

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL.

VOLUME XVIII, NO 49

PLYMOUTH, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 31 1906

WHOLE NO. 991.



DING! DONG!

Do You Hear the Call of the School Bell?

Do you need something in School Supplies? Drawing Pencils, Drawing Paper, Kneaded Rubber, Water-Color Paints, Crayons, or Pens and Penholders for the new slant system in Penmanship? We have all these things strictly up to date.

We have also many rare bargains in ordinary School Stationery, including two complete lines of elegant 10c Tablets, which you may have while they last at just one-half the regular price.

If you don't see what you want in our window you'll find it inside the store.

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

DO YOU LIKE GOOD & TEA COFFEE

Try Our 30c, 40c or 50c Tea.

IN COFFEE WE HAVE

Chef Mocha and Java	35c
Detroit Club	35c
Toledo Club	30c
San Marto	25c
Coban	20c
Ankola	20c

Try Our Line of Baked Goods.

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 State Telephone Co.

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail

Breezy Items

By Live Correspondents.

MURRAY'S CORNERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McClumpha and son Norton of Cleveland, O., visited Mr. and Mrs. Conklin and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McClumpha last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Westfall, Mr. and Mrs. John Forshee, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. James Gates and Mr. and Mrs. Frank King are spending the week at the Wheeler cottage, Walled Lake.

Mrs. Hiram Murray returned home Saturday after a month's visit with relatives in the vicinity of Grand Rapids.

Mrs. James McCluney of Fairgrove visited at Orson Westfall's last week.

Randolph Brown returned from Minneapolis Saturday after a two weeks' visit with his brother at that place.

The aid society were entertained last Thursday afternoon at the home of Miss Ellen Jackson.

Miss Ada Westfall and Mrs. McCluney visited relatives in Belleville and Romulus the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Spicer are visiting relatives at Traverse City, Omena and Petoskey.

LAPHAM'S CORNERS.

The soldiers' reunion will be held Thursday, Aug. 30, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Packard. The Lapham's ladies' aid will serve dinner.

Quite a crowd from here attended the Sunday-school excursion to Detroit last Thursday.

Opal Murray visited friends in Toledo last week.

Miss Iva Tait is spending a few days with Mrs. Harmon Gale.

Mrs. J. Smith is visiting her daughter, Mrs. F. H. Bird, at Grand Rapids.

The farmers' picnic will be held Saturday, Sept. 1st, at Whitmore Lake.

Mrs. I. S. Savery is entertaining a niece from Ionia for a couple of weeks.

The End of the World

of troubles that robbed E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, Ia., of all usefulness, came when he began taking Electric Bitters. He writes: "Two years ago kidney trouble caused me great suffering, which I would never have survived had I not taken Electric Bitters. They also cured me of general debility." Sure cure for all stomach, liver and kidney complaints, blood diseases, headache, dizziness and weakness or bodily decline. Price 50c. Guaranteed by The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale.

PERRINSVILLE.

Mrs. Esther Evans and son of Oxford visited her brother Dewitt Cooper and wife a few days last week. Her mother, Mrs. Cooper, returned home with her.

Mrs. Wm. Fox spent last Tuesday evening and Wednesday in Detroit.

Mrs. J. Downing and sons of Denton visited with Mrs. Katie Wurtz last Monday evening and Tuesday.

Miss Nellie DePew's visiting friends down here this week.

J. Edwards is improving slowly.

Ed. McKinney of Schenectady, N. Y., is visiting relatives here for a short time.

Mrs. Asa Shaw and daughter and Miss Hazel Huffman visited with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schunk last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Losey and children of Wallaceville visited with Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt Cooper last Sunday.

LIVONIA CENTER.

Mrs. Vanbuskirk is entertaining a friend from Tiffin this week and also her daughter from Detroit.

Miss Lillian Yager has been engaged to teach our next term of school.

Miss Grace Peck is visiting friends in Novi this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Smith buried their little boy here Monday. He was a bright little fellow of about two years and an only child.

Mr. Vanbuskirk is much improved in health the past few days under the care of Dr. Peck.

E. R. Peck is in the city this week.

Miles Loomis of Ypsilanti visited Frank Peck Friday and Saturday.

Fred Lee has been entertaining his brother and wife from Monroe a few days the past week and his mother went home to Monroe with them.

In Self Defense

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutionalist, Eminence, Ky., when he was fiercely attacked, four years ago, by Piles, bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since." Quickest healer of burns, sores, cuts and wounds. 25c at The Wolverine Drug Co.'s and John L. Gale's.

Various, Pat Items.

General Strike doesn't seem to be any more of a success than the other Russian generals.

The office-holder who has heretofore felt it a part of his duty to give his party a slice of his salary every campaign, will welcome the dollar limit.

An ice famine reaches the climax only when it has become an ice cream famine.

This promises to be another one of those campaigns where the working man talks real plaintively about the wrongs of labor and then winds up by voting the same old ticket.

David R. Francis says it looks like Bryan for the Democratic nomination. David certainly has a good looker. It not only looks like Bryan, but it feels, smells, tastes and sounds like him.

It is to be taken for granted, of course, that in making his own contribution, Mr. Bryan will scorn to send along anything but a silver dollar.

Perhaps one might speak of the directorate of the Chicago Stensland bank as the board of "innocent bystanders."

Great as is her dislike of everything American, Frau Cosma Wagner is able to rise above this prejudice in the case of the American dollar.

If there is no way for a bank examiner to detect a crooked bank, what is the use of bank examiners? The straight bank does not need any.

Home Dealers vs. Mail Order Houses.

When you want a little credit as an accommodation, who is it that you go to for it? Is it Montgomery, Ward & Company or your local merchant?

When the taxes are raised to pay for civic improvements and to help educate your children, do Sears, Roebuck & Co. have to contribute towards this fund?

If anybody in the town has a little hard luck or money is needed to keep up the church or for some other charitable enterprise, who is it that is looked to for subscriptions? Is it E. N. Roberts & Co. or some merchant nearer home?

Before the National Supply Company went out of business, did you ever hear of a case where any of its members sat up all night with one of your sick neighbors or ministered in any way to the wants of the afflicted?

When you needed a new buggy and wanted to see it before buying, did you ask some Chicago mail order concern to send it to you for a free trial?

When you bought that cream separator in Chicago, paid your money in advance, and also paid the freight, did you realize that you could get a better one from your local merchant and that he would be on hand to make good in case anything went wrong with it?

When you ordered Paris Green or some other article that you had seen advertised in a catalogue at a very low price, did you receive word that on account of an advance in the market, it would be necessary for you to send some more money before the order could be filled?

Be honest with yourself in answering these questions, and you will perhaps see more clearly than you have in the past why your interest lies in buying from the local merchant, the man who is always on hand to make good any mistakes and give good goods at a fair price, who helps pay your taxes, contributes to local charities and is willing to let you see and examine the goods before you plank down your money.

Brighton Argus: A sūay cow was noticed in the road in front of his place by Fred Callen one day last week and he took care of the animal thinking it might belong to some of his neighbors. It was afterwards learned that "bossy" had escaped from a car in passing freight train and was entirely unhurt. How she got out we have been unable to learn, but the train men missed her at South Lyon and some one was sent back to look for her, knowing that she must have escaped between South Lyon and Brighton.

Galveston's Sea Wall

makes life now as safe in that city as on the higher uplands. E. W. Goodloe who resides on Dutton st., in Waco, Tex., needs no sea wall for safety. He writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption the past five years and it keeps me well and safe. Before that time I had a cough which for years had been growing worse. Now it's gone." Cures chronic coughs, la grippe, croup, whooping cough and prevents pneumonia. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed at The Wolverine Drug Co. and John L. Gale's. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

It pays to have nicely printed stationery. Get it at The Mail office.

PINCKNEY,

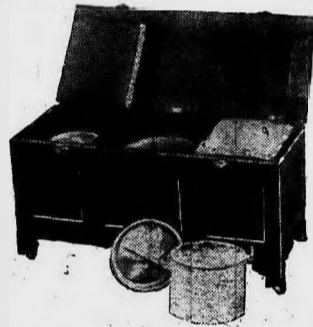
PAINSTAKING HARMACIST FOR ARTICULAR PEOPLE.

—AND—

SOME OF THE RIGHT KIND

STATIONERY

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.



We are not demonstrating this week, but

THE CALORIC

is on sale just the same. It is fine for this hot weather and just as good for cold weather.

MRS. J. C. O'BRYAN, Agent

Telephone 917, 1 L 1 S.

ARE YOU AWARE

of the fact that having a bank account and paying your bills by check actually strengthens your credit?

You cannot start your account too soon. The amount of your first deposit is not so material as the fact of making the start and the care you give to conserving your income in the future.

Come in and see if we cannot give you some information that will be of use to you.

THE PLYMOUTH UNITED SAVINGS BANK

"Expositions are the Timekeepers of Progress."—President McKinley

THE 57th

Michigan State Fair

DETROIT, MICH.,

August 30 to Sept. 7 Inclusive

Held in the 140-acre Fair Grounds Park with more and better buildings for all exhibits. Displays of products from all countries. Fine showing of live stock of all worthy breeds. 18 trotting and pacing races on the new mile course. Special—Montana ladies' riding races. Knabenshue and his airship. Legare and his magical tower. Innes' noted orchestral band. Pains' profuse fireworks every evening. Mirth and folly on "The Glade."

WILL INTEREST YOU! PLAN TO ATTEND!

A Single Fare on the Street Car Gets You There.

FRED POSTAL, President

I. H. BUTTERFIELD, Sec'y

THE BEST FAIR

THE GREATEST FAIR

THE PLYMOUTH MAIL

F. W. SAMSEN, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH — MICHIGAN

1906 SEPTEMBER 1906						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

A WEEK'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

RECORD OF MOST INTERESTING EVENTS TOLD IN BRIEFEST MANNER POSSIBLE.

HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS

Information Gathered from All Quarters of the Civilized World and Prepared for the Perusal of the Busy Man.

UPRISING IN CUBA.

When the government was issuing its proclamation offering pardon to rebels who would lay down their arms its forces were dealing the most telling blow that has yet been struck against insurgents in the field.

That the insurrection is in a shaky condition seems to be a fact, although the end may not be as near as members of the government claim.

The revolt in Matanzas province has been crushed. The rural guards, reinforced by a detachment of volunteers, encountered the last rebel band left in that section of the island and completely defeated them.

A considerable number of insurgents are known to be returning quietly to their homes in the province of Havana and in the eastern part of the province of Pinar del Rio.

The government has discovered that the movements of Pino Guerre and other important revolutionary commanders are directed by a committee of revolutionary veterans in Havana. This practice will be broken up and several arrests are expected.

Santa Clara is becoming a thorough insurrectionist stronghold and even larger towns have taken up arms against the government.

The presence of small parties of insurrectionists are reported daily in the four western provinces, principally in Havana and Santa Clara.

A band of 100 insurrectionists entered Las Lajas, Santa Clara province, and got away with the contents of the local treasury, \$8,000, and all the horses in town.

In Pinar del Rio province 7,000 insurgents are under arms.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Real Estate Trust company, the second largest concern of its kind in Philadelphia suspended business because of inability to meet obligations to the amount of \$7,000,000. There are reports of gross misdeeds of the institution's millions and criminal prosecutions are possible. The bank is the depository for more than \$1,000,000 of the funds of the Presbyterian church, \$380,000 in tax receipts of the city of Philadelphia, and \$175,000 of cash of the state of Pennsylvania.

A sweeping decision against all labor organizations of Racine, and one which, if sustained by the higher courts, will affect all labor organizations in the country, was rendered by Chester Fowler, of Portage, Wis., judge of the Eighteenth judicial district.

M. F. Elliott, general counsel for the Standard Oil company, said: "The Standard Oil company has no interest in buying up distilleries or in the manufacture of denatured alcohol. There have been no negotiations to that end and no talk of any."

Walter Wellman has decided not to attempt a voyage northward this year on account of defects in the mechanical equipment of his airship. According to the announcement made last winter in anticipation of such possibilities the expedition will continue next year.

An interesting feature of the Sea Girt shoot was the excellent marksmanship of Mrs. Elizabeth Topperwain, of San Antonio, Tex., who qualified for enrollment as a member of the National Marksman's reserve by scoring 59 out of a possible 75 in five shots each at 200, 300 and 500 yards.

The prisoners in the Valparaiso (Chili) jail, except such as are known to be dangerous and those who are serving second terms, have been set to work on the improvement of the port.

The American consul general has sent a dispatch to the viceroy of Canton requesting him to suppress the Boycott association for the hindrance of American commerce.

C. C. Ramsey, district superintendent for the United States Leather company, died at Tomahawk, Wis.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade, says: Trade reports indicate wholesome activity, with no evidence of reaction even in those industries that are of necessity quiet at this season contributing to the general confidence by reports of large orders in sight.

Otis Eddy, the oldest living Master Mason in the world, celebrated the one hundred and second anniversary of his birth at Rockford, Ill.

Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, eldest son and heir of Lord Aberdare, authorizes the announcement of his engagement to Miss Camille Clifford, an American actress.

John Flyn was killed and four workmen were seriously injured while engaged on the Wabash railway at Brewster, O. A charge of dynamite failed to go off as expected.

Gen. Rennenkampf has been appointed successor of Gen. Skailon, governor of Warsaw.

Secret service operatives at Philadelphia arrested Herman Hanau, traveling agent in Pennsylvania and New England for the Royal Havana lottery. Hanau's home was searched by secret service agents, who secured tickets to the value of \$10,000.

In spite of the threats of the revolutionists the transfer of the body of Gen. Min from Peterhof to St. Petersburg for interment in the regimental chapel of the Semenovskiy regiment took place without incident, though with imposing military ceremonial.

