ballooning.)

trip on record, from Paris to Kieff, in Little Russia, a distance of 1,250 miles. He has remained aloft longer than any other aeronaut. He was the first to cross the English channel in a balloon from the south. One of the most thrilling episodes of his career was in passing, with one companion, over the blazing furnaces of the city of Liege, at night. Far below they could see tiny pigmies, like devils, hammering and working among the flames. All the world seemed afire, the heat grew intense and the air became so rarified it seemed to draw their balloon down towards the roaring fires by suction. Terrified and almost overcome, they threw out everything and succeeded in keeping the balloon in the air until they had passed the city.

Before he became interested in ballooning the count's adventurous spirit led him to spend three years in an exploration tour of Siam, China, Japan and Siberia. He spent two years in the wilds of Patagonia and brought back nine tons of fossils and other curiosities which to-day form the most valuable collection of Patagonian antiquities in the world.

ROCKERY OF TOMBSTONES

Old English Churchyard Turned Into Playground—Monuments Made Use Of.

London.—The cry of the Londoner is always for more open spaces, more parks, more playgrounds for the children of the great city's poorer members. Recently, in order to provide a playground for the neighboring juveniles, old St. Pancras churchyard was converted into a species of recreation ground.

The place formerly tenanted by the remains of deceased citizens of St. Pancras now rings with the merry laughter of their descendants.

It was decided to form an ornamental rockery with the superannu-



ROCKERY FORMED OF TOMBSTONES.

ated monuments. The work has been very tastefully carried out, and the eye of the stranger and sojourner dwells approvingly on this little rockery, composed of tombstones once the pride of the local monumental mason.

Moss Destined for Food. Dr. Hansteen, chief lecturer in the agricultural school at Aaa, Norway, declares his belief that moss is destined to become the great popular food for the masses owing to its cheapness and nutritious value. The common, greenish white moss, that is found almost everywhere, was subjected to a chemical process, pressed, and cooked. It makes a dish delighting the most blasé epicure, and it is equally or more nutritious than the vegetables now used. It also can be ground and used as meal for bread-making. Dr. Hansteen says his experiments show that nine ounces of moss, costing the equivalent of two cents, will make a dinner for six persons.

A Serpent in Eden.

It was only after several months' estrangement and his solemn assurance never again to dabble in explosives that I consented to become reconciled to Jipson. No one can justly accuse me of an unfeeling or malice-bearing disposition, but really that fog-signal affair so shattered my nerves and faith in the inventor's actual sanity that it took all the tact and persuasions of our respective wives to reestablish amicable relations between us. The two ladies have long been affectionately intimate terms, but with Jipson and me at loggerheads the customary frequent exchange of hospitalities necessarily received a check; in fact, I don't mind admitting that I was not altogether uninfluenced by this aspect of the regrettable squabble. Jipson's wines are really unexceptionable, and his cook a treasure.

For some time after the restoration of peace, I was, of course, very much on my guard; but as the weeks lengthened into months, and Jipson never even mentioned the word in vention I was gradually lulled into a feeling of pleasing security, and actually began to congratulate myself that he had taken the last severe lesson to heart, and perhaps altogether abandoned his foolish, expensive and fruitless experiments.

I was strengthened in this belief by the keen interest he appeared to have suddenly developed in gardening. Now I am not a little proud of my own knowledge of this subject, and the modest acre of ground at "The Willows" is my pet hobby, my lawn and flowers the delight of my heart and the envy and admiration of the whole neighborhood. I therefore, rejoiced greatly at Jipson's newly-awakened interest in matters horticultural; for therein, I hoped to lay the way to his salvation.

For some years, it has been my custom to give a garden party in mid-June, when the majority of my flower-gods are at their best. Usually, too, I take a brief holiday just before the event in order to help my man put everything into apple-pie order. Great was my annoyance therefore at the unexpected protraction of a business visit to Scotland, which detained me in the north until a couple of days before the date of what had promised to prove the most successful of our enjoyable al fresco gatherings.