Dewitt Adams, aged 27 years, and Miss Carroll Jones, aged 17, while returning from church near Fredonia, Kan., were drowned in attempting to ford the Fall river.

Mrs. Fannie L. Keating, widow of George J. Keating, of San Diego, is dead in London, aged 72 years. She was probably worth more than a million dollars.

A call for the ninth annual session of the American mining congress, to be held in Denver, October 16 to 19 next, was issued by J. H. Richards, president, and James F. Galbreath, Jr., secretary.

An invitation was extended to Vice President Fairbanks and Gov. Cummins, of Iowa, to make speeches at Fairmount park, Kansas City, September 8 by the Missouri Republican club.

Rev. C. Winter Holton, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, at North Pelham, N. Y., is dead. He was 86 years old. Mr. Holton was the author of several books for children.

E. S. Wells, one of the first civil engineers employed by the Burlington railway, and a friend of Abraham Lincoln, when both lived in Springfield, Ill., died at Atchison, Kan., aged 73 years.

T. C. Watkins instituted suit at New York for \$38,500 against the Trans-Atlantic Fire Insurance company, of Hamburg, Germany, for alleged losses in the earthquake fire in San Francisco.

As a direct consequence of the provision of the new railroad rate bill now in effect the Union Pacific railway has determined to install its own system of refrigerator cars. Heretofore the Armour private cars have had a monopoly of this business over the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific with all the profitable California fruit trade.

The first skirmish in the crusade of the government against the Standard Oil company to compel the concern to comply with the letter of the antitrust and monopoly laws was ended when the two special federal grand juries at Chicago returned ten indictments against the oil company, containing a total number of 6,428 counts.

Earl Grey, governor general of Canada, had a narrow escape from serious injury at Winnipeg. Just before retiring an electric light bulb exploded full in his face and bits of glass were blown into his eyes, the right optic was closed and the services of a physician were required.

The five-year-old daughter of Edward Albright, a farmer near Bertrand, Mo., was assaulted by Charles Goforth, a farm hand employed by her father.

Two men found sitting upright in a wagon dead and four mules dead in harness, near Kenn, N. M., have been identified as Victor and Thomas Simpson, brothers, who lived on farms near Lida. They were killed by lightning when driving from Roswell to their farms.

Judge Wolverton in the United States court at Helena, Mont., overruled a motion for a new trial in the case of J. T. Carroll, convicted of illegally fencing public land and sentenced Carroll to confinement in jail for 24 hours and to pay a fine of \$700.

The International Pan-American conference closed at Rio Janeiro. The ceremonies were brief but impressive. The building was especially and beautifully illuminated. Gen. Rio Branco, the foreign minister of Brazil, made a farewell address.

A Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul train struck a buggy at Rock City, killing two little girls, one a daughter of Louis Pothast, and the other the 11-year-old daughter of John Tilke-meier. Another girl was severely hurt.

Prof. James Bryce, secretary for Ireland, has arranged to make a tour of County Donegal beginning in September, to inquire into the congested districts, potato famine, fisheries and other problems.

Three Spanish ships captured by Admiral Dewey in Manila bay, May 1, 1898, were sold by the navy department for \$103. The three ships are the Albay, Manila and Mindanao.

The federal grand jury investigating alleged violations of the Elkins rebate law by the Standard Oil company, the Pennsylvania Railroad company, and the New York Central Railroad company in the state met at Jamestown, N. Y., and returned two indictments, one against the Standard Oil company, the other against the New York Central.

At the twelfth annual convention of the Illinois Lutheran league of Springfield, President Olsen presented his annual report, showing the league to be in a flourishing condition.

According to a dispatch received at the foreign office from the French consul at Valparaiso, the persons of French nationality killed by the earthquake there on August 16 were one man, six women and three children. Of the women five were members of the Sisters of the Poor.

Manager Mack, of the Philadelphia American league baseball club, has purchased the release of Pitchers Rucker and Holmes from the Augusta (Ga.) club of the South Atlantic league.

The Twenty-fifth (colored) infantry reached Fort Reno from Brownsville, Tex., following the instructions of army authorities as a result of the recent trouble at Brownsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Nonan and grandson, of Keshena, Wis., were overtaken by a severe electric storm while returning home from the Crowe settlement. A tree fell across the wagon, striking Mrs. Nonan, whose head was severed from her body.

Four terrorists entrusted with the execution of the death sentence of Premier Stolypin quashed a terrible tragedy at a reception being given by the premier at his villa on Aptekarsky island. Thirty-two persons are dead, including several prominent officials, and 22 are injured. The premier escaped with a few scratches.

Gen. Min thrice sentenced to death by the terrorists' organization, met his death at the hands of a young woman. The assassination was accomplished at the railway station at Peterhof, within the very shadow of the palace of his master, the czar.

Dr. Julian P. Thomas, the amateur aeronaut, who with his brother, Jefferson Davis Thomas of Augusta, Ga., made a balloon ascension at New York, returned to his residence after having been in the air for nearly 24 hours and having passed through two states and reaching an altitude of about 10,000 feet.

The Deutscher Krieger bund of North America's twenty-first annual convention at Dubuque, Ia., opened with a parade of visiting delegates and local organizations, followed by a reception and band concert.

While attempting to enter the harbor at Charlevoix, Mich., the passenger steamer Illinois went on the beach about 200 feet south of the pier.

Frank Gorman et al., filed a petition in the circuit court at Monroe, Mich., against the Toledo, Ann Arbor & Detroit Railroad company, praying for the appointment of a receiver.

Alfred Schaufliet, a negro, was lynched by a mob at Calhoun, La., for attempting to criminally assault Miss Olive Chambers.

After conferring with Gen. Zapino, the commander of the forces at Bilbao, Spain, the leaders of the federation of labor decided that the men recently on strike would resume work.

John M. Thaler, of Baltimore, Md., and Edward Septon, of Boston, Mass., student members of the Redeemtorist order, were drowned in the Severn river near Annapolis.

A. L. Richmond, a hotel proprietor of Pittsburg and Mrs. Richmond, each suffered a broken arm, serious contusions and other injuries received in an accident to the automobile in which they were returning from Cleveland.

After a meeting of workmen a Yodocka which was addressed by ex-member of parliament Michalichenko shots were fired, killing eight persons and wounding 22.

Lucy Hill, 11 years old, daughter of Frank Hill, of Kokomo, Ind., took \$140 from a dresser, bought new clothes, jewelry and a ticket to Dallas, Tex. She was reported in Oklahoma. She will return.

Christian Springer was overcome by heat at Cedar Rapids, Ia., and died in five minutes.

The jury in the case of Doss Galbraith, the alleged leader of the mob which lynched and burned three negroes at Springfield, Mo., in April last, and who was on trial charged with second degree murder, was discharged by the court when it was reported that its members were unable to agree.

W. R. Crosby, leading with a score of 97 targets, carried off the honors of the Western Handicap, the feature and final event of the tournament of the Interstate Trapshooters' association at Denver.

King Alfonso formally signified his approval of the attitude of the ministry on the religious question. The minister of justice is now considering the abolition of religious oaths before the courts.

The steamer Francis H. Leggett arrived at San Francisco from Astoria having in tow the largest log raft that has ever come into that harbor. It consists of 11,000,000 feet of lumber.

An explosion of gas occurred in No. 9 colliery of the Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal company at Sugar Notch, Pa., in which W. A. Vincent, a miner, was killed. His son William was fatally injured.

It is believed that the imperial government has decided to forego the repayment of \$150,000,000 of war expenses which the Transvaal and Orange river colonies undertook to make.

Alfred Stevens, the celebrated Belgian genre painter, died at Paris. He was born in May, 1828.

In order to aid the Livonian nobility, who suffered heavy losses by the recent disturbances, Emperor Nicholas has authorized them to raise mortgages on six estates in the Wenden district left him by Emperors Paul and Alexander I.

The Ohio Free Baptist association, holding its annual convention at Morral, with ministers and laymen from every church in the state, recommended the union of the Baptist and Free Baptist denominations.

PENINSULAR HAPPENINGS

THE VILLAGE OF GALIEN IS THE SCENE OF A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

NIGHT OPERATOR VICTIM.

Shot at His Table With His Own Revolver by an Unknown Assassin.

Murder a Mystery.

Lloyd Dynes, Michigan Central night operator at Galien, Mich., was shot and almost instantly killed Monday morning between 1:40 and 2:40 o'clock. Robbery was not the motive as more than \$75 was found on his person. The only article missing is his revolver, which had evidently been used to fire the shot. Two shots had been fired, one striking him below the left eye, the bullet flattening against the cheek bone and doing no special damage. The other bullet entered at the right clavicle, penetrating both lungs and severing an artery. There were no signs of any struggle and no effort was made to rob the ticket office.

It was Dynes' custom, after people ceased coming into the office, to place his revolver on the table in front of him. Evidently someone of whom he had no suspicion came into the office and was talking with him while he was sitting in his chair, as the bullets took a downward course. Both bullets were found by Drs. Higbee and Williams, who performed a post mortem.

Mr. Dynes was about 26 years of age and is survived by his parents, who live in Windsor, Ont.

People who knew the young man give no reason for his being shot, as he hadn't an enemy in the world as far as is known. He was very good natured and made friends rapidly. He was very popular with his girl acquaintances and by them was considered a handsome man. He was of medium height, well set up, and of fair complexion. His mother and father are heartbroken over the murder and much concern is felt for his mother because of the effect of the terrible shock on her weakened constitution. She moans the loss of her boy, and relatives and friends are unable to comfort her.

Ross Dynes, a cousin of the dead man, attributes the motive of the crime either to a jealous rival or some tramp who wandered into the office and demanded that he send false information.

Summer Resort Tragedy.

Roy Bowers, of Covert, shot himself twice with suicidal intent because his young wife, who was having a good time at a summer resort, refused to go home with him. He will die. Bowers drove to South Haven from Covert Sunday and found his wife with a gay crowd on the north side of the resort. He pleaded with her for some time to return home with him, and, receiving a rather sharp refusal, it is said, he walked out onto the lawn and in the presence of his wife and numerous resorters, fired two bullets into his head. His wife collapsed.

Both are young people and have been married about a year.

Found the Real One Alive.

Mrs. P. J. Kempler, of Chicago, twice believing she had buried her husband, has discovered him in the flesh and he is now on his way to Chicago to stand trial for wife desertion. Meanwhile the Chicago police are investigating the deaths of the two men, each of whom Mrs. Kempler was led into believing was her husband. Kempler was arrested at a lake near Allegan.

The first time Mrs. Kempler donned weeds was when a body was found in the Chicago drainage canal answering the description of her missing husband. She paid the funeral expenses. A short time after another body was found in Lake Michigan, and she recalled that the identification of the corpse she had previously buried as her husband's did not quite satisfy her. She viewed the remains and the corpse was clothed in the garments her husband wore when he left home. There could be no mistake this time, she thought, even though the facial resemblance was not striking. She thought the water had wrought the changes.

Receiving a tip that her real husband was in Allegan, she disguised, went there and found him, returned to Chicago for a warrant and he was arrested.

The Law Is Peculiar.

Because it is a law in Germany that a woman's word counts for naught in court, unless backed by that of her husband, and in case she is a widow must furnish legal proof of his demise, Mrs. Harmon W. Bens, of Bay City, Is in a dilemma. She has just been notified of a legacy left her by a relative in Germany. Seven years ago her husband, Harmon Bens, died and was buried 65 miles within the Arctic circle in Alaska. Mrs. Bens alone was present at his death. Judge Francis, of the probate court, will make an effort in her behalf to satisfy the German court that Bens is dead.

Bert Crockett, an insane man, who has terrorized resorters near Pontiac for the past week, was captured.

A street car at Waverly park, Lansing, was struck by lightning and set on fire. Several persons were slightly burned.

Miss Clara Greenen, of Kalkaska, is the first woman to hold the position of attorney to the comptroller of the United States treasury. The salary is \$1,800 a year.

The board of directors of the Menominee Range Telephone Co., which recently disposed of its system to the Michigan State Telephone Co., has declared a dividend of 100 per cent on the capital stock. A final dividend will be ordered paid as soon as the affairs of the company can be settled.

INCREASED MILLIONS.

Equalization Board's Work on the State's Valuation.

The report of the state board of tax equalization was made public. In numerous notable instances the figures of the state tax commission have been ignored. In 1901 the valuation of the state was equalized at \$1,578,100,000 and the present board raised this figure to \$1,734,100,000, an increase of \$156,000,000, but nothing like the increase advocated by the state tax commission. The commission's figure was \$1,931,568,000. The increase of \$353,000,000 in the total of equalized valuations over those of five years ago is made up largely from the \$59,000,000 in Wayne, the \$20,000,000 in Kent, \$5,000,000 in Kalamazoo, \$4,500,000 in Ingham, \$4,000,000 in Calhoun, and a few millions in numerous other counties.

Houghton, the richest copper county, remains at \$140,000,000, as of five years ago. The tax commission had recommended a decrease of \$15,000,000. Hardly in any instance is it shown that the commission's figures have been followed to any great extent. However, the board of equalization went beyond the tax commission in decreasing the Ontonagon valuation, the reduction being from \$8,000,000 to \$5,000,000, while the tax commission had recommended \$5,666,000.

Wayne county's share of state taxes is represented by the decimal .20529 and Kent's .06343.

The valuations as fixed for 1906 and 1901 follow:

	1906.	1901.
Alcona	1,300,000	1,300,000
Alger	3,500,000	3,100,000
Allegan	22,500,000	21,000,000
Alpena	6,500,000	5,000,000
Antrim	7,500,000	5,500,000
Arenac	2,600,000	2,100,000
Baraga	3,100,000	2,700,000
Barry	15,500,000	15,000,000
Bay	32,000,000	32,000,000
Benzie	3,600,000	3,200,000
Berrien	32,000,000	30,000,000
Branch	21,000,000	19,500,000
Calhoun	41,000,000	37,000,000
Cass	16,000,000	15,500,000
Charlevoix	6,000,000	4,200,000
Cheboygan	6,500,000	4,500,000
Chippewa	12,500,000	12,500,000
Clare	2,500,000	2,000,000
Clinton	21,700,000	20,000,000
Crawford	1,600,000	1,200,000
Delta	9,500,000	9,400,000
Dickinson	12,000,000	11,200,000
Eaton	22,500,000	21,000,000
Emmet	9,000,000	8,000,000
Genesee	31,000,000	29,500,000
Gladwin	2,500,000	2,100,000
Gogebic	15,000,000	14,000,000
G. Trave's	10,000,000	9,500,000
Gratiot	16,000,000	15,500,000
Hillsdale	23,000,000	21,000,000
Houghton	140,000,000	140,000,000
Huron	16,000,000	13,400,000
Ingham	32,000,000	27,500,000
Ionia	22,000,000	21,500,000
Iscosco	2,000,000	1,900,000
Iron	6,500,000	6,000,000
Isabella	10,200,000	7,500,000
Jackson	37,000,000	36,000,000
Kalamazoo	35,000,000	30,000,000
Kalkaska	3,600,000	3,500,000
Kent	110,000,000	90,000,000
Keweenaw	7,500,000	4,000,000
Lake	1,400,000	1,400,000
Lapeer	17,000,000	14,500,000
Leelanau	3,000,000	2,700,000
Leonia	39,000,000	34,000,000
Livingston	16,500,000	16,000,000
Luce	2,500,000	2,000,000
Mackinac	3,700,000	2,500,000
Macomb	27,000,000	25,000,000
Manistee	11,500,000	13,500,000
Marquette	30,500,000	30,000,000
Mason	7,000,000	7,500,000
Mecosta	5,500,000	5,000,000
Menominee	11,000,000	13,500,000
Midland	5,000,000	4,500,000
Missaukee	3,000,000	3,000,000
Monroe	21,500,000	20,500,000
Montcalm	14,000,000	13,000,000
Montmorency	1,500,000	1,500,000
Muskegon	17,500,000	14,500,000
Newaygo	6,000,000	6,000,000
Oakland	36,500,000	34,000,000
Oceana	6,000,000	6,000,000
Ogemaw	2,500,000	2,300,000
Ontonagon	5,000,000	8,000,000
Oscoda	5,500,000	5,500,000
Oseola	900,000	700,000
Otsego	3,000,000	3,000,000
Ottawa	24,000,000	21,500,000
Presque Isle	2,000,000	3,000,000
Rosconm	1,000,000	500,000
Saginaw	42,000,000	42,000,000
Sanilac	15,000,000	14,000,000
Schoolcraft	3,500,000	4,000,000
Shiawassee	22,000,000	21,500,000
St. Clair	33,000,000	30,000,000
St. Joseph	18,000,000	18,000,000
Tuscola	18,500,000	17,000,000
V. Buren	17,000,000	16,500,000
Washtenaw	39,000,000	37,000,000
Wayne	356,000,000	277,000,000
Westford	7,000,000	6,000,000
Total	\$1,734,100,000	\$1,578,100,000
Total increase	\$156,000,000.	

Sawed Out.

H. A. Van Auken, James Vallier and Joe Casemore, being held for trial in the circuit court, sawed their way to liberty and left the Manistee jail under cover of darkness. Their escape soon became known and officers are scouring the country.

Van Auken was charged with forgery, Vallier with horse stealing and Casemore with assault with intent to do great bodily harm. Van Auken operated in many places throughout Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan.

An infant, apparently not more than three weeks old, was found lying under a tree beside the railroad track a short distance north of the station at Clarke Lake. A boy carried it back to the station, where it was cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Giltner, who live in the village.

John M. Caulfield, promoter of the Elkhart, Three Rivers & Kalamazoo Interurban railway, reports he has succeeded in securing the right of way.

That Miss Ethel Wade and Arthur Van Bochove, of Kalamazoo, were married at Grand Haven

Jealous Beauty Planned Fearful Death for Youth

Along the Rio Grande a thousand tales of Mexico are told, but no romance can equal the adventures of a Texas youth who has been brought back to his home from the hospital at Monterey. During his visit to the southern republic he fell under the spell of a fair senorita, and afterwards became the victim of her fury. That he escaped with his life was due largely to the devotion of Cherry Mellnote, said to be one of the most beautiful girls in the world. She rescued him from the deadly clutches of the minotaur tree and nursed him back to life and love.

When Arno T. Savry, a handsome Texas youth of ample means, found himself ready to accept an invitation of a friend to visit Mexico, he recalled the stories of other gallant young Texans who had gone down into the land of the beautiful to find sweethearts—and return no more forever. "But I am not so soft as others," he said. This confident young man had a sweetheart in a cottage under the Lone Star, and he vowed over and over that there was not a girl in all Mexico with eyes so bright or face so fair as his Texas beauty, nor any who could make him forget for a moment little Fannie Frayne. He had known Fanny all his life and loved her when they were schoolmates, and if there was a girl in all the world who could blot her name from his heart she would have to possess supernatural powers.

That was about the way this self-reliant youth talked when he had his foot in the stirrup and set out to visit

could not sleep. Leona had told him that he might hope.

"I think I love you a little," she said. Then she gazed fixedly at him and pointed toward Texas. He promptly placed his hand over his heart and shook his head. The little pantomime was full of meaning. She accused him of having a sweetheart at home and he lied with alacrity and without shame.

The next day Selma said to him: "You are too rapid; you should have waited until Cherry comes."

"Who is Cherry?" said Arno. "The most beautiful girl in the world," was the reply.

"Impossible! There can be no other like Leona."

Selma laughed. "Leona could not hold a candle by the side of Cherry Mellnote," she said.

"No matter, I shall not fall in love with her."

"Before she is here a week you will be rolling in the dust at her feet."

"Cherry Mellnote will arrive today," exclaimed Mercedes, clapping her hands. "I have a letter." This was at breakfast one morning.

"Tell him all about Cherry, papa," said one of the girls.

Story of Cherry Mellnote.

"That I will with pleasure," said the old gentleman. "You must know, Senor Savry, that Senorita Mellnote, who is the most beautiful young woman in all the world, is an old friend of ours. She attended school with my girls. She is a living romance. She

vastre springs bearing baskets of good things to eat and drink. It is not far. We will have a day long to be remembered."

When the lunch had been spread under the shade of the trees, Leona said: "There is one thing lacking, but it is within easy reach. If Arno will come with me, we will add flavor to the occasion."

The girl led the way, singing a love song, and Arno followed by her side. Cherry Mellnote sat choking, and her pretty face was as white as her dress. Five minutes had passed when the party at the springs heard a shriek that caused them to spring to their feet.

Leona's Vengeance.

This is what had happened. Approaching a peculiar looking plant resembling a large cactus with many thorny arms, Leona said: "There, cut a leaf of that. It has a delicious fragrance." The youth was standing by the terrible minotaur tree—a carnivorous plant that lives upon the flesh of birds and animals.

He had no sooner touched one of the stems than a long arm, like the horrible tentacle of the octopus, hissed through the air and wrapped about his body. He had only time to see the smile on Leona's face when other long thorny arms grasped him.

Powerless and screaming for help, he felt himself being drawn into the awful tangle of crushing leaves. Cherry Mellnote was first to answer the cries for help. Others quickly followed, and fortunately a company of

NOW PRIDE OF NEW YORK ZOO.

Big Constrictor's Appetite for Pets Led to Its Capture.

The new boa constrictor from Venezuela added to the New York Zoological park is one of the largest of its kind and has an interesting history. It began, says the Zoological Society Bulletin, with a series of depredations about a small Venezuelan town, stealing chickens, pet dogs, turkeys and occasionally a favorite cat. The visits of the reptile were invariably nocturnal and so irregular that it repeatedly avoided capture. At length the snake became a terror to housewives and a watch was kept for it. It was finally captured by working a noose over its head and dragging it into a box.

When the Trinidad steamer arrived at New York during one of the cold waves of early spring and the box was opened an apparently dead snake was revealed. A bathtub was quickly filled with water heated to a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit. In this the snake was placed and it was energetically rubbed and massaged. After half an hour, during which it showed no signs of life, the tail moved slightly. This was a good sign, showing the snake to be actually alive, though by no means sure to recover, for with large snakes thoroughly chilled the lungs entirely collapse. If the dormant condition continues the lung tissue becomes so congested that the first inhalation coming with the return of necessary warmth tears the delicate membranes, when there is an immediate hemorrhage and the reptile dies.

This condition was feared with the Venezuelan boa, and the effect of the snake's first indrawn breath was watched with anxiety. Massaging brought the desired result. The snake was seen to take a deep breath and then exhale it. Regular breathing followed, showing the snake to be in good condition. It required a period of nearly ten days for the snake to regain its normal vigor. Then it struck viciously at whoever approached, evincing every symptom of a hearty interest in life. Along the body of the snake are numerous deep scars, telling a mute story of battles with denizens of the South American forest before they finally succumbed to its constricting powers.

WONDERFUL TENACITY OF LIFE

Vital Spark Is Slow to Leave Its Human Tenement.

The astounding tenacity with which life clings to the human body is a good thing to remember in these summer days when the bathing resorts are taking their annual toll of human life. The case of Robert Mooney, reported by the life-saving service of the third division, is a good illustration of this fact. He was brought to terra firma after being under water for 23 minutes. The life savers worked over him for an hour and three-quarters before the first sign of returning life was obtained, and he did not regain consciousness until the next day. If his body had been recovered by ordinary untrained men there is little question that he never would have regained consciousness at all. After 15 or 20 minutes of artificial respiration hope would have been given up and the faint little spark of life which evidently remained allowed to die out for lack of perseverance. After the removal of water from the lungs artificial respiration should be resorted to and continued for several hours if necessary, a physician of course being summoned at once.

Some Hints as to Diet.

To know whether your market man is selling you oleo or butter ask him what he is charging you for it.

The theory that pumpkin pies are unhealthy in July has never been put to the test, except with canned pumpkin.

Onions should be eaten only at an hour when you are sure no friends will call.

The Irish potato is recommended for food in cases of German measles. The theory is that the racial antipathy of the vegetable and the measles will distract the attention of the germs from the system.

If you should bite your fingers while eating corn on the cob, excuse yourself and tie up the fingers.

The best time to eat a hearty meal is when a wealthy friend invites you to take dinner with him at his club.—Chicago Post.

Murderous Act of Parisian.

A few days ago a carpenter named Letourneur was walking along the St. Martin canal, in Paris, when he seized a boy of 12 and threw him into the water. As it happened the boy could swim, but when he reached the bank, the brutal carpenter kicked him back into the water. Some burgeses ran up in time to save the boy, and after thrashing the would-be murderer, handed him over to the police. Letourneur's defense is that he wanted to earn a reward for saving the boy from drowning.

Before Their Day.

First Chapple—I wonder now, Bertie, how the donkey ever came to be used as the emblem of stupidity?

Second Chapple (with a yawn)—Don't know, I'm sure, dear boy; must have been before our day.—Tit-Bits.

Ways and Means.

"But I do not approve of his ways," protested the pretty girl.

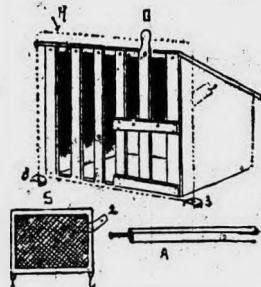
"Never mind about his ways, my dear," replied her mother. "He has unlimited means."—Chicago Daily News.

POULTRY AND BEES

HEN AND CHICKS.

Use Screen in Place of Boards to Close Front of Coop at Night.

It is a cruel plan which shuts off the air almost entirely from the hen with a brood of chicks by placing a board in front of the coop at night; nor is such a plan necessary if one will take the trouble to build a coop or coops after the following plan: Build the coop after the usual plan, sloping the roof to the rear and covering the front with slats except at one lower corner, where a door should be arranged, so that the hen can be easily let out when desired. To solve the problem of plenty of fresh air and at the same time freedom from prowling small animals, says the Indianapolis News, construct a screen; make the frame large enough completely to cover the front of the coop and cover it with wire netting; at either side fasten a strap with a hole in the end, and on the sides of the coop place a screw, over which the straps are placed to hold the screen



Screen Front for Coop.

in place. To make the screen still more secure when placed have the side pieces large enough so that a long wire nail may be driven in them about one-quarter the length of the nail, at the end; then sink in the ground at either end of the coop two pieces of wood, each having a hole in the end, into which the nail in the end pieces of the screen will fit when the latter is in position. In this way it will be impossible for the screen to get loose. In the illustration, H, at dotted line, shows where the screen will come when in position; A, the side piece of the screen, with the long wire nail in position; B, the stakes in the ground to receive the nails; C, the screen complete; G, the swinging latch by which the door for the use of the hen is kept in place, and 2, the manner of attaching the small strap to the side of the screen.

POULTRY FEEDING.

Best Rule Is Common Sense—Give Fowls Food That Is Nourishing.

The best rule for feeding poultry is common sense; the health and usefulness of fowls does not depend on following rules so much as on getting an adequate supply of palatable food. Changing the food several times daily is no better than making the same changes as often each week. This may be seen from the rules practiced by successful poultrymen, says the Orange Judd Farmer. Notice the following:

Mash of bran and middlings, bran and corn meal, bran only, various grains ground together. These various mashes fed morning, noon or night, in amounts varying from a spoonful to a crop full. Some poultrymen give no mash at all. Again some keep beef scraps before the fowls at all times, others give an ounce every second day. Some give as much green bone each day as the hens will eat; others half an ounce on alternate days. Some mix grit, charcoal and cut clover with the mash, others feed them separately. It's up to you; but your neighbor may have equal success by an opposite practice. Principle is above rule.