It was too dark to see how the garden looked when I finally returned home, but my wife's replies to my anxious inquiries were far from reassuring. Everything, it appeared, had gone well up to that very morning, when quite suddenly the lawn had begun to look rather poorly and the roses and plants in the herbaceous borders to droop in a manner for which our man, Jobson, was puzzled to account, except on the supposition that the recent thundery weather had affected them.

I was up soon after dawn, scrambled into a few clothes and hurried down into the garden. Never, never shall I forget the scene of utter ruin and destruction that met my horrified gaze. The lawn, that once beautiful expanse of close cropped emerald sward, was covered with thiduous brown patches of rapidly rotting grass; the rose trees, my rare and glorious rose trees, had not a bloom upon them that was not hopelessly withered or showing active symptoms of decay, and the same awful havoc was plainly manifest in the flower beds, where annuals, perennials, and even hardy shrubs, were stricken with the same mysterious sickness. The whole garden was, in fact, irretrievably blighted and I soon fled the heartrending spectacle in a state of mind verging very near to insanity. It was hours before I was calm enough to choke down some breakfast, give orders to put off the garden party and rush off to the city, half-closing my eyes as I went down the path to avoid the painful sight of my ruined Eden.

I never even saw Jipson on the platform until he clapped me on the shoulder. Under the circumstances his rather boisterous: "Well, old chap, how does the garden grow?" naturally added fuel to my fury, but there was a subtle something in the tone of the inquiry that awakened a sudden indefinable suspicion, and prompted me to dissemble. "Never better," I lied, as cheerfully as I could; "impossible to look more blooming. Everything's come on most surprisingly the last few days."

His face flushed with excitement as I answered; the old well-remembered look of triumphant self-confidence and vanity lit his eyes. "In that case," he said, "I'll let you into a secret I'd intended to keep till the day of the party; you owe whatever improvement has taken place in your garden to me!"

"To you?" I queried, with a desperate effort to control my emotion. "Yes, to me," he repeated, triumphantly. "For several months past I have devoted myself patiently to an exhaustive research into the subject of artificial manures, and—well—not to trouble you with details, the result of my laborious investigations and experiments is the original chemical compound with which I took the favorable opportunity of liberally sprinkling your garden when Amy and I went over there the other evening. Congratulate me, you usually discouragingly old sceptic, confess that I've justified my devotion to science at last. Jipson's Magic Fertilizer will effect nothing less than a revolution in agriculture, and yours shall be the honor of giving the first testimonial." And I let him have it then and there, but it was couched in language that is certainly not fit for publication.

CLOTHES AND CONDUCT.

Addison could not write his best unless he was well dressed.

Every man and every woman feels the influence of clothes and appearance upon conduct.

Indeed, in a millennium of free clothes of the latest fashion we shall all be archangels.

You have heard of the lonely man in the Australian bush who always put on evening dress for dinner, so that he might remember he was a gentleman.

Put a naughty girl into her best Sunday clothes, and she will behave quite nicely. Put a blackguard into khaki and he will be a hero. Put an omnibus conductor into uniform and he will live up to his clothes.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever. Surgery is useless as the inflamed portion cannot be removed, and the inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Where the Fault Lay.

Doctor—Have you any idea how you caught this terrible cold?

Patient—I think it was my cloak.

"Too thin, eh?"

"No; it was a last winter one and I didn't care to wear it"—illustrated Bits.

"Easy to Make."

The grocery trade and the public in general agree that D-Zerta Quick Desserts are far ahead of all other dessert products. Start using them to-day by ordering from your grocer a package of each. If not satisfied after a trial write us and get your money back. These different products. Five flavors each. D-Zerta Quick Pudding, D-Zerta Jelly Dessert and D-Zerta Ice Cream Powder. Recipes free. Address D-Zerta, Rochester, N. Y.

If men couldn't go into politics they would invent something else just as bad to do.—N. Y. Press.

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

It is human nature to wonder how so many incompetent people succeed where we can't.—Judge.

Write Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., for sample of Garfield Tea. Mild laxative.

The sun that shines in the face rises in the heart.