HOW TO SELL HONEY.

Way in Which One Farmer Disposes of His Product With Profit.

Not wishing to send my honey to commission men and help to overstock the market and lower the price, I have always tried to be my own salesman. I have tried selling honey in many ways. The most pleasant and successful way is selling by sample. I find October and November the best months in the year to sell honey. I select a pleasant day, put in my satchel some nice samples of comb and extracted honey and beeswax, mount my bicycle and start for neighboring towns and cities, says the writer in Farm and Home. I visit the leading grocers and show my honey. I guarantee everything to be as good as the samples shown and promise to deliver honey safe, sound and clean, free from breakage or drip, and most always effect a sale.

Blood Will Tell.

Blood will tell in the poultry yard as in no other farm stock department. The meat breeds beat the mongrel and so do the laying breeds, each in its own specialty. Never has this been better understood than now and never has the scrub hen been in such disfavor.

CONTROL OF SWARMING.

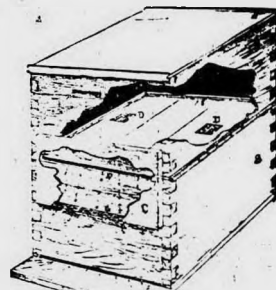
A Device Designed to Keep Down Increase While Securing Honey.

During the past three years I have made a good many experiments in trying to perfect a simple mechanical device and to evolve a system of manipulation to go with it that would enable the apiarist to control swarming effectually, secure a crop of honey, and queen his colonies at one and the same time; and having met with good success along the lines of my experimenting I have concluded to tell the bee-keeping public the results of my work, writes J. E. Chambers, of Vico, Texas, in *Gleanings in Bee Culture*.

In the illustrations, A represents the top story of a hive, and B the bottom or the lower story, with the dividing board and chute in correct position on the hive, and the entire construction and method of application are so clearly shown that any extended description is unnecessary.

The dividing board is simply a board cleated on the two upper sides and rear end. The front is not cleated, and forms the opening shown at H. The passage holes are bored through and covered with zinc, as shown at D D. The purpose of these holes is to maintain a certain degree of communication between the two hive bodies, and to guard against the possibility of the young bees in hive A deserting in too great force. In the rear end of the dividing board a small opening covered with zinc is shown at E. This serves as a flight hole, and helps to arrest and fix a certain number of bees; for by numerous experiments I found that, without these holes to act as counter-checks, the entire force will desert from hive A above, thus leaving the brood and queen unprotected to starve; but through the holes D D sufficient nurse bees come up from hive B to prevent this, and this trouble is overcome.

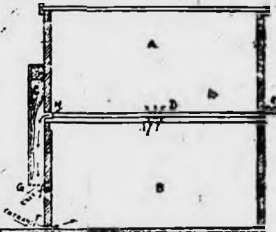
The chute is made by nailing together two pieces of timber, 1x1, six inches long, and one piece 1x1, 14 inches long, and covering one side by nailing on a thin board six inches



Arrangement of Hive.

wide and 14 long, as shown at C, and attaching a strip of zinc one inch wide and 14 long over the inch shown at G. For deep hives it might be advisable to make the chute a little deeper than six inches, in order to bring the flight of outgoing young bees down nearer to the entrance shown at F, thereby causing them to mix up with the field force going in there; but in no case should the exit G be nearer to the entrance F than 4 inches; for if brought in direct contact it might induce some of the bees to go back by the route they came, though the perforated zinc acts as a great check on such an attempt.

In using this device there are three different systems of manipulating, any one of which can be used with good results. The one I use mostly in my own apiaries is, I think, the best and easiest for extracting colonies; but



Sectional View of Hive.

for comb honey either of the others is better. Just as soon as a colony makes preparations to swarm I begin work. Selecting one comb and adhering to it I make sure that the queen is not on it. This comb should contain two or three cells well started. I now place this comb in the center of the hive represented by B, and fill up the vacant spaces with empty combs or full sheets of foundation, as bees working under these conditions can not be depended on to build combs. I now place the dividing board in position, as shown in the illustration, and set hive A over it. Nailing on the chute completes the operation for the present, except that a record of the stage of development in which the cells were at the time of manipulating must be kept, and should be marked on the hive so as to be readily seen. With this record to go by, the hive can be opened at the proper time and all cells cut, except one of the best. The hive is then closed, and requires no further attention until time to remove the dividing board and reunite the colony, which is as soon after the young queen begins to lay as possible.

Hen Utilizes Wastes.

The hen on the farm utilizes the waste.



Don Diego Montemorán at his hacienda near Sabinas, in the state of Nueva Leon, Republica de Mexico.

Friend of Banished Man.

During unhappy days for his country Diego had suffered exile. He had spent five years in Texas. It was at this period that Arno and the banished Mexican became comrades, and the warmest of friends. After a long period of waiting the edict of banishment was annulled through the influence of Diego's father—a rich and powerful senator—and the happy young man was invited to return to his home. Aided by his friend Arno, Diego had prospered in exile and he returned to his father's house not a prodigal son, but one upon whom fortune had showered favors.

Senator Montemorán had anticipated the coming of his son's friend and he stood at the great front gate of the hacienda to welcome him. Arno was delighted with the warm reception extended by the fine looking old man. In another matter he was disappointed, for he soon learned that his friend was away from home. He had been summoned in an affair of law as far away as Chihuahua.

The daughters of the senator came, and he learned that his friend had been summoned in an affair of law as far away as Chihuahua.

When Cherry Mellnote swept into the great hall of the hacienda glittering with jewels, compelling adoration in all eyes and scattering sunshine and joy in all hearts, the lover of Leona found himself rooted to one position and gasping for breath. He felt that they had hardly half described the beauty and charms of the young woman who was passing before him.

Savry Infatuated.

Scarcely a week had passed before Arno found himself devoting all his time to Cherry, to the utter neglect of Leona. Blinded by his infatuation, he failed to see the look of burning hatred and thirst for revenge in Leona's sparkling eyes.

The devoted Mexican girl had loved and trusted him. Now she thirsted for his blood. One bright morning there was a new look in the dark eyes of the girl whose sorrow all had noticed. Her pretty face sparkled with animation, and she danced and sang as one who has always lived amidst scenes of pleasure.

"Senor Arno," she said, "I have planned to make this a memorable day, one that we can never forget. I have sent some poems to Ava Sil-

vaqueros who were passing galloped upon the scene.

"Yatevo, yatevo," they shouted, firing their guns at the main trunk of the plant, hoping to make it release its victim. Some slashed the leaves and others threw ropes to the struggling man. Arno managed to get a noose under his arms, and when a Mexican had caught one of his legs they all united their strength and the mangled youth was drawn from the embrace of the terrible plant.

The Mexicans declare that in its anger its swaying arms hiss the word "Yatevo," which means "I see you." The clothing of the unfortunate young man was torn to shreds, and his body was covered with blood.

Loved and Forgiven.

The vaqueros made a litter, and Arno was hurriedly carried to the hacienda, where a physician was summoned. From the doctor Cherry learned that though the young man was badly hurt and poisoned with the juice of the minotaur, it would be possible to save his life if he could be moved to the hospital at Monterey. She did not hesitate a moment. A carriage was ordered and only a few moments passed before the sufferer was on the way to the station. Leona's smile had passed.

The unfortunate Texan lay for many weeks unconscious in the hospital. At last one of the doctors said: "He will open his eyes to-day, and probably know you." Later in the day Cherry saw a look of intelligence in his face, and when Arno tried to sit up he saw some one disappearing from the room. Finding a note pinned to his bosom, he read:

"The doctors say you can get well. Profit by your awful experience and be true to your first love. From one who—well, it might have been—Cherry."

When the young Texan again opened his eyes after a long rest he looked into a sweet, smiling face, and he heard the whispered words: "Arno, are you not glad to see me?" He struggled to hold out his arms, saying: "If you can forgive me, I will love you forever." His eyes had filled with tears, but through them he recognized his first love—little Fanny Frayne.

SERIAL STORY

THE COMMON THINGS.

The sunshine and the gentle rain,
The clear bird song that hails the morn,
The meadow land which flowers stain,
The swaying banners of the corn,
The grass that whispers to the breeze—
What common, common things are these!

The broad, blue mirror of the lake
That smiles back at the sleeping sky;
The billows, too, that leap and break
And fling their foamy jewels high;
The silver clouds that one by one
Toss back the lances of the sun.

The stars that blaze as jewels blaze,
And make the world old mystery,
While they on their appointed ways,
Go speeding through eternity
Across unfathomed seas of space
On paths that we but dimly trace—

All these are common—brook and bird,
And rose of red, and meadow green;
So common that they seem unheard,
So common that they seem unseen,
And yet there is no day or night
But borrows all of their delight.

No common thing is held apart
From us, or pent with lock and key,
But in the goodness of his heart
They are all made for you and me.
It always seems God loves the best
Things He makes the commonest.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE SPENDERS

A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

Copyright, by Lothrop Publishing Company.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Milbrey gasped. Shepler, who commanded markets to rise and they rose, or to fall and they fell—Shepler begging, entreating a child of his! Despite the soul-sickening tragedy of it, the situation was not without its element of sublimity.

"She will consider; she will reflect?" "You're guessing now, and you're as keen as that as I. Advice is not only amazingly self-willed, as you intimated a moment since, but she is intensely secretive. When she left me I could get nothing from her whatever. She was wretchedly sulky and taciturn."

"But why should she hesitate? Shepler—Rulon Shepler! My God! Is the girl crazy? The very idea of hesitation is preposterous!"

"I can't divine her. You know she has acted perversely in the past. I used to think she might have some affair of which we knew nothing—something silly and romantic. But if she had any such thing I'm sure it was ended, and she'd have jumped at this chance a year ago. You know yourself she was ready to marry young Bines, and was really disappointed when he didn't propose."

"But this is too serious." He tinkled the little silver bell.

"Find out if Miss Avicé will be down to breakfast."

"Yes, sir."

"If she's not coming down I shall go up," declared Mr. Milbrey when the man had gone.

"She's stubborn," cautioned his wife. "Gad! don't I know it?"

Jarvis returned.

"Miss Avicé won't be down, sir, and I'm to fetch her up a pot of coffee, sir."

"Take it at once, and tell her I shall be up to see her presently." Jarvis vanished.

"I think I see a way to put pressure on her, that is if the morning hasn't already brought her back to her senses."

At four o'clock that afternoon, Avicé Milbrey's ring brought Mrs. van Geist's butler to the door.

"Sandon, is Aunt Cornelia at home?"

"Yes, Miss Milbrey, she's confined to her room 'account h'of a cold, miss."

"Thank heaven!"

"Yes, miss—certainly! will you go 'up to her?"

"And Mutterchen, dear, it was a regular bombshell," she concluded after she had fluttered some of the November freshness into Mrs. van Geist's room, and breathlessly related the fact.

"You demented creature! I should say it must have been."

"Now, don't lecture!"

"But Shepler is one of the richest men in New York."

"No—not a thing—I give you my word, auntie. If he had been what I once dreamed he was, no one would be asking me to marry him now, but—do you know what I've decided? Why, that he is a joke—that's all—just a joke. You needn't think of him, Mutterchen—I don't, except to think it was funny that he should have impressed me so—he's simply a joke."

"I could have told you as much long ago."

"Tell me something now. Suppose Fred marries that Wybert woman."

"It will be a sorry day for Fred."

"Of course! Now see how I'm pinned. Dad and the mater both say the same now—they're more severe than I was. Only we were never in such straits for money. It must be had. So this is the gist of it: I ought to marry Rulon Shepler in order to save Fred from a marriage that might get us into all sorts of scandal."

"Well?"

"Well, I would do a lot for Fred. He has faults, but he's always been good to me."

"And so?"

"And so it's a question whether he marries a very certain kind of woman or whether I marry a very different kind of man."

"How do you feel?"

"For one thing, Fred sha'n't get into that kind of muddle if I can save him from it."

"Then you'll marry Shepler?"

"I'm still uncertain about Mr. Shepler."

"But you say—"

"Yes, I know, but I've reasons for being uncertain. If I told you you'd say they're like the most of a woman's reasons, mere fond, foolish hopes, so I won't tell you."

"Well, dear, work it out by your lonely if you must. I believe you'll do what's best for everybody in the end. And I am glad that your father and Margaret take your view of that woman."

"I was sure she wasn't right—and I knew Mr. Bines was too much of a man to speak of her as he did without positive knowledge. Now please give me some tea and funny little cakes; I'm famished."

"Speaking of Mr. Bines," said Mrs. van Geist, when the tea had been brought by Sandon. "I read in the paper this morning that he'd taken a party to North Carolina for the quail shooting, Eddie Arledge and his wife and that Mr. and Mrs. Garmer, and of course Florence Akemit. Should you have thought she'd marry so soon after her divorce? They say Bishop Doolittle is frightfully vexed with her."

"Really I hadn't heard. Whom is Florence to marry?"

"Mr. Bines, to be sure! Where have you been? You know she was on his yacht a whole month last summer—"



AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE.

the bishop's sister was with her—highly scandalized all the time by the drinking and gayety, and now every one's looking for the engagement to be announced. Here, what did I do with that Town Topics Cousin Cihat left? There it is on the tabouret. Read the paragraph at the top of the page."

Avicé read:

"An engagement that is rumored with uncommon persistence will put society on the qui vive when it is definitely announced. The man in the case is the young son of a mining Croesus from Montana, who has inherited the major portion of his father's millions and who began to dazzle upper Broadway about a year since by the reckless prodigality of his ways. His blonde innamorata is a recent divorcee of high social standing, noted for her sparkling wit and an unflagging exuberance of spirits. The interest of the gossips, however, centers chiefly in the uncle of the lady, a right reverend presiding over a bishopric not a thousand miles from New York, and in the attitude he will assume toward her contemplated remarriage. At the last Episcopal convention this godly and well-learned gentleman was a vehement supporter of the proposed canon to prohibit absolutely the marriage of divorced persons; and though he stoutly championed his bewitching niece through the infelicities that eventuated in South Dakota, on dit that he is highly wrought up over her present intentions, and has signified unmistakably his severest disapproval. However, nous verrons ce que nous verrons."

"But, Mutterchen, that's only one of those absurd, vulgar things that wretched paper is always printing. I could write dozens of them myself. Tom Banning says they keep one man writing them all the time, out of his own imagination, and then they put them in like raisins in a cake."

"But, my dear, I'm quite sure this

is authentic. I know from Fidelia Oldaker that the bishop began to cut up about it to Florence, and Florence defied him. That ancient theory that most gossip is without truth was exploded long ago. As a matter of fact, most gossip, at least about the people we know, doesn't do half justice to the facts. But, really, I can't see why he fancied Florence Akemit. I should have thought he'd want some one a bit less fluttery."

"I dare say you're right, about the gossip, I mean—" Miss Milbrey remarked when she had finished her tea, and refused the cakes. "I remember, now, one day when we met at her place, and he seemed so much at home there. Of course, it must be so. How stupid of me to doubt it! Now I must run. Good-by, you old dear, and be good to the cold."

"Let me know what you do."

"Indeed I shall; you shall be the first one to know. My mind is really, you know, almost made up."

A week later Mr. and Mrs. Horace Milbrey announced in the public prints the engagement of their daughter Avicé to Mr. Rulon Shepler.

CHAPTER XIX.

UNCLE PETER BINES COMES TO TOWN WITH HIS MAN.

One day in December Peter Bines of Montana City, dropped in on the family—came with his gaunt length of limb, his kind, brown old face with eyes sparkling slyly far back under his grizzled brows, with his rough, resonant, musical voice, the spring of youth in his step, and the fresh, confident strength of the big hills in his bearing.

He brought Billy Brue with him, a person whose exact social status some of Percival's friends were never able to fix with any desirable certainty. Thus, Percival had presented the old man, the morning after his arrival, to no less a person than Herbert Delancey Livingston, with whom he had smoked a cigar of unusual excellence in the cafe of the Hightower hotel.

"If you fancy that weed, Mr. Bines," said Livingston, graciously, to the old man, "I've a spare couple of hundred I'd like to let you have. The things were sent to me, but I find them rather stiffish. If your man's about the hotel I'll give him a card to my man, and let him fetch them."

"My man?" queried Uncle Peter, and, sighting Billy Brue at that moment, "why, yes, here's my man, now. Mr. Brue, shake hands with Mr. Livingston. Billy, go up to the address he gives you, and get some of these cigars. You'll relish 'em as much as I do. Now don't talk to any strangers, don't get run over, and—don't lose yourself."

Livingston had surrendered a waverling and uncertain hand to the warm, reassuring clasp of Mr. Brue.

"He ain't much fur style, Billy, ain't," Uncle Peter explained when that person had gone upon his errand. "He ain't a mite gaudy, but he's got friendly feelings."

The dazed scion of the Livingstons had thereupon made a conscientious tour of his clubs in a public house, solely for the purpose of relating this curious adventure to those best qualified to marvel at it.

The old man's arrival had been quite unexpected. Not only had he sent no word of his coming, but he seemed, indeed, not to know what his reasons had been for doing a thing so unusual.

"Thought I'd just drop in on you all and say 'howdy,'" had been his first avowal, which was lucid as far as it went. Later he involved himself in explanations that were both obscure and conflicting. Once it was that he had felt a sudden great longing for the life of a gay city. Then it was that he would have been content in Montana City, but that he had undertaken the winter in New York out of consideration for Billy Brue.

"Just think of it," he said to Percival, "that poor fellow ain't ever been east of Denver before now. It ain't good for him to be holed up out there in them hills all his life. He hadn't got any chance to improve his mind."

"He'd better improve his whiskers first thing he does," suggested Percival. "He'll be gold-bricked if he wears 'em scrambled that way around this place."

But in neither of these explanations did the curious old man impress Percival as being wholly ingenuous.

Then he remarked casually one day that he had lately met Higbee, who was on his way to San Francisco.

"I only had a few minutes with him while they changed engines at Green River, but he told me all about you folks—what a fine time you was having, yachts and card parties, and all like that. Higbee said a man ought to come to New York every now and then, jest to keep from getting rusty."

Back of this Percival imagined for a time that he had discovered Uncle Peter's true reason for descending upon them. Higbee would have regaled him with wild tales of the New York dissipation, and Uncle Peter had come promptly on to pull him up. Percival could hear the story as Higbee would word it, with the improving moral in the end of his own son snatched as a brand from the "Tenderloin," to live a life of impecunious usefulness in far Chicago. But, when he tried to hold this belief, and to prove it from his observations, he was bound to admit its falsity. For Uncle Peter had shown no inclination to act the part of an evangel from the virtuous west. He had delivered no homilies, no warnings as to the fate of people who incontinently "cut loose." He had evinced not the least sign of any disposition even to criticize.

On the contrary, indeed, he appeared to joy immensely in Percival's way of life. He manifested a willingness and

a capacity for unbending in boon companionship that were both of them quite amazing to his accomplished grandson. By degrees, and by virtue of being never at all censorious, he familiarized himself with the young man's habits and diversions. He listened delightedly to the tales of his large gambling losses, or the bouts at poker, the fruitless venture in Texas oil land, the disastrous corner in wheat, engineered by Burman, and the uniformly unsuccessful efforts to "break the bank" in Forty-fourth street. He never tired of hearing whatever adventures Percival chose to relate; and, finding that he really enjoyed them, the young man came to confide freely in him, and to associate with him without restraint.

Uncle Peter begged to be introduced at the temple of chance, and spent a number of late evenings there with his popular grandson. He also frequently made himself one of the poker coterie, and relished keenly the stock jokes as to his grandson's proneness to lose.

"Your pa," he would say, "never could learn to stay out of a Jack-pot unless he had Jacks or better; he'd come in and draw four cards to an ace any time, and then call it 'hard luck' when he didn't draw out. And he just loved straights open in the middle; said anybody could fill them that's open at both ends; but, after all I guess that's the only way to have fun at the game. If a man ain't got the sperrit to overplay aces-up when he gets 'em, he might as well be clerkin' in a bank for all the fun he'll have out of the game."

The old man's endurance of late suppers and later hours, and his unsuspected disposition to "cut loose" became twin marvels to Percival. He could not avoid contrasting this behavior with his past preaching. After a few weeks he was forced to the charitable conclusion that Uncle Peter's faculties were falling. The exposure and hardships of the winter before had undoubtedly impaired his mental powers.

"I can't make him out," he confided to his mother. "He never wants to go home nights; he can drink more than I can without batting an eye, and show up fresher in the morning, and he behaves like a young fellow just out of college. I don't know where he would bring up if he didn't have me to watch over him."

"I think it's just awful—at his time of life, too," said Mrs. Bines.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AS TO EXPERT TESTIMONY

Difference of Opinion Regarding Bones Shown in a Murder Trial.

While the jury was perspiring over the solution of a personal injury case lawyers and judge fell to talking over what an expert knew and what he didn't know on anatomy, says the Kansas City Star.

"What some of 'em don't know would fill a half dozen Carnegie libraries," remarked A. D. Risdon, one of the veterans of the bar. "Some years ago, when I happened to be 'the state of Missouri' in these parts, the sheriff brought to Kirksville one Jim Mays of Morrow township, for murdering a peddler up his way. Jim wasn't exactly an angel and at first glance it looked like they had settled on him for the guilty party on general principles."

The peddler had suddenly disappeared from Jim's neighborhood, and of course Jim killed him, they said. There were vague rumors of another man having met a like fate at Jim's hands, and as the suspect didn't go to meetin' and wash his face every day it looked like a ready-made case, only waiting the rope. Jim swore by all the gods he knew that he hadn't killed and peddler, but of course a man will talk wild when it is to his interest.

"I gently hinted to the irate community that a little evidence would be appreciated, not necessarily for publication, but as a sort of guarantee of sincerity. About that time word came to me that a certain fellow had heard a confession from Jim, after seeing him burn the peddler's body. I went up into the township and had a talk with this very important witness. He said Jim confided to him that he had killed the peddler for having tried to cheat him and that he began burning the body one day and stayed with it all night till everything was consumed but the bones."

"I gathered up a basket of the bones and brought 'em to town. The doctors here said they had once been the skeleton of a man. The grand jury insisted on returning an indictment, but I got them to hold off for a day or two. I sent two of the bones to physicians in Chicago whom I was personally acquainted with, and related the circumstances. In due course the box came back and I opened it before the jury. Inside was the report. It said in Latin where they belonged on a horse, with the added opinion that it was a scrub."

"Jim begged the bones of us and sent them around to the doctors who declared they were of human origin, with a note of congratulation. I didn't blame him much, as their opinion might have cost him his life. Two years later the peddler came back to this county, and I told him what had happened. He said he was extremely sorry; and that if his conduct had made Jim's wife a widow he would have given her a couple of the best black-bordered handkerchiefs he had in his pack."

Irish Goods from Japan. "Eris-g Bragh" was stamped on a cup purchased by a patriotic member of the Clonmel (Tipperary) Industrial association. He was surprised on examining the cup to find that it had been made in Japan.

MUSINGS OF DADDY

BOWS IN HUMILITY BEFORE ATOM OF INFANCY.

Contrast Between Their Positions At most Too Painful to Dwell Upon—The Difference in Thirty Years of Life.

As I look into the blue eyes of my baby boy I am humbled and ashamed. In age I am 30 years his senior, and yet I am painfully conscious that in wisdom he is immeasurably my superior.

What have I gained in 32 years of life that he is not better off without? I have no more hair than he. In that we score equally; but at every other point he has the advantage of me.

It is true that I have tasted pleasures with which my boy is unacquainted, but neither has he experienced the disappointments and regrets which accompany them; and so that account also is squared. He dresses better than I, but he is rich and can afford it. I work like a heathen coolie; travel in sleepless sleepers and deny myself needless raiment that he may repose in idleness and be clothed in white and spotless linen. What emperor was ever more of a tyrant; whose slaves more numerous and servile?

Everybody loves my boy. Does every one love me? Does every woman and young girl I meet yearn to kiss and smother me with affectionate caresses? I have not observed it.

Is the germ fighting apparatus of the modern hospital employed in the preparation of my food and my toilet? No, I am pursued by unfriendly microbes and invite diseases at every lunch counter. My boy is antiseptic. He is immune.

My boy is fearless. While my education and experience and knowledge have taught me to be a coward, he is wiser than that, for he knows instinctively that no harm can come to him, and so no real harm does or can come to him. He is helpless and unafraid.

Does the insecurity of my position or even of life itself cause him any anxiety? No, these things do not disturb his infantile slumbers.

I can worry about such trifles if I like, but it takes something more serious than death or financial disaster to move him to tears. Take away his bottle for a moment, and you will see what a real calamity is.

In 30 years I have learned some thing of good and evil, and knowing nothing of either, he has no troublesome responsibility in the matter.

Yes, my baby boy is wiser than I—wiser than any of us—even Solomon with all his wisdom. I think, was not wiser than one of these!—N. Y. Sun.

Street Cars Fatal to Cats. The street car bumped cheerily along on the uneven tenor of its way. The one passenger groaned in unison with the jolts and clung to the side of his seat with the stolid endurance of an Indian at the torture stake. The conductor and driver were exchanging reminiscences.

"We ran over a dog this morning," quoth the former.

"You don't say!" responded the driver. "That was going some."

"Yep; a little terrier. He rushed right out after a cat, and biff! It was all over."

"Talking of cats," resumed the driver. "If they ain't the strangest beasts I ever seen! A cat will mostly skin through anything, but when it comes to a headlight it's all off. Going along at night I see them sitting on the track perhaps as much as a block away. There they'll sit, their eyes blazing away like two electric lights. Not a move till they are struck. They seem fairly dazed by the headlight. It's mesmerism; that's what it is."

Just then another passenger boarded the car and the conductor moved off musically to hold him up for a nickel.

Chinese View of Our Club Women. Among the many invitations I have received was one to meet some "club women." The club woman is an American product. It is now fashionable to belong to clubs, hence as a rule the clubs are made up often as follows:

First. Women who wish to attain notoriety. They find in the club an opportunity to read original papers, poems and verses—as the members have rules by which they agree to listen to the literary productions of fellow members.

Second. Women who by this way increase their acquaintance.

Third. Women who dislike household work.

Fourth. Women who really and honestly believe they are contributing to human knowledge and happiness by reading papers and poems on all cognate and possible subjects.—A Chinese Gentleman, in Metropolitan.

Forgiveness After Revenge. A young woman named Louise Boyer was seated in a Paris cafe recently when her husband rushed in and struck her three times in the back with a knife. The woman shrieked and fell unconscious. The murderer then stooped over his victim, and saying: "Now, I am revenged. I am no longer angry with you—I love you," kissed her tenderly. He lifted her out of the cafe and into a cab, and was driving on when the police stopped him.

Not Far Wrong. Mollie—Mabel boasts of having family jewels.

Dolly—Well, I know her engagement ring was in three families before Jack gave it to her.—Cassell's Journal.

BACKACHE IS KIDNEYACHE.

Get at the Cause—Cure the Kidneys.

Don't neglect backache. It warns you of trouble in the kidneys. Avert the danger by curing the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. J. A. Haywood, a well known resident of Lufkin, Tex., says: "I wrenched my back working in a sawmill, was laid up six weeks, and from that time had pain in my back whenever I stooped or lifted. The urine was badly disordered and for a long time I had attacks of gravel. After I began using Doan's Kidney Pills the gravel passed out, and my back got well. I haven't had backache or bladder trouble since."