CORDIAL INVITATION

ADDRESSED TO WORKING GIRLS

Miss Barrows Tells How Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Helped Working Girl.

Girls who work have a particularly susceptible form of female disorders, especially those who are obliged to stand on their feet from morning until night in stores or factories.

Day in and day out the girl toils, and she is often the bread-winner of the family. Whether she is sick or well, whether it rains or shines, she must get to her place of employment, perform the duties exacted of her—smile and be agreeable.

Among this class the symptoms of female diseases are early manifest by weak and aching backs, pain in the lower limbs and lower part of the stomach. In consequence of frequent wetting of the feet, periods become painful and irregular, and frequently there are faint and dizzy spells, with loss of appetite, until life is a burden. All these symptoms point to a derangement of the female organism which can be easily and promptly cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Abby F. Barrows, Nelsonville, Athens Co., Ohio, tells what this great medicine did for her. She writes:

"I feel it my duty to tell you the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier have done for me. Before I took them I was very nervous, had dull headaches, pains in back, and periods were irregular. I had been to several doctors, and they did me no good. "Your medicine has made me well and strong. I can do most any kind of work without complaint, and my periods are all right."

"I am in better health than I ever was, and I know it is all due to your remedies. I recommend your advice and medicine to all who suffer."

It is to such girls that Mrs. Pinkham holds out a helping hand and extends a cordial invitation to correspond with her. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge. Her long record of success in treating woman's ills makes her letters of advice of untold value to every ailing working girl. Address, Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

NOT YOUR HEART

If you think you have heart disease you are only one of a countless number that are deceived by indigestion into believing the heart is affected.

Lane's Family Medicine

the tonic-laxative, will get your stomach back into good condition, and then the chances are ten to one that you will have no more symptoms of heart disease.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

W. K. U., DETROIT, NO. 21, 1906.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A Certain Cure for Itch, Hot, Aching Feet. DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

HE WENT ON CRUTCHES

All Medicines Failed Until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured His Rheumatism.

"Some years ago," says Mr. W. H. Clark, a printer, living at 613 Buchanan street, Topeka, Kans. "I had a bad attack of rheumatism and could not seem to get over it. All sorts of medicines failed to do me any good and my trouble kept getting worse. My feet were so swollen that I could not wear shoes and I had to go on crutches. The pain was terrible."

"One day I was setting the type of an article for the paper telling what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for a man afflicted as I was and I was so impressed with it that I determined to give the medicine a trial. For a year my rheumatism had been growing worse, but after taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I began to improve. The pain and swelling all disappeared and I can truthfully say that I haven't felt better in the past twenty years than I do right now. I could name, of hand, a half-dozen people who have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at my suggestion and who have received good results from them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are guaranteed to be safe and harmless to the most delicate constitution. They contain no morphine, opiate, narcotic, or anything to cause a drug habit. They do not act on the bowels but they actually make new blood and strengthen the nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism because they make rich, red blood and no man or woman can have healthy blood and rheumatism at the same time. They have also cured many cases of anemia, neuralgia, sciatica, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia and other diseases that have not yielded to ordinary treatment.

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills or they will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price.



W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES & SELLS MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD.

\$10,000... I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the intricate care with which every pair of shoes is made. You would realize why W. L. Douglas's \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoes. W. L. Douglas Street Made Shoes for Men, \$2.50, \$2.00, Boys' School & Dress Shoes, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.75, \$1.50. CAUTION—Beware of cheap imitations. Write for Illustrated Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

\$20. AND LESS

From St. Louis and Kansas City to all points Southwest via M. K. & T. R. Y. June 15th and 19th. Tickets good 30 days returning with stopovers in both directions.

To Dallas, Ft. Worth, Waco, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Corpus Christi, Brownsville, Laredo and intermediate \$20 points... To El Paso and intermediate points... \$26.50 To Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and northern Texas points, one fare plus \$2.00, but no rate higher than \$20

Correspondingly low rates from all points from Chicago, \$25; from St. Paul, \$27.50; from Omaha and Council Bluffs, \$22.50.