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

Handkerchiefs Date from 1743. The first pocket handkerchiefs, utilized in the manner they are to-day, were manufactured at Paisley in 1743.

Another Triumph for X-Rays. So successful has the application of the X-rays been in the treatment of children suffering from ringworm, that the Metropolitan Asylums Board, London, has been enabled to discontinue the use of one of the two institutions reserved for such cases.

Cuba Wants Immigrants. The Cuban congress, at its recent session, appropriated \$1,000,000 to be used for the purpose of inducing immigrants to come to Cuba from Europe and the Canary Islands. It is proposed to pay the passage of each emigrant from his home. The field hands are to be brought from Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Italy.

Schools Spreading in China. A few years ago the foreign missionary schools were practically the only institutions in Foochow offering facilities for the acquisition of western learning. There are now at least 30 native schools fashioned after the foreign model. Foochow is a city of 600,000 inhabitants, and these schools embrace about 2,000 students. Posters placarded all over the city advertise the opening of various modern schools, which are springing up in every nook and corner of the place. Scarcely a week passes without the announcement of the opening of a new school.

HE MADE THE OPPORTUNITY How Educator Succeeded in Desire to Address Students.

A distinguished educator of Boston, who once visited a western college during examination week, was, for some reason or other, not asked to address the students, as he had expected he would be. In chapel he was merely requested to lead in prayer, which he did in this wise:

"Be pleased, rather in Heaven, to guide the steps of the president of this college. Thou knowest that he was a classmate of Thy servant, a graduate of the class of '84, taking high honors. Thine eye hath looked with favor upon the happy choice that resulted in his appointment, with the consent of the trustees, as the head of this institution. Thou knowest that the students of this college ought to look upon him as a friend as well as their president. Thou knowest that thy servant is well pleased with the high standards of scholarship here prevailing and with the righteousness and loyalty of the students."

Finally, to the intense delight of the students, the visitor concluded his prayer as follows:

"And I thank Thee for this opportunity to address the students of this college."

GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. No Medicine so Beneficial to Brain and Nerves.

Lying awake nights makes it hard to keep awake and do things in day time. To take "tonics and stimulants" under such circumstances is like setting the house on fire to see if you can put it out.

The right kind of food promotes refreshing sleep at night and a wide awake individual during the day.

A lady changed from her old way of eating, to Grape-Nuts, and says:

"For about three years I had been a great sufferer from indigestion. After trying several kinds of medicine, the doctor would ask me to drop off potatoes, then meat, and so on, but in a few days that craving, gnawing feeling would start up, and I would vomit everything I ate and drank."

"When I started on Grape-Nuts, vomiting stopped, and the bloating feeling which was so distressing disappeared entirely."

"My mother was very much bothered with diarrhea before commencing the Grape-Nuts, because her stomach was so weak she could not digest her food. Since using Grape-Nuts she is well, and says she don't think she could live without it."

"It is a great brain restorer and nerve builder, for I can sleep as sound and undisturbed after a supper of Grape-Nuts as in the old days when I could not realize what they meant by a 'bad stomach.' There is no medicine so beneficial to nerves and brain as a good night's sleep, such as you can enjoy after eating Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION

By MAUD WINIFRED SPENCE

The Sophomore was drawing his hands leisurely out of the pockets of his trousers, and reluctantly stowing away under his arm a small Greek lexicon, a text-book of Aristotle, and an English translation.

The books had been lying on the window sill for over a week, unheeded, save when the maid flicked the dust off them in the early morning.

The Sophomore lingered beside the open window. It was a fatal mistake, for presently a young girl came from over the fields across his line of vision, footing the daisies lightly in her passage.

She swung open the low gate carelessly and tripped into the rose-garden among the butterflies.

"Hello!" she cried, catching sight of the face at the window. "Thought you were studying, Ralph."

"So I am," replied the Sophomore, "or rather, so I'm intending. What's it like out, Mollie?"

She came close to the window and looked in upon him.

"It's hot in the sun, and everything seems sleepy; but it's nice in the garden—quite cool with a breeze, and the birds are talking—but, of course you're studying."

"Yes, of course, I'm—studying," he answered.

"And you like studying—don't you?"

"Yes—awfully."

"It's very good of you, then, to have denied yourself such a great pleasure for over a week."

"Don't mention it."

The girl took up the text-book which had fallen from Ralph's arm, on to the window ledge.

"It's odd stuff to like so immensely. Who made it?" she queried, turning over the pages aimlessly.

"Aristotle."

"Who's he?"

"A great philosopher."

"Oh!"

Again the young man took up the lexicon, the text-book, and the English translation. Sitting down, he opened



"IT IS VERY COOL AND PLEASANT UP HERE," SAID MOLLY, SITTING HERSELF BIRDLIKE UPON HER PERCH.

the text-book. It smelt of tobacco, and showed pencil markings on the margin at intervals. For awhile he interested himself with turning over the pages, noting these.

Half an hour later a servant handed him a thin, orange-colored envelope. When Ralph had read the 12 brief words, he placed the books upon the window sill and went into the garden and round by the outbuildings.

On the shadiest side a rude see-saw had been put together. Mollie was sitting on the further end of the slanting beam, a book upon her lap.

Ralph approached the see-saw cautiously on the side Mollie was backing. Then he threw his weight upon the raised end of the beam.

"Hold on tight!" he called out.

Instantly the position of the beam began to reverse. Mollie went swinging up gently into mid-air. Ralph sat on the other end firmly, his arms folded, his feet resting among the daisies and outcrops that bestrewn the field.

The girl uttered a little cry of surprise as the see-saw was put in motion and the open book fell from her lap crushing the grass.

"What are you up to, Ralph? Let me down!" she called from her lofty throne.

"Not till you agree to fulfill your promise of last night," he answered from the buttermilk and daisies.

"Why are you so persistent?" she asked.

"Because I am going away this evening. I have had a telegram. It is my last chance."

"It is very cool and pleasant up here," said Mollie, settling herself birdlike upon her perch. "I'm enjoying it so much."

"Awfully glad to hear it," Ralph answered.

"What a pity you didn't bring your Aristotle with you!" the girl said presently. "You could have read such a lot of it."

"I'm quite content with my present position," said the voice from the daisies.

"Hem! It's very lowly. You're easily

satisfied," answered the voice from the cloudless blue.

"You're going to fulfill your promise?" asked the voice from the earth.

"I can't hear. I'm too high up," called back the treble voice.

A long silence followed, broken only by the varied sounds that help to make the summer.

Presently the young scholar caught sight of the book Mollie had been so intent upon. It was an old Greek grammar—one of his own. He recognized it at once.

"Why, little Mollie!" he cried, giving a start that nearly resulted in a catastrophe to the girl poised above him. "What are you doing with Greek?"

"I thought I would take it up," she answered, with a grand air, "as you seem to consider it so nice."

"Is that a recommendation?" he asked.

She was silent.

"Why didn't you ask me to teach you Greek? There was just a touch of earnestness in his tone.

"I did not like to disturb you," she answered, turning away her head demurely.

"But I have not really done any work since I came down here; you know that quite as well as I do. Mollie, look at me."

"I can't; my neck aches on that side."

"Mollie, I am going away this evening."

"I've heard that before."

"Mollie, why won't you be kind to me?"

"I am kind. I leave you to your studies in peace."

"But I don't like studying while I'm here."

"Then why did you say so this afternoon?"

"I was trying to think that I liked it."

Mollie turned her head and looked down upon him from her exalted position.

"But you like Aristotle—awfully, don't you?"

"Not when you are near," he said digging his heel into the daisies.

"Oh! So you are trying to be a good boy this afternoon?"

"I found it harder than I thought," he answered, somewhat dejectedly.

"Poor boy!" she murmured consolingly from full, red lips.

Another silence ensued.

"Couldn't you teach me some Greek now?" asked the girl. "Say something to me in Greek. It would help to pass the time away, you know."

He looked up with thoughtful eyes.

"Zoe mou sas agapo," he said, repeating the line slowly from Byron's "Maid of Athens." He knew his Byron better than his Aristotle. "That's a very short sentence, but it means a lot."

"What does it mean?" she asked, leaning towards him.

"Something very nice."

"Say the funny sentence again," she demanded.

"Zoe mou sas agapo," he murmured, as before.

"Do translate it," she urged.

"Some day I will come back and translate it to you," Ralph said, avoiding her gaze.

"Thank you," she answered curtly; "you need not take the trouble. Greek is not so very interesting to me; and, after all, I don't pretend to be wise. I'll only a—butterfly! Oh, sit still, Ralph! Remember, we are on a see-saw!"

"Mollie, I want to tell you something—I am going to be 'wise' for once, or rather, I am going to try to be wise."

"Is it very hard?"

"Yes, dreadfully."

"Yet you read Aristotle; and he was a very wise man."

"Oh, yes, he was all that; but he didn't understand this sort of thing, you know."

"What sort of thing?"

"This see-sawing sort of thing."

"Wasn't that funny sentence from Aristotle?"

"Oh, no." An amused smile passed over the young man's face. "Aristotle never wrote anything so nice as that."

"Tell me what the sentence means, and then—and then—and then you can let me down from the see-saw. But you'll do it gently, won't you?"

"You understand what you are saying, Mollie? You understand the whole of it?"

She nodded her head.

He fixed his gaze upon her and began translating slowly.

"Zoe means 'life'—mou, 'of me'—agapo means—sas agapo means—"

"What does it mean?"

"What do you think?"

"I can't think; it's all Greek to me." He looked away into the shadows.

"Ralph, what does sas agapo mean?" He slid dexterously nearer the center of the plank, allowing it to balance till they were on a level.

"It means 'you—I—love.'"

In a moment he was at her side.

"Now, Mollie," he cried, putting his arm about her, "give me the kiss you promised me last night."

Meanwhile, around a latticed window, gay roses nodded knowingly at a small Greek lexicon, a text-book of Aristotle, and an English translation, lying on the window sill. They shook their beautiful heads knowingly, especially at the English translation.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

ERRORS ABOUT THE WHITE HOUSE.

To the Editor:

I noticed somewhere recently—I would not say positively that it was in your columns—an article on the White House which contained several misstatements.

In the first place it was stated the White House was first occupied in 1809 and that its first occupant was President Madison. The fact is, its first occupant was President Adams, who took up his residence there in 1800.

The original mansion was begun in 1792. In 1814 it was burned by the British and rebuilt in 1818.

Another of the errors in the article referred to was the statement that ready-prepared paint is used on the White House to make it beautifully white.

I noticed this especially because I have used considerable paint myself and wondered that "canned" paint should be used on such an important building when all painters know that pure white lead and linseed oil make the best paint.

I thought I would take it up," she answered, with a grand air, "as you seem to consider it so nice."

"Is that a recommendation?" he asked.

She was silent.

"Why didn't you ask me to teach you Greek? There was just a touch of earnestness in his tone.

"I did not like to disturb you," she answered, turning away her head demurely.

"But I have not really done any work since I came down here; you know that quite as well as I do. Mollie, look at me."

"I can't; my neck aches on that side."

"Mollie, I am going away this evening."

"I've heard that before."

"Mollie, why won't you be kind to me?"

"I am kind. I leave you to your studies in peace."

"But I don't like studying while I'm here."

"Then why did you say so this afternoon?"

"I was trying to think that I liked it."

Mollie turned her head and looked down upon him from her exalted position.

"But you like Aristotle—awfully, don't you?"

"Not when you are near," he said digging his heel into the daisies.

"Oh! So you are trying to be a good boy this afternoon?"

"I found it harder than I thought," he answered, somewhat dejectedly.

"Poor boy!" she murmured consolingly from full, red lips.

Another silence ensued.

"Couldn't you teach me some Greek now?" asked the girl. "Say something to me in Greek. It would help to pass the time away, you know."

He looked up with thoughtful eyes.

"Zoe mou sas agapo," he said, repeating the line slowly from Byron's "Maid of Athens." He knew his Byron better than his Aristotle. "That's a very short sentence, but it means a lot."

"What does it mean?" she asked, leaning towards him.

"Something very nice."

"Say the funny sentence again," she demanded.

"Zoe mou sas agapo," he murmured, as before.

"Do translate it," she urged.

"Some day I will come back and translate it to you," Ralph said, avoiding her gaze.

"Thank you," she answered curtly; "you need not take the trouble. Greek is not so very interesting to me; and, after all, I don't pretend to be wise. I'll only a—butterfly! Oh, sit still, Ralph! Remember, we are on a see-saw!"

"Mollie, I want to tell you something—I am going to be 'wise' for once, or rather, I am going to try to be wise."

"Is it very hard?"

"Yes, dreadfully."

"Yet you read Aristotle; and he was a very wise man."

"Oh, yes, he was all that; but he didn't understand this sort of thing, you know."

"What sort of thing?"

"This see-sawing sort of thing."

"Wasn't that funny sentence from Aristotle?"

"Oh, no." An amused smile passed over the young man's face. "Aristotle never wrote anything so nice as that."

"Tell me what the sentence means, and then—and then—and then you can let me down from the see-saw. But you'll do it gently, won't you?"

"You understand what you are saying, Mollie? You understand the whole of it?"

She nodded her head.

He fixed his gaze upon her and began translating slowly.

"Zoe means 'life'—mou, 'of me'—agapo means—sas agapo means—"

"What does it mean?"

"What do you think?"

"I can't think; it's all Greek to me." He looked away into the shadows.

"Ralph, what does sas agapo mean?" He slid dexterously nearer the center of the plank, allowing it to balance till they were on a level.

"It means 'you—I—love.'"

In a moment he was at her side.

"Now, Mollie," he cried, putting his arm about her, "give me the kiss you promised me last night."

Meanwhile, around a latticed window, gay roses nodded knowingly at a small Greek lexicon, a text-book of Aristotle, and an English translation, lying on the window sill. They shook their beautiful heads knowingly, especially at the English translation.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

THE WHITE RIVER COUNTRY.

In the opinion of one who has traveled much and observed closely, the most truly and rightfully contented people in the United States to-day are the small landowners in what is known as the Upper White River Country, anywhere from Newport, Ark., to Carthage, Mo. They are contented because their surroundings are ideal and, until recently, the great, uneasy, disquieting world, with its artificial needs and inadequate compensations, has been to them but little more tangible than a dream. Here, still existent, and by reason of their very rarity at this day and time more delectable than in the past, are the conditions which have ever appealed with irresistible force to the independent-spirited Anglo-Saxon. Every man is the supreme ruler of his own little principality; acknowledging no master save the law—and possibly his feminine helpmeet; clinging to no employer; asking no favors from the world, save those that his neighbors freely extend and expect as freely in return. He lives in a latitude where the extremes of heat or cold are never known, and at an altitude that insures perfect health. The richest bounty of Nature has been showered upon him with unsparring hand, but it is a question whether he more than dimly realizes the fact. He accepts as a matter of course the fertile soil which produces in abundance every cultivable growth common to the north temperate zone, the surrounding forests of valuable woods and the underlying strata of precious minerals, the springs and streams of translucent purity, on every hand, the wealth of fish and game at his very door, such as less favored mortals annually travel hundreds of miles to find. He is contented, but small credit is his for that, for how could he well be otherwise than content? It is sad that such idealistic conditions may not continue, but it is written that the present possessors of this favored land must soon give place to others more appreciative of its incomparable features. A railroad has recently cut its way through the best of this region, and the unaccustomed rattle of bank notes and clink of coin will eventually tempt the hill-dweller to part with his birthright. So it has always been in the world's history—the good things that are ours without price invariably pass from our hands before we come to understand their value. The White River country will shortly be discovered anew by a class of immigrants better capable of judging its possibilities—the men who seek modest homes where the "lay of the land" will effectually prevent crowding by too close neighbors, where their cattle can fatten on free range, where the wealth of forest and mine awaits development by intelligent workers, and where the game and fish offer enjoyable recreation to all who have leisure and inclination for sport.

GIANT RADISHES OF THE EAST

There the Vegetable Grows to an Enormous Size.

Radishes in North China and in Japan are as important and ubiquitous a part of every meal as is bread in America. In both countries many millions of bushels of this vegetable are grown every year, and they are to be had at all seasons. It is thus easy to understand why these parts of the world grow the strangest and biggest radishes known.

The giants beside the little French Breakfast, our favorite American variety, are but babies beside the monsters they grow under the warms, moist influences of the oriental climate.

These radishes are grown on American soil from seeds imported by the United States department of agriculture from China. They take well to the American climate, and probably would have weighed five pounds when full grown.

When these fellows are grown in China they rapidly form a great brilliant red globe eight to ten inches in diameter and weighing sometimes 20 pounds. Another kind is snow white and grows a foot long, and still another is a brilliant green on the outside and a beautiful wine red when the skin is cut. Some of these strange vegetables are exceedingly delicate in flavor and texture when grown under favorable conditions.

England Mourns Dairy Butter.

The London Times asserts that genuine dairy butter is a thing fast paying for. Four-fifths of the population of London, the Times asserts, have never seen it in their lives. Those who know what it is have great difficulty in procuring it, and cannot obtain it in many cases at any price. What is called genuine butter in London, the Times says, is blended and reworked butter.

DUBIOUS

About What Her Husband Would Buy.

A Mich. woman tried Postum Food Coffee because ordinary coffee disagreed with her and her husband. She writes:

"My husband was sick for three years with catarrh of the bladder, and palpitation of the heart, caused by coffee. Was unable to work at all and in bed part of the time.

"I had stomach trouble, was weak and fretful so I could not attend to my household—both of us using coffee all the time, and realizing it was harmful.

"One morning the grocer's wife said she believed coffee was the cause of our trouble and advised Postum. I took it home rather dubious about what my husband would say—he was fond of coffee.

"But I took coffee right off the table, and we haven't used a cup of it since. You should have seen the change in us, and now my husband never complains of heart palpitation any more. My stomach trouble went away in two weeks after I began Postum. My children love it and it does them good, which can't be said of coffee.

"A lady visited us who was always half sick. I told her I'd make her a cup of Postum. She said it was tasteless stuff, but she watched me make it, boiling it thoroughly for 15 minutes, and when done she said it was splendid. Long boiling brings out the flavor and food quality." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

The man who plays the favorite doesn't always win by a long shot.

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

Truly a Modern Patriarch. James Webb, of Peters, San Joaquin county, California, celebrated July 27, his one hundredth birthday. He was born in Kentucky. He had 13 children, seven of whom survive, the eldest being 80. He has 51 grandchildren, about 150 great-grandchildren and 20 great-great-grandchildren. One hundred of his descendants attended the celebration.

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 *Chas. H. Tutcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Saw Own Contrivances at Work. Lord Kelvin paid a visit to the British schoolship for navigating officers at Portsmouth, on which are several mechanical contrivances and appliances of his own invention. The practical working of these had to be demonstrated and explained to him. Lord Kelvin understood the theoretical principles of the mechanism, but had never seen them applied and at work before.

Superb Service, Splendid Scenery en route to Niagara Falls, Muskoka and Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay and Temagami Region, St. Lawrence River and Rapids, Thousand Islands, Algonquin National Park, White Mountains and Atlantic Sea Coast resorts, via Grand Trunk Railway System. Double track Chicago to Montreal and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

For copies of tourist publications and descriptive pamphlets apply to Geo. W. Vaux, A. G. P. & T. A., 135 Adams St., Chicago.

How to Put On Gloves.

Open and turn back the gloves to the thumb and powder lightly. Put the fingers in their places, not the thumb, and carefully work them on with the first finger and thumb of the other hand until they are quite down; never press between the fingers. Pass the thumb into its place with care and work on as the fingers. Turn back the glove and slide it over the hand and wrist, never pinching the kid, and work the glove into proper place by means of the lightest pressure, always allowing the kid to slide between the fingers. In finishing care should be taken in fastening the first button.

BABY COVERED WITH SORES.

Would Scratch and Tear the Flesh Unless Hands Were Tied—"Would Have Died But for Cuticura."

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still, he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk. My aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent to the drug store and got a cake of the Soap and a box of the Ointment, and at the end of about two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. He is now strong and healthy, and I can sincerely say that only for your most wonderful remedies my precious child would have died from those terrible sores. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, R. F. D. No. 1, Woodville, Conn., April 22, 1905."

Beware of Serbian Bank Notes.

There is dismay in the Serbian ministry of finance. In the strong room in this department, in a specific safe, were stored the engraved plates from which Serbian bank notes were struck. These plates were engraved in Paris and cost a sum of £1,600. All these plates have within the past few days been found to be stolen from the safe, without any visible sign of the safe having been tampered with.

Spreading India's Fisheries.

India is learning a lesson from Japan, where fish ekes out the agricultural situation. There, ten per cent of the population are engaged in the fisheries industry, as against one per cent in India, where all the fishing is still done within six miles of the shore, and in the most primitive manner.

When the landlord has the rent in his pocket he's apt to forget about the rent in the roof.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Has Been Buried for Centuries. The body of a young woman has been discovered in the ancient Priddy lead mines in Somersetshire, England, some 16 or 17 feet deep in the waterborne silt that has been accumulating since the days before the Romans came. The hair is wonderfully preserved and remains in the plait in which it was worked. Beside the body were found five large blue and green glass beads.

The First Quill Pens. Quill pens came into use in 553; the first steel ones in 1820, when the first gross of them sold for \$36.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 35, 1906.

Economy is the road to wealth. PUTNAM FADELESS DYE is the road to economy.

Every married woman under 40 knows a man she thinks she might marry if her husband should happen to die.

His Only Concern. A well known member of the New York bar, a man of most patronizing manner, one day met John G. Carlisle, to whom he observed loftily, "I see, Carlisle, that the supreme court has overruled you in the case of Mullins versus Jenkinson. But," he added, in his grand way, "you, Carlisle, need feel no concern about your reputation."

Carlisle chuckled. "Quite so," he agreed. "I'm only concerned for the reputation of the supreme court."—Harper's Weekly.

TUMORS CONQUERED

SERIOUS OPERATIONS AVOIDED.

Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the Case of Mrs. Fannie D. Fox.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, Tumor.

The growth of a tumor is so sly that frequently its presence is not suspected until it is far advanced.



So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages, or the presence of danger may be made manifest by profuse monthly periods, accompanied by unusual pain, from the abdomen through the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or displacement, secure a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and begin its use.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will give you her advice if you will write her about yourself. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I take the liberty to congratulate you on the success I have had with your wonderful medicine. Eighteen months ago my periods stopped. Shortly after I felt so badly that I submitted to a thorough examination by a physician and was told that I had a tumor and would have to undergo an operation.

"Soon after I read one of your advertisements and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. After taking five bottles I directed the tumor is entirely gone. I have been examined by a physician and he says I have no signs of a tumor now. It has also brought my periods around once more, and I am entirely well."—Fannie D. Fox, 7 Chestnut Street, Bradford, Pa.

YOU CANNOT CURE

all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions of the mucous membrane such as nasal catarrh, uterine catarrh caused by feminine ills, 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 ills ever produced. Thousands of women testify to this fact, 50 cents at druggists.

Send for Free Trial Box

THE R. FANTON CO., Boston, Mass.

37,500,000 PEOPLE DIE EACH YEAR

In the United States, alone, more than a million die yearly from preventable disease.

GOOD HEALTH

tells you these startling facts exist. GOOD HEALTH is the oldest health journal in the world, a big handsomely illustrated and ably edited magazine for the home. The price is one dollar a year. Single copies ten cents.

Send twenty-five cents and this advertisement for a trial three months' subscription.

GOOD HEALTH PUBLISHING COMPANY, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

EDUCATIONAL

The Greatest Boarding College in the World

University of Notre Dame
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

Its guarantee points: Our students study and our students behave themselves. 18 Buildings 75 Professors 800 Students

Courses in Ancient and Modern Languages, English, History, and Economics, Chemistry, Biology, Pharmacy, Civil, Electrical, and Mechanical Engineering, Architecture, Law, Short-hand, Book-binding, Typewriting.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR BOYS UNDER THIRTEEN

TERMS: Board, Tuition, and Laundry, \$400. Send ten cents to the Registrar for Catalogue

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claimants. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.

WINTER Wheat, 80 bushels per acre. Sells for \$1.00. Buy 100 bushels for \$100.00.

CUTTING THEIR WORDS SHORT.

Writers of English No Longer Use Extended Sentences.

"The English sentence grown shorter and shorter," said an essayist. "Spencer, Sir Thomas More, Lyly and Sidney used sentences of the average length of 55 words. Nowadays the sentences of the average journalist are only 15 words long. Bacon introduced the short sentence. At a time when everybody else was using 50 words he took 22. Praise be to Bacon!

"Macaulay used a very short sentence. Its average length was 23 words. Dickens' average was 28. Thackeray's was 31. Matthew Arnold's sentences are long, but beautifully balanced. They are of 37 words. Henry James' are longer and, though intricate, graceful and well worth puzzling out, for in each of them a powerful meaning is concealed. They are 39-ers.

"Kipling's sentences contain 21 words, George Moore's 24, H. G. Wells' 23, Upton Sinclair's 22."

WIFE HAD HER TRIBULATIONS.

Hard Time Indeed With Such an Unaccommodating Husband.

"John," asked his wife as he was beginning to dream that he had patented something and made a million, "did you lock the door?"

"Yes."

"The pantry window's open!"

"No 'tain't. I shut it."

"Hurry down and turn off the gas stove. I'm almost sure Hulda forgot and left it burning when she went to bed."

"No, 's all right. I looked."

"You didn't fasten the side screen door. Go and hook it or it'll flap all night and keep us awake."

"S all right. I hooked it."

"John Pritchard, get up quick. Don't you know that I shan't be able to go to sleep to-night unless you go and look around to see whether you haven't forgotten something? My goodness, it's a wonder you haven't driven me into nervous prostration long before this!"

"Where Shelley Wrote 'The Centi.'"

On the walls of the palace on the Corso, where Shelley lived for a time, until the death of his child, the Roman municipality have affixed the now usual tablet. And this tablet shows a very curious little misunderstanding, and divergence of verbal habits, between Italy and England. "Here," says the inscription, "Shelley wrote 'The Centi.'" But the words of the Italian are "La Centi." Now, no Englishman could possibly read Shelley's title but as a family name—"The Centi," in the plural. That an Englishman should call Beatrice "the Centi" in the feminine singular, as one may speak of "a Duse" or "a Patti," is altogether inconceivable. To the Italian municipal mind it seemed that Shelley naturally called his heroine and his tragedy "La Centi." What a pity that none but editors decline English articles!

Did You Know This?

"Say, d'you know anything 'bout hosses, hey? D'you know they'll eat pork? Well, they will, when it's fed 'em an' they have to. The heaves stops, subsequent, though they're an all-fired sight wuss afterwards. Belle went right onto a meat flet, hog-meat an' oil cakes. Yep, linned oil—it'll fat a ralf fence. Belle took on weight amazin'. Cur us thing 'bout oil cakes, though; once a hoss has been fatted on 'em, an' then grows pickled agin, there ain't nothin' in God's world'll put flesh onto him a second time. You can try as much as you're a mind to; it ain't no use."—American Magazine.

Remember Your Umbrella.

"How do you manage to keep your umbrella from being spirited away? And how do you avoid leaving them on trains?" asked a girl who was a frequent "Lost" advertiser. On this occasion she was exulting in the surprise of seeing an answer to her rain-sheeder. "When you sit in a car," said her companion, "place the umbrella on the outside, between yourself and the aisle. Thus the umbrella is a fence. It bars you in. When you jump up hastily to get off at your station, you fall over the umbrella. You cannot forget it."