Write for full particulars. W. S. ST. GEORGE General Passenger and Ticket Agent ST. LOUIS, MO. GEO. W. SMITH, 26 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



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Boys over 16 years of age and young men to learn printing business in large plant at Holland, Michigan. Splendid chance for rapid advancement and steady employment for those anxious to learn. State experience if any, age, five references, wages wanted to start, and full particulars. Address H 28, care of LORD & THOMAS, Chicago.

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Looks well and spreads easily.



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Nothing can contribute more to the advancement of agriculture than the eradication of the old, stupid notion that farming is a mere physical drudgery and to be despised, and the inculcation of the truth that farming is a scientific pursuit entitled to as much respect and consideration as any other occupation when there is devoted to it the amount of scientific knowledge and intelligent judgment and discrimination to which the business is entitled. To the extent that the farmer boy and farmer girl of Minnesota learn to look with pride upon this occupation in that degree is the business of farming benefited and success assured.—Minneapolis Journal.

What Lunatics Swallowed.

The swallowing of a fork as a means of committing suicide is one of the strangest cases quoted in the annual report of the Stone Lunatic Asylum. Some of the articles swallowed by lunatics would certainly tax the convenient digestion of an ostrich. They included: Nails, matches, coins, spoons, pebbles, glass, cinders, beads, studs, needles, scissors, small pliers, pins, pieces of brass, earth, coal, buttons, hairpins, spectacles, button hooks and wood. In most cases a timely discovery led to proper treatment and recovery. In the stomach of a dead man ten revolver cartridges, a number of tacks, and two needles were found.—London Mail.

The Question of the Hour.

A romantic and gallant farm hand had saved the hero at the expense of his own life—he had stood in the line of the villain's fire—and was slowly, too slowly for the hour, dying from the awful effects of the blank cartridge, at a suburban theater.

His sweetheart was by his side, tending the crimson stain on his shirt front, and he looked up into her face and said with long-spun-out effort: "Give us a buss, lass! Just one buss—for the last!" At which a cruel galleryite, who was anxiously consulting his watch, cried down: "What about my last 'buss'?"—London Telegraph.

Punic Archeology.

The celebrated ruins of El-Kentasia, in Tunis, have yielded some most valuable remains of Punic archeology. There has been laid bare a Tanit sanctuary held in high repute for several centuries before the Christian era. Beside many sculptures, a collar has been found, containing, among such rubbish as bones and charred charcoal fragments, more than 6,000 Punic ex-votos, 3,000 Carthaginian lamps and 300 vases, inclosing coins and statuettes, carved and painted with fine artistic feeling and technical skill. It is now claimed that the so-called necropolis of Nora is a Tanit sanctuary.

Simple Remedies Popular.

The use of simple herbs as remedies instead of the more concentrated and usually more dangerous inorganic medicines has been revived very widely of late. In Germany a new school of physicians has arisen, which throws out almost the whole of the pharmacopoeia and relies on an adaptation of the methods of wild animals in curing themselves. Somewhat similar systems have arisen in large numbers in America, and they are daily adding to their adherents.

CURES
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LUMBAGO, SCIATICA
NEURALGIA and
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"DROPS" taken internally, rid the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

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OF BREVARD, GA., writes: "I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from 'DROPS.' I shall prescribe it in my practice for Rheumatism and kindred diseases."

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STYLES OF FIGHTING KNIVES

Complete Collection Would Combine Many Varieties.

The early Californian gloried in a good bowie knife, and many were carefully wrought and elegantly mounted. The chief requirement was that the blade should be so tempered as to be able to be driven through three silver dollars at a stroke without dulling the point or turning the edge. The poisoned, wavy bladed Malay kris is the most deadly of all knives, but it is the weapon of a cowardly assassin. The native makes a fowl or a rat with the blade of this weapon and leaves the carcass to rot on the soft, porous iron. This leaves a poison of the most dangerous kind. The Burmese dar is a heavy bladed knife carried over the shoulder when traveling to hack a path through the vines of jungle. The Scotch "skeln dun" is worn in the scard. The heavy, long bladed "yatagan" of Northern India is stuck in the girdle, as are the richly wrought, elaborately inlaid fighting knives of Persia and Circassia. A fairly complete collection would contain fully two thousand different varieties and would represent an investment of many thousand dollars. The best collections are in the government museums of Europe, the one in the Tower of London being the most complete.