Cruel Man.

At a recent entertainment in a Brooklyn school, relates the New York Sun, the deaf and dumb mother of one of the little boys in the audience sat next to him while he interpreted the recitations for her. Another mother, hearing that the husband of the afflicted woman had all his faculties unimpaired, remarked with a touch of pity in her tone: "I don't see how a man could marry a woman whose voice he never had heard and never expected to hear."

"Maybe," said her husband, "that is why he married her."

The wife pondered a bit, and then exclaimed: "Wretch!"

Never Gets By.

"I always hate to pass an ice cream saloon when I'm walking with my girl."

"When I'm out with my girl I've never happened to pass one."

"That's strange. How do you manage it?"

"I don't manage it; she does. She always insists upon going in."—Catho-lic Standard and Times.

HIS MISSION 'N CALLENTE.

Miner in Town During Flood Was Not After Water.

Kenneth C. Kerr, of the Salt Lake route, is telling a story about a flood in the south end of the great Meadow valley in the Nevada "arid" district. The streets of Callente were almost entirely under water. Before that time Callente was a dry, desert town, and the miners came there with pack horses to take water from the local supply out to the mines. The second day Callente was flooded an old miner who worked beyond the limits of the flood came into town with two pack animals bearing receptacles for water. He waded through about two feet of water and finally reached the hotel. In the doorway of the building stood a local man. When the latter saw the old miner, he smiled.

"Hey, 'lick!" he called. "I see you've swum to town to get a little water."

"Ye're wrong," came the reply. "I ain't after water."

"What do you want, then?"

"I'm going to take a few gallons of good dry land back with me to that arid country," said the miner, solemnly.—Denver Post.

CENTENARIANS OF THE WORLD

Bulgaria Easily Holds Record for Long-Lived People.

A German statistician has made a careful investigation to discover in which countries the greatest age is attained. The German empire, with 55,000,000 population, has but 78 subjects who are more than 100 years old. France, with fewer than 40,000,000, has 213 persons who have passed their hundredth birthday. England has 146; Scotland, 46; Denmark, 2; Belgium, 5; Sweden, 10; and Norway, with 2,000,000 inhabitants, 23. Switzerland does not boast a single centenarian, but Spain, with about 13,000,000 population, has 410. The most amazing figures come from that troublesome and turbulent region, known as the Balkan peninsula. Serbia has 573 persons who are more than 100 years old; Roumania, 1,084, and Bulgaria, 3,883. In other words, Bulgaria has a centenarian to every 1,000 inhabitants, and thus holds the international record for old people. In 1892 alone there died in Bulgaria 350 persons who had exceeded the century.

Proved Her Proposition.

Timothy Woodruff tells of a family in Dutchess county who recently took into their employ a rosy-cheeked Irish maid of all work, whose blunders afforded amusement to compensate for any trouble she may entail.

One day the owner of the place stated in the girl's hearing that he intended to have a woodhouse built on a piece of ground which at that time inclosed a well.

"Shure, sor," said the inquiring Margaret, "will you be movin' the well to a more convenient spot whin the woodhouse is builded?"

As a smile crossed the face of her employer, Margaret at once perceived she had made a mistake.

"It's a fool I am, shure," she added, hastily, bound to retrieve herself. "Of course, whin the well was moved 'ry drop of water would run out of it!"—Harper's Weekly.

Another Reason.

In a certain town where there are two football clubs of about equal merit, the captain of one had thrown up his position and joined the rival organization.

Shortly afterward the two clubs were matched to meet; but on the night before the game the new member of the X— club appeared before his comrades and asked to be excused from playing.

"Why, what's the matter, Johnnie?" asked the captain. "We were relying on you to assist us in beating the Rovers!"

"Well, you see," explained Johnnie, "I was captain of the Rovers, and I know 'em all. I'd rather not play. I don't want to hurt 'em!"

"Have you any other reason?"

"Yes," said Johnny, briskly. "I don't want 'em to hurt me!"

Lack of Arms No Handicap.

New Zealand possess a postmaster who, for all practical purposes, is armless. Owing to a deformity which renders his hands useless he is obliged to do all his clerical work of his office with his feet. His name is Ernest C. Moon. He uses an indelible pencil in his official work, with which he writes clearly and legibly. He makes out money orders, postal notes, and the periodical official statements by using his feet. In the same way he applies the date stamps to letters with wonderful rapidity. Moon can also use a hammer, saw and other carpenter's tools with his feet.

Peculiarity of Rivers.

There are rivers which are deeper than the rivers into which they flow. The Saguenay is one of them. Where the St. Lawrence receives the Saguenay the former is a vast river, wide as a rather large lake, deep and majestic, but the Saguenay is deeper, where it breaks through the Laurentian mountains, than any of the great lakes. Its bottom is about a quarter of a mile below the bed of the St. Lawrence.

Speaking Within Bounds.

"This certainly is the limit," said the detective, as he raided a "house."

AT LAST THE REASON'S PLAIN!

Spinster Tells Why Her Sisterhood Sticks to Tabbles.

"If I had a dog," mused the old maid, as she surveyed her sleek, sleeping puss, "there are several things I would not do. I wouldn't go calling with him on a friend that owned a cat. In fact, I wouldn't take him calling at all, to see him run around my friend's house and chew up a pair of rubbers or anything else he might fancy.

"I wouldn't permit him to jump on a caller's dress, leaving his dirty foot-prints on her best gown, and sometimes tearing it with his paws.

"I wouldn't tie him up and go off for the day, while he made life miserable for the neighbors with his steady howling.

"I wouldn't take him shopping and get him mixed up with all the other shoppers.

"I wouldn't permit him to hop on the seat beside me in a car, so that the next woman who sat down after he had vacated would cover her gown with dog hairs and probably take on a flea or two.

"I wouldn't interrupt conversation to call attention to how cunningly he cocked his head on one side, or how white his teeth showed when he yawned.

"I wouldn't permit him to salute me with his tongue, and then say, rapturously, 'See how he kisses me!'

"I wouldn't tell about his valorous deeds in killing cats, and make no mention of the many times that a two-by-four kitten had made him turn tail and run for his life.

"I wouldn't—well, I wouldn't have a dog anyway, as long as there were cats in this world."

And she went out to get the sleeping puss a saucer of cream.

NOT ALTOGETHER HIS FAULT

Mountaineer's Appearance in Court by No Means Voluntary.

A brawny moonshiner from the north Georgia mountains was on trial.

Though weighted with the outward evidences of many years, the old fellow was straight in form, keen of eye, and ready of tongue. It was his first offense, or at least the first time he had been caught "with the goods on."

The judge determined to be light on him, and administer a small fine, accompanied by a lecture and some soft words of warning.

"Old man, I am going to be light on you this time, because it is your first offense, and you are old enough to know better. I warn you, however, that if you ever come before me again, it will go hard with you."

Sudden humor wrinkled the grim old mouth and made the eyes twinkle, as he drewled in that inimitable mountaineerese: "Blessed to yo', judge. But honest, I never come this 'ere time; I was fotteded."

One Thing She Had Learned.

One of the young architects who delivers a lecture on modern architecture in the series of free public school lectures in New York had just shown his audience the beauties of the Cologne cathedral the other night, when he thought of an experience he once had on a similar occasion.

"It was at the conclusion of my lecture," he told his audience, "that a woman came to me, explained that she, too, was a student of architecture, and thanked me for enlightening her on one point that she had never been able to understand before. 'I have always wondered,' she said to me, 'where the colonial style of architecture comes from. Now, of course, I see that it comes from Cologne.'"

Reading Made Easy.

In a study of the physiological aspect of reading the curious fact has been brought out that the characteristic features of letters are found for the most part in the upper halves, so that as the reader's attention is here directed he is often able to read a line with the lower half of the letters covered. It has, accordingly, occurred to some French scientists that some considerable improvements could be made in typography, working along these lines, and that increased legibility and rapidity of reading would result. Some of these suggestions have received a practical application in some European advertising signs, where legibility is a prime essential, and the results have been most satisfactory.—Harper's Weekly.

Wedding Guests "Called Down."

A Gold Coast Journal describes a wedding and a feast following it in a manner befitting a custodian of morals and manners: "It is reported that most of the gentlemen who attended refreshed themselves avariciously, and the manner in which they acted does not speak well of their gentlemanly principles. These gentlemen may please beware to avoid a repetition in future occasions."

What Cotton Takes from Earth.

An ordinary crop of cotton takes from the soil, in one acre of ground, more than 26 pounds of chemical salts. There is withdrawn from the earth nearly nine pounds of phosphoric acid, more than nine pounds of potash, more than a pound of sulphuric acid, nearly two pounds of lime, and over three pounds of magnesia, besides other salts.

Popularity.

"Why is that Russian official putting on so many airs about his popularity?"

"No one has thrown a bomb at him for three weeks."

Democracy of the Bath.

The democracy of the bath is a good institution. One of the most civilizing influences in the world must be the line drawn between the men who do and those who do not keep clean. Education, money, pedigree, all have been rejected in the quest for the principle of social segregation. Who can find a valid objection to a barrier made by a porcelain-lined spot of good clean water?—N. Y. Globe.

For the Bath Tubs.

There is no more danger of slipping in the bathtub if one supplies the new corrugated rubber mat that fits in the bottom. This is almost essential for the comfort of old people, and a precaution worthy of use by the obese. Besides the mat there are pieces of rubber fastened by clips to the sides of the tub, to prevent slipping here. Handles are sometimes substituted for this arrangement.

Growth of St. Lawrence Valley.

The St. Lawrence valley has passed the Hudson and Mississippi river valleys in growth. In 1860 the opening of the Victoria bridge to Montreal, over 9,000 feet long, at a cost of \$6,300,000, was also the beginning of the opulence of newspapers, the most efficient of which then sat for the first time special correspondents to report the prince of Wales, who arrived in Canada to open the bridge.

Personal and Otherwise.

Thackeray's Lord Steyne is said to have been a pen portrait of an ancestor of Lord Yarmouth, who married Harry Thaw's sister. The Lord Yarmouth whose picture was painted in Steyne married Mile. Fagniana, who inherited from George Selwyn £30,000, £100,000 from another man, and still another immense sum from Fagniana.

Unique Bible.

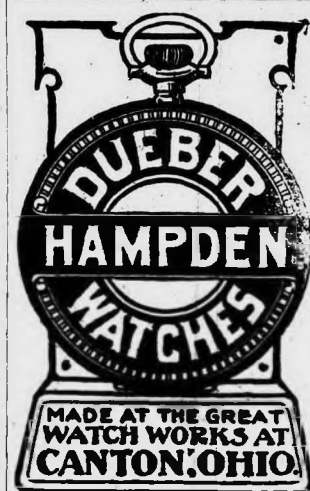
The most costly book in the royal library at Stockholm is a Bible, and there is not another just like it in the world. In weight and size alone it is unique. It is said that 160 asses' skins were used for its parchment leaves. Each page falls but an inch short of a yard in length. The width of the leaves is 20 inches. The covers are solid planks four inches thick.

The Crocodile.

The moment that a young crocodile breaks its shell it is to all intents and purposes as active as it is at any time during its life. It will make straight for the water, even if it be out of sight and a good distance off, and it will pursue its prey with eagerness and agility during the first hour of its free existence.

Hint for Dramatic Critics.

It appears that some of the Tokyo dramatic critics have been for some time in the habit of performing in comedies and taking the most celebrated roles. The Japanese critics think, in fact, that before judging the play of the actors they should themselves experience the difficulties of dramatic art.



The dealer can tell you the merits of these goods better than we can explain them in an advertisement. If costs you nothing to see them at the following stores:

C. G. DRAPER, PLYMOUTH



There is no other magazine sold in the United States that is so popular as McCall's. This is an account of its style, accuracy and simplicity. McCall's Magazine (The Queen of Fashion) has more subscribers than any other Ladies' Magazine. One year's subscription (12 numbers) costs 50 cents. Latest number, 5 cents. Every subscriber gets a McCall Pattern Free. Subscribe today. Lady Agents Wanted. Hand some premiums or special cash commission. Pattern Catalogue (of 600 designs) and Premium Catalogue (showing 200 premiums) sent free. Address THE McCALL CO., New York.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR For children's use, sure. No opiates

The Fall is becoming more and more a painting season. House cleaning and house brightening up come together. We can help you wonderfully with our complete line of SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES. With them you can "brighten up" many of the dingy, worn things about the house at a moderate cost and improve appearances 100 per cent. S-W. Floorlac, stains and varnishes floors and furniture at one operation. S-W. Family Paint, a handy paint for general household use. S-W. Bracing Liquid, for decorating picture frames, chairs, etc. S-W. Aluminum Paint, bright as silver, for pipes, radiators, boilers, etc. S-W. Porch Floor Paint, for finishing porch floors. S-W. Inside Floor Paint, for finishing inside floors. S-W. Buggy Paint, a varnish gloss paint for outside use. S-W. Enamel, for decorative purposes. Come in and see us. A useful Household Memorandum for the housewife free, if you ask for it.

OUR LINE OF S-W. PRODUCTS IS COMPLETE

Gonner Hdw. Co., Ltd.

P. R. CLEARY'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
Wyandota, Michigan.

Pere Marquette Elevator

Highest Price Paid for Grain.

J. D. McLAREN & CO.

Both Phones.

WE HANDLE THE CELEBRATED

New Era Paints,

a paint that gives the best satisfaction to all who have used it. We ask a trial for it, and you will thereafter use no other.

Best Grocery in Town!

FRESH, UP-TO-DATE GOODS, LOWEST PRICES.

GAYDE BROS.

Telephone 53.

Rent Receipt Books

Get them at The Mail Office.

15c.