LIKE MANY OTHER PHENOMENA

Perfectly Reasonable Explanation of Peculiar Happening.

One virtue of an uninteresting book has been discovered by a physician. He says he tried to read a dull novel the other night, but soon found himself turning over the pages hurriedly. He claims that when he commenced to read his library was uncomfortably warm, but after rapidly turning about a hundred pages looking for bright things he gradually became aware that the room was getting cooler. Being like most doctors, inclined to experiment scientifically, he consulted his thermometer and learned that when he struck long historical passages in the novel his lack of interest and skipping pages reduced the temperature at an alarming rate. Just as he felt sure he was getting a congestive chill he turned to throw the book into the grate and saw that his fire had gone out.

How Pearls Are Formed.

Pearls it seems are oyster annoyances and monsters. They are malformations caused by some foreign substance finding entrance to the shell and irritating the oyster to such an extent that he exudes a liquid which eventually hardens and becomes a precious pearl. The pearls are always near the shells and can be squeezed out of the flesh with the fingers. Sometimes they are found loose in the shell and at other times they are attached. If loose the chances are that they may fall out, hence good pearl hunters search the stream bed and even dig up the dirt. Contrary to general belief the expensive pearls are not always round or oblong in shape. Many fine specimens are baroque, that is, they assume grotesque forms, a fact that can be readily accounted for by their origin. An oyster may be worth provoking.

Food and Environment.

"Bullfinches fed on hempsed turn quite black," said a naturalist. "Horses kept in coal mines for several years become covered with soft, thick fur like a mole. The mastiff of Thibet, who in the Thibetan highlands has a heavy coat of wool, loses his coat completely when he is brought down to the plains. The ermine, in his snow-infested home, turns white in the winter, but if he is taken for the winter to a warm climate he does not turn white at all. Quite amazing, altogether, are the changes that with food and environment we can affect on all living creatures—even man."

Yankee Girl Flirt, Not Coquette.

The American maid is more of a flirt than a coquette. The college widow is an exaggeration of the national type. Columbia's daughter, as befits the descendant of a gem of the ocean, takes to herself Venus' prerogative of undisputed sway over the hearts of men. She accepts adoration as freely as a prima donna or a jockey receives presents, careless whose heart she is breaking, until at last the "right one" comes along, when she distributes mittens to the rejected suitors as generously as if she were the Lady Bountiful presiding over a settlement Christmas tree.

Training the Stammering Child.

In training the stammering child make him repeat slowly from a spelling book a number of words of one syllable. When he blunders make him go over the word again, insisting that he does not hurry, and that he takes before each utterance a full breath. Then go on to words of two and so to those of three syllables. Make him attack each syllable as a separate word and in the course of a few weeks you will find him able to say many-syllabled words without a break.

Unkind Aspersions.

Capt. Whelpley, postmaster of Salem, Mass., tells the following story of a friend who is a prominent doctor. "I wanted to be a soldier," said the physician, "but my parents persuaded me to study medicine." "Oh, well," rejoined one of the party, "such is life. Many a man with wholesale aspirations has to confront himself with a retail business."

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"Could I live my early life over, this testimonial would not be necessary, though I was no more sinful than thousands of other young men. Indiscretions, excesses and mental worry all helped to break down my system. When I commenced to realize my condition I was almost frantic. Doctor after doctor treated me but only gave me relief—not a cure. Hot Springs helped me, but did not cure me. The symptoms always returned. Mercury and Potash drove the poison into my system instead of driving it out. I bless the day your New Method Treatment was recommended to me. I investigated who you were first, and finding you had over 25 years' experience and responsible financially, I gave you my case under a guarantee. You cured me permanently, and six years there has not been a sore, pain, ulcer or any other symptom of the disease." M. A. COWLEY.

